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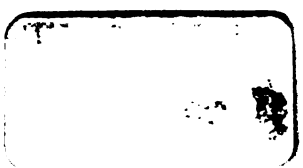

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by

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WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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(With full-page portraits of Mr. Otto T. Bannard, Professor Henry C. Emery, Mr. Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, the late Charles F. McKim, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Sir Moses Ezekiel, and the statue of William H. Seward; six pages of scenes of New York during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration; and a Map of the Two Routes to the North Pole.)

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THE TARIFF WILL NOT DOWN
THE ONE ISSUE THAT THE PRESIDENT MUST MEET
ABOUT THE DEVIL'S QUOTING LAW
TO WHAT DEPTHS IN MARYLAND?
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PRESIDENT TAFT'S JOURNEY OF EXPLANATION AND PROGRAMME-MAKING

SPEAKING AT MILWAUKEE—THE "INSURGENT" SENATOR LA FOLLETTE TO THE PRESIDENT'S LEFT

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THE WORLD'S WORK

NOVEMBER, 1909

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 1

The March of Events

IN his speeches made on his journey to the people, President Taft has laid out a sweeping programme for Congress. It is a programme big enough for his whole administration. It includes, among other things, much more radical railroad regulation, the strengthening of the law for the conservation of natural resources, a moderate mail subsidy for our merchant marine, a commission-government of Alaska, and (somewhat vaguely yet) a reform of the currency.

All these are old subjects, and the most important of them were among the Roosevelt policies. There is, therefore, little new in this comprehensive programme; but on several of these subjects Mr. Taft has made more definite proposals than Mr. Roosevelt had made. And he has made them with earnestness — with earnestness but without enthusiasm. At least, he has not provoked the enthusiasm of the people.

To be eloquent and stirring — perhaps it is better that a President should be judicial. The oratorical mind is likely to consider a great task done when it has been proposed in ringing sentences. The criticism, therefore, that has been common of Mr. Taft's speeches and of his journey — that he does not arouse the real enthusiasm of the people — may not be so bad as it sounds. A friendly correspondent, who accompanies him, has written to THE WORLD'S WORK:

"The trip is quite different from the one that Mr. Taft made during the campaign. I was with him then. There was enthusiasm in the West at that time over the promises he made, most of which led the people to believe that he was among the Progressives. On this trip all courtesy is shown to the President, but there is little enthusiasm for the man. The general feeling is that the West cannot look to him as its representative, that he has put himself in line with Aldrich and Cannon to insure the carrying of his policies through Congress. He thought that the tariff was out of his way, but it isn't."

True, this is the criticism of the moment and not of a year after. But it does show (and the newspaper comment along the President's whole route confirms this conclusion) that Mr. Taft's speeches have lacked the quality of the bugle-call. There is no note in them of popular leadership. It is the judicial administrator that speaks. His great success will lie in working out his programme rather than in arousing the people by explaining it.

No other President has at the very beginning of his term laid out so orderly and comprehensive a programme. Mr. Taft has thought out a consistent series of policies. They are "progressive" too. They point to the enlarged regulation of corporations, and the enlarged activities of the Government; and the more important of them have already met the approval of the people. That is one reason why there is no occasion for demonstrative enthusiasm.

His real task lies in so using the machinery of his administration as to carry out these policies. And it is worth remembering that he has a smiling persistence. He does not easily become tired.

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MR. OTTO T. BANNARD, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK, AGAINST TAMMANY

A BUSINESS MAN OF LEGAL TRAINING, A REPUBLICAN, THE PRESIDENT OF A TRUST COMPANY, WHOSE CAMPAIGN IS WAGED AGAINST TAMMANY'S WASTE

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PROFESSOR HENRY C. EMERY OF YALE UNIVERSITY

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF BOARD APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT TAFT UNDER THE PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF ACT

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Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, 309 Oxford St., W., London

MR. JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON, THE LONDON ACTOR-MANAGER

"IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HE APPEARS IN, HE ALWAYS LIFTS ME INTO A NOBLER MOOD"

[*See "The March of Events," page 2207*]

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THE LATE CHARLES F. McKIM

WHOSE DEATH REMOVED THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTS

[See "The March of Events," page 1200]

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MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, AUTHOR OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

WHO, AT THE AGE OF NINETY, CAME TO NEW YORK AND READ
A PATRIOTIC POEM AT THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

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WILLIAM H. SEWARD, PURCHASER OF ALASKA

THE STATUE RECENTLY UNVEILED AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

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SIR MOSES EZEKIEL, AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR WHO HAS WON DISTINCTION IN EUROPE

[See page 12255]

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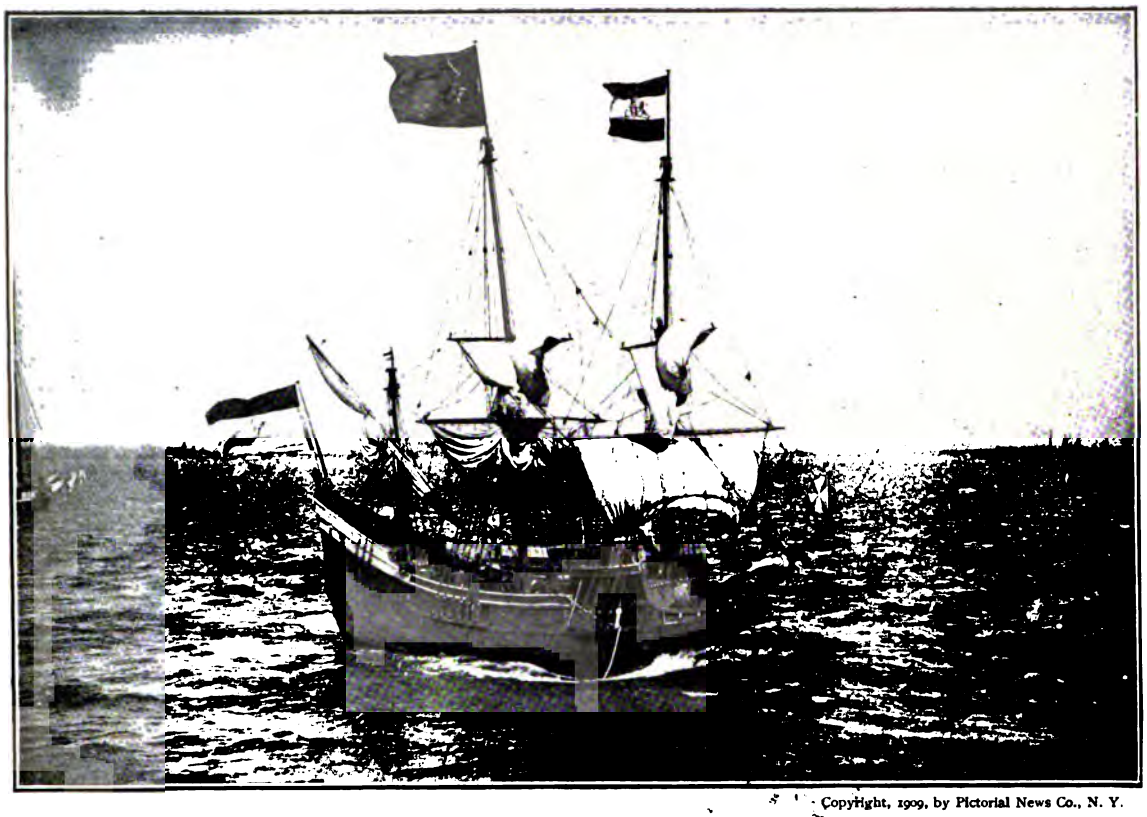

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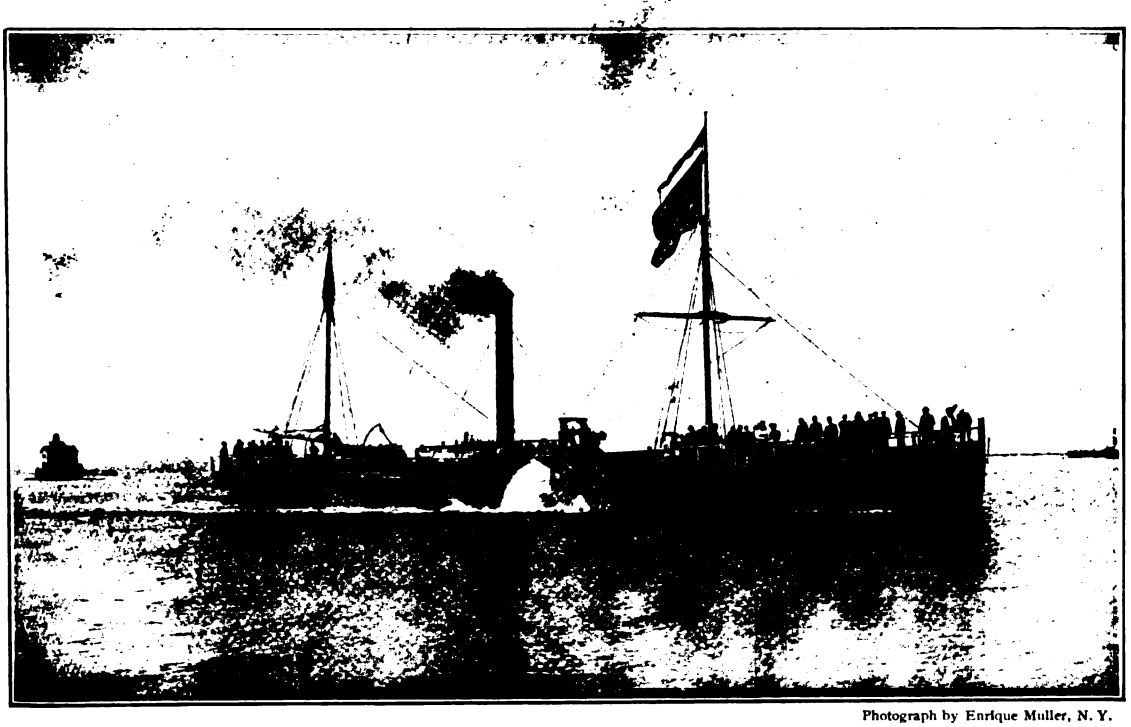
THE "HALF MOON" TRYING OUT ITS SAILS IN THE LOWER BAY, NEW YORK



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THE "CLERMONT," THE REPLICA OF FULTON'S FAMOUS SHIP, UNDER ITS OWN POWER

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WASHINGTON ARCH BY NIGHT

THE END OF FIFTH AVENUE DECORATED FOR THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

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ILLUMINATED WARSHIPS DISCHARGING FIREWORKS

A PART OF THE TEN-MILE LINE OF WARSHIPS IN THE HUDSON RIVER IN THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

Photograph by James Huntington, N. Y.

THE COURT OF HONOR, ON FIFTH AVENUE

WHERE GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ADMIRALS OF THE AMERICAN AND VISITING SQUADRONS REVIEWED THE PARADE OF 25,000 SOLDIERS AND BLUEJACKETS

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CAPTAIN BALDWIN IN THE "CALIFORNIA ARROW," NEAR GRANT'S TOMB

ON HIS TRIAL OF THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY. BOTH HE AND THE OTHER ENTRY FAILED

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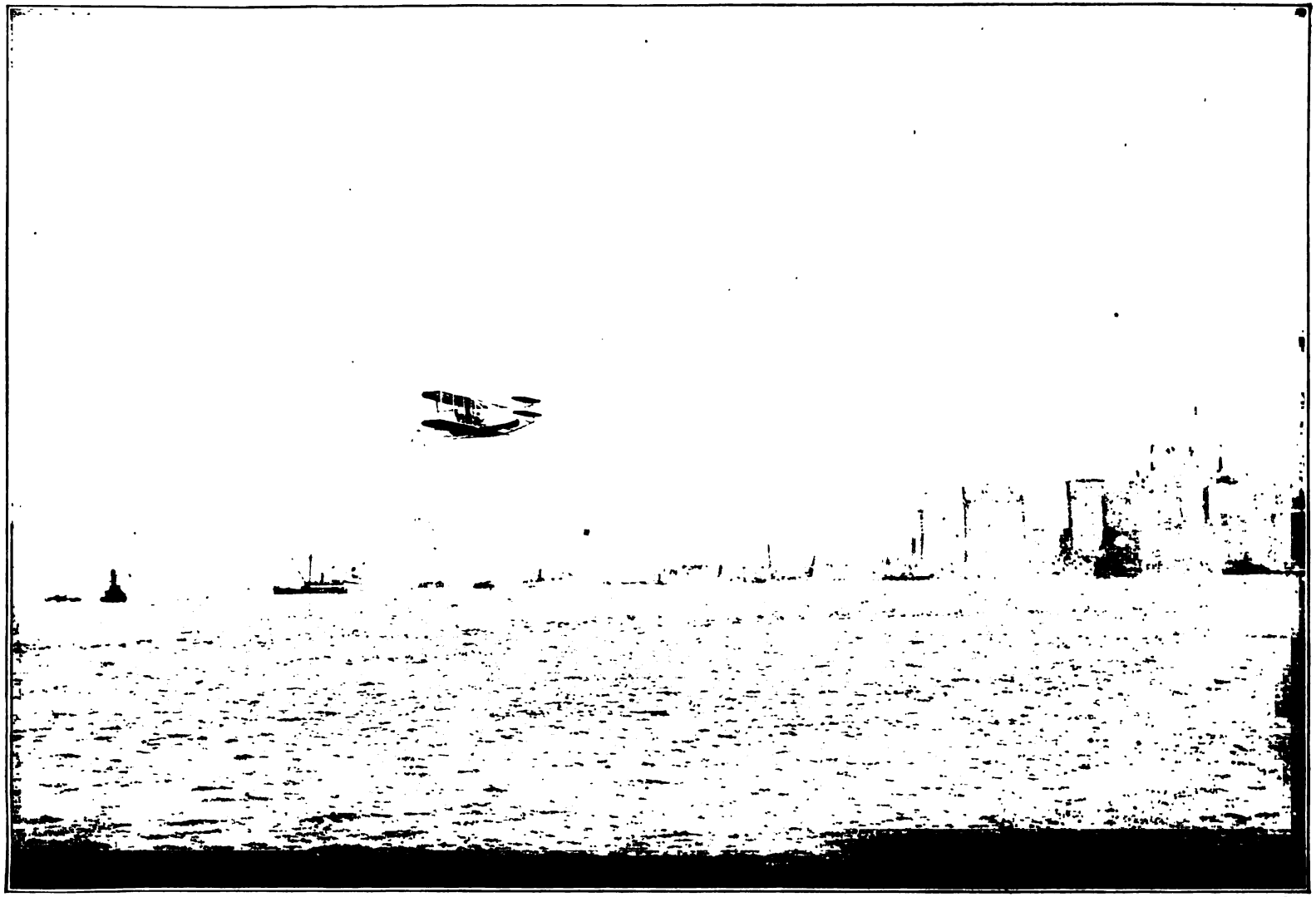

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MR. WILBUR WRIGHT FLYING, WITH NEW YORK CITY IN THE BACKGROUND

ON A FLIGHT IN WHICH HE WENT OVER THE "LUSITANIA" AND ENCIRCLED THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

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AFTER THE PARADE HAD PASSED

DURING A MARCH OF SIX MILES, THE PARADE PASSED MORE THAN A MILLION PEOPLE

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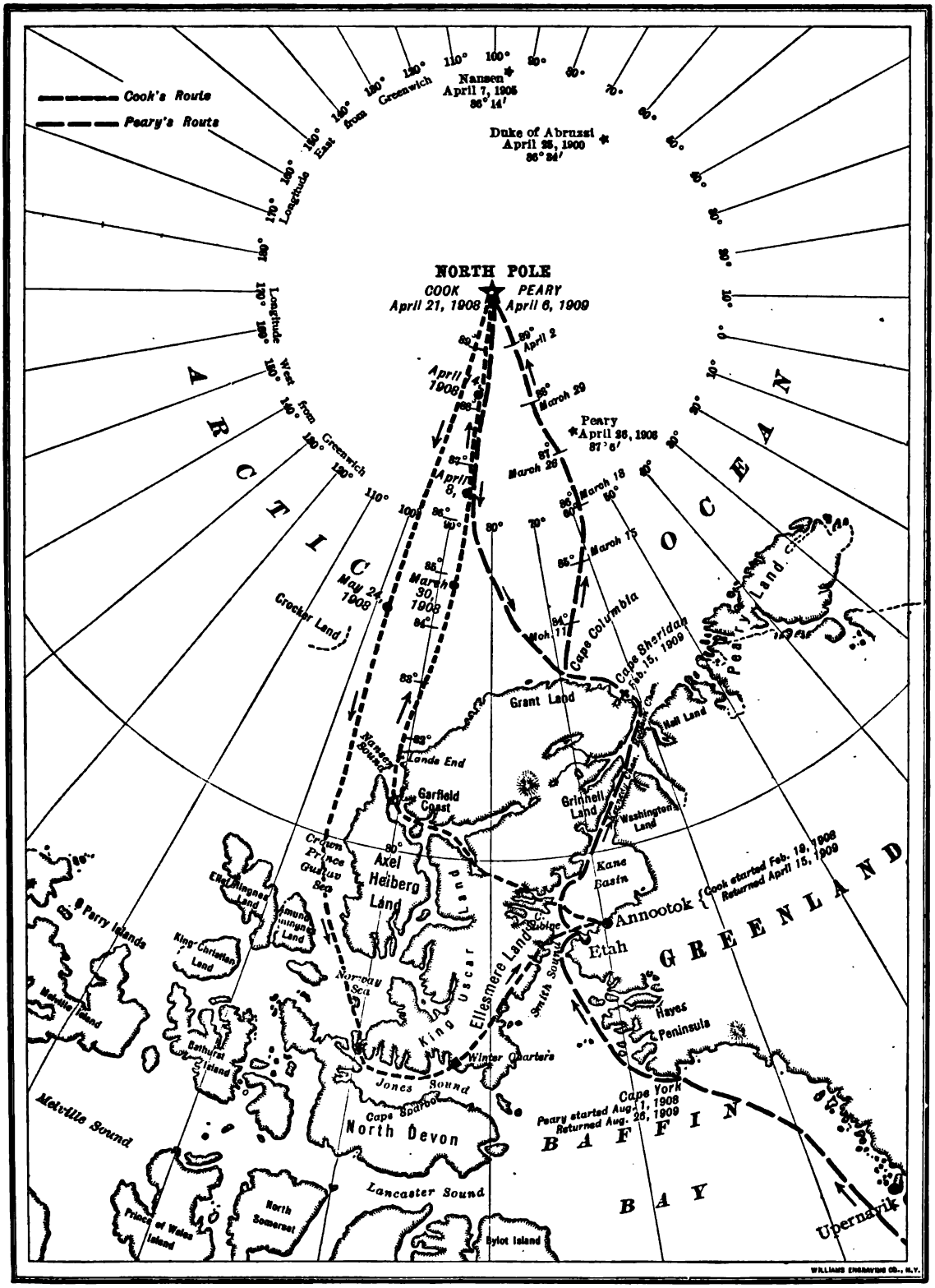

ROUTES TO THE NORTH POLE

AS EXPLAINED BY COMMANDER PEARY AND DR. COOK, WITH THE DATES MENTIONED IN THEIR PRELIMINARY REPORTS

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THE TARIFF WILL NOT DOWN

THE subject that the President may have hoped was settled for a time has shown itself to be the most vital of all. As soon as he declared the Payne Tariff Bill to be the best that the Republican party has ever framed, and defended it as (in a large way) successful, the storm burst. The whole Middle West is "insurgent" or Democratic, and the people of those states feel a decided disappointment at the President's attitude. They want a real revision of the tariff — downward; and they listened in vain for some promise from him of further effort.

It is plain that the people of these Middle Western states and the President have not yet quite understood one another. Mr. Taft had before this journey expressed his present satisfaction with the Payne Act; but he had coupled this expression with some thought which showed that he regarded party harmony of more importance than further reductions of duties. His hearers in Wisconsin and Iowa had already threatened or sacrificed party harmony to an effort to get lower duties.

In a word, Mr. Taft's chief concern seems to be to keep the party factions together so as to ensure the passage of much desirable legislation. The insurgent Republicans prefer further tariff reduction to any or all other legislation. Yet this is not the whole meaning of this difference. Nor does a divergence of opinion about the tariff tell the whole story. The President's downright defense of the Payne-Aldrich Bill at the home of those who opposed it raised a deeper fear, and it is this deeper fear that gave his speeches in the Middle West such emphasis in the public mind.

THE ONE ISSUE THAT THE PRESIDENT MUST MEET

THAT deeper fear is frankly expressed in this comment by the New York *Times*:

"Confronted by unmistakable and somewhat alarming evidences of a division in his party, in which the West is found upon one side and the East upon the other, he deliberately elects to ally himself with the East — with the protected interests, with the great and powerful class of capitalists who have been so influential in shaping the policy and legislation of the party, the men who have caused it to be called the rich men's party, the men against whom the charge has been made that they are a combination of privilege and pelf."

Now this is unjust to Mr. Taft. Most of the policies that he has outlined are offensive to the combinations of "privilege and pelf." The President's highest ambition is to secure equal and exact justice to every man and to every interest — judicial infallibility, if such a thing were possible. He has not deliberately chosen to favor any section or interest or class of men over any other section or interest or class. What he has deliberately chosen is not to do that very thing.

Still, the greater fear will not down, and his conduct of the tariff fight and his speeches about it keep this fear alive — the fear, namely, that his judicial manner, his hope to please all factions, his wish to preserve harmony, his determination that all shall work together for his larger aims — that this temper and this method may defeat those larger aims.

Is he with the people or with the exploiters of the people? He is with the people. Any other judgment is unjust.

But will he succeed in defending the people against the exploiters by trying to keep friendly with both? This is the doubt that has arisen. And the President himself must be aware of it.

There has been but one real political issue since the rise of the great corporation. It takes different forms with the turn of events. But, under whatever form, it is the same. It is whether the Government shall be controlled by the privileged interests or by the people. It makes little matter which party ranges itself on either side. It makes little difference whether it come to the front as a demand for tariff revision or for railroad regulation, or for conservation. At bottom it is the same thought, the same contention — whether aggregation of wealth shall enjoy special privileges from the Government.

Now it may be that the only way to prevent the growth of privilege is by a sort of violence in the conduct of government — by the kind of Executive that spends the whole force of the office in bringing prosecutions, with noise and threats, or even by the kind of Executive that might bring confiscation and temporary ruin. In a word, this long contest may not end except after a period of governmental violence.

It will be far better if we work out plans of just restraint and fair adjustment by orderly methods. It is this — precisely this — that Mr. Taft stands for and hopes for. He must go fast enough to keep the people's support

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and he wishes to go slow enough to prevent party disruption. His party may or may not have the patience and the character to stand this strain. But he will make a mistake if he relies too much on it; for our parties are now very shifting things. Resolute leadership is a far stronger force than either one of them.

ABOUT THE DEVIL'S QUOTING LAW

THE controversy about Conservation that raged in the newspapers has subsided, for a time at least. The report that was made to President Taft about Secretary Ballinger's conduct in connection with coal and timber lands in Alaska brought from the President a letter of confidence in the Secretary, and at the same time he wrote to Mr. Pinchot an expression of hearty appreciation of his work, an appreciation that he expressed again in a public address on Conservation. The President's declarations on this subject have from the first been straightforward and frank. He is committed to the Roosevelt policy, and he has promised to ask further and more specific legislation from Congress. As regards irrigation, he will ask for a bond-issue of 10 million dollars to complete the works now begun, for which money under the present Act is yet lacking; for money for all these works must now come from the sale of public land in the respective states.

Nobody can find fault with the President's position and attitude — that he will go the full length of the law and will try to have the law go further than now. Still the enemies of the Conservation movement have got aid and comfort and renewed hope from the mere fact that the purpose and temper of Mr. Ballinger came up for discussion at all. There was never any wish or suggestion that the Administration should go beyond the law. But at this time of day it is unfortunate that any doubt should have arisen in anybody's mind about the subject.

The question may not yet be settled by the President's letters and declarations. That will depend on what is done and how it is done. If the present law be so enforced and used as to show an appreciative zeal for the large policy — that is one thing and the thing most to be desired. But, if the law be used always with emphasis on its insufficiency and the policy of Conservation is really checked by over-emphasis on the law's shortcoming, that is quite another thing. The temper of the administration of a law is often as important and as significant as the law itself.

The controversy showed pretty conclusively that the enlightened opinion of the country is emphatically favorable to the whole Conservation movement. The people are in earnest that our forests shall be preserved, our streams used wisely, and our water-powers be saved from monopolies that may become oppressive. They demand laws to meet present conditions, most of which, perhaps, must be state laws. And, if the insufficiency of laws, national or state, be made an excuse for delay or inaction, there will be trouble ahead of us.

One result of a morbid fear of going beyond the law is discouragement in living up to it. For laws are not prohibitions only. They are also opportunities.

TO WHAT DEPTHS IN MARYLAND?

IN the November election in Maryland the Democratic machine has a constitutional amendment to offer, limiting the right of suffrage. Aside from those who come under the "grandfather" clause and the property qualification, the proposed amendment restricts the right to vote to

"A person who, in the presence of the officers of registration shall, in his own handwriting, with pen and ink, without any aid, suggestion or memorandum whatsoever, addressed to him by any of the officers of registration, make application to register correctly, stating in such application his name, age, date and place of birth; residence and occupation at the time and for the two years next preceding; the name or names of his employer or employers, if any, at the time and for the two years next preceding; and whether he has previously voted, and if so, the state, county, or city, and district or precinct in which he voted last. Also the name in full of the President of the United States, of one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, of the Governor of Maryland, of one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and of the Mayor of Baltimore City, if the applicant resides in Baltimore City, or of one of the County Commissioners of the county in which the applicant resides."

In other words, the would-be voter will be required by this amendment to learn these thirteen ridiculous questions and the answers to them, for the officers of registration are not even to tell the applicant what he is supposed to answer. The result, of course, would be that practically none of the non-property owners whose grandfathers were not voters

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in Maryland could vote, for no considerable number would learn the necessary rigamarole, including the middle name of Mayor Mahool, and other similar nonsense.

It is a pitiful commentary upon the Democratic leadership in Maryland that it would stoop to so palpably dishonest a trick to get rid of the Negro, and it is a sad commentary on their estimation of the general intelligence of the people in Maryland that they believe that such a trick will succeed.

HOW TO MAKE INCOME MEET EXPENSE

MR. C. C. McCAIN, chairman of the Trunk-Line Association, an organization immediately connected with interests of the great Eastern railroads, has published a pamphlet that gives the results of a long and exhaustive study of *the* railroad problem — which is the same problem that every business and every man has to face — namely, how to make income meet expense. He points out that while the average amount of money received by the average railroad for carrying a given amount of freight a mile is 5 per cent. less than it was ten years ago, the cost of all the supplies that enter into the railroad business has increased about 25 per cent. For this reason he argues that the rates ought to be increased.

From his mass of figures and calculations a few items have been selected to make the accompanying diagram. The items are those that seem most important, and that make up the bulk of the running expenses of a railroad. Labor, for instance, takes more than $40 out of every $100 collected by the railroads. Fuel is the next biggest item.

This diagram presents in a very concrete form the big problem, not only of the railroad but also of the household of every man that owns or rents a home. It is the same problem that faces the clerk who earned $20 a week in 1897 and earns no more to-day. The figures of the economists show that the cost of his living has increased very nearly 50 per cent. during the interval. If his salary had kept pace with the cost of living it would now be about $30.

Mr. McCain adds to his figures the interesting statement that the increased expense of regulation imposed upon the railroads cost, in the two years 1906 and 1907, the sum of $200,000,000; and he quotes a conclusion reached by Mr. Logan J. McPherson to the effect that the present net return on $1,000 invested in railroads is only $44 per annum, against $151 in manufacturing, or $93 in agriculture.

The argument is based upon the figures of 1907; and his conclusion is that a state of affairs has been reached which involves either an advance in freight rates or the cutting of wages and a general disorganization of the railroad business of the country.

These facts are very striking; but the conclusion is not to be taken too seriously. It omits the cardinal fact that the enormous increase in business carried has not only overcome the decrease in freight rates, but has enabled half the important railroads of the country to increase their dividends since 1897, and to pay these increased dividends on very greatly increased capital, in addition to putting many millions of dollars into the upbuilding of their properties directly out of the money they earn in this very freight business which Mr. McCain describes in such discouraging phrases.

The consumers of the country could very easily stand a slight increase in the freight-rates in most sections; and even the manufacturers of many products would not be seriously hindered by small increases; but there are very many people who think that the responsibility of the railroad managers to the country at large might well be increased before the opportunity for swelling their receipts be given them. The people want no more Union Pacific "surpluses," with boundless power for manipulation and for public exploitation.

And then the obvious reply to the gloomy remarks of Mr. McCain is that in 1897 the Union Pacific lay bankrupt, while in 1907 it was a giant among the giant corporations. Clearly he has stated but a small part of the facts concerning railroad economy, and his conclusion can have little force because it lacks proper proportion and perspective.

II

Unfortunately the problem of making income meet expense, after this era of rising prices, is even more difficult in the case of individuals and families than in the case of railroads. With a large gross income, economies are possible in many places. With a small gross income — a small salary, for example — this is not true.

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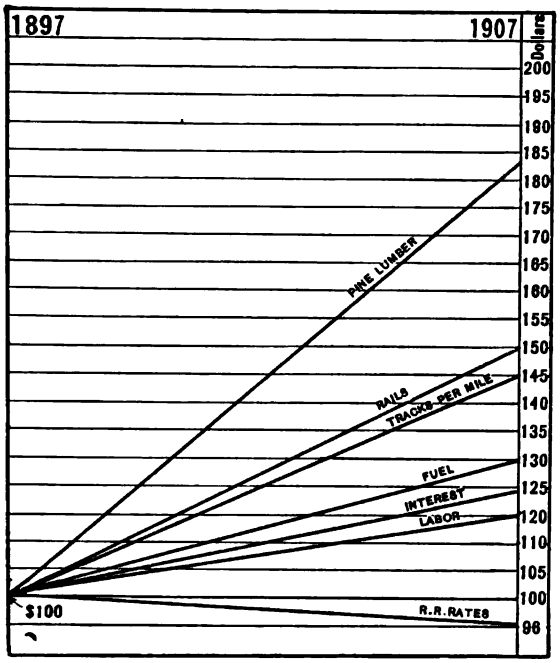
But is living, for the average man who (let us say) works for a salary, harder than it was ten years ago? After the tables of prices of food and shelter and other necessities have been studied, it is as hard to answer this question as it was before. Some necessities have not risen — clothing, for example; and all the while the people of the United States, except the very poorest, have increased their list of necessities by including many things that used to be regarded as luxuries.

Just how this feat has been performed by the "average man," it would be hard to say; but



THE RAILROAD PROBLEM OF INCREASING COST

The diagram shows what it cost in 1907 to buy material that cost $100 in 1897. For example, the same amount of lumber that cost $100 in 1897 cost $183 in 1907

it has been performed. There is no doubt about that.

In fact, the incomes of most capable workers have increased during the last decade. Then, too, the facilities for preventing waste and for encouraging thrift have become better and more numerous. The savings-banks deposits have been enormously increased. Building and loan associations have grown and been multiplied. Many household economies have come into practice.

But living — even the simplest method of living adopted by the average man of a small income — is a very complex thing. One man becomes rich on the same gross income that another suffers on. Personal management is so large a part of the problem that statistics, which can never tabulate this, are for that reason to a great degree misleading. In the last analysis, every student of such subjects has to confess that he knows too little to make very sweeping generalizations.

Three or four things are certain: First, the problem of making both ends meet is, as it has always been, a very hard problem for the average man and the average family; second, the average American man and family live a great deal better now than half a century ago; third, a larger proportion of Americans than of any other nation live well; and fourth, a still larger proportion might live well if we had developed thrift and good management as several European peoples have. We are yet in that period of our national growth when we openly or unconsciously regard very careful management of one's personal expenditure as a somewhat niggardly and belittling accomplishment.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PROPERTY AND POWER

MR. DANIEL S. REMSEN, a recognized authority on wills and their making, read a paper at the recent meeting of the American Bankers' Association in Chicago in which he demonstrated that a man, rich or poor, may directly control the disposition of his real and personal property after his death — in spite of the many bad wills made by able men, Mr. Tilden, for example.

Mr. Remsen illustrated his address by citing instances from the list of famous wills that have been fought in the courts, and showed how simple it would have been to avoid the legal battles, and to make it certain that the intentions of the dead should be carried out.

What Mr. Remsen has not discovered, and what no man can discover, is the means whereby the mind of a masterful man may be transmitted to posterity. And that is the railroad problem of to-day. It is the task to be undertaken by the successors of Mr. E. H. Harriman.

They met soon after his death in many an anxious conference. The immediate outcome of all their deliberations was, of course, all cut-and-dried beforehand. But the ultimate result is yet to be worked out.

Judge Lovett, the skilful lawyer, the homely diplomat admired by friends and enemies,

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has assumed the administrative tasks of the formal chairman of the Harriman roads. Mr. F. D. Underwood, a model president for such a road as the Erie, has the task of carrying out the Harriman plans for that road; but who shall make new plans when these be ended? The working force of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific is the same to-day as yesterday, and trains will run as they ran before. A hundred experiments in traffic, in transportation, in tunnel construction in the Sierras, in grade elimination, will go on. But who will devise new plans when these are completed?

On the New York Central, the Illinois Central, the Baltimore and Ohio — or out in the mountains of Idaho, Oregon, California — there is a spirit still driving men onward to a measured end. Beyond that, no man may guess what next.

Never, in the history of our great railroads, has any man left behind him by bequest or in any other way a heritage of power such as he himself wielded. Mr. Jay Gould, himself, trained his chief executor and left the visible reins of power in his hands. Within a generation they have slipped away. Commodore Vanderbilt did the same thing with the same result. There is not a railroad genius of the Vanderbilt name in our generation. There never has been, and there is no promise to-day that there ever will be, a true transmission of railroad power from father to son.

A dozen strong men take up the reins that dropped from the hands of Mr. Harriman. They cannot work as one man. They cannot plan as one man. The Harriman kingdom may not be physically disrupted in our time; but it is divided already. It took a Frederick the Great to make the German Empire; and it has taken men of his type to hold it together. The stock fails in time; and a new task calls for another Frederick. And so it will be in America, where the biggest tasks are commercial, not political. *The Wall Street Journal* remarks: "You might as well talk of a successor to Shakespeare, or Napoleon."

HOW THE PUBLIC GETS CONTROL

A RECENT report issued by the Government shows that in the five years between 1902 and 1907 the amount of wire used in the telegraph and telephone business in the United States was doubled. Most of this increase was in telephone wire, and it represents the constant demand of the people for quicker and better means of communication.

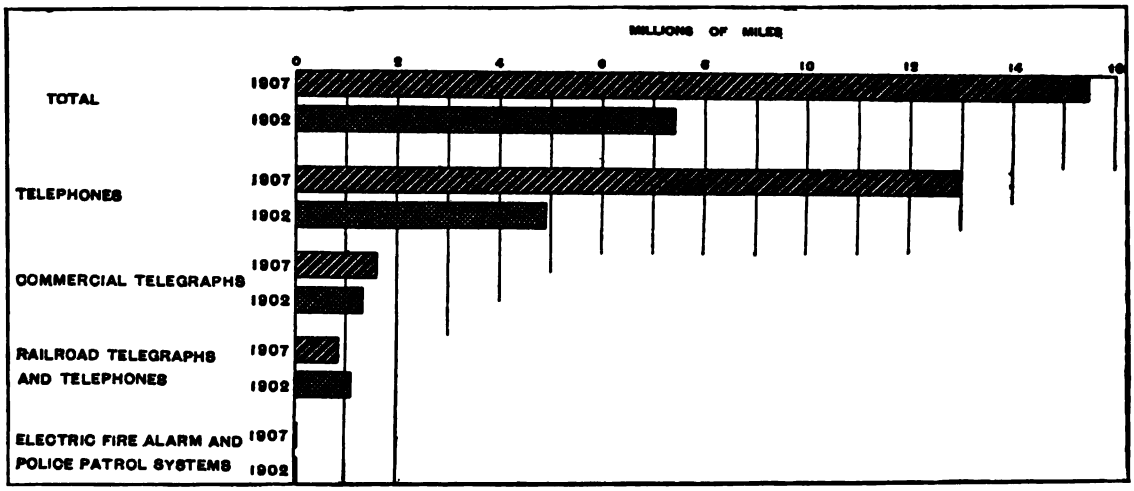

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MILEAGE OF WIRE USED FOR TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES IN 1902 AND 1907

The truth is, the business of this country has increased in such volume and with such rapidity that the facilities for its transaction have been forced to expand at a rate that is fairly amazing. The people thought themselves pretty well served in 1902 with telephone systems that had five million miles of wire, but they taxed their thirteen million miles in 1907 to a point that has forced a single company to spend more than a hundred millions of dollars since then.

The expansion of the telephone is only an

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index to the expansion of other trade and traffic facilities that has been forced by the demand of the people. Hardly a month passes but new passenger and regular freight trains are put on the Western railroad lines on account of pressure brought by business organizations. The boards of trade and commercial clubs have learned that when all the trade bodies along a railroad get together and make demands of the traffic men in their region, additional trains are put on. If they are really needed, they are continued. If there be doubt whether the traffic really justifies them, there are commerce commissions, public service commissions, and especially railroad commissions always ready to listen to the public's arguments and to adjust differences.

The men who are providing commercial facilities for to-day have a task that the pioneers in the railroad, telegraph, steamship, and postal systems never dreamed of. And the old-time autocrat of the operating department of the railroad, of the executive committee of the telegraph company, and of the counsels of the telephone corporation has passed. The people have learned that the corporation is their creature, and that it has life only for one object — namely, the public service. It has taken some of these corporations a generation to learn the same thing — but it will never be forgotten.

The manufacturing corporation yet claims exemption from public "interference." Only two years ago, some of the biggest of them refused even to make public reports of their finances and operation, to say nothing of the cost of manufacture. In time, no doubt, the people will demand that knowledge, too. The farmer who buys a harvester will wish to know how much it cost to make that harvester, and how much better harvester he ought to get for the same money.

Adjustments of this sort take much time; but they are just as sure to come as in the case of the railroads and the telephones. The buyer is the master; and he is certain to find ways to use his mastery sooner or later.

PUNISHMENT FOR THE DUMMY DIRECTOR

SEVEN years ago, the Trust Company of the Republic, in New York, collapsed as a result of unwise loans made by its president. In time a stockholder brought suit against the directors to recover losses, on the ground that they had not exercised proper discretion and supervision in the administration of the estate. The defense amounted to a statement that the directors had merely followed a common habit — that of leaving the active work to the officers — and were not responsible for losses incurred as a result.

A New York court has now handed down a decision in which it holds the directors responsible. The amount of money involved is about $350,000, and it is said that judgments for this amount are obtainable against the thirteen directors.

So end the happy days of the dummy director. For many years it has been considered that a directorship in a money-corporation is a sort of honorary task, with some glory, a little prestige, a few emoluments, and no work or responsibility. The idea that a director is responsible as a trustee for the stockholders had been forgotten in modern methods. In a St. Louis case the judge went so far as to declare that the principle is good law as well as good morals; but it remained for the New York court to bring it to a practical application in the case of men of power and wealth.

The lesson is not so badly needed to-day as it was when the suit first came to trial. The intervening years have carried their own grim lessons, particularly to the banking world of New York City. But the decision is none the less welcome to those who have fought the long and unpopular battle for greater responsibility in the administration of other people's money.

The decision is in a banking case; but the moral truth at least applies with equal force to the administration of every corporation that has stockholders outside the management. The stockholder, in effect, is a silent partner, and the director is his trustee. Errors of judgment are sure to occur; but, when the loss or wrecking of a company is due to carelessness, blindness, or neglect on the part of the directors, the stockholders have a right to demand reparation from those directors. And this case means that they may recover it.

SAFER TRAVEL BY RAIL

THE best safety records made public by the big American railroads are now coming to light month by month. The Pennsylvania Railroad set the example by announcing that not a single passenger had been killed on its rails in the twelve months that ended last December. Now follow others.

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The Erie Railroad, probably the most decried of all the big trunk-lines, claims the unique record of having carried more than 125,000,000 passengers in the last five years without killing a single person in a preventable accident. The Lehigh Valley makes a similar report.

Four Western railroads — the Burlington, the Rock Island, the Atchison, and the Northwestern — claim that in the past year they killed not a passenger in any accident chargeable to the railroad. This is a matter of the greatest importance; for the Western roads, with their lighter tracks, new construction, rougher methods, and more rapid growth have long had an unenviable record. The new announcements from this half of the country are especially significant.

And there is a new spirit in the railroad world. In the passenger departments of our railroads a deep impression was made a year or so ago by the announcement from England that all the railroads of that island had been operated for twelve months without killing a single passenger. The Pennsylvania took pride in its record of last year in equalling the English record; and there is no doubt that the other railroads are engaged in a contest of this excellent sort.

We have seen in this country for years a mad struggle for supremacy in speed, in luxury, in comfort, and in the excellence of the menu in the dining car. Now these struggles give place to a contest for supremacy in safety — which the public gladly welcomes.

THE SOUTHERN FARMER COMING INTO HIS OWN

FROM so undemonstrative a source as the Department of Agriculture's Monthly Crop Reporter comes the news of a real economic revolution. While the country has talked of Western farms and Southern factories, the Southern farmer has emerged from the debt-littered past and joined the ranks of progress.

Between 1899 and 1908 the Southern farmer more than doubled the cash income from his staple crops. In 1899 the twelve Southern States grew 706 million dollars' worth of agricultural products, and in 1908, 1,429 million dollars' worth, an increase of 102⅓ per cent. The percentage of increase in the other thirty-six states was 64.5. Of the twenty-six states leading in the value of their agricultural products last year, eleven were Southern and fifteen Northern and Western. Texas was first, where Iowa used to be.

Mr. Clarence H. Poe, the Editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, of Raleigh, N. C., recently sent out inquiries to all sections of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, asking the percentage of improvement in farming implements and machinery, not for nine years, but for the last five years. The average replies showed an increase of 78.7 per cent. Similar inquiries sent to all parts of Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Alabama brought replies indicating an increase of 92 per cent. in five years.

This is a notable record of progress and achievement, but the most notable thing about it is the belief and determination of the Southern farmers, as expressed by Mr. Poe, that this is only the "beginning of the great agricultural revolution — a revolution in which improved farm methods and improved farm machinery are almost equally important factors."

WHAT NEW YORK'S CELEBRATION SHOWED

BY the time this is published the great Hudson-Fulton Celebration, at New York and at smaller cities along the Hudson River, will have been pushed out of the public mind. But nobody who saw any important part of it is likely soon to forget it, for it proved that a great series of spectacles, without any directly commercial exhibitions, can be made to appeal to the imagination of millions of persons.

The rebuilding of Hudson's *Half Moon* and of Fulton's *Clermont*, and the appearance on them of persons in the dress of the period of each; the dazzling effects on land and on water of artistic designs and devices in electric light; the amazing achievements in decorative illumination by electricity; the aptness that we are showing in the representation of pageantry of historical events; the comprehensiveness of collections of all kinds, from great paintings to historical curiosities; most of all, our returning love of color and form — these things show a capacity for enjoyment and a certain merriness of temperament that have not always been characteristic of American life.

We wore black clothes and lived in square, white houses and frowned on dancing and most other graceful and gleeful things; we had little music; and we thought little of form — for a long time in our national life. But we are

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passing that somewhat gloomy era, without loss, too, to sturdiness of character and surely with great gain to the adornment of life.

THE MEN OF FLIGHT

MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT has recently made two records by carrying a passenger for an hour and thirty-five minutes, and by rising to a height of 1,600 feet. From Berlin, M. Hubert Latham made a cross-country flight to Johannisthal, eleven and a quarter miles away. It took him twenty-four minutes, which is considerably better time than can be made by the present method of commuting in this country. Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss was the most successful contestant at Brescia, Italy, as he had been previously at Rheims; but, though present at Governor's Island, he made no extended flights. In England, the only aeroplanist that attracted attention was an American, Mr. F. S. Cody, who carried on his experiments with some encouragement from the British War Office. Finally, after many failures and the refusal of Mr. Haldane to have the arrangement with the Government renewed, Mr. Cody suddenly made a thousand-yard flight, followed this with longer flights, and finally went forty-seven miles across country in sixty-three minutes.

But while the well-known men of flight are improving their machines, their records, and knowledge of aviation, newcomers are entering the field from all parts of the country. At Mineola, on Long Island, where Mr. Curtiss made his flights before going to Rheims, Miss Lillian Todd has set up an aeroplane of her own design. In the Piedmont Hills, near San Francisco, Mr. Fung Joe Guey, a Chinese, has built an aeroplane on which he has made two successful trips. He intends to take it with him to China, there to astonish his countrymen by flight. In San Antonio, Texas, Mr. Adolph Huff, Jr., has an aeroplane in which he has remained off the ground for fifty-seven minutes.

But no one has done a more dramatic or more skilful thing than Mr. Wilbur Wright did in his flights during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. On Wednesday, September 29th, as the record-breaking *Lusitania* was leaving New York harbor, Mr. Wilbur Wright left Governor's Island and flew over the great ship at a speed greater than the ocean greyhound has ever attained; as he circled the Goddess of Liberty and came back to the Island, every whistle in the great harbor shrieked appreciation of the feat. Five days later, however, he far outdid it. Starting from the Island in the harbor, again he went up the Hudson River to Grant's Tomb and back, a longer trip than Blériot's across the channel. This is probably the most trying journey ever made by an aeronaut, for the gusts from the cañon-like streets between New York's skyscrapers, the hot air from the warship funnels, and the disturbances made by the ferry-boats and other river craft kept the atmosphere in a dangerous turmoil. Yet the flight was made without accident, and Mr. Wright landed easily a few yards from his starting-point, thirty-three minutes and thirty three seconds after he left.

His brother in Berlin held, meanwhile, the attention of all Germany in spite of the mad enthusiasm of the Germans for Count Zeppelin.

The dirigible balloons have not been so uniformly successful. The *Gross II* served usefully in the German army manœuvres. An Italian military airship made a successful trip over land and water from Bracciano. It is still announced that there will be an airship line in Germany in 1910. Yet even in Germany Count Zeppelin finds in the Wrights' aeroplane a rival in popular favor. In this country, on the same day that Mr. Wright circled the Statue of Liberty, the veteran balloonist, Captain Baldwin, was unfortunate enough to fall into the water. In France, the explosion of *La Republique*, which killed the navigator and crew, has made General Brun, the Minister of War, say that:

"The dirigible balloon can never be so far perfected, as to be a military engine of the first order. I am devoting the closest attention to the acquirement of suitable aeroplanes for the army, and we will begin soon to train our soldiers in their use. I expect in the next six months to show important results in that direction."

The United States army also has added the aeroplane to its equipment. When Mr. Wilbur Wright left New York after the flight to Grant's Tomb, he went to Washington to instruct army officers in the art of flying, for the War Department seems to rely upon its future usefulness more than the Navy Department. Commander Sims, the distinguished gunnery expert, after watching Mr. Wright from the deck of the *Minnesota*, said that at the height the

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aviator was flying the ships could probably get the range and destroy the aeroplane; and if he should rise to a greater altitude and go at the same speed, his chance of dropping explosives on a warship would be small.

But it is important to remember that the aeroplane is yet in the first stages of its development. Even now, in the event of a naval war, it would give the admiral of a fleet an uneasy feeling—to say the least—if he should see a suspicious airship hovering over his flagship. With another year's improvements, the aeroplane may become a recognized agent of destruction.

ABOUT A LOT OF LATIN HUMBUG

HERE is a letter from a truthful man that tells an interesting experience:

"My doctor one day prescribed a nasal wash for me. The prescription was an abbreviation of two Latin words, and it was unintelligible to the layman. I took it to a druggist, and he filled a little bottle from a big bottle on his shelf, and he charged me sixty cents. The little bottle held about one-fourth as much as the big bottle.

"I asked him if I might see the big bottle. It bore a label which told its contents and the name of the chemists that prepared it.

"'What is the price of this big bottle?' I asked.

"'One dollar.'

"I bought the big bottle for one dollar instead of having the little bottle filled from it four times at a cost of $2.40. The next time I saw the doctor I told him what I had done.

"'You were very right,' he said. 'Did I prescribe the thing in this way? It was the force of habit.'

"'Don't you think that an intelligent layman might be trusted with some knowledge of what goes up his nose or down his throat?'

"'The whole system,' he replied, 'is foolish and out-of-date — of course, of course.'"

The nomenclature of the pharmacopœia, as of botany and of much of the law, is out-of-date. The result is — in the case of botany — that knowledge of it is immensely more difficult to disseminate; and, in the law and particularly in medicine, a vast amount of ignorance is perpetuated, quackery is encouraged, and a lot of humbug kept going — a vast lot of it.

At some time in the future (let us say, to be safe, a thousand years hence) the names of drugs, of legal processes, and of plants will be English names in English-speaking lands — names that anybody can understand. The change from Latin must be made at some time: why should not the medical societies set about it now? If plain English were used in all medical dealing with the public, an incalculable lot of nonsense and "mystery" would go where they belong; and one result would be a very considerable increase in popular knowledge and a great decrease of the whole drug-habit.

The conclusion of the foregoing letter is this:

"I now ask my doctor to translate his prescriptions, to explain what the stuff is that I must use or swallow, and precisely what effect he expects it to have. I am perfectly willing to take even bread pills, but I prefer to take them in English. In my case, at least, I think that the same psychological result would be got if the doctor should say: 'What you need is a bread pill every night. Therefore, go on and forget your ailment and it will forget you.'"

STARTING THE NEXT GENERATION RIGHT

THE great health movement now sweeping over the country from coast to coast is turning more and more toward the children. A movement has been started to study New York's child-life along the line of the survey recently made of conditions in Pittsburgh. The organization of the work is already well under way, with an office established in the Metropolitan Life Building. First of all, the data now hidden away in the records of city departments and semi-public institutions will be collected, correlated, and presented in clear form. At the same time new data will be gathered by a field force of specially qualified workers sent out by the general committee that has the direction of the work in charge. The results obtained will, as far as possible, be placed before the public in the shape of pictures, maps, tables, and diagrams — that is, in a manner that makes it possible for anybody to grasp the lesson thus conveyed. For the purpose of giving the public access to all such material, an exhibition will be arranged during the spring of next year, probably at the Madison Square Garden.

II

Noteworthy, too, is the recent action of the city of Hartford, Conn., in establishing a Juvenile Commission, with power to deal with the various problems relating to the life of the children. The commission includes six appointed citizens holding no other offices. They will work in conjunction with the mayor, the superintendent of schools, one of the police-

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court judges, and representatives delegated for the purpose by the park board, the charity commission, and the health commission.

"A city department devoted exclusively to the welfare of the children, and planned to make the city a paradise for the little folks, is the measure taken in order that Hartford's 40,000 children may grow up into healthy, intelligent voters and wives of voters" — is the announcement of a local paper. "Under this plan the entire city government, it is believed, can be made to work as a unit to gain for all those embryo citizens the things which are essential to their well-being, as well as the things which shall bring the home and the state into closer coöperation through the point of common interest in the children."

What all this seems to mean is that we have discovered the disadvantages of being started wrong in life, without proper knowledge of how to live. And having found out what it means, we are determined that our sons and daughters shall profit by our own experiences — that they shall start with the healthy habits and the knowledge of right living which we lacked.

AS OTHERS SEE US

A DISTINGUISHED Hungarian, Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, Apostolic Protonotary, PD.HH., KC.IC., who has made several visits to the United States, and is well-disposed toward us, has written a book on "The Inner Life of the United States." Some of his observations will astonish the natives — for examples:

"Young children of five or six years of age travel alone, without any companion — they buy their tickets, look after their luggage themselves, and during the journey the curious stranger may observe them repeating their lessons for the day."

"The American takes up the struggle of life almost in the cradle. When he reaches his thirteenth year he is in many ways independent, goes to business, and often at the age of thirty retires as a rich man."

"By the end of the day the rich man may be a beggar, while the poor man in a few hours turns into a millionaire."

"The American, from childhood onward, spends half his life in traveling."

"We can hardly run our eye down the advertisement columns of any important newspapers without being surprised by the number of invitations to take part in strange meetings. These notices often give an approximate idea of what may be expected to happen, and a list of the apparitions or miraculous occurrences which it is hoped may take place."

If these observations are a little surprising, his facts are not less so. Thus, he tells us that "Whitney invented a machine for the cleansing and combing of wool." And he mentions the fact that when "Vanderbilt, in the year 1869, introduced a carefully planned railway system," he "constructed his line from the banks of the Hudson to New York Central." Sometimes, of course, the facts were not easy for a foreigner to grasp, as where he says that "those original melodies called 'Coon Songs' generally originate in villages that are, comparatively speaking, of early date."

After the Dred Scott incident, he tells us, "The old position as regards slavery was proved to be untenable. Those regarded heretofore as unreasoning animals or, at the best, as chattels, demanded ever-louder recognition by the law. At last Jefferson came forth openly in their behalf, and was the first to call these wretched people brothers, to the astonishment of the world." The following "line-up" of names will surprise the student of American literature: "Willis, Whitman, and still more Taylor, rank with the best American poets, and although they did not possess talents of the first order, they are interesting figures in the literature of the New World." He speaks of "universities intended solely for girls, such as Wellesley, Smith's, Vassar, and Trinity."

His mistakes in proper names are almost incredible. "Lennox" and "Tuskagee" for Lenox and Tuskegee; "Washington Alliston," "Cecelia Beau," "Wilson Seale," for Allston, Cecelia Beaux, and Willson Peale; "Joebeng" for Roebling, the constructor of the Brooklyn bridge; "Lafler Alcott" and "Wilmont Griswold" for Bronson Alcott and Wilmot Griswold; "Tessler" for Tesla; "St. Elizabeth" for Elizabeth (New Jersey); "Inney" and "Vanderlyn," for Innes and Vanderlin. By a too plentiful use of commas, he makes four men out of Jones Very and C. P. Cranch, thus: "Jones, Very, Christopher Pearse, Cranch," etc.

All which shows how easy it is to write absurdly about a foreign country. Since Americans write more books about other nations than the people of other nations write about us, there may be many Count Vay de Vayas among us.

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MR. McKIM'S GREAT CAREER

THE architect far more than his fellow-artists reaches the intimate daily life of the multitude. We go to picture galleries occasionally, and see a sculpture exhibition once in a while — but the architect's works cry aloud in the streets to every passer-by every hour of every day. It is his in the highest degree to clothe with beauty one of man's fundamental necessities.

This truism takes on new significance when one tries to sum up the meaning to his time and fellows of such a man as the late Mr. Charles F. McKim, whose death removed the acknowledged leader of his profession in America. From this large human point of view it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the work that he did during the thirty-two years of his tremendous activity.

He began his professional career at a time which some future historian of art may perhaps label as the Opening of the American Renaissance — the first years of that wonderful last quarter of the nineteenth century which saw the rise of our country to a "World Power," in Art as in Finance, in Industry as in Politics. History shows few, if any, such vast growths in wealth and power and material possessions as that of the United States, knowing itself for the first time a real nation through the cementing force of the Civil War, and awaking like a young giant to a sense of the gold and oil beneath the earth, the lumber and crops upon its surface, the new railroads revolutionizing commerce, the new millions of men and women pouring in to develop these inexhaustible resources.

Such a period of expansion, of wealth, of new ideas, is the artist's greatest opportunity, if he be artist enough and man enough to use these weapons which trade forges for him. It is the greatest possible tribute to Mr. McKim to say that he so adapted himself to these conditions that he was able to direct huge expenditures of money to worthy artistic aims, with the result that ignorant and careless spenders themselves acquired a new point of view, and saw that beauty in building was worth while, even as a commercial asset, and admitted the dignity and importance of the architect's calling.

Mr. McKim returned to America after his course at the Beaux Arts to find among his brother-architects a strong leaning toward the romantic "Gothic revival"; and he made a few experiments himself along these lines. But, consciously or unconsciously, forces then active led him to a more accepted and authoritative style, and the characteristic mark of his firm's work became a most skilful adaptation to American needs of the best work of the Italian Renaissance. The character of the man is shown almost as much by his skilful building and handling of his own famous firm as by the personal taste and restraint and enthusiasm which went into his professional work.

He associated with himself two very diverse, positive, creative personalities and gradually gathered together a changing group of ambitious younger assistants; and for thirty-two years the same knowledge and diplomacy and force which enabled him to direct a client's mind went to organizing this group into a tremendous force, an artistic machine which might serve as a model for a "captain of industry." Those who knew the men could often pick out this or that achievement as an expression of an individual, but the work done was by "McKim, Mead, and White."

And what a record it is! State houses, public libraries, art galleries, churches, clubs, banks, universities — a full half-hundred, some of which are in every great city of the United States — are numbered merely among the "principal works." Moreover, there is hardly one of them which has not been an inspiration to public taste and to fellow-artists. In the aggregate they form a body of work of such high character as to amaze the layman and student alike. Just because there is such widespread public ignorance regarding the builders of such structures, we set down here a list of some of the more notable:

List of the Principal Works of McKim, Mead and White

Rhode Island State House.
Boston Public Library.
Madison Square Garden, New York.
Agricultural Building, Columbian Exposition, Chicago.
Library, Columbia University, New York.
General Plan of Columbia University grounds and buildings, New York.
New York University Library, and Hall of Fame, New York.
Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.
Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin College, Maine.
Building for Architectural Department, Harvard University.

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University Club, Harvard Club, Century Club, Metropolitan Club, Harmonic Club, Freundschaft Club, Colony Club — all in New York.
Algonquin Club, Boston.
Interior of The White House.
St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.
Prison-ship Martyrs' Monument, Brooklyn.
Library for J. Pierpont Morgan, New York.
Pennsylvania Station, New York.
Extension of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
Washington Arch, Washington Square, New York.
Dwelling for Henry Villard, New York.
New York Life Insurance Company's building, Kansas City. New York Life Insurance Company's building, Omaha.
Judson Memorial Church, Washington Square, New York.
Germantown (Pa.) Cricket Club.
New York *Herald* Building.
Bowery Savings Bank, New York.
Symphony Hall, Boston.
University of Virginia: Restoration of the Rotunda, Academic Building, Physics Building, Mechanics Building.
New Porch and Memorial Doors, St. Bartholomew Church, New York.
Bank of Montreal.
Knickerbocker Trust Company Building, New York.
Gorham Manufacturing Company, New York.
Tiffany & Company, New York.
Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.
The Army War College and Engineering School, Washington, D. C.
Bellevue Hospital, New York.
National City Bank, New York.

It is as true that the architect is, generally, unknown to the public as that his work is in closest relation to them. Charles F. McKim's name may never be a "household word," but his work and influence will live as long as men love beautiful buildings; and the man who saw in his mind's eye and embodied the Boston Public Library has a sure place in the memories of his countrymen.

A GREAT ENGLISH ACTOR

IT doesn't matter what he appears in, he always lifts me into a nobler mood. I know of no one on the stage who so perfectly combines high and fascinating personality with sincere and exquisitely sensitive and delicate art." So writes an English novelist about Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, the London actor, who is now in this country.

It may be, or may not be, that Mr. Forbes-Robertson is the greatest English actor, now that Irving is gone. That he is the greatest Hamlet now living will probably be generally conceded — except by other actors who themselves play the rôle of the Prince of Denmark. He has also been a manager for fourteen years, and his influence in theatrical affairs has been strongly constructive and refining. He is a man of ideals, and he always rings true — as a manager not less than as actor.

This was shown in his production and in his acting of the dramatization of Mr. Kipling's "The Light That Failed." A war correspondent of the London *Times* who had served in the Egyptian campaigns was engaged to supervise the painting of the scenery for the great Soudan scene that opens the play. The blankets, the camel-boxes, and all the other "properties" of the scene had been used in the Soudan fights. Of course, not one in a thousand of those that saw the play cared about this — but Forbes-Robertson cared.

Again, in the studio scene, there was another piece of realism — when Dick Heldar (the artist) showed Maisie (the student) how to paint. There was no "acting" in his handling of brush and palette — for the actor is himself an artist. In the Players' Club, New York, is a painting by Forbes-Robertson that was used in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Much Ado About Nothing."

There was also realism in the actor's portrayal of the pathos that marked the moment when the light failed, and in the movements of the blind hero afterward. During one of his performances in London an elegantly dressed lady was so carried away by the vividness of it that she arose in her seat, saying: "I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" — and her husband slapped her on the back to recall her from her flight of imagination. Though the audience did not know it, the actor's father (a literary and dramatic critic in Aberdeen) was blind during the last ten years of his life.

When he played "Hamlet" in New York City, his fellow-craftsmen playing in the city paid him a rather unusual tribute; the companies from eight theatres united in a "Round Robin," asking him to play it on an afternoon when there were no matinées, in order that they might attend.

In the play which he has brought to America this year — "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome — Mr. Forbes-Robertson plays a character so suspiciously like the Christ that the English

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censor came near stopping the performance. However, the Bishop of London liked it so well that he preached a sermon on it—and the play went on. And yet, it is not a religious play. . Off the stage, as well as on, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is the same high-minded, half-tragic, scholarly man. All the moods are reflected in his striking face as he talks, but his features invariably compose into an expression that is half melancholy and half retrospective. But there is no pose about it. Hamlet was merely the natural Forbes-Robertson speaking the words of Shakespeare. He does not *try* to be Hamlet in real life — he cannot help it.

SOME GOOD BOOKS ON POLAR EXPLORATION

"HANDBOOK of Polar Discoveries," by A. W. Greely. Third Edition. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1906, $1.50.) This is an excellent resumé of more than 70,000 pages of original narrative of Polar exploration. The first eighteen chapters are devoted to the Arctic regions and the last five to the Antarctic. It contains an excellent Arctic bibliography.

"Farthest North," by Fridtjof Nansen. (Harper Brothers, New York, 1897, two volumes, $10.00; popular edition; one volume, $4.00.) This is a record of a voyage of exploration of the *Fram*, 1893–1896, and of a fifteen-months' sleigh expedition by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen. As an appendix, the work has the report of Captain Otto Sverdrup on the drifting of the *Fram* from March 14, 1895.

"The Romance of Polar Exploration," by G. Firth Scott. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1906, $1.50.) A readable account of Arctic exploration from the time of Sir John Franklin till the expedition under the command of the Duke of Abruzzi sailed in 1889. Pages 283–351 are devoted to the Antarctic regions.

"Nearest the Pole," by Robert E. Peary. (Doubleday, Page and Company, New York, 1907, $4.80.) This is a narrative of the expedition of the Peary Arctic Club in the *Roosevelt* in 1905–1906. The expedition was under the command of Peary, who reached the latitude of 87° 6′, "the farthest north" then reached by man.

"Three Years of Arctic Service," by A. W. Greely. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1886, two volumes, $5.00.) These volumes give an account of the expedition of 1881–1884 under the command of Lieutenant Greely. The expedition was made national by Act of Congress and Lieutenant Greely was directed "to establish a station north of the eighty-first degree north latitude, at or near Lady Franklin Bay, for the purpose of scientific observation."

"The Voyage of the *Jeannette*" — The Ship and Ice-Journals of George W. De Long. Edited by his wife, Emma De Long. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1883, two volumes, $4.50.) An interesting account of the expedition of 1879–1881, in which Commander De Long lost his life.

"New Land," by Otto Sverdrup. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. (Longmans, Green, and Company, New York, 1904, two volumes, $10.50.) An account of four years spent in the Arctic regions by Sverdrup, and the discovery in 1900 of two large islands. The islands lie seven hundred miles north of the region where the companions of Franklin died of starvation, and are remarkable for their abundance of animal life.

An excellent statement of the scope and value of Arctic exploration is given in the article "Polar Regions," by Clement R. Markham, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, volume 19, pages 315–330. This is an excellent resumé of what was accomplished down to 1883. See also the article on "Polar Research" in the New International Encyclopedia, volume 14, pages 283–289.

"Fighting the Polar Ice," by Anthony Fiala. (Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, $3.80 net.) A record of two years spent above the 81st Parallel. The remarkable photographs, as well as the vivid text, gives a real conception of what polar exploration means, and what the conditions are which an explorer must overcome.

"The People of the Frozen North," by Knud Rasmussen. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1908, $5.00.) An interesting and authoritative

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book on the Esquimaux and the Arctic Circle, with numerous illustrations and a map.

"The Antarctic Voyage of Lieutenant Shackelton." (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1909, two volumes, $10.00.) This is the record of the commander of the expedition that went farthest south — to within one hundred and eleven miles of the South Pole. Illustrated in colors and with photographs.

"The White World." (The Arctic Club of America, New York, $2.00.) This is an interesting compilation of the narratives of twenty-one members of this club, among whom are A. W. Greely, Frederick A. Cook, and Captain Osbon.

MR. HILL'S ARTICLES, AND OTHERS

THE universal interest in Mr. James J. Hill's recent speech before the American Bankers' Association, about the insufficient food supply which our increasing population will soon face, admirably prepared the way for the full statement of his warning which appears in this number of THE WORLD'S WORK. There is no more important subject within the range of American concern. And surely it could not be made plainer than Mr. Hill makes it, nor the way out of the approaching difficulty made clearer.

The Government has taken up the subject, for Secretary Wilson has "set a number of Government scientists to work to discover the causes of such a condition." Until they report, he has refused to say anything more than this — that there is a great deal of truth in Mr. Hill's forecast.

The outlook is of quite as much concern to Europe as to the United States, and the English journals have discussed it with fulness. Long before we lack food ourselves, we shall have ceased to send food to Europe. *The London Times* recently said:

"We in Europe, with our Old World notions of what constitutes a populated land, never dreamed that we soon might have to look to other sources" (than America) "for our wheat supply . . . while Americans, with the careless optimism of a young nation dowered with one of the largest and richest territories on earth, still regarded not only their wheat supply but all their natural resources, as a kind of *Fortunatus* purse. Farm, timber, and even pasture lands, deposits of coal and iron, all that makes a country rich, were being exploited with the utmost profligacy, and the prosperity of generations unborn was being mortgaged to the selfish needs of the present."

Mr. Hill's large survey not only shows the impending danger, but, like the man, the article is constructive. It points the way to the prevention of such a disaster.

In subsequent numbers Mr. Hill will write with the same fulness about the development of the Northwest; about Trade with Asia, in which he sketches world-wide commerce; about Railroad and Industrial Combinations and their Control; and about the Irrigation and Drainage Problems of the Nation.

II

Sometimes, even in our unwearying American life, we get tired of proving propositions and of cramming our minds with information and of pushing great enterprises forward; and then the good talker has a chance with us. Of the good talkers that have enlivened and enriched our time, Mr. Elihu Vedder is surely one of the very first. You may know everybody in the world and yet know few men so interesting. And, when he chooses to talk about himself and the men he has known and life as he has lived it, we have evenings of rare pleasure in store. These evenings begin with the publication in the January number of THE WORLD'S WORK of the first of four installments of his delightful reminiscences. What he writes may be described as a series of flashes.

III

The endless discussion of educational subjects, ranging over the whole field of experience and speculation, always brings us back at last to the public school; and discussion of the public school always leads to the country school; and discussion of the country school always leads to the character and efficiency of the teacher. How to train, how to procure, and how to keep the country public schoolteacher of the proper qualities is the central subject of all sensible educational discussion and effort.

The best testimony on this subject is the frank experience of the best country schoolteachers themselves. It is for this reason that THE WORLD'S WORK invites these experiences and hopes to induce some of the best of them to write, by offering good pay-

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ment for intimate and illuminating narratives of their personal experiences.

IV

THE articles that have appeared in this magazine under the heading of *The Way to Health* have been of practical help to many people. To give examples of only two, the correspondence resulting from Dr. Van Eeden's "Curing by Suggestion" and of a patient's account of "How I Got Well" shows that an increasingly large number are looking for definite ways whereby they may prevent the loss of health and efficiency.

These articles are only the outcropping of some large plans for the immediate future. Through *The Way to Health*, THE WORLD'S WORK for 1910 will try to be the most important health publication of the year.

CITIES AT WORK

THE litigation of commerce clogs the wheels of judicial machinery in this country to a degree that would not be tolerated if justice could see a way to clear itself.

In Antwerp, Belgium, they think they have solved this problem. Their experiment has been in operation for forty years, and is eminently successful. Commercial litigation in that city is handled exculsively by the so-called *Tribunal de Commerce*, whose judges are chosen from among the leading business men of the city.

The court is split up into a number of auxiliary chambers, which hear cases of special classes. For instance, a grain merchant complaining about some inequality in the grain trade does not go before a court whose presiding officer is a steel merchant or a dry-goods merchant. He goes into a tribunal at whose head presides a great grain merchant, familiar with every detail of the business. His evidence is handled quickly, with knowledge, and with a much better grade of justice than it could get in a court that must learn the business from the ground up in the course of a single hearing.

There are seventeen of these auxiliary courts, and their history shows almost uniform satisfaction with their methods and work. The courts almost invariably begin with an attempt to conciliate the litigants, and an immense amount of litigation is prevented in this way. If, however, it is necessary to make a ruling, the result is generally known in four or five days. In the ordinary civil courts, it would sometimes take as many years before the judges had familiarized themselves with the details of the business sufficiently to render a full verdict.

Any merchant who is more than twenty-five years old and has carried on his business in a reputable manner for five years is eligible for a judgeship. The judges hold office for two years, and are elected by the vote of merchants and traders who enjoy municipal voting privileges, and who pay at least four dollars a year to the Government as a license tax.

This whole system is one of the monuments to the ability of the Antwerp Chamber of Commerce, an institution whose long history and splendid record is worth studying, if one would be prepared to take an active part in city government or commercial expansion in any city in Amercia.

II

A dozen American cities, after long and often expensive investigations, have gone into the business of operating ducts underground for the carrying of wires. The movement to put all wires underground had its first impetus in the desire for civic beauty and safety; and at first it was the habit to force the companies that owned the wires to build their own ducts. Presently it was necessary to provide for city supervision of such construction; and, in time, there came a natural swing toward city building.

In Baltimore, Md., Utica, N. Y., Erie and Newcastle, Pa., Auburn, N. Y., New Britain, Conn., and other cities, this method is in general use. Baltimore started in 1899, and a report prepared for the American Civic Federation shows that in 1907 it had laid more than 5,300,000 feet of ducts, costing nearly $1,500,000. With one-quarter of the ducts rented, the city income from this source paid all fixed charges and the cost of maintenance.

There has always been considerable opposition on the part of companies that own wires. In Baltimore, however, the fire ended most of this opposition, as the underground wires suffered little, while the overhead systems were destroyed within the fire area.

III

Every other Thursday, there is a meeting in St. Louis that brings together the industrial traffic managers of nearly all the big shipping firms of the city and the members of a bureau

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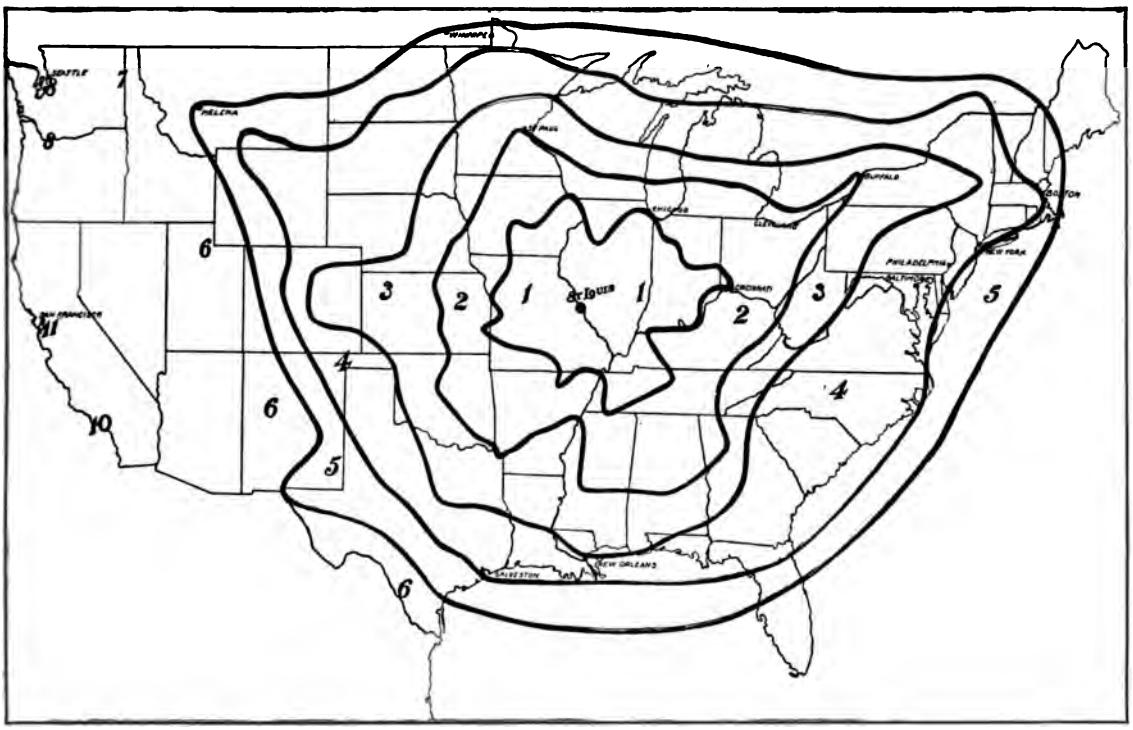
of the Business Men's League of that city. They meet to talk. The talk is about traffic. The object of the talk is to devise ways and means whereby the traffic of St. Louis may be handled better and more quickly.

At first, of course, these meetings were mainly engaged in setting forth in detail the sins of the common carriers. In time, they got down to more practical matters. Finally, they took in the representatives of the railroads, and made an amalgamated traffic body with real power to do real work.

time that is consumed by the railroad in handling the tracers that are really used. In other words, the complaining shipper gets his reply much earlier than he formerly got it, and the railroads save half the handling expense of the tracing.

In a dozen important details, the work of the freight bureau has relieved both shipper and carrier of an immense amount of costly and unnecessary work. Claims, one of the bugbears of traffic everywhere, cannot be settled by outside interests, but the method of filing them



ST. LOUIS'S MAP OF FREIGHT DISTRIBUTION

The figures in the different zones show approximately the number of days required to make delivery of merchandise shipped from St. Louis

Now, joint committees of shippers and carriers adjust nearly all local traffic difficulties. It was a habit with the St. Louis shippers, as with many others, to send out "tracers" on the same day the shipment was made. This was supposed to expedite the movement of the freight. It really caused a lot of unnecessary work in railroad offices, and by so much hindered the efficient working of those departments.

The joint tracing committee that was created, as a result of the coöperative movement, has reduced the number of "tracers" by half, and has more than cut in two the amount of

has been improved, and there has been a great improvement in handling them.

One of the best accomplishments in this campaign for coöperation is the making of a small handbook that shows in exact detail how long it takes for package freight to reach any point in the United States, and by what railroad. This booklet shows the schedule of every way-freight that takes package traffic out of St. Louis. It is from it that the map shown in this article is copied.

This is a practical reform of the conditions that cause so much trouble between shippers and carriers.

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THE INVESTOR WHO TAKES A CHANCE

SOON after the panic of 1907, a business man in Baltimore, a great believer in the United States, determined to make a speculation after his own design. He had studied facts. He had noticed that the people who bought bonds of bankrupt railroads and stocks of tottering railroads had made a great deal of money, not only in the greater panic of 1893 but also in the lesser flurry of 1903.

His initial investment in 1908 amounted to only $6,190. It was well split up, into these issues:

Bonds Purchased as the First Investment

Bonds	Par	Cost	Present Value
Seaboard Air-Line gold 4 per cent. . . .	$3,000	$1,600	$2,700
Western Maryland 1st. 4 per cent. . . .	2,000	990	1,720
Wabash Pittsburg Terminal 1st. . . .	2,000	1,040	960
International & Great Northern 4 per cent..	1,000	500	480
Interborough-Met. 4½ per cent.	2,000	1,100	1,600
Third Ave. R. R. 4 per cent.	2,000	960	1,400
	$12,000	$6,190	$8,860

The only company in the list that was not in the hands of receivers was the Interborough-Metropolitan, of New York, and its bonds were selling at what looked like a receivership price.

To-day, he has sold all but $3,000 worth, par, of the original investment — namely, $2,000 Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal bonds and one bond of the International & Great Northern. They cost him $1,540, and are worth now $1,440, a loss of $100, and no interest has been paid. He announces an intention to hold them until the roads are set on their feet again, no matter how long it takes.

The process here outlined is recommended only to the businesslike buyer, the man who knows pretty well what he is doing, and who has both the training and the money to stand behind such an investment and await results. The panic of 1907 was very short. If it had run further and left the country flat, as did the panic of 1893, this buyer would probably be waiting yet for the first chance to sell out any one of the bonds he bought. Some of them he might never have been able to sell except at a big loss.

Such buying is wise if it be done well, but foolish if it be done on guesswork. A scientific buyer, for example, would not have included in this list the International & Great Northern bonds, because they are a third-mortgage on a property whose value is pretty well measured by the two prior mortgages. Nor would he have taken so much of the Third Avenue Railroad bonds, a junior security whose prospects at the time amounted to little better than a blind gamble, for nobody knew whether they represented any real value at all.

The correct principle may be illustrated in the case of the Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal 4 per cent. bonds. A little study of facts reveals that the actual cash cost of the whole plant was about equal to the face value of the first-mortgage bonds. Therefore, the bonds at half their face value are a good speculative investment. Sooner or later that plant, representing a complete terminal system in Pittsburg, will be worth about what it cost. Terminal plants in Pittsburg do not grow when needed. They are intrinsically valuable for the service they perform.

The chief incentive to investment of this sort, of course, is the big profit if it be successful. On the same principle, the scientific investor of large capital does not buy gilt-edge bonds in panics; be prefers stocks or junior bonds that have met big declines but that have good value behind them. He likes stocks best, because they are naturally driven down below their true value by popular fear and excitement. Public panic is a quick asset to any man armed with money and knowledge. Knowledge without money pays no dividends; and money without knowledge has wings of its own.

This same incentive drives men into the desire to buy low-priced stocks even to-day, when low-priced stocks in general are not cheap. Here is a list of active stocks selected

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by a young man in Boston as a fair investment for himself, using what he calls "idle money":

Stocks Bought with Idle Money

Stocks	Cost
American Can Company	$12
Mercantile Marine pfd.	22
United States Reduction & Refining	14
Western Maryland	10
Wabash	20
Wheeling & Lake Erie	10
Chicago Great Western ctf.	10

Here, he thinks, is a chance to buy $700 worth, par value, of stocks for $98 — and he cites the fact that a similar collection made in other days would have given him stocks of the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, and other companies, now worth about $1,000. He intends to "sit tight," and await developments.

This is, of course, pure speculation, with very little wisdom or deep knowledge. Because this is a wonderful country, it may turn out all right; but his venture is blind and without any real prospect of success.

To buy such stocks at a time when catastrophe looms large on the immediate horizon is good speculation. To buy them at a time when the market is high is to lay up a heritage of disappointment. It is nothing wonderful for a speculator of this type to make 100 per cent. in a few months following a panic. A man who bought United States Steel at 20 a little more than a year ago now has a profit of 300 per cent. A similar buyer of Rock Island common stock would have made nearly 200 per cent. The general opinion of the most conservative judges is that he earns what he gets.

The habit of buying in this way is a sort of disease. I knew a man who lived for nearly twenty years in Wall Street, in close touch with affairs. He said he never speculated. He meant that he never gambled on margin. But he also said that he never bought a stock at more than half its face value, and never sold it under three-quarters of its face value. He considered himself the most scientific investor in the world, and spent many useful years teaching other men his methods.

He died in the middle of the panic of 1907; and his executor appraised his estate at $725. He died, they said, of worry.

From a long experience in the financial world, it may be concluded that the proper function of the low-priced stock and the speculative bond is not to make up the bulk of an estate. The man who studies nothing else but this, and who devotes the whole of his funds and his time to trying to pick "winners" from the list of speculative issues, is pretty sure to lose in the end most of what he gains by hard work.

The true investor need not, however, turn his back entirely upon low-priced stocks and bonds. They should be bought at times. In a large fund, it is wise to sprinkle in a few semi-investment bonds, securities that give high revenue, some chance of large advance, and a little gamble on the country. They should be bought, however, only at times when they sell low, and when, therefore, the chance of advance is greatest.

The schedule of part of the estate of a New Jersey investor who left about $50,000 invested in securities may be taken as a sort of model. The proportion of his investment was as follows:

Analysis of a $50,000 Investment

Gilt-edge bonds and stocks	32 per cent.
Standard railroad stocks and bonds	18 per cent.
Unlisted bonds of good quality	16 per cent.
Mortgages	10 per cent.
Speculative or semi-speculative	19 per cent.
Mining stocks	5 per cent.

The speculative stocks covered railroad, industrial, and street-railway issues. They were bought in 1903 and 1904, and showed at the time of his death a profit of more than 100 per cent. Two of them had begun to pay dividends. The mining stocks were listed issues, representing big and well-known producers of copper.

In this estate, the net annual increase in value between the time the securities were bought and the time of the buyer's death was a little below 4 per cent. It is nothing wonderful, but it was gained at a minimum of risk. If he had used the same judgment at all times, the average would probably have been maintained over any length of time. He made it a rule to sell out when prices reached a level at which he would never have bought any bond or stock; and to buy only when the general market reached a level of prices well below the average.

This "average" is not hard to obtain. He used a table that includes twenty railroad and twelve industrial stocks, and that has been kept up for a great many years by one of the

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financial publications. Anyone who has a connection with a banking house can always obtain the average figures over any period of time by asking for it in a letter.

A few weeks ago, a letter came into this office from a New England woman. She had, she said, only a few thousand dollars. It was so little that she could not live on the proceeds if she invested it, so she had made a connection with a brokerage house, and was making a handsome living by buying speculative stocks and selling them again at a profit. Her little list showed nearly $1,000 profit in nine months. What she wanted to know was how she could do it over again.

In effect, she was advised to take her profits and run as fast as she could. Of course, she will not do it; and probably she will not thank anybody for telling her to do it. After awhile, she will probably come back and want help in rescuing the last few hundreds of dollars from the pitiless maw of Wall Street, and by that time she will be reading Mr. Lawson faithfully. Hindsight is always better than foresight. It will teach her, at last, how to keep her cash; but she will not have the cash to keep by that time.

The result is about as inevitable as the fall of night. If outsiders could stand in the Wall Street market and systematically beat the Street at its own game, how could the game continue?

C. M. K.

LENDING A HUNDRED MILLIONS TO INDIVIDUALS DURING THE PANIC

IN THE period of financial distress following the panic of October, 1907, a produce merchant in a Western city found himself in financial difficulty. He could not borrow any more money at the banks, even at a high rate of interest. He had nothing which he could quickly turn into cash. There seemed to be no escape from bankruptcy.

Confronted with this gloomy outlook, he heard some of his neighbors discussing life insurance at his club one evening. He had a premium due and it reminded him of an added burden. Their further conversation, however, made him think of it differently, for they spoke of borrowing on their policies from the insurance companies.

He went home and examined the loan provisions of his policies. One large policy which he had carried for fifteen years had a loan value of $30,000, and that of the smaller one which he had carried longer was $1,750. Here was the money to save him. Only one fear remained in his mind — that the insurance companies, like the savings-banks, might require a sixty days' notice before lending. But his application was acted upon immediately. Within a few days after he sent his policies to the companies as collateral, he received the $31,750, and his bankruptcy was prevented.

Such cases happened all over the country during the panic. There are no figures available showing to just what extent the life insurance companies stood between thousands of men and failure. The figures do show, however, that during the two years 1907 and 1908 (which cover the period of depression), the amount of loans on policies increased by the tremendous sum of 168 million dollars. Probably three-fourths of that amount was direct borrowing by policyholders in the six months from September, 1907, to February, 1908, inclusive. In other words, during the period of tightest money conditions the life insurance companies distributed about 100 million dollars in cash on demand all over the country, requiring only the assignment of the policies as collateral.

This was a great public service in a time of threatened calamity. The loan proviso in the life insurance contract may be of so much importance to the holder that he should take every precaution to see that, without requiring the termination of the policy, it guarantees specified loan values for each year. Such precaution may save the policyholder from failure in time of stress.

But having done this, the policyholder should put the idea of borrowing on his policy out of his mind. His life insurance is for his estate in case of his death and not to be used as a savings account except in cases of emergency. For by borrowing on the policy, the amount of

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its protection to his family is lessened by the amount of the loan. The family of the Western merchant would have received $78,250 if he had died after he borrowed on the policies, instead of the $110,000 which they would originally have received. The loans, therefore, should be paid back as soon as possible, so as to leave the estate fully protected. Some careful men have felt that they did not wish to reduce their insurance, even in panic times. When they have borrowed on their limited-payment or ordinary life policies, therefore, they have taken out cheap term insurance to cover the amount of the loan until repaid. In the case of the produce merchant, $32,000 term insurance would have cost about $500 a year, or approximately 1.6 per cent. of his loan.

Policy loans have been a feature of the contracts of a number of companies for many years, but their real benefit was never so apparent as in the panic days. In the year 1907 the loans were $82,500,000 — more than twice as great as the loans in 1906, which were $40,300,000. In 1908, which also included part of the panic year, the loans were $85,800,000. From some investigations made this year, it seems apparent that the demand for loans has decreased about one-half, so that they have gone back to about the amount which the pre-panic experience showed to be normal.

The people who pay back these loans as soon as possible are very wise. In the first place, they restore the full insurance value. In the second place, at any time except during a panic they can probably borrow the money at a lower rate elsewhere. The insurance companies charge 5 and 6 per cent. in advance, which means 5.26 and 6.38 per cent. When the 1.6 per cent. premium on the term-policy to keep up the full insurance is added, the rate becomes 6.86 and 7.98 per cent. In panic times this is very low. In other times it is needlessly high.

From the standpoint of the companies, a normal number of policy loans may safely be considered as among the best investments they can make. The amount loaned on any individual policy is well within the amount of the reserve, or self-insurance fund, held to its credit; the rate of interest — 5 or 6 per cent. — is in most cases above the average rate which can be earned upon other securities. Moreover, the security is absolute, because if the loan is not re-paid it is deducted, with any unpaid interest, in the ultimate settlement of the policy. Only one point seems to be vulnerable in the plan and that relates to the granting of loans on demand. Under ordinary circumstances the companies can meet the requests of their policyholders for cash loans through the volume of funds which reach them day by day in the form of premiums, dividends, interest, and rental returns and maturing securities, a large part of which has to be invested. Their daily cash balances are more than sufficient to meet such demands at once. But in the case of great financial panic and the corollary, a long period of financial depression ensuing, demands for cash loans might possibly force the companies to sacrifice some of their securities in a falling market and thereby prolong the period of financial depression rather than hasten its conclusion. It was this thought which the insurance commissioners had in mind when recently, in annual convention, they voted that the practice of granting loans on demand was unwise and dangerous. The suggestion has therefore been made that the companies incorporate a provision in their policies, reserving the right to defer the granting of loans for a period of sixty or ninety days after the request for a loan is made. Such a clause would not, as a rule, be put into effect save under exceptional circumstances, and then only when it was clearly seen that failure to enforce it would threaten the stability of the company. In several states the law now requires the companies, after the policies have been in force three years, to grant loans "at any time."

Liberality in the conditions of life insurance policies has been the aim of the companies from the beginning of the business, but it is for the policyholder to determine whether or not the liberal features of the contract are to be put to advantage. It is always a source of satisfaction to know that one possesses a piece of property, of whatever nature, upon which money can be raised, if needed, even though that need may never occur. A policy of life insurance with a loan value is such a piece of property; but, viewing life insurance from the protective standpoint only, it should not be pledged to the company for a loan except in case of dire necessity. When a man has determined upon the amount of life insurance that he considers necessary properly to protect his dependents, he should maintain it at that amount and not decrease it.

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LITTLE STORIES ABOUT E. H. HARRIMAN

A TRAIN on the Union Pacific stopped at the foot of a long slope to take water. Two minutes passed. A man came around the engine and spoke to the engineer.

"How long does it take to fill you up?" he asked:

"About three minutes," said the engineer.

The man frowned. "Why don't they use a bigger feed-pipe?"

"Can't do it. This is as big as the engine can take," said the engineer.

"Then we shall have to get bigger engines on this road," said the other, closing the conversation.

The man was E. H. Harriman, the time was in 1898, and the trip was one of his first over the road that he had lately come to dominate. The story is told in the offices at Omaha. It may be true, or it may not. Hundreds of anecdotes find currency when there is no voice to call them false. In any event, no other tale that one hears better illustrates the directness, the straight analysis from symptom to remedy, that made the mind of Mr. Harriman the greatest curative genius that ever was bent upon the problems of the railroad world. His eye took in a mistake, and his mind leaped straight to the cure.

II

There had not been a meeting of Union Pacific directors for a considerable time. The executive committee attended to the small routine matters such as come up in "the dog-days." An old director of the road met Mr. Harriman on Broad Street:

"Quite a while between meetings, isn't it!" he said, laughingly.

"Nothing to meet about," responded the other.

"These hard times, the fees to directors——" began his friend, still banteringly.

"If you see anybody that wants his fee, send him to me and I'll pay it," said Harriman, "for the time is worth the money to me!"

The tale touches upon an important characteristic of the man. Years ago, when he was a director of the Baltimore & Ohio, and not its master, he went to a meeting called for the purpose of authorizing the issue of millions of stock for improvements. The chairman began talking about the platform at Baltimore. He dilated on its bad condition, and planned half a dozen new kinds of platforms. Harriman listened for a while, fidgeted about, then burst out:

"Mr. Chairman, suppose you fix that platform up. Let's get down to business."

The Harriman meetings were, they say, the "hottest" meetings held in the financial district. It was a rapid-fire process.

The secretary read something.

The chairman said: "Well?"

Somebody moved an adoption.

It was adopted.

"Go on!" said the chairman — and only once in a while somebody objected, or argued, or wanted to discuss.

The discussion generally ended with: "Oh, I know all about that. It's all right. Let's put it through!" — and it went through. It has been said that an inquisitive member of the executive committee once held a watch on the proceedings and found that it took thirty-six seconds to appropriate six millions for equipment.

III

Succinctness marked not only the meetings and the general administrative features of the Harriman system, but also the remarks of its head, at all times. Perhaps the most compact, pointed, and dangerous sentence he ever gave to the public was his reply to the question whether he had used his influence to injure Mr. Thomas F. Ryan — that laconic "Not yet!" But a second retort has been, so far, forgotten by his numerous biographers.

Mr. Harriman had just come back from Europe. While he was gone he had lost the Chicago & Alton, but he did not know it, though he suspected something. A dozen reporters sat in the big office, asking him questions.

"Is it true," asked one, "that the Union Pacific has formally taken over the Alton?"

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"I don't know whether the Union Pacific could stand it!" flashed Mr. Harriman.

Only two reporters printed it; but the dart landed where it was intended to land, in the hide of an enemy, and it was not welcomed with laughter.

IV

In the hour when he was most hated by the people of his country, the clerical forces of the Harriman system prepared, by his order, a monumental summary of the work that Mr. Harriman had done. It was a mass of figures, showing how cost of transportation had been reduced on the Harriman lines. To a railroad man it spoke volumes concerning grades, equipment, cost of fuel, straightening of line — all the details of one of the greatest industries on earth. With it lay a score of diagrams — some few of which have come to light in reports.

It rested in a pigeon-hole on Mr. Harriman's desk, beside the back window in the back office. He showed it to a visitor, who talked to him about the unaccountable enmity of the public.

"They will forget it!" said Mr. Harriman.

"But it hurts!" said the other.

"Yes — but *this* remains," said the master; "and it is my passport to history."

And that was the faith that faced the mob, smiling and unafraid.

AN APOSTLE TO LABOR

THE STORY OF CHARLES STELZLE, A PREACHER TO WHOM LARGE AUDIENCES LISTEN BECAUSE HE IS A MAN FROM THE RANKS AND SPEAKS AS MAN TO MEN

BY

C. M. MEYER

WHY talk about the ancient Israelites, the Jebusites, the Hittites and all the rest of those interesting people? They have been a long time dead. It is easier to study the life of the Chicagoites, the Brooklynites, the Bostonites, and the Pittsburgites, for they are here, and they need it very much more!"

It was not a gentle rebuke to the preachers, and his voice had a big, strong note that did not let the words die out with even the faintest bit of apology or the slightest tinge of forbearance. The speaker was a labor-union man, a machinist who convinced the Presbyterians of America that they should have a Department of Church and Labor, and who is now its superintendent.

"I say that because I know," he continued. "I lived in a rear tenement over near the river on the East Side of New York, where people are huddled together like animals, when I was a boy, with my mother and four sisters. We were very poor. My mother sewed wrappers, for which she received two dollars a dozen. It took her three days and three nights to finish a dozen wrappers, and sometimes I would awake toward morning to see her still sitting at my bedside, sewing. Often she had to go supperless in order that we might have something to eat. We had only a stale roll with a little salt sprinkled upon it, and frequently that was all we had for weeks at a time. It was years before we tasted butter or fruit. We hardly knew what they were. I went to work at eight years of age in the basement of a New York tobacco shop — a sweat-shop you would call it now. I know what it means to suffer for want of the barest necessities of life. If I felt that the church had no message concerning child-labor, if it had nothing to say concerning the securing of a square deal for women, and had no care for the unsanitary conditions in shops and factories, I would line up with some other organization outside of the church. I need simply think of my mother, broken in health and sometimes crippled in body because of the awful suffering of those early years when she worked to keep us from starving, and of my four sisters and all that they passed through, to make me a labor agitator on the other side against the church and against every

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condition and every institution in society to-day which stands in the way of my people — the working people — if the church did not care. But the church *does* care; if it did'nt, I could not hold my job."

It was the speech of a workingman, all through. There was obviously no pretense about the man who spoke. His words had tumbled out with the intense speed of the enthusiast. He had come from the people; he was of the people; and every preacher who heard him knew that he was proud of it.

It is the knowledge of men which he gained on the streets and in the machine-shop that makes Mr. Stelzle the power that he is among men of all classes. Workingmen know that he knows what he is talking about. When he steps out on the platform, at one of his big mass-meetings, the crowd cheers him in anticipation, for they know that it is not an academic discussion of their problems, or a theory for the future welfare of mankind that he is going to present to them. Any man who would appear before a crowd of trades-unionists of this country with a visionary scheme would most likely be laughed out of the meeting. Workingmen do their own thinking, and they are not easily convinced. But they have faith in Mr. Stelzle's sincerity of purpose, even though they may not always agree with his views.

Not long ago, Mr. Stelzle wrote a series of articles against the saloon, which went out to the labor press of the country — he has for years been supplying these papers with weekly articles — and they were rather strong in their sentiment against the liquor interests. Necessarily, there are a great many workingmen tied up with these interests. Immediately there was raised a storm of protest. The Bartenders' Union didn't propose to have him criticize their business, and they said so. They even went farther, and sent a copy of one of the editorials in their paper — *The Mixer and Server* — to every labor paper in the country, protesting vigorously against their printing any more of "the reverend gentleman's stuff," and openly charging that he was in the employ of the Anti-Saloon League. Some of the labor editors crawled behind their editorial desks, but several of the biggest and best labor papers in the country came out strongly in favor of Mr. Stelzle. Here is an interesting clipping from the *Tribune*, a labor paper of Cedar Rapids, Iowa — interesting, because it shows a workingman's way of "hitting back."

"We are in receipt of a marked editorial from the pen of Jere Sullivan, in the last issue of *The Mixer and Server*. It is a vicious knock on the Rev. Charles Stelzle, who, as head of the Labor Department of a religious organization, is endeavoring to bring about a better understanding between the Church and labor. Labor papers throughout the country are printing his weekly letters. The *Tribune* uses them as they suit our fancy. To all of which the august head of the bartenders objects, mainly for the reason — as he says — that such articles are paid for in cash, intimating thereby that the church in question is cheap and the labor editors the 'fall guys.' Perhaps we are all that, and more, Jere, but when it comes to the real, cheap, piking end of the game, we will commend you to one in your own class. Before knocking the preacher who has something, dig into your own crew, who have nothing. That's all to your little knock from this end of it."

In the beginning of his work, when Mr. Stelzle first went to the American Federation of Labor conventions as a fraternal delegate from the National Presbyterian Church — a plan inaugurated by him with the idea of bringing two great forces for social betterment into closer relation with each other — the thing was regarded as a joke by the delegates present. But the joke was not quite so apparent when he sat down after addressing the convention. The buzz of comment that followed carried no flavor of amusement.

When Mr. Gompers introduced Rev. Charles Stelzle to the convention, and a rather short, stockily built man came forward, a great many of the delegates were surprised at his non-clerical appearance. He looked for all the world like one of their own labor leaders, with his quiet, business-like manner. And presently, as he began to talk to them, his simple, dignified bearing, his full, rich voice that reached the last man in the hall, and above all, his intense sincerity made them forget that his presence at the convention was only an experiment. He seemed to belong there. He was a workingman among working people. Every word he said convinced them of this. He talked on a level with them. He was one of their own crowd. After he finished, it was apparent from the cheers of approval that he had been taken into the fold. For the men felt that he was a cool, clear-headed man with a big ideal that he proposed to

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attain, and which, moreover, he proposed workingmen should also attain. To-day, there is no address at the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor that is taken more seriously than is Mr. Stelzle's, and probably no labor leader who is shown greater respect.

It is not easy to attract an audience of almost 15,000 men to hear a religious address, as Mr. Stelzle does; and to get their attention and hold it for an hour and a half argues pretty well for the speaker. Mr. Stelzle's manner of speaking is clear and concise, and he is always logical. He talks as a man to men. But it is his eloquence to which they respond: that quality compounded of force, emotionalism, and sincerity. Moreover, he is a strong individualist. He cares nothing for types. His message is to each individual man, and he is always specific. All his life it has been some particular thing against which he had to fight — some existing condition, rather than a theory, which has aroused in him a spirit of protest. He learned from the beginning to direct all his forces against one thing at a time, and to strike hard until his purpose was accomplished. On this plan his lectures and speeches are built up. This explains why he speaks to more workingmen in his popular meetings than does any other man in the world; certainly to more than does even the most noted labor leader himself.

Yet he does not go out of his way to please workingmen. He hits them just as hard as he hits the church — and that is pretty hard at times. When he hears a workingman's bitter protest against "class distinctions," he is apt to call him up sharply. "I worked for years," he says, "in Hoe's machine-shop in New York. I knew the men in the shop pretty well. Funny thing about those men — and I guess they weren't very different from workingmen anywhere else — they were quite ready to criticize the rich because of their class 'uppishness'; but I used to notice that at lunch-time the laborers got off into a corner by themselves, because the journeymen refused to eat their sandwiches and drink their beer with them. The draughtsmen considered themselves superior to the pattern-makers, and the pattern-makers believed that they were a step higher in the social scale than the machinists; the machinists looked down upon the moulders — and so it went. There were about seven different grades of society among the two thousand men in the shop. Talk about the 'aristocracy' — they couldn't be more particular about their associates than these workingmen!"

Mr. Stelzle goes on the principle that workingmen like to hear the truth — no matter how hard it hits — if it is presented in the right spirit. Many a time he has administered the most stinging rebuke with a smiling face and an offhand manner, and the audience has cheered instead of hissed.

Yet he is as loyal to them as the best and truest labor leader could be, and the men know it. A year or two ago, a little episode came to light through the Typographical Union's publicity man that put a thoroughgoing Union Label on Mr. Stelzle. One of the leading magazines of the country had asked him to write a series of articles, for which he was to receive in the neighborhood of $1,000. The first article had been written and was in the hands of the editor, and the material for the others had been got together, when Mr. Stelzle suddenly learned that the "Big Six" and the magazine in question were involved in a bitter controversy, the point at issue hinging on one of the strongest ethical principles of the labor union. Now, Mr. Stelzle is a union man — he still carries his card in the Machinists' Union. He did not feel that he could stand on the side of the magazine after he learned the point at issue. But $1,000 is a good sum of money to throw away; moreover, illness in his family was making heavy inroads on his income, and he was working hard to buy a home. But he wrote the editor a courteous letter, asking for the return of his first article and frankly explaining his position. The editor "regretted" Mr. Stelzle's action and reluctantly returned the manuscript; and the "Big Six" laid the incident away in its memory and had a greater admiration for the "Apostle to Labor" than ever before.

People often ask Mr. Stelzle what he is trying to do. He has repeatedly replied: "I am on this job not so much to get workingmen to go to church as I am to get the church to go to workingmen. I am still a workingman and I care more for the welfare of the workingman than I care for the development of the church. After all, the church is simply a means to an end, and not an end in itself. But a square deal is the thing we are after: a

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square deal for the workingman and a square deal for the church. And the thing to do is to talk less about building up the church and more about building up the people."

It is a curious fact that the questioners are among the church people. The workingmen do not care much about the Presbyterian Church, as such, but they know that Charles Stelzle, the Presbyterian minister, stands for them in every case, no matter what kind of an audience he addresses, and they trust him absolutely. "Most workingmen don't care a rap for the church to-day," Mr. Stelzle says, "because they believe that it is all up in the air, or has simply to do with the hereafter. But I believe that they are naturally religious, though their religion does not always express itself in an orthodox manner. And the labor question itself is fundamentally a moral problem. Stripped of their practical programmes, socialism, communism, and anarchism are all moral questions. But before any one of these systems can be successfully introduced — if ever it seems wise to introduce them — there must first of all be a radical change in the hearts of men. Josh Billings once said that before you can have an honest horse-race, you must have an honest human race. And there is the secret of the whole business. It is a question of getting the right kind of men. That is the business of the church. If the church is not doing this, she had better quit the job!"

Before he was twenty-one, Mr. Stelzle started out on this church business of finding the "right kind of men." He was in a machine shop, but that was only his bread-and-butter occupation. All his life he had been in some form of Christian work — he was an elder in a Presbyterian Church at the age of twenty-one, and he had already organized a mission of his own, conducted by himself in the evenings and Sundays, without compensation of any kind; in fact, he himself raised the money for the necessary expenses from among his friends, most of whom were as poor as he. Then his employers gave him two afternoons a week off — raising his wages to bring his income up to the regular weekly amount — in order to permit him to devote more time to his mission. But the time came when he decided to give all his attention to religious work. The superintendent of the shop offered to make him one of his assistants if he would remain; he said that there was no limit to the opportunities for a man of his type in the big plant. But Mr. Stelzle was not tempted away from his purpose. He went to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and he had to borrow the money for his railroad fare.

His purpose, Mr. Stelzle says, was to work among men. He had no particular desire to become a minister, but he was interested in workingmen, and it seemed to him that the pulpit offered a larger opportunity for helping them. He has the workingman's sturdy faith in the wisdom of the masses. He says that the workingmen who live on the lower East Side of New York are among the most serious-minded people in the world. To them life has become such a dreary task that many have long since forgotten how to smile, and their laugh is an empty, hollow thing of derision. To them every measure for social betterment is of tremendous importance.

It is these hopeless, futureless people that Mr. Stelzle would have the church turn to with a sympathetic understanding, and not with the old-time patronage. "Study them," he advises, "and learn to understand them. They are men like the rest of us. They have their hopes and ambitions, their joys and their sorrows as we have. You cannot deal with them as the entomologist does with his million bugs — classify and label them. They refuse to be grouped, and they prove it by annihilating the carefully made deductions of the sociologist. They are flesh-and-blood men — men with warm, red blood in their veins, that sometimes burns like fire."

Mr. Stelzle believes that what is needed in the church to-day is a greater democracy. Men should meet men as equals, and not reach down in a vain desire to "help."

The principles involved in most labor troubles are not so much economic as they are moral. When child-labor is abolished, when women are not forced to do work beyond their strength, when there are better sanitary conditions in shops and factories, then labor troubles will be relieved of their bitterness; they will take the form of ordinary business dealings, as between manufacturer and seller. That it is possible to bring this condition about, Mr. Stelzle firmly believes; and by bringing the church and labor together, he hopes to establish a better understanding between them which will, ultimately, extend to every class of society.

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A leading labor man wrote to him the other day: "I have implicit confidence in you and believe you to be engaged sincerely in this noble work of trying to raise the working people to a higher plane, and my only regret is that we have so very few of your kind connected with the church to-day."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUCCESSFUL TEACHER

WHY WE HATE OUR WORK AND WHY WE ARE ASHAMED OF OUR PROFESSION — THE DEGRADATION OF HUNTING AND HOLDING A JOB — THE INCOMPETENCE OF SCHOOL-BOARDS, THE TYRANNY OF LOW-GRADE PRINCIPALS, AND THE SHAM OF TEACHERS

BY

ONE OF THEM

AT THE risk of offending any possible reader by egotism, let me say that I teach in a state which pays, I believe, the second highest salaries of any in the country. The women even draw the same salaries as men for parallel positions. I have a position in the second largest city of the state, a position which is permanent unless extreme incompetence is displayed. The salary here is paid for twelve months of the year. My work has always been in my special line, in schools of which the tone was good and the discipline easy. I have invariably been on the best terms with the principals and the other teachers; most of the students, I think, respect me; some of them like me; and a few cause me inconvenience by adoring me. Again, in order that these soul-searchings may have any weight, you must understand that I may fairly lay claim to be representative of a large body of teachers, for I graduated from a normal school, taught in the grades, graduated from a university, and have since taught in the high schools of both the country and the city.

And so I come to my confessions, which for the present shall be two in number. First, speaking for just all of us, *we hate our work.* Second, speaking for most of us, but especially for those who thank heaven they are not as other teachers, *we are ashamed of our profession.*

TEACHING IS HATEFUL AT BEST

The reasons for the hate lie not so much in the work itself as in the conditions surrounding it. We will put aside the objections often urged that the pay is small and the routine exhausting and monotonous. In the community of which I speak, the first is not valid; though we are a class with educated tastes, and though we do more than we are paid for, yet in comparison with other salaried callings we receive a sufficient wage. It scarcely need be said that one working for others cannot expect to grow rich. College professors get as little, sometimes less comparatively, yet there is no lack in the supply of clever young doctors holding degrees from German universities, whom no salary could tempt to take a place in the secondary schools. To be sure the cook gets as much as we, if her board be counted as part of her wages, and the janitor gets more — but who wants to be a cook or a janitor? And as to the monotony of the class-room, all work is monotonous. There are other reasons for the hate, which, let me repeat, is almost universal. I have known but three teachers, beginners excepted, who have genuinely liked their work — two men and one woman. Of course, I have heard much protesting, usually at teachers' institutes, of enthusiastic interest and devotion, but we are now in a confessional, remember, and all the privacy of print.

First, perhaps, among the real causes for this state of feeling, come the difficulties of securing and holding a position. A young, highly-certificated, enthusiastic graduate, who has no family or political or Masonic or religious "pull," or who has not gone up to the

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normal school from a village community which gladly makes its yearly change of teachers in her favor, has a heart-numbing task ahead of her in securing a position. As it has slowly penetrated the heads of school-boards that just anybody can't open a book and educate, many of them have made rulings to the effect that experience is a necessary pre-requisite in an applicant.

"A wise provision," you say.

"But how," laments the beginner, "am I to acquire experience if I am never allowed to try my hand?"

A pretty young creature shows her pluck by ploughing through the summer dust to interview widely separated trustees. They are impressed with her looks, her modest eagerness, her certificates — but someone asks, "As to experience now?" She has heard that before, and stammers out something about training-school.

"Well, we have a regulation——"

And she goes, all the eagerness crushed out of her, to face again the modern problem: "Why, when one is anxious to work and fitted to work, can no work be found?" In the end, she squeezes in somewhere, somehow, because she has to, but the process is disheartening.

On the other hand, the teacher who has acquired nerves and wrinkles in the service has even a harder fight. For her lies only the hope of getting into some larger city, where she will be allowed to grow gray, since she can't do more harm than the modern methods of the others can set right. But a position in one of the larger cities means "pull." It may be objected that similar struggles await the beginner and the aged in all professions, but in none of them is there the humiliation of attempting to display your qualifications to employers totally unable to judge of them. The selection of a teacher is placed in the hands of a local board, consisting usually of well-meaning but narrow and ignorant trustees, not unmindful of the consideration that the applicant for the position of principal has a family, and may rent the empty house of the clerk of the board.

At one time there was in a county of this state, and may be there now, a board which gave examinations for certificates from the primary grades to the high school, and but one member of the board had ever finished a high-school course. The task of a trustee is a thankless, unpaid one, and few qualified men will undertake it. In the cities, the school trustee is most often a politician of the lowest type. And from a woman trustee we all pray, "Good Lord, deliver us."

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY

Granted that one somehow runs the gauntlet of requirements, fads, and whims, and holds the coveted job for one year, then comes the question of how to keep it for a second year, or even for the whole of a first. A teacher must please everyone, or she thinks she must. The parents must be pleased, say, by a pretended interest in their affairs, by teaching classes in Sunday-school, by subscriptions to local enterprises. In the cities where positions are fairly permanent, all this does not grind the teacher so heavily, but even here there is a present fad of mothers' meetings, which we all pretend to find "such a help."

The high school teacher escapes a good deal of this agony, but she has her afflictions in the shape of fraternities, athletics, debates, and "entertainments." Ah, these entertainments! "We must have money; the Glee Club needs music; the team want suits. It is time for an entertainment." And then the experienced teacher knows that there will be time for nothing else for six weeks to come. For with all the vaunted self-reliance of young America, our boys and girls seem strangely unable to put through anything by themselves. They can't even manage their own sports; they are helpless annually before the school paper; their debates have come to be a contest between the coaching teachers, who spend weeks in digging out what the student-representatives glibly spout; and oh! and oh! and oh! their "commencements." The young people must be pleased; the principal and superintendent must be pleased; and the community must be pleased. Your morals must suit everyone, from the Women's Christian Temperance Union on. Woe to the teacher who dares to smoke! And those of the sex who do not smoke are compelled by the law of many states to teach absurdities about the injurious effects of tobacco and alcohol. I have heard a teacher called by name from the pulpit and informed that she was leading souls to hell — yes, the broad, Anglo-Saxon word was used — because she attempted to please some of the young people (certainly not herself) by dancing with them.

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But we are not supposed to be independent. When the community is not bullying us, the principals and superintendents are cracking the whip with practised hands. Teachers are forced to belong to and pay dues to associations which are not only tiresome but useless. I have seen teachers excluded from the sessions of institutes which by law they were compelled to attend, because they did not wear the badge of another association. These associations consist of much talk, and their primary purpose is to give prominence to a few who seek political preferment in the department of education.

"A TOKEN OF REGARD"

Besides such hold-ups, there are the countless assessments to buy gold watches for some men you particularly loathe. This Oriental sort of gift-making crops up constantly, and we contribute through cowardice or false shame. The recipients must know perfectly how the money was extorted, but they permit it and make pleased speeches.

Again, our contracts are broken with impunity; or we are refused a contract; or the board signs nothing, so that we are helpless if the school term and our salary are cut short — while *we* are required to sign a blanket contract agreeing to any re-assignment, lowering of salary, or removal, without any protest on our part. We are told in effect by a body of amiable and upright citizens: "If you make any outcry about our taking a part of your salary, we will come back and take your position." And the protestant will find it pretty hard to get another, for the notoriety of the contest practically blacklists him with other boards, to whom he cannot give a reference. Anything is better than a contest, even if one has the right and the law on his side.

So much for the attending circumstances. I do not think the work itself, leaving aside for a moment the matter of discipline, is distasteful to most teachers, except when one is trying to teach a subject that he does not himself understand. In the grades he must have a knowledge of everything, from cardboard, sloyd, and agriculture to four-part singing and water-colors. In the high schools, especially the smaller ones, an applicant prepared to teach mathematics may be required to take a class in French. But this sort of thing is becoming less frequent, and the growth of the department system, fast finding favor in the grades and never abandoned in the private schools, is encouraging. Another misery which many teachers dislike exceedingly is the drudgery of correcting papers and note-books, and many of us make only a pretense at it, which the students are quick to discover.

SHAM AND HYPOCRISY WIDESPREAD

It is pretense of this and of every sort which is a dry-rot in the school system, and is one great cause of the hate of the profession by those who know it from the inside. There is hardly a high-school catalogue which does not make a great pretense of the amount of composition work required weekly. I know of but two or three which live up to their own requirement, and of not one where all the papers are carefully corrected by the teacher and returned. Drawings from objects are displayed by fourth-grade pupils and the perspective excites the wondering admiration of the visiting artist. This decreases somewhat when he finds that the teacher made a careful drawing on the blackboard, which the students copied. In manual-training exhibits, beautifully carved chests appear — partially carved by the students, after which the panels were put together by a workman-like carpenter. Note-books of small children are shown as containing the first "rough work," which are models of neatness and accuracy, but some little neighbor will brazenly tell you that the work was done first in pencil, carefully corrected by the teacher, and copied.

On visiting days recitations proceed so beautifully that even the uninitiated might guess that there had been careful drill for two days. It is the sham of these exhibits, rather than the work of preparation, which causes most teachers to loathe them. But "all the other schools have them," and we have not the courage to laugh in the face of a confrère and say, "Bless you, my classes couldn't possibly do such work without help." No, we throw in a little brag about the really *best* work not being quite finished in time for the display. Or we say: "Well, you would be surprised to see how fond my children are of writing compositions. I saved some of the papers for the university man to see, and he would hardly believe that high-school students could do such high-grade work!"

Even if a teacher does not have a rebellious, evil-thinking crowd to manage, and so escapes

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the constant tenseness which kills, there is more or less police work to do. Part of the oversight which is forced on the teacher is of a nature extremely repugnant to the young women who make up the large majority of the force, and is such as a young woman should not know anything about.

The requirements for discipline alone call for a combination of self-control, firmness, justice, moderation, patience, and sense of humor as is rarely found — but is always fondly expected — by the pupil and the public. Even the luckiest of us have had spells of failure in this part of our work, when the day was faced with loathing and the night contained only dreams of mutinous students running amuck. Any teacher can tell you that when she dreams of school at all, it is always of a bad school. And, long after such seasons are past, their dark influence remains in a dull indifference to most of the children in whom we are supposed to take so vital an interest, or in the active detestation of a few.

There are some other things about the work which are distasteful, such as the necessity for instilling the simplest fundamentals of etiquette; or the queer notions that school boards have of economy, alternating with ill-placed lavishness, which can handicap and exasperate one so dreadfully. Then there is the need for accommodating the pace of the class to the minds of the mediocre, from which ensues much marking of time that is unbearable to the teacher who happens to be also something of a scholar. He must teach just a few facts, feeling all the while not only that he is not really presenting his subject truthfully, but refusing bread to those who least deserve a stone.

But, after the pretense and the discipline, the greatest cause of our hate is the horrid suspicion which often attacks us that the knowledge which we so labor to impart is not worth the trouble. Teachers in the lower grades are free of this, though they suffer more from the intense seriousness with which they and their guides and philosophers talk — for once let me say it aloud — "rot."

Again, how many of us have faced a student protesting, "I don't see what good it does me to learn this; I'll forget it by next term." We have no answer, and so fall back on triteness and tell him that he is not yet old enough to judge what is good for himself. But may he not know better than we do — and, after all, what *is* the use? Of course, the value of an education lies more in the people and the place where it is got than in the subjects, but why can't they be of value, too? A teacher who has some conscientious scruples about drawing pay for useless work, going around in a vicious circle of fitting people to go on and perhaps come back to teach others the same useless knowledge, cannot be expected to show burning enthusiasm in the performance of his daily task.

TEACHERS ASHAMED OF THEIR PROFESSION

Now as to the second confession — our shame. The confessions here do not represent so large a class, but unfortunately that class comprises the best educated, most refined, most cultured members of the profession. These men and women are ashamed of being known as teachers, and regard as the highest of compliments an artless statement that they do not seem like teachers. Followers of other professions appear to find pleasure in each other's society, and delight to have a social rubbing together. We teachers flee, not only from an institute the minute it closes, but from a club or a summer-resort which is known to have a preponderating number of teachers. Efforts have been made to draw teachers together socially, but it can't be done.

"Did you tell the directory man that I am a teacher?" asked one rebellious schoolmistress of her mother.

"Why, what else could I say?"

"Tell him I'm a lady-barber, if you like, but don't put the other into print."

Those who have gone to college after a year or so of teaching, and have incautiously let slip that fact, find themselves socially left out, branded with hateful nicknames, and eyed askance by professor and students. The reason for this state of feeling is the natural consequence of the conditions surrounding the profession. These conditions being what they are, only those of a certain not very high type will long endure them, and with that type many of us do not care to be identified. It will be most convenient here to speak of the men and women separately, so let me, even though a teacher, for a moment be polite, and give first place to the women.

Most families of a certain income fit their daughters for self-support. It is convenient

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to have them earn something through several years; it may even become necessary, and a modern independence prompts the girls to make use of their training. Leaving out of count the comparative few that have special gifts, the fewer who are fit for a profession, and the handful who have business ability, most girls find themselves with no choice but that of library work, nursing, or teaching. The first pays only starvation wages; nursing, having proven more exhausting than romantic in its details, is not so popular as it once was; remains then but the other. The unpleasant features are not apparent to one who knows nothing of the path. You do not hear teachers advising their pupils to fit themselves for teaching.

Nevertheless, the women of the profession are as a rule of a much better quality than the men, whom they are inclined to despise. Still they must work under these men; indeed, they prefer that to working under other women, and they must submit to being directed and talked at by a masculine creature who is usually their inferior in mental endowment, and almost invariably in refinement. (The men of better stuff soon get weeded out.) They must please these men, who have the running of the machine entirely in their hands, and the feminine tendency to propitiate is turned into cringing by the domineering attitude of those with a little momentary power.

MEN TEACHERS ARE LOW-GRADE

The few men who enter the teaching force may be divided into three classes: (1) There are the older men, usually poorly educated, often ungrammatical. They joined the ranks when certificates were easier to obtain than now, and hold fast to the executive, lucrative positions. The almost stationary nature of the regular salaries makes the doing of a little politics really necessary for a man with a family. The difficulties of securing a place are much slighter for men than for women, since there are not many of them, and they are much needed. Nevertheless, the unpleasantness is still so great that very few men will face it, or long endure it. Consequently these older men are left-overs.

(2) Then there are the young men who have taken up the work only to make money for further professional training, and intend to stay in it but a year or so. Though clever, they are not often good teachers, and are almost always ashamed of the company they are keeping. A few of them find it impossible to break away from a regular monthly salary to chance it in one of the professions, and they stay on and on — the most unhappy of a rather miserable corps.

(3) Lastly, there are the young men who are the older men brought up-to-date. They have had good training, a good education as far as books are concerned, but are lacking in the indispensable masculine qualities of backbone, independence, and self-reliance. As a rule they are narrow and petty, with a tendency to tyrannize. Their people before them have had no education, and they themselves, having escaped manual labor, feel like superior beings. Their pride in their own attainments, which they delight in imparting to others, is like that of children who learn a fact, and, fancying all the world as ignorant as they were that morning, must needs go round instructing everyone. They are not ashamed, but we are ashamed of them.

Everyone does the best he can for us. Clergymen, college presidents, orators, mothers' congresses, and editors dress us up in fine words, glorify our calling, encourage us once more to the dropping of buckets into empty wells.

But the fable of the teacher was written long ago. There was a man, you remember, who, with his son, had the task of urging on a loaded donkey. He tried to please everyone, tried carrying the donkey's load, tried making the donkey carry him, tried carrying the donkey. You will recall what happened to him, or possibly the public is more interested in the fate of the donkey. For they are little donkeys, these pupils of ours. You may attempt to disguise the fact by calling them little cherubs and angels, but the teacher sees the ears peeping up through the halo. And the task of donkey-leading, under the observation and advice of others, should not be the sole work of a strong man; therefore, very properly in the scheme of the universe, it isn't. As for the women who are forced to continue such tasks, who hate them, and are ashamed of them, you may pity them, which is one of the reasons of their shame — but we can tell you, we who know, that the children most need your pity.

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HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

FIRST ARTICLE

WHAT WE MUST DO TO BE FED

RISING PRICES OF BREAD AND A FOOD SHORTAGE ALREADY BEGUN IN A LAND OF PLENTY—THE WAY TO FEED OUR COMING MILLIONS

BY

JAMES J. HILL

[Mr. Hill, builder of the Northwest in particular and the foremost practical master of the large problems of our progress, will write in subsequent articles on The Development of the Northwest; on Combinations: What They Have Done and Their Proper Supervision; on The Asiatic Trade and how we might have it, but have failed because of our unbusinesslike Government; on Transportation; and on other subjects of fundamental importance—a series of articles that indicate the great highways of the progress of our country and the future of our people.—THE EDITORS.]

LAND without population is a wilderness, and population without land is a mob. The United States has many social, political, and economic questions, some old, some new, to settle in the near future; but none so fundamental as the true relation of the land to the national life. The first act in the progress of any civilization is to provide homes for those who desire to sit under their own vine and fig-tree.

A prosperous agricultural interest is to a nation what good digestion is to a man. The farm is the basis of all industry. The soil is the only resource that renews itself continually after having produced value. I do not wish to belittle the importance of manufacture or its relative value in general growth. But for many years this country has made the mistake of unduly assisting manufacture, commerce, and other activities that centre in cities, at the expense of the farm. The result is a neglected system of agriculture and the decline of the farming interest. But all these other activities are founded upon the agricultural growth of the nation and must continue to depend upon it. Every manufacturer, every merchant, every business man and every good citizen is deeply interested in maintaining the growth and development of our agricultural resources.

It is strange that almost all countries, including our own, should, until taught by approaching misfortune, fail to realize the primary and indispensable place of agriculture in sound national development. Probably, as both industry and society grow more complex, we lose sight of their plain connection with the soil, just as some of the most baffling diseases with which modern medical science has to deal originate in violations of the simplest and most ancient laws of health. At any rate, it is but recently that there has been revived somewhat in this country a sense of the dependence of all progress, of national prosperity and individual existence upon the land and its proper care. We do not even yet feel the force of this old law as we should and must. Some other peoples, equally intelligent, appear to have almost lost sight of it, although accepting it heartily in earlier ages, when there were fewer great interests to distract attention and confuse judgment.

One hundred and fifty years ago, Dr. Samuel

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A GERMAN GRAIN FIELD

By intensive cultivation, the Germans grow about 28 bushels of wheat and 24 bushels of rye per acre in comparison with the average American crop of 14 bushels of wheat and 15 bushels of rye per acre

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THE AMERICAN WAY. HARVESTING BY MACHINERY IN DAKOTA

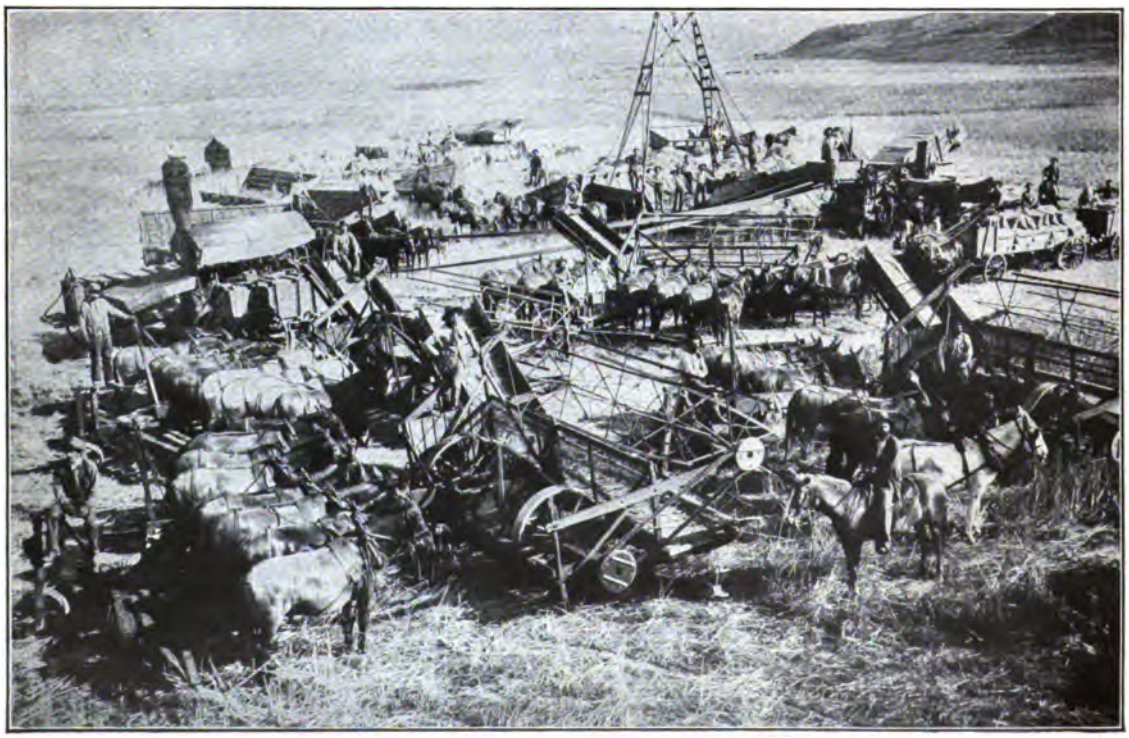
Our use of improved machinery enables us to cultivate great areas with comparatively little labor, but it does not of itself increase the yield per acre

Johnson, one of the closest observers and most philosophic thinkers of the English race up to his time, wrote these words:

"Of nations, as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy to whom any human power can deny the necessaries or conveniences of life. There is no way of living without the need of foreign assistance but by the product of our own land, improved by our own labor. Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual."

Comparing other leading national interests with this, he said:

"Trade and manufactures must be confessed often to enrich countries . . . but trade and manufacture, however profitable, must yield to the cultivation of lands in usefulness and dignity. . . . Mines are generally considered as the great source of wealth, and superficial observers have thought the provision of great quantities of precious metals the first national happiness. But Europe has long seen, with



A WHEAT-HARVESTING OUTFIT IN CALIFORNIA

Including headers, header-beds, thresher and "grub-house"

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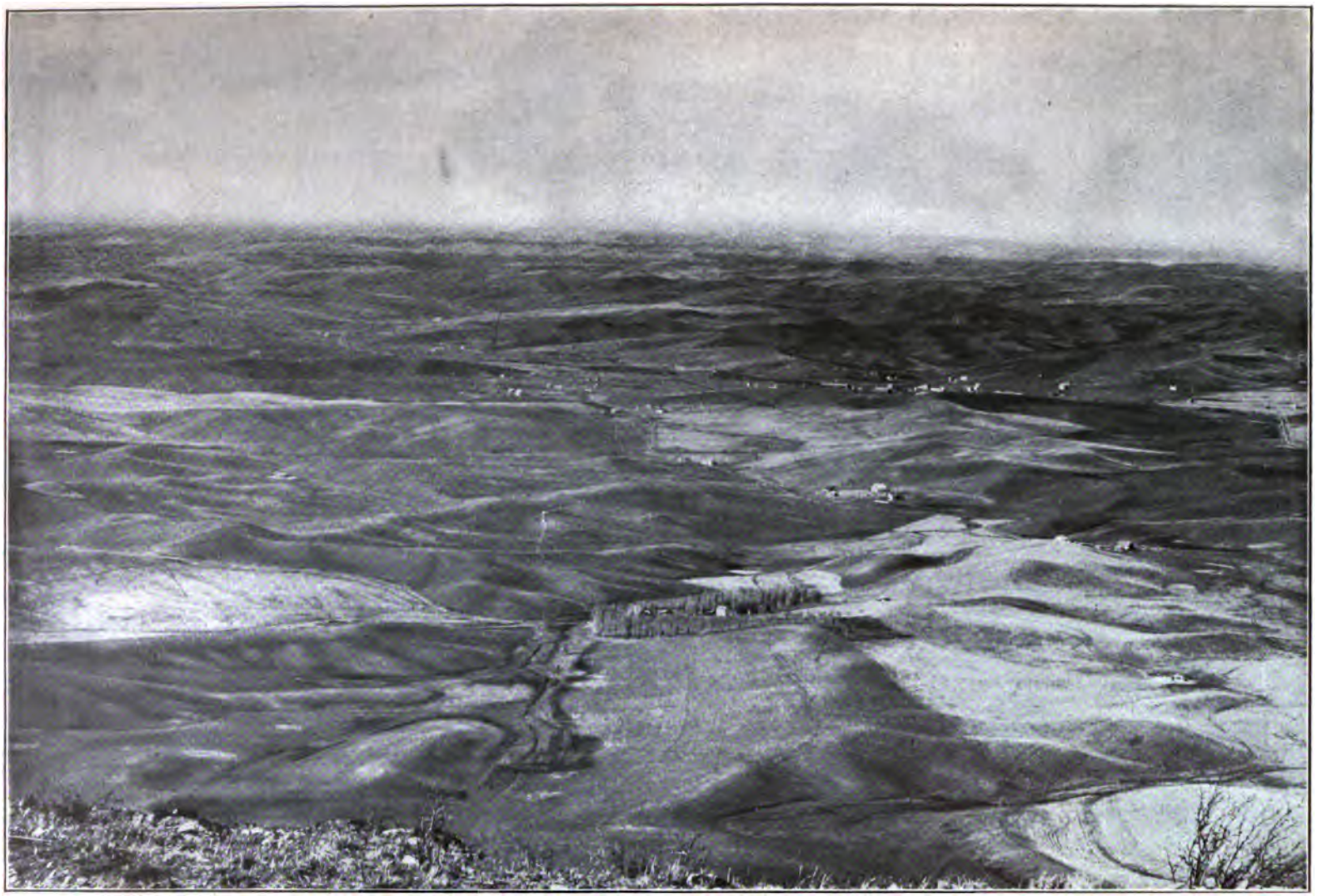

THE PALOUSE, A GREAT WHEAT DISTRICT IN WASHINGTON

A country of extensive cultivation and sparse population. Because the soil has not lost its virgin richness, the Washington crop averages 23 bushels to the acre

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PLOWING ON THE AMERICAN PRAIRIE

The American wheat farmer is as far in advance of the French and Germans in the use of labor-saving machinery as he is behind them in intensive cultivation

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THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE—A SCIENTIFIC FARM

A farm on which different crops are grown in rotation and on which the stock furnishes the fertilizer. "To raise the productivity of our soil 50 per cent. would be an increase greater in value than our entire foreign trade"

wonder and contempt, the poverty of Spain, who thought himself exempted from the labor of tilling the ground, by the conquest of Peru, with its veins of silver. Time, however, has taught even this obstinate and haughty nation that without agriculture they may, indeed, be the transmitters of money, but can never be the possessors. . . . Agriculture alone can support us without the help of others, in a certain plenty and genuine dignity. Whatever we buy from without, the sellers may refuse; whatever we sell, manufactured by art, the purchasers may reject; but while our ground is covered with corn and cattle, we can want nothing; and if imagination should grow sick of native plenty, and call for delicacies or embellishments from other countries, there is nothing which corn and cattle will not purchase. . . . This, therefore, is the great art, which every government ought to protect, every proprietor of lands to practise, and every inquirer into nature to improve."

WHY OUR AVERAGE WHEAT YIELD IS ONLY 14 BUSHELS AN ACRE

Our population exclusive of Alaska and our island dependencies was 25.6 per square mile in 1900. When it reaches 200,000,000, or about 67.3 per square mile, this kind of farming will not feed the people

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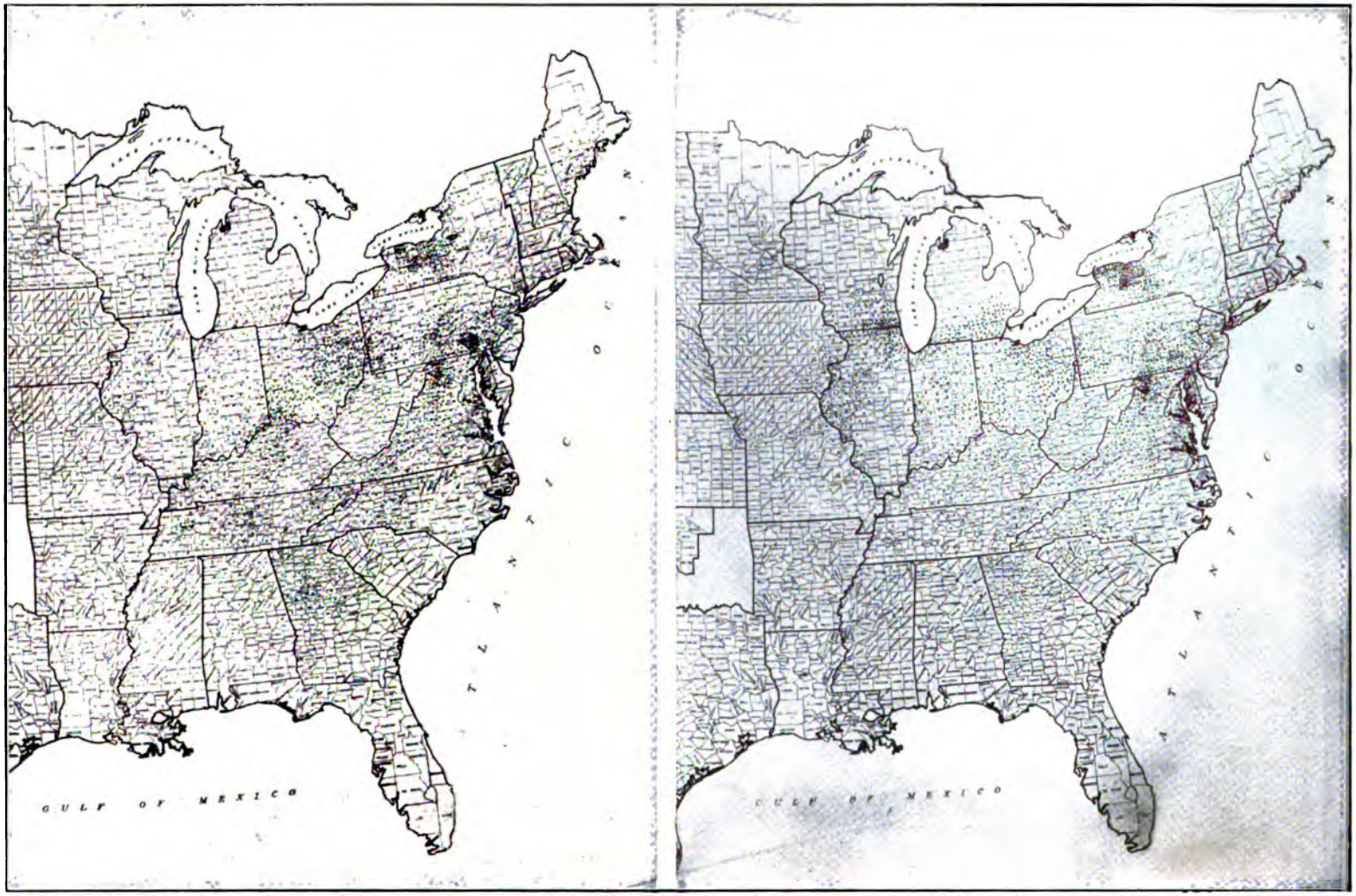

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WHEAT PRODUCTION IN 1839

Each dot represents 50,000 bushels. The total was 84,823,000 bushels—Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia growing more than 10,000,000 bushels each

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN 1849

When the wheat belt had moved westward into Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. About 200,000 bushels were grown in Oregon

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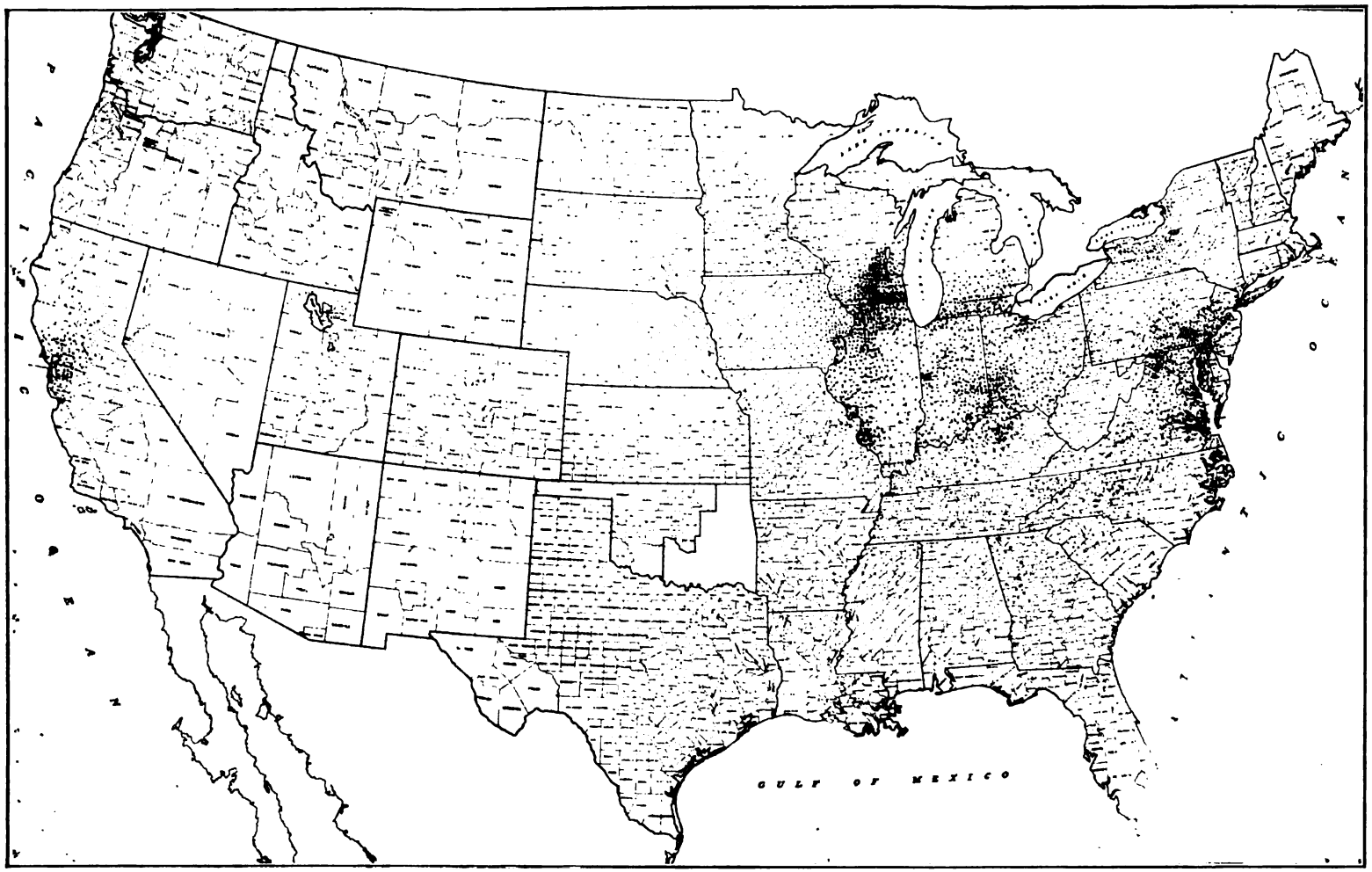

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THE WHEAT BELT IN 1859

The total crop was 173,105,000 bushels, more than twice that of 1839. Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin had taken the lead

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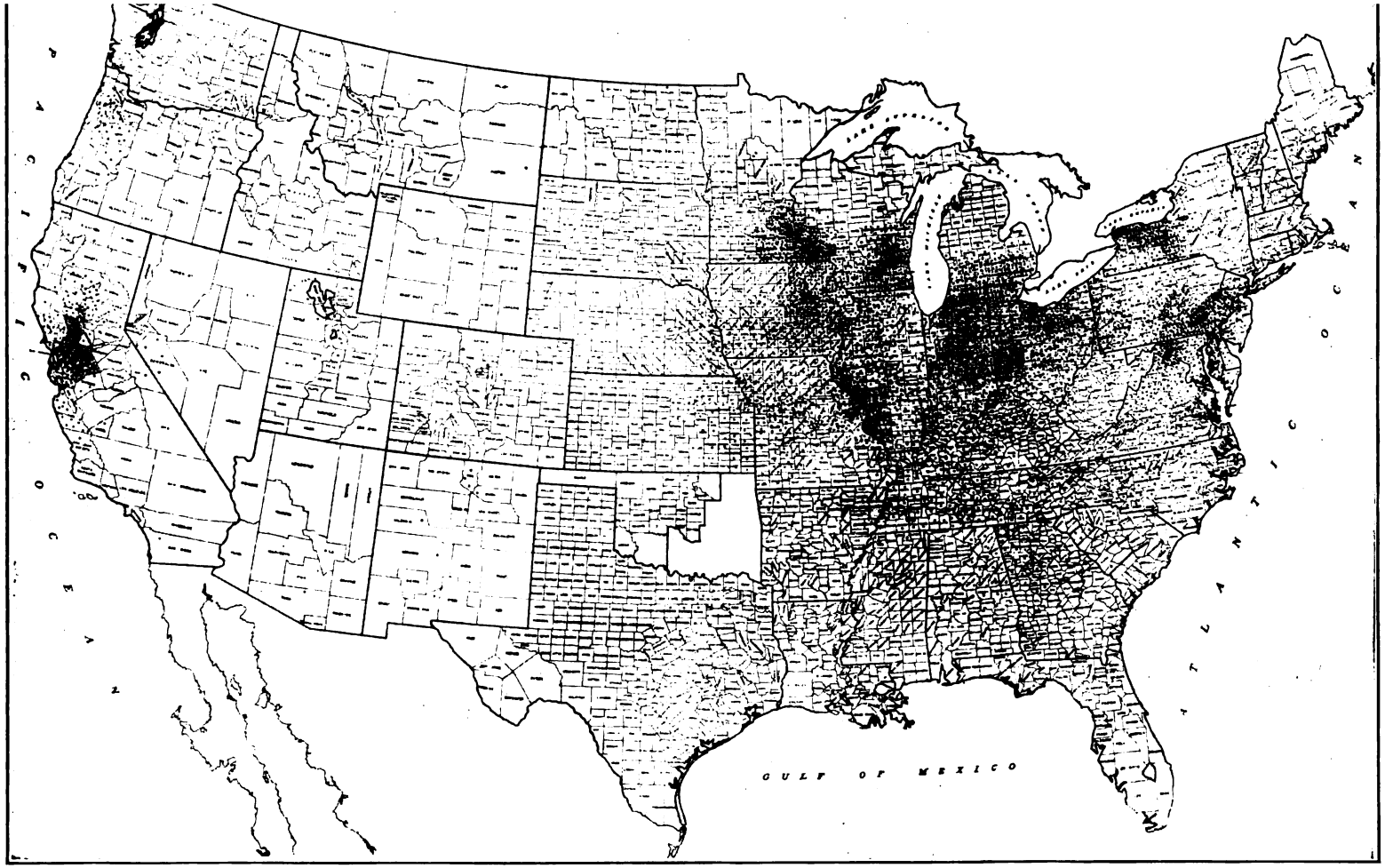

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THE WHEAT CROP OF 1869

From this date the older wheat states have about held their own in the amount of wheat produced, although their proportion of the total has declined rapidly. The California crop had grown to be 20,000,000 bushels. The average yield per acre was 13.6 bushels

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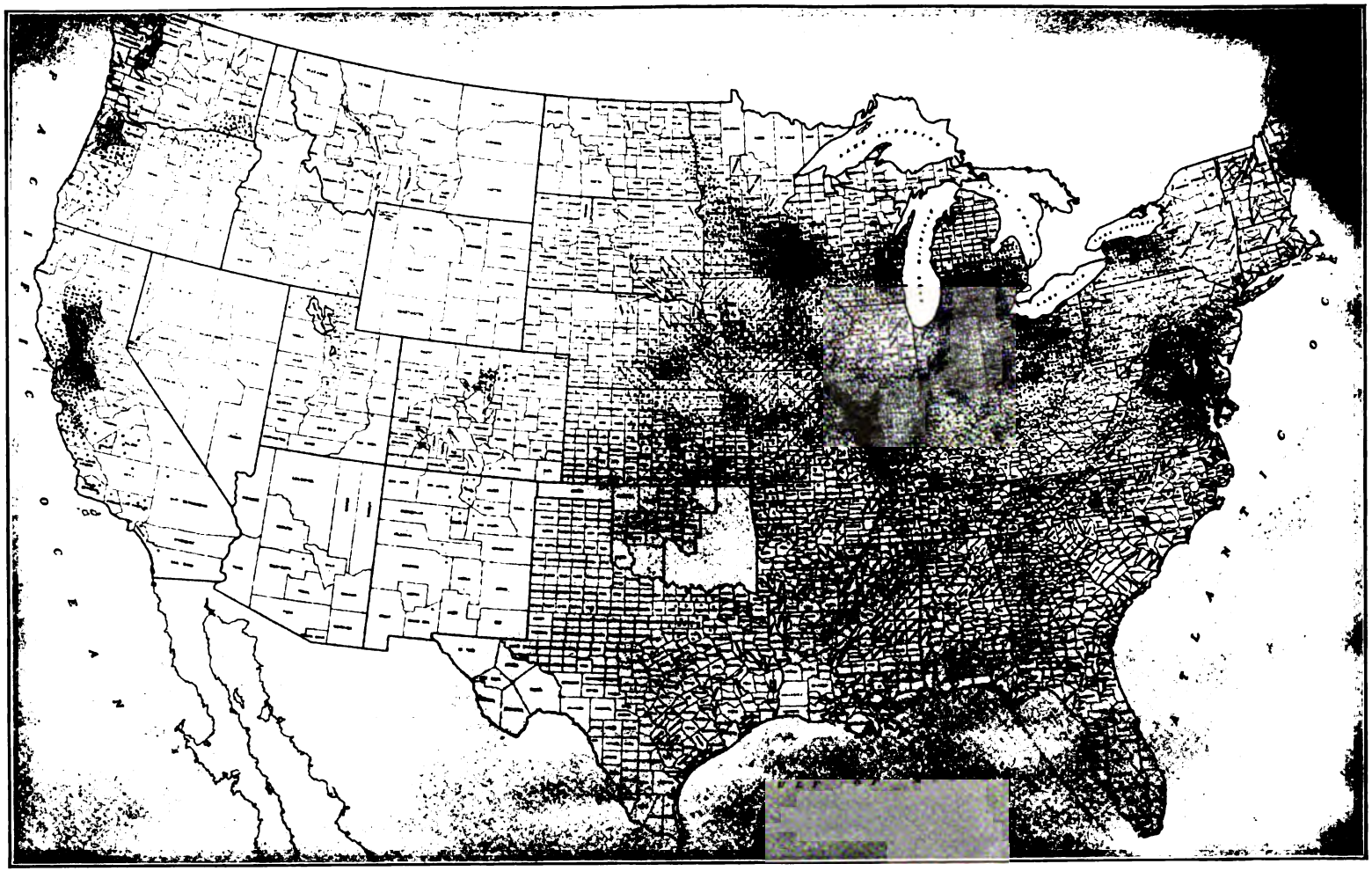

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WHEAT PRODUCTION IN 1879

The building of railroads opened new districts and wheat growing moved westward into Kansas and Nebraska. The average yield per acre was 13.8 bushels

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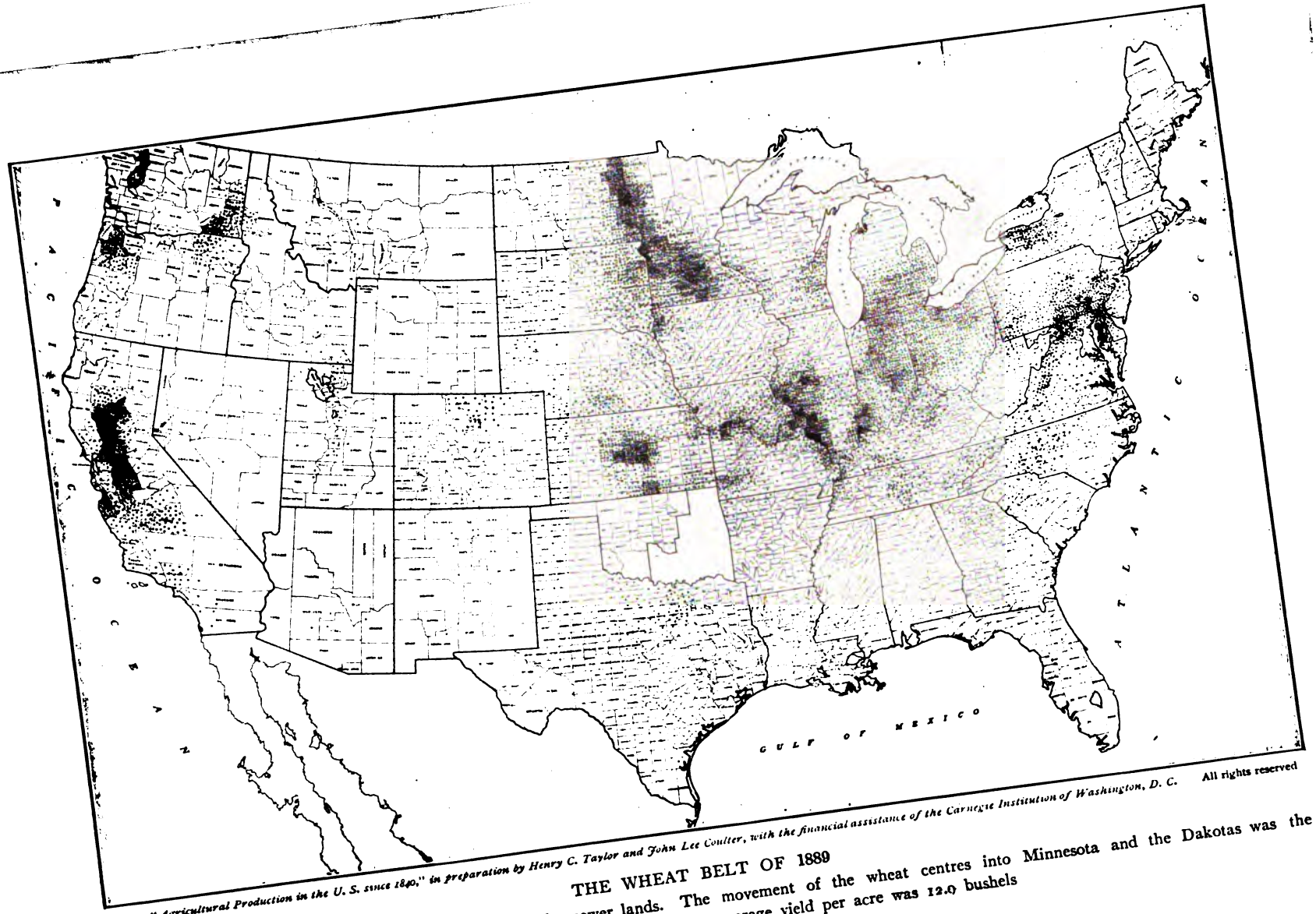

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THE WHEAT BELT OF 1889

Modern machinery increased the profits, particularly in the newer lands. The movement of the wheat centres into Minnesota and the Dakotas was the important change of this decade. The average yield per acre was 12.9 bushels

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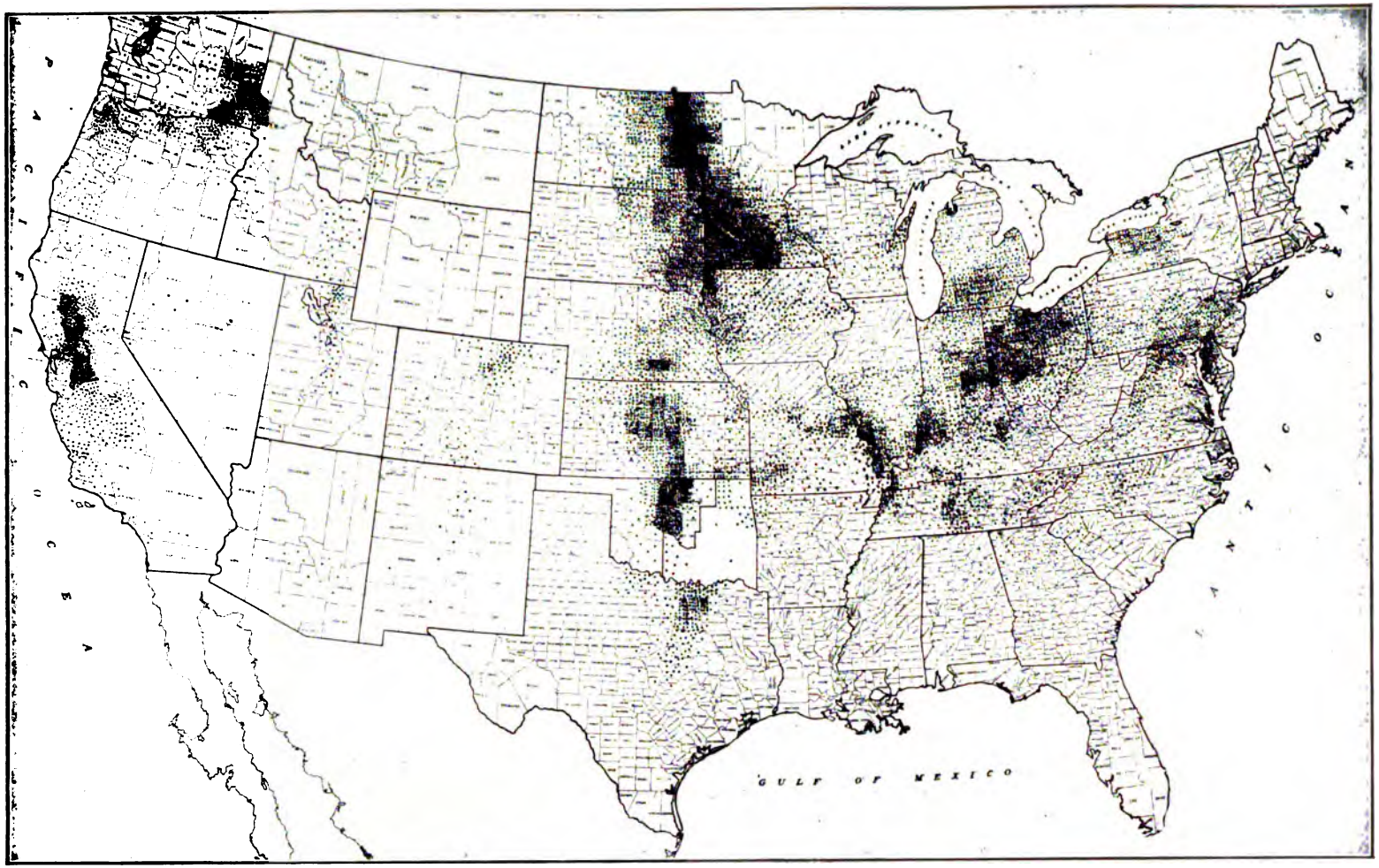

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WHEAT PRODUCTION IN 1899

When its growing had become specialized in certain districts. Minnesota and North Dakota produced more than any other states in the Union, and together nearly twice as much as the total production in 1839. The average yield per acre was 12.3 bushels

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A CROP ROTATION YIELDING $244 AN ACRE AND ENRICHING THE SOIL
I. Tobacco (grown with special fertilizer) worth $154 an acre on an old farm in Virginia

A CROP ROTATION YIELDING $244 AN ACRE AND ENRICHING THE SOIL
II. Followed on the same land by wheat (without fertilizer), which yielded 29 bushels an acre worth about $30

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These are great truths set in great words. If Dr. Johnson could re-visit his country to-day, he would find his argument vindicated and his vision justified by an alignment of industries so uneven and a balance so poorly maintained that business in the streets of its cities is impeded by processions of gaunt men shouting in wretched concert, "We want work! We want work!" He would find its legislators trying to alleviate symptoms by socialistic nostrums, instead of striking at the disease itself. He would find even its industrial supremacy in many directions, once based upon the prosperity of the small farmer, passing away or jeopardized. In the west of England, which was a great centre of broadcloth manufacturing and of the weaving of other woolen goods, the output is less than a quarter of what it was twenty-five years ago. Germany is taking the cutlery trade of Sheffield. The German people, who have cared jealously for their farming industry at the same time that they were learning economy and efficiency in all other forms of production, to-day lead the world, or any period in its history, in scientific industrial intelligence and systematic management.

OUR TIME OF ECONOMIC TRIAL

In view of such contrasts it is most important that our own country should realize the situation and take thought for its own future. When the United States shall have from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 people, they must be employed; they must earn a living. How will their occupations and products stand in relation to one another? Will there be mutual internal support, or mutual destruction and decay? Who will employ these millions? Who will buy the goods they produce? In what shape will they be to meet the competition that England faces to-day? Hosts of idle men in Great Britain ask for the opportunity to win bread by work, and there is nothing for them but the dole of charity. We must avoid for all time that extremity.

With our magnificent areas and the relative sparseness of our population as compared with the more densely peopled countries of the Old World, the time of economic trial should be a

A CROP ROTATION YIELDING $244 AN ACRE AND ENRICHING THE SOIL

III. Succeeded by clover (fertilized by lime and nitrate of soda) which yielded 5 tons of hay per acre, worth $60. After yielding three crops, with a total valuation of $244 per acre, the land was richer than before

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long way off for us. With greater wisdom than we have exercised in the past it may never come. But we must preserve jealously the right and the possibility of free access to the soil, out of which grow not only all those things that make happy the heart of man and comfort his body, but those virtues by which only a nation can endure, and those influences that strengthen the soul. This is the safeguard not only of national wealth but of national character. The fertile fields of this country are its real gold mines, from which it will gather a richer yield than the deposits of Alaska or South Africa or any other land can furnish. These are the true national inheritance. We must treasure what is left of them. Ever since the first settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, the United States has had an unlimited domain where men might find homes. Now it is all fairly occupied. Fifty-two years ago, a hundred miles from Chicago there was an unoccupied prairie. Now the land from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific is opened up and populated, and the wave of emigration is turning back and filling the places that were passed over.

For the first time in the history of this country, thousands of farmers from states like Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are seeking homes in the Canadian Northwest, owing to the cheap lands offered there and the difficulty of securing such lands in the United States. Toward saving a supply for the future something is now being done. We are at least saving at the spigot, though we have not quit wasting at the bung. While we are spending great sums to transform worthless lands into orchards and gardens by the work of the Reclamation Service, we still retain as to other areas the land-laws under which for so many years the great heritage of the people has been passing so largely into unworthy hands.

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THRESHING IN FRANCE

Where the land is well utilized and labor wasted — the opposite of the American system. To utilize both land and labor well is the only way of feeding our future millions

THE GREATEST LESSON OF HISTORY

For the sake of our national future, for the sake of the coming millions who will be helpless unless each can be furnished with a piece of tillable land as a defense against misfortune, we should see that the speculative abuses which these laws have fostered are brought to an end. It should not be possible to obtain public land

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"THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD" NEAR CALAIS, FRANCE

A typical French grain field, averaging about 20 bushels of wheat to the acre. Chiefly from its agricultural wealth, France paid a $1,000,000,000 war indemnity to Germany and now supports 189.5 people per square mile

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A SOUTHERN CORN CROP ON A FIELD THAT HAS BEEN TILLED FOR 100 YEARS

Showing how fertility can be maintained by right methods. An agent of the Farmers' Coöperative Demonstration Work of the Department of Agriculture teaching farmers on their own land. It is estimated that this instruction reaches 360,000 farmers in the South

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of any kind anywhere in the United States henceforth except after complying with all the terms of the homestead law. I cannot urge too strongly upon every man who wishes his country well and who desires all to be prosperous in order that he may prosper with them, the importance and growing necessity of taking such care of our public domain as shall preserve the remnant of it for the use of generations yet unborn.

Such close and careful cultivation as will yield the highest profit per acre can best be given to land when it is cultivated in comparatively small farms. The greater the number of prosperous farmers, the greater will be the prosperity of every business man. It takes more labor to earn the same profit from a tract too large to be tilled thoroughly. Ten farmers, each cultivating from forty to one hundred and sixty acres at the outside, with the most approved methods, supplemented where necessary by irrigation, can each earn a profit equal to that taken from two or three times the same area by slovenly tillage. Ten farmers instead of one increase the aggregate volume of trade with the merchants of the community and add in the same ratio to the general prosperity.

Following unconsciously this law, many of the bonanza wheat farms of earlier days have been or are being broken up into smaller holdings. It is certain that in every state farm lands will ultimately be divided and subdivided until each farmer has only as much as will yield him an ample reward for his labor and enable him to support his family in comfort. Our agriculture will take a place midway between the miniature garden-farms of Japan and the vast estates of countries that still support a landed gentry. It is far better that it should be so. The farm life of the future will have many advantages — some of them already beginning to be realized — over the isolation of an earlier day; because the multiplication of smaller farms has begun to bring good roads, schools, near neighbors, farm telephones, churches, libraries, improved mail facilities, and a social environment which is impossible where farms are so big that homes are far removed from one another.

Including Alaska, this country has about the same area as Europe. It has a little more than one-fifth as much population. With a trifle more than 5 per cent. of the population of the world, we are producing 43 per cent. of the world's supply of wheat, corn and oats. We raise more than 70 per cent. of the world's cotton. All political economy that is not mere empty theory rests upon the ratio of population to land area, the abundance and value of the products of the soil, and the proper balance and inter-relation of different industries. We have been busy as a nation helping the so-called industrial interests of the country —in fact, everybody except the man on the farm.

But when we have as many people to the square mile as Europe has now, we will know the economic troubles of Europe. Our task will be to increase correspondingly the volume of the earth's product. When we get down to business and take stock of those national affairs in which we are vitally concerned as workers and home-builders, as citizens and as fathers of the children who are to make our future, we find that the main thing is the utilization and conservation of the soil and the resources drawn from it. This interest must more and more take precedence of all others. The man must be encouraged to go to the farm. The man on the farm must be considered first in all our policies, because he is the keystone of the national arch. When he has produced the share of natural wealth that corresponds to his best effort, he must be able to find a purchaser at prices that will enable him to live in comfort and enjoy at least a moderate degree of prosperity. This has always been the final test of every country and every civilization; and it will no more change than the seasons are likely to reverse the order of their succession.

History makes all this a twice-told tale. As far back as we know anything about civilization, the cultivation of the soil has been the first and most important industry in any thriving state. It will always be. Herodotus, the very father of history itself, tells the story of the human race in the valley of the Euphrates. He says that with poor cultivation those who tilled the soil there got a yield of fifty-fold, with fair cultivation one hundred-fold, and with good cultivation two hundred-fold. That was the garden of the world in its day. Its great cities, Babylon and Nineveh, where are they? Piles of desert sand mark where they stood. In place of the millions that over-ran the world there are a few wandering Arabs feeding some half-starved sheep and goats. The Promised Land — the Land of Canaan itself — to which

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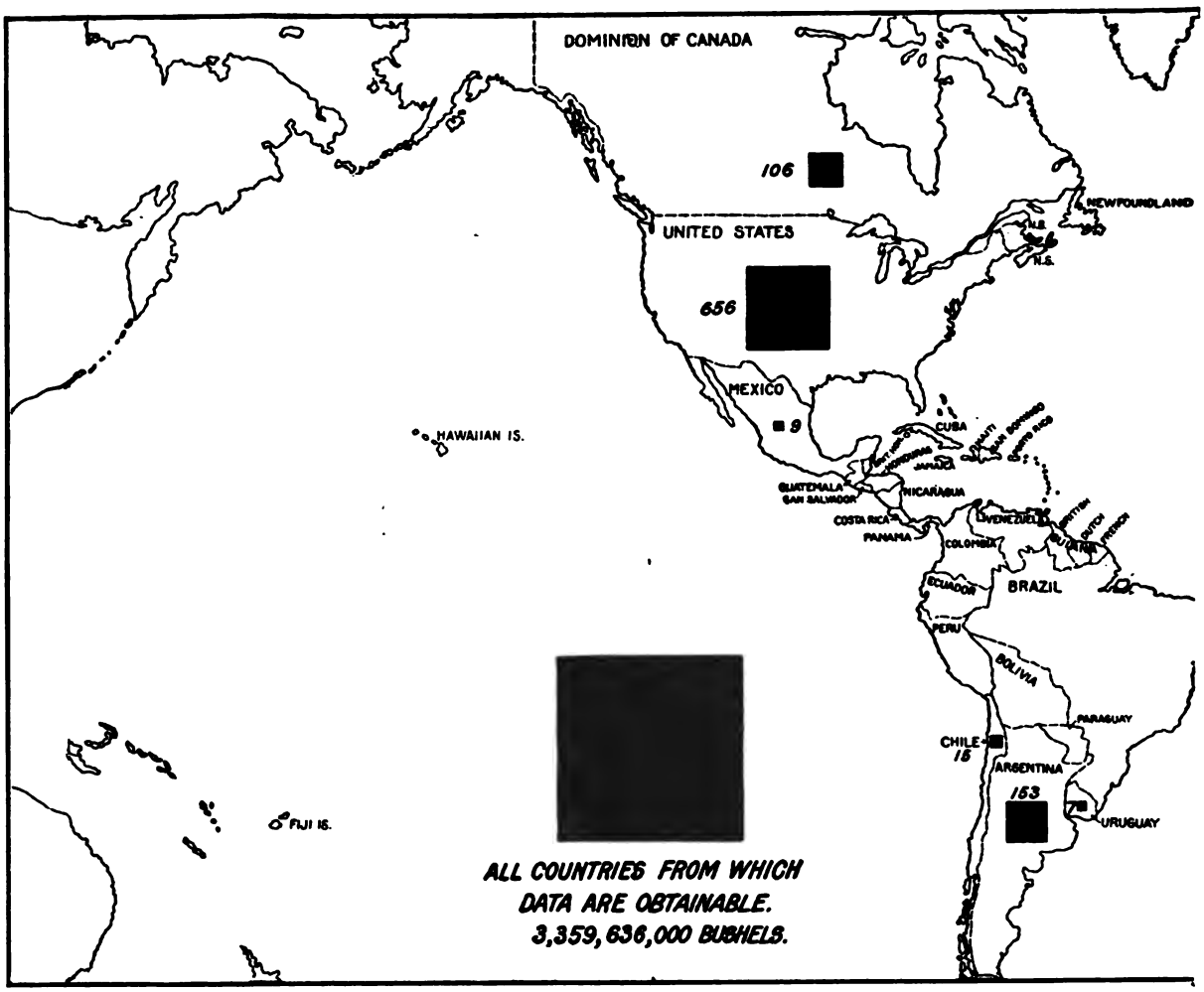

WHERE THE WHEAT OF

In 1908 the United States grew 20.89 per cent., Russia 17.9 per cent., and France 9.7 per cent. For ten years prior acre, and Russia last with 9.3 bushels per acre. The

the Children of Israel were brought up from Egypt, what is it now? A land overflowing with milk and honey? To-day it has neither milk nor honey. It is a barren waste of desert, peopled by scattered robber bands. A provision of Providence fertilized the soil of the valley of the Nile by overflowing it every year. From the earliest records that history gives, Egypt has been a land of remarkable crops; and to-day the land thus fertilized by overflow is yielding more abundantly than ever.

It is made clear by every process of logic and by the proof of historic fact that the wealth of a nation, the character of its people, the quality and permanence of its institutions are all dependent upon a sound and sufficient agricultural foundation. Not armies or navies or commerce or diversity of manufacture or anything other than the farm is the anchor which will hold through the storms of time that sweep all else away.

Our agricultural population will compare favorably with any in the world; but it must be taught to honor its occupation and to make that occupation worthy of honor.

Further on I deal with the substitution of new methods of tillage for old, by which the average crop return of the country might be doubled and nearly eight billion dollars be added annually to the nation's wealth. As they learn how this may be done, the farmers of the nation will realize more fully the dignity, the independence, and the comfort of their calling. Their children will un-

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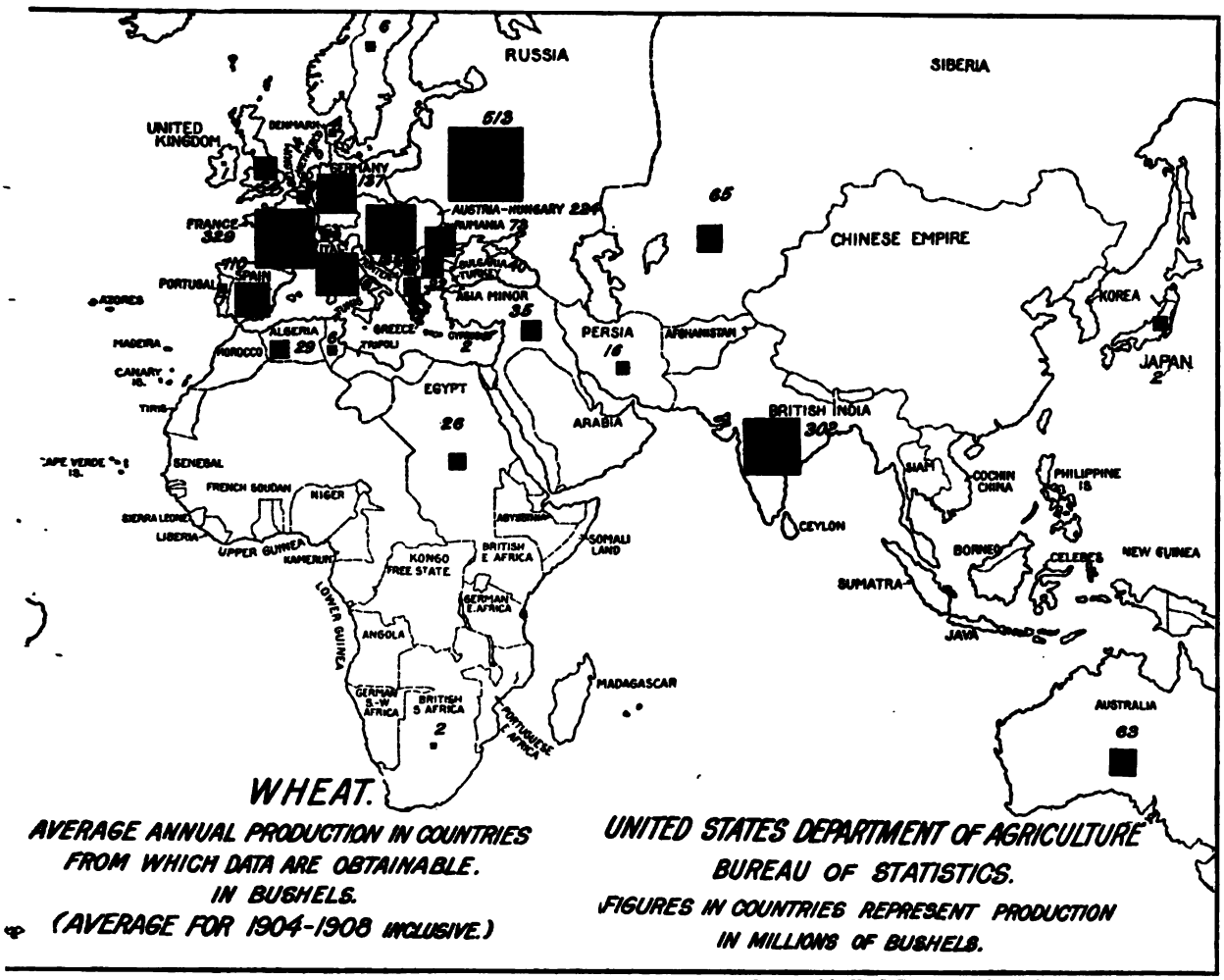

Courtesy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Statistics

THE WORLD IS GROWN

to 1907, England had the highest average yield per acre, 32.6 bushels; Germany came next with 28.4 bushels per United States averaged 13.9 bushels to the acre

derstand that the farm is not a prison from which they should escape at the first opportunity, recalling its surroundings only with aversion or contempt, but the real bulwark of liberty and the home of happiness. There can be no greater aid toward the maintenance of a prosperous, free, and enlightened nation than the inculcation of the precept, "Keep the children on the farm."

A FARM SCHOOL FOR EVERY FARMING COUNTY

This country has from the beginning established and maintained a common school system on the sound principle that education is essential to a right discharge of the duties of citizenship. Another element must be introduced into the educational system. To direct the minds of the young to work upon the land as an honorable and desirable career, and to prepare for them work when they return there by suitable instruction, is to promote good citizenship and national security. To raise the productivity of our soil 50 per cent. would be an increase greater in value than the entire volume of our foreign trade. These results can be brought about only by a general understanding and practice of agriculture as modern science and experiment work explain it; by such instruction as we now give in our technical schools and institutes for the trades. Anyone who has studied the growth and decline of nations and would read our own industrial future must be convinced that instruction in farm economy and management should become

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an indispensable part of the educational work of this country.

In addition to all that those of our schools where farming is taught are doing, and all that ought to be done, there should be speedier and more direct work for the immediate improvement of the agricultural interest. The older generation, and those of the new who have not been adequately taught, should have abundant object lessons.

If I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year and start at least one thousand agricultural schools in the United States at $5,000 a year each, in the shape of model farms. This model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. Its purpose would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. Cultivating, perhaps, from forty to sixty acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock raising, alternation of crops and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting, and marketing. The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders how their daily labors might bring increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and its needs. As fast as it was followed, it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise more attractive to the young and the intelligent, and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitutes our enduring national wealth.

The experiment would cost but a fraction of the amount sometimes given freely for more questionable purposes. It would require a small amount of land, all told, to place a model farm in every agricultural county in the United States. There should be a trained man to each farm of, say, eighty acres; and a general superintendent, a thoroughly trained agriculturist, to manage three or four counties and visit the different farms. All such farms in a state might be put under the general supervision of the agricultural college in that state, as a part of its experimental work. Results reached by this arrangement would have the conclusiveness of a demonstration in science. Every crop that could be or ought to be raised should be experimented with, not at some distant spot seldom visited, but right at home on the farm. I would bring the model farm into every agricultural county; and if any farmer was in doubt, he could visit it, see with his own eyes, and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect.

Perhaps even this is not all that should be done; and perhaps we need to move even more quickly and effectively. Formerly the decreased productivity of our older lands, due to poor cultivation, was more than made good by large yields from the immense acreage of new land continually being brought under the plow. This cannot be true in the future. If the average yield per acre continues to fall as it has in the past, the total national product will soon begin to decline. The additional demand of a constantly increasing population, added to this deficit, compels us to consider at once the only practical remedy — the raising of the product of the land per acre by methods already broadly outlined and to be considered in more detail in the following chapter.

We cannot wait for the work of the agricultural colleges, because the emergency is one not for the next generation, but for this. Instruction in improved methods should be carried to the farmer; just as he is, upon his own farm. The state might profitably employ a considerable number of men educated in practical agriculture; supply them with seed selected for quality; send them out to the farms and have each farmer put in a few acres, under the direction of its agents, sowing and tilling these according to their instructions. The great increase in both the quantity and the quality of the yield would be a convincing education.

THE POLITICAL FORTUNES OF NATIONS

National wealth and all the activities concerned in its production and distribution depend, we see, upon the soil. So do the political fortunes of nations. In 1889, seventy

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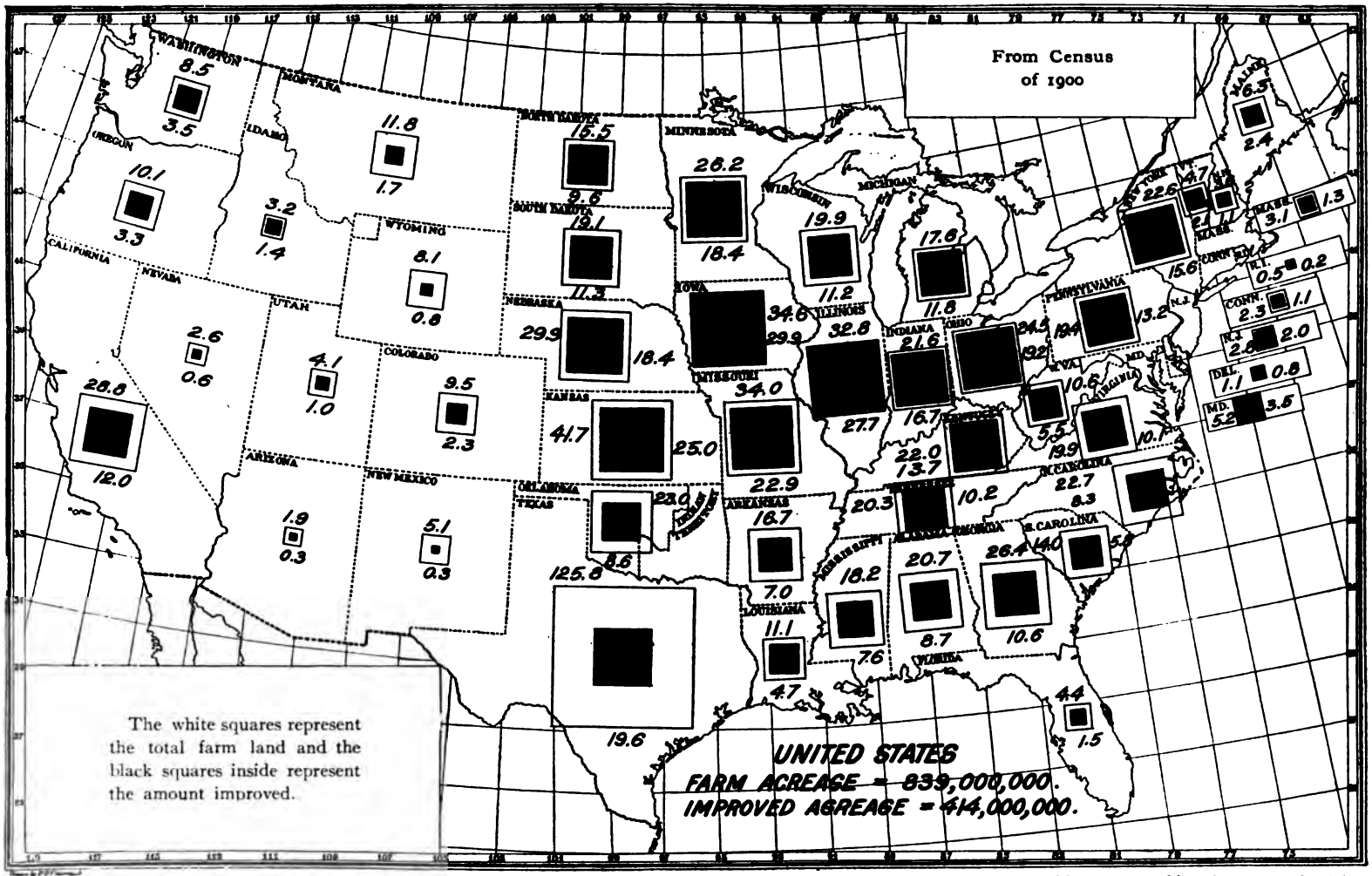

Courtesy of the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Statistics

OUR FARM LAND AND THE PROPORTION OF IT THAT IS IMPROVED

Illinois (with 86.4 per cent.) has the largest portion of its farm land improved. Excepting the arid states, North Carolina (with 36.5 per cent.) has the smallest proportion of improved land. The figures in the states represent acreage in millions

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years after Great Britain started on its era of expansion, the oldest banking house in Great Britain failed. Who came to its aid? France, after paying a thousand millions war indemnity to Germany, came to the relief of Great Britain; and to-day, if any power in Europe thinks of engaging in war, it first sounds carefully the opinion and disposition of the bankers of France. Again it is interesting to refer to a judgment a century and a half old. In the paper before referred to, Dr. Johnson makes this shrewd comparison between France and Spain:

"It is well known to those who have examined the state of other countries that the vineyards of France are more than equivalent to the mines (gold and silver) of America. . . . The advantage is indeed always rising on the side of France, who will certainly have wines when Spain by a thousand natural or accidental causes may want silver."

Spain is to-day a beggar among the nations. To the fruit of the vine France has added a thousand other products of its fertile fields and gardens; but still its main reliance is upon agricultural wealth. It has made it the great creditor of the world. Comparative history points to agriculture and its varied fortunes as a powerful producing cause in the rise and fall of nations.

II

IT is in order now to consider more practically in detail just what constitutes a system of tillage scientific in its methods and satisfactory in its results; to set forth how far and why we have fallen short of attaining in the past, and what the failures and successes of ourselves and others have to teach us for the future.

We have begun to realize only recently that farming is to a great extent an exact science. The man no longer deserves the name of farmer who conceives of his industry as a scratching of the earth, a hit-or-miss scattering of seed, and a harvesting of such yield as soil and weather may permit. That is not farming, but a game of chance. After an army has been raised and before it can enter upon any campaign, the first consideration is to provide its food. If that is a failure, the bravest and best-organized force will melt away in a week. Our national supply of food, in like manner, is fundamental to the organization of our social life and to the progress of all our industries.

HOW SHALL WE FEED OUR POPULATION IN 1950?

It is as well assured as any future event can be that the population of the United States will be 200,000,000 by about the middle of the present century, or in less than fifty years. It may come a few years later or a few years earlier, according to circumstances, for good times lift both the immigration total and the domestic birth rate, while depression decreases both, but this is immaterial. Millions of persons now living will see the 200,000,000 people here; and the first question is, How are they to be fed? There will be many grave problems accompanying such a human growth, but we may for the time being dismiss all the others until we have considered the primary one of the bare maintenance of life. The food problem itself has numerous collateral issues, but for the sake of simplicity we may here consider only the matter of bread. Where and how are we to obtain loaves enough to feed these coming millions?

The average yearly consumption of wheat per capita varies considerably with seasons and prices, but it rises steadily with our constantly advancing standard of comfort. For the last three years it has been either slightly under or slightly over seven bushels for bread and seed. Suppose that it is six and one-half bushels per capita, which is certainly within the mark. It will then require, unless we are to fall to a lower scale of living, a total product of 1,300,000,000 bushels of wheat for our bread supply, if we do not export any. From 1880 to 1906 inclusive, our crop averaged 521,738,000 bushels annually. Twice only in our history have we exceeded 700,000,000 bushels. It is fair to say that 650,000,000 bushels is our present average capacity. Of course, with an increasing population may come a somewhat increased total production, though it will not advance as rapidly as many suppose. We grew 504,185,470 bushels in 1882, when our population was a little over 52,000,000, and 634,087,000 bushels in 1907, twenty-five years later. The increase in wheat yield,

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during these years, when much of the new land of the West was being brought under the plow, was a little over 25 per cent., while population increased 33,000,000, or over 63 per cent. Obviously, the supply and demand of bread will not keep pace through the working of any law of nature.

Moreover, possible increase of wheat production by increasing acreage is limited. We have no longer a great area of free public lands. Some wheat will be grown on reclaimed arid land, though this is mostly devoted to the raising of fruit and fodder plants. Some lands will be drained, and there are a few acres of public land left on which wheat may be raised. But a denser population makes new demands upon the soil; and it is more likely on the whole that wheat acreage will be reduced, to raise all the other food supplies consumed by 200,000,000 people, than that it will be enlarged. Nothing but a material rise in price could accomplish this; and we may, perhaps, assume that a steady and certain price of one dollar or one dollar and a half per bushel would raise, with better work on the farm, our total annual wheat product to 900,000,000 bushels, which would be 50 per cent. more than the present average. This is the extreme limit of probability. The country could do no more, with present methods of culture, unless it took land just as necessary for other purposes and devoted it to wheat raising. We are left, practically, with a shortage of 400,000,000 bushels in our wheat supply, even if we consume every grain we raise. This amount we should have to procure from some other source. Where are we to get it, and how is it to be paid for?

Where in the whole world is there a surplus of 400,000,000 bushels? We ourselves furnished the great surplus in the past. Canada is now rapidly approaching us, and so is Argentina. But with the present rate of immigration into the Canadian Northwest, and with a rapid increase of population throughout the Dominion, it will not be long before they need 100,000,000 bushels for their own use. They may be able to sell 150,000,000 or even 200,000,000 bushels, and they are close to our markets, but all they could give would not furnish us the 400,000,000 bushels we must have. Manchuria will eventually produce much wheat, but its development will probably no more than supply, if it does not fall below, the increasing demand of China and Japan. Russia and Argentina and Australia together are scarcely keeping up with the world's present necessities. Wheat bread and a high civilization go together; and as labor conditions everywhere improve, more and more people who once lived on black bread or rice will want the white loaf. A supply to meet the coming new demand is nowhere in sight.

THE INEVITABLY INCREASING COST OF BREAD

Because of these facts I have said many times in different articles and addresses for years past that wheat must advance; and that a price of over rather than under one dollar per bushel might be expected hereafter. Market quotations for months past under all sorts of conditions verify the prediction. Without any artificial support, cash wheat in New York reached $1.50 early in June, 1909. The latest statistics completely confirm the view that the condition which the country faces is permanent. Lest the comparison already made, covering two years a quarter of a century apart, should not have selected representative years, take two five-year periods instead. This will give a fair measure of the average producing capacity of our wheat acreage and its insufficiency for growing demands. The average wheat crop of the United States during the four years 1880–84 was 463,973,317. For the five years 1904–08 it was 655,865,795 bushels. The increase is 41 per cent. But the population of the United States was 50,155,783 in 1880, and the official estimate for 1908 is 87,189,392, an increase of 74 per cent. Home demand has grown 80 per cent. faster than supply.

The same rapid transition appears in the records of our exports of breadstuffs. Our average exports of wheat and wheat flour, reckoning four and one-half bushels to the barrel, were 149,572,716 bushels for the five years 1880–84, and 114,438,724 bushels for the years 1904–08. For the former period the average amount retained for home consumption was 301,598,927 bushels, and for the latter, 542,180,037. The decrease in exports for the quarter century is 24 per cent., and the increase in the amount held for our own needs is 80 per cent. These figures coincide with and confirm one another. They lend probability to the suggestion that in another ten years the United States may have become a wheat-importing nation.

The price of wheat has responded, naturally and inevitably, to these price-making

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conditions. As long as we have a large surplus for export, the price will be determined by the figure at which this can be disposed of abroad — will be fixed in the markets of the world by the adjustment of the world's supply and demand. So prices in all the markets of this country in the past have varied with the cable quotations from Liverpool. But the moment our surplus disappears or becomes inconsiderable, our own requirements will have more influence upon prices, which will be made more and more in our own markets. We can see the change toward this, just as we can see the decline of exports and the increase in home consumption.

HOW CAN WE PAY FOR ENOUGH WHEAT?

When the speculative element in recent wheat prices is allowed for, there remains a considerable margin of permanent advance. The collapse of all artificial support leaves this unchanged. The same economic forces which have been at work for the last twenty-five years are still operative. They confirm the advice given to farmers during that time and throw new light upon markets and prices. The improvement of farm methods will henceforth feel both the goad of our growing necessities and the stimulus of prices kept permanently higher by conditions so inseparably connected with the future growth of the United States that no probable change in world conditions could alter them.

With this strong light of fact upon the subject, if it be granted now that the additional 400,000,000 bushels of wheat which will be required to feed the country a little later on will be supplied from some now undetermined source, wherewith shall the bill be paid? It is not a rash statement that if we have to step into the markets of the world and buy 400,000,000 bushels, we should have to pay $1.50 per bushel and perhaps more. Where is the money to come from? In the year ending June 30, 1908, we exported wheat and wheat flour to the value, in round numbers, of $164,000,000. That will be cut off. So we must find over $700,000,000 in all to pay our bread bill. That is one-third of the value of our entire exports in the year 1908.

We cannot provide for this vast annual payment by increasing exports. Already the products of the soil, the minerals and oils taken from the earth, and such raw materials as leather and lumber, drawn immediately from earth's products, constitute two-thirds of all our exports. Our whole export of manufactured goods other than products of the farm amounted to $480,000,000 in 1907. For the most part we are only artificial competitors in the outside markets of the world, and would have to withdraw from the foreign field if we were obliged to depend solely upon our own industrial merits. Our factories could not keep open and pay the current scale of wages if they received for their total product the prices now charged the foreign purchaser. We shall never be able to make a much better showing than we do now in international commerce. We shall be fortunate, rather, if we hold our own. The soil alone renews itself, endures patiently, and is capable of yielding increasing rewards to industry as agriculture conforms more closely to the principles that science and experience have established. The products of the earth and the population of the earth may increase together, if we are wise, so that the one will support the other. And this is the sole escape from the melancholy conclusion to which Malthus was forced long ago because, in his time, the possibilities of modern soil culture were not understood.

But our need is more urgent than has yet been made apparent. I have said that improvement in agriculture could not afford to wait upon the slow work of the agricultural colleges and the rise of a new generation. We must make haste. Let us look a little more in detail at the twenty-five years between 1882 and 1907 and some impressive facts will appear. The net increase in wheat acreage in that time was 8,143,806 acres, and in production 129,901,530 bushels. This rise was wholly due to the opening of new Western lands, without which both acreage and production would have declined heavily. The wheat acreage of three rich, representative agricultural states in the older section of the country compares as follows:

DECREASED WHEAT ACREAGE IN OLDER STATES

States	*Acres in* 1882	*Acres in* 1907
New York	772,400	416,000
Ohio	2,876,000	1,882,000
Michigan	1,985,000	878,000

On the other hand there were enormous additions of new and fertile land in the West and Southwest. The following table of wheat acreage in more recently occupied territory

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shows how we have been able to add 130,000,000 bushels to our product, while old lands were being withdrawn from wheat growing and the yield per acre of the best lands was falling:

INCREASED WHEAT ACREAGE IN NEWER STATES

States	*Acres in* 1882	*Acres in* 1907
Minnesota	2,547,000	5,200,000
North and South Dakota	720,000	8,413,000
Montana	42,812	139,000
Washington	148,000	1,349,000
Kansas	1,573,000	5,959,000
Nebraska	1,657,000	2,535,000
Oklahoma		959,000
Total	6,687,812	24,554,000

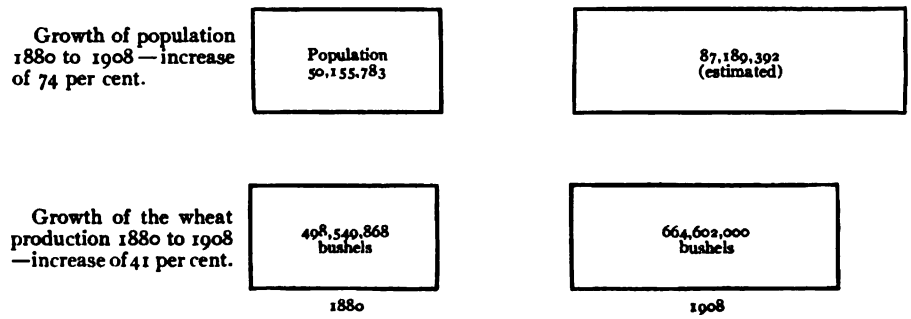
It is clear that we cannot make up in the future for either decreasing acreage or declining productivity as we have in the past. And there will be a big gap to fill. The total wheat product of the three older states selected to illustrate our farm tendency — New York, Ohio, and Michigan — was 87,914,200 bushels in 1882 and 50,605,000 bushels in 1907. It is conservative to estimate the future falling off in our wheat supply from similar causes at half a bushel per acre per annum. Applied to our present acreage of 45,000,000, this gives an annual deficit of 22,500,000 bushels. But we are also adding to our population about 2,000,000 each year by immigration and natural increase, and these must be fed. At six and a half bushels per capita — the low average already used — they would consume 13,000,000 bushels. We must, therefore, provide from some source for an annual deficit of more than 35,000,000 bushels.

A FOOD SHORTAGE ALREADY BEGUN

The startling feature of this changed aspect of demand and supply is that it is immediate. We have to provide for a contingency not distant from us by nearly a generation, but already present. The food condition presses upon us now. The shortage has begun. Witness the great fall in wheat exports and the rise of prices. For the first nine months of the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1909, our export of wheat and flour combined was but 103,251,200 bushels. Such is the size of the national surplus in a fair crop year. It must shrink more than 100,000,000 bushels for each three years hereafter. Obviously it is time to quit speculating about what may occur even twenty or thirty years hence, and begin to take thought for the morrow. As far as our food supply is concerned, right now the lean years have begun.

I have stated the national problem in terms of wheat for the sake of clearness; its solution admits of similar statement. The average wheat yield per acre in the United States in 1907 was 14 bushels. The average for the last ten years is 13.88. That is, in 1907 it required 45,211,000 acres to produce the 634,087,000 bushels that we raised. It is a disgraceful record.

THE HOME DEMAND FOR WHEAT HAS GROWN 80 PER CENT. FASTER THAN THE SUPPLY



About a century ago this was the average production per acre of Great Britain. After the appointment of a Royal Commission and a campaign for better methods of cultivation begun over a hundred years ago, the fields of the United Kingdom to-day, tilled for a thousand years, in a climate whose excessive moisture is unfavorable to the wheat grower, yield over 32 bushels of wheat per acre. Germany, an agricultural country almost from the time of Tacitus, produces 27.6 bushels per acre. Suppose that the United States produced 28 bushels, or double its present showing. That would be nothing extraordinary in view of what European countries have done with inferior soils and less favorable climates. It

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would have added 634,000,000 bushels to our product last year.

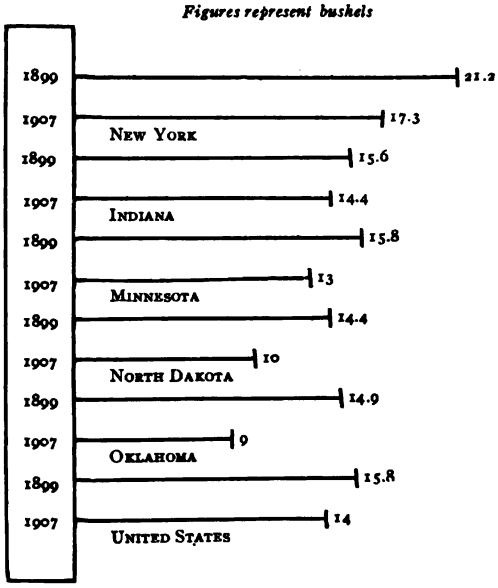
Here we perceive an answer to the question that the future asks. Here we see how the 200,000,000 people of about the year 1950 are to be fed. Here we see where the money will come from for our national support. It must be earned by and paid to the farmers of this country. But that implies a kind of agriculture differing greatly from that which now prevails.

OUR LESSENING YIELD PER ACRE

The disease of bad farming, from which this country suffers, is a chronic complaint.

DECREASE IN THE PRODUCTION OF WHEAT PER ACRE

Figures represent bushels



The following is an extract from a letter written by Washington to Alexander Hamilton:

"It must be obvious to every man, who considers the agriculture of this country (even in the most improved parts of it), and compares the produce of our lands with those of other countries, no ways superior to them in natural fertility, how miserably defective we are in the management of them; and that if we do not fall on a better mode of treating them, how ruinous it will prove to the landed interests. Ages will not produce a systematic change without public attention and encouragement; but a few years more of increased sterility will drive the inhabitants of the Atlantic states westwardly for support; whereas if they were taught how to improve the old, instead of going in pursuit of new and productive soils, they would make those acres which now yield them scarcely anything turn out beneficial to themselves."

Washington's foreboding has been justified. A recent bulletin of the Federal Department of Agriculture says:

"Wheat was produced quite successfully in central New York for something like forty years. During the latter part of that period the yields began to decline, and at the end of another twenty years they were so low that exclusive wheat-growing became unprofitable. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa have each in turn repeated the history of New York. The soils of these states were productive in the beginning, and it required forty, fifty, or sixty years for the single crop system to materially reduce the yields."

The following table of the wheat production of the forty counties of northern Illinois by decades tells the story more forcibly than words could express it:

DECREASING WHEAT YIELDS IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Year	*Bushels*
1870	10,476,011
1880	7,122,963
1890	5,073,070
1900	637,450

Instead of preserving the fertility of their lands, our farmers have gone in search of new soils to be skinned, robbed, and abandoned as soon as the old showed signs of exhaustion. Now that we have reached the jumping-off place, and there is no longer any "West" to move on to, what have they left behind?

The average yield of wheat in New York state only ten years ago was 21.2 bushels per acre; in 1907 it was 17.3. But for considerable tracts in the state which have been carefully farmed from an early date, the general average would be much lower. In the same short time the average crop in Indiana has fallen from 15.6 bushels per acre to 14.4; in Minnesota from 15.8 to 13; in North Dakota from 14.4 to 10; in Oklahoma from 14.9 to 9; and in the entire United States from 15.8 to 14. We cannot feed our future population with our present methods. We must improve; and years of scientific investigation and practical experience have demonstrated how it may be done.

GOOD SMALL-FARMING THE SOLUTION

There is scarcely a limit, at least none has yet been reached by the most intensive cultivation, to the value which an acre of ground may be made to produce. Right methods of farming, without which no agricultural country

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such as this can hope to remain prosperous, or even to escape eventual poverty, are not complicated and are within the reach of the most modest means. They include a study of soils and seeds, so as to adapt the one to the other; a diversification of industry, including the cultivation of different crops and the raising of live stock; a careful rotation of crops, so that the land will not be worn out by successive years of single cropping; intelligent fertilizing, by the system of rotation, by cultivating leguminous plants and, above all, by the economy and use of every particle of fertilizing material from stock barns and yards; a careful selection of grain used for seed; and, first of all perhaps in importance, the substitution of the small farm, thoroughly tilled, for the large farm, with its weeds, its neglected corners, its abused soil and its thin product. This will make room for the new population whose added product will help to restore our place as an exporter of foodstuffs. The fruit farmer, the truck farmer, every cultivator of the soil who has specialized his work, has learned the value of these simple principles. The problem is, how to impress it upon the thirty million or more such persons who live on the land and till it.

The modern agricultural method is both a money-maker and a labor-saver. The cost of rent and production for continuous wheat cropping averages $7.50 per acre. When, therefore, the farmer obtains, as so many in the Northwest do, a yield of eight or ten bushels per acre, it just about meets, at average farm prices, the cost of production; leaving him either nothing at all for his year's toil, or else a margin of debt.

For the same amount of labor, covering the same time, but intelligently applied to a smaller area, he might easily produce by improved methods twenty bushels to the acre, leaving him a profit of over $12 per acre. The not unreasonable yield of twenty-eight bushels would net him $20, which is 10 per cent. on a valuation of $200 per acre for his land.

This gigantic waste, applying the same measure to the production of the entire country, is going on every year. If it can be stopped, the saving would pay for building a Panama canal every year; it would, in two years, more than pay the estimated expense of improving every available waterway in the United States; it would save more money for the farmer than the railroads could if they carried all his grain to market free of charge. Let us set these simple principles of the new method out again in order:

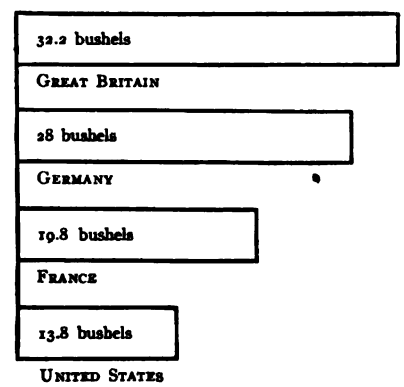
First — The farmer must cultivate no more land than he can till thoroughly. With less labor he will get more results. Official statistics show that the net profit from one crop of twenty bushels of wheat to the acre is as great as that from two of sixteen, after original cost of production has been paid.

Second — There must be rotation of crops. Ten years of single cropping will pretty nearly wear out any but the richest soil. A proper three or five-year rotation of crops actually enriches the land.

Third — There must be soil renovation by fertilizing; and the best fertilizer is that provided by nature herself — barnyard manure.

Every farmer can and should keep some cattle, sheep, and hogs on his place. It is not in the nature of things that a man on a wheat farm, working four or four and a half months a year, can make as good a living for himself and family, or that he will be as happy over it as if he worked a reasonable portion of the whole twelve months; as if he fed some cattle; as if all his time were employed. The farmer and his land cannot prosper until stock-raising becomes an inseparable part of agriculture. The natural increase of animals, the butter and milk, the stock sent to market — all add materially to the income of the farm. Still more important is the fact that of all forage fed to live stock at least one-third in cash value remains on the land in the form of manure that soon restores worn-out soil to fertility and keeps good land from deteriorating. By this system the farm may be made and kept a source of perpetual wealth.

BUSHELS PER ACRE—AVERAGE OF LAST 10 YEARS



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Without difficulty, following approved agricultural methods, the wheat average of the United States can be raised from 13.8 bushels per acre for the last ten years to the 28 bushels produced by the inferior soil of Germany, the 19.8 of France, or the 32.2 of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the immensely greater yields than this of all varieties of farm products in Belgium and the Netherlands, on the Island of Jersey, and wherever intensive farming has been followed. Reports from the experimental farms of the agricultural college in Montana show that crops are obtained by summer fallowing from two to four times as great as by continuous cropping. The value of farm lands will rise in proportion to the increase of the values produced. The total value of farm property with improvements in the United States, given by the census of 1900, shows, when divided by the whole number of acres in farms, an average value of a little over $20 per acre; when divided by the number of improved acres only, the average value is a trifle over $40. It would be a simple matter to raise the market value of farm property the country over to $100 an acre by a system of careful, intelligent, diversified farming.

THE OBJECT-LESSON OF EUROPE

Other peoples have been quicker to learn this than we. Denmark has an area of less than 16,000 square miles, a little less than one-fifth that of Minnesota, and a population in 1906 of 2,605,268. Only 80 per cent. of her area is productive, and her population is 167 per square mile. Yet in 1906 she sent abroad over $80,000,000 worth of her home product of provisions and eggs. Great Britain bought from her that year butter to the amount of $48,000,000 and bacon worth over $21,000,000. It is interesting in this connection to note that, though her population is so dense, there were in 1905 but 754 men and 69 women in her penitentiaries.

The Netherlands has a still more closely compacted population of 5,672,237, an area of 12,648 square miles, or 448 per square mile. The advantage of this is that it forces smaller holdings and a more thorough tillage. The average wheat yield in the Netherlands is 34.18 bushels as against our 14; she produces an average of 53.1 bushels of oats per acre, where we are satisfied with 23.7 bushels in 1907 and an average of less than 30 bushels for the preceding ten years; her farmers gather 232 bushels of potatoes from every acre so planted, while in this country, with soil capable of fabulous yields, we averaged 95.4 bushels in 1907 and a trifle less than 96 bushels for the last six years. The difference between 95 bushels and 230 bushels, at 50 cents a bushel, is over $60 per acre.

The value of our annual farm product is now about eight billion dollars. It might easily be doubled. When the forests are all cut down and the mines are nothing but empty holes in the ground, the farm lands of the country will remain capable of renewing their bounty forever. But they must have proper treatment. To provide this, as a matter of self-interest and of national safety, is the most imperative present duty of our people. Indolence, bad farming methods, greed, and the idea that it needs no brains to run a farm, have prevented agriculture from taking its true place in the national life and multiplying the value of both the soil and its product. They should not be proof longer against the progress of new ideas. The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population. The farmers of the nation must save it in the future, just as they built its greatness in the past.

The man who assumes to be the farmer's friend or hold his interests dear will constitute himself a missionary of the new dispensation. It is an act of patriotic service to the country. It is a contribution to the welfare of all humanity. It will strengthen the pillars of a government that must otherwise be endangered by some popular upheaval when the land can no longer sustain the population that its bosom bears. Here lies the true secret of our anxious interest in agricultural methods; because, in the long run, they mean life or death to future millions; who are no strangers or invaders, but our own children's children, and who will pass judgment upon us according to what we have made of the world in which their lot is to be cast.

[*The next article (in the December* WORLD'S WORK) *by Mr. Hill will be about the development of the northwest, and this will be followed by others.*]

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AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR IN ROME

THE WORK OF SIR MOSES EZEKIEL, A VIRGINIAN WHO HAS BEEN KNIGHTED BY EUROPEAN MONARCHS IN RECOGNITION OF HIS GENIUS

BY

KATHARINE H. WRENSHALL

"About half-past eight yesterday morning His Majesty [the King of Italy], accompanied by his Adjutant-General Brusati and two other aides-de-camp, made a lengthy visit to the studio of the American Sculptor, Cav. Uff. M. Ezekiel, in the Piazza delle Terme.

"His Majesty was much interested in the works of the valiant sculptor, and especially in the model just recently completed of the statue of Napoleon at St. Helena, the monument of Thomas Jefferson, the statue of Stonewall Jackson, Christ in the Tomb (made for the Chapel of the Consolation in the Rue Goujon, Paris), and various other statues and monuments.

"His Majesty remained some time in the lower and upper studios, admiring the various works of the artist, and congratulated the sculptor in glowing terms upon his great and noble achievements."

The sculptor to whom this delicate compliment was paid is one of a group of American artists whose genius has received greater recognition abroad than in their native land. As in the case of Mr. Elihu Vedder, this is largely because Sir Moses Ezekiel has lived in Rome for the greater part of his life.

Born in Virginia, in 1844, he was a student of the Virginia Military Institute. Cadet Ezekiel, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was one of that youthful corps which volunteered for service on the battlefield. With the other survivors of the terrible fight at New Market, he shared the honor accorded to the beardless boys when they were ordered to the famous "intermediate ground" lying between the city of Richmond and the Union troops then advancing on the Southern capital. Here young Ezekiel was captured, and he was imprisoned in Castle Thunder. After his release, he returned to the Virginia Military Institute to complete his education, being one of the ten young veterans who at the close of the war reëntered the Academy. He graduated a year later.

During this year of quiet study, the young cadet enjoyed the constant companionship of General Robert E. Lee, accompanying him on his daily rides, and having an unrestricted entrée to the Lee home. To the General he confided his great wish to go abroad to study, and he was encouraged in his ambition to devote his life to art; though difficulties were many and opportunities few, his will conquered, and in 1870 he began his work in Berlin.

No one but himself knows what the struggling student endured in the four years that followed, giving lessons in English that he might eke out a bare existence, sculpturing and studying night and day, that he might eventually succeed. His beautiful work found a place mainly in public buildings and private homes until public recognition came, in 1874. The Royal Academy of Berlin in that year awarded the "Roman Prize" to his remarkable and mystical "Israel" — its four figures typifying the Christ, Jesse, Jerusalem, and Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew. With the modest stipendium accompanying the prize, he turned his face southward and found a permanent home in Rome.

Seeking quarters where he could live as well as chisel, he selected the studios in the ancient Baths of Diocletian, partly on account of an enforced economy, partly in the gratification of a wish to live in one of the ruins. It is now the busy centre of a well-ordered city, but it was then only a wide and empty space crossed by deserted roads leading past the vast and solemn ruins. The lower studio, where Sir Moses spends his working hours, is in an unaltered part of the ancient buildings, the springing vaults rising to the height of some eighty feet, all dim with age, showing softest tints of brick and mortar, the former marble casing of the walls having been replaced by time's encrustations. Here and there a plant grows freshly green from the crannied wall; below,

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the snowy casts and sculptures and rich bronzes crowd each other, while in the heart of the light pouring from the lofty window a winged Victory has the exultant power of the Samathrace.

Here he has lived and worked since the day he landed in Rome, then only a friendless boy, with little money, but within his soul the joy and companionship of a great genius, accompanied by an unflinching determination.

FIRST AMERICAN RECOGNITION

His first commission after being awarded the Roman Prize by the Royal Academy of Berlin, came from America, and the subject was "Religious Liberty." In handling this theme, the youthful sculptor immediately evidenced not only his originality of conception, but what was of equal importance, his courage to depart from the accepted trend of thought and work. The strength of the new country, her power to protect, her will to do so, is skilfully suggested by the principal figure of the group, that of "America." A generous-mouthed, open-eyed, calm-browed goddess wearing mail — for she remembers that there has been need of armor, but over it draws the robe of peace — with hand extended palm downward, wards off danger or interference with the child standing beside her, the "Religious Liberty" (or Faith) of the group. With the flame of faith burning in his upraised hand, his head thrown back, the child gazes confidently at the skies, his bare foot on the tail of the serpent of Intolerance, while on the other side of "America" the eagle holds the head of the serpent in its claws.

The unusual and powerful treatment of the subject aroused general notice. Had it come from the chisel of a mature man, it would have attracted attention, but the sculptor was scarcely more than a boy. When the group was exhibited in Rome, it was pronounced by some as "the most important work of the age." American critics were equally favorable when it reached its destination, the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia. Looking at the cast in the Roman studio to-day, one traces distinctly in this rendering of a great principle the general lines since followed and extended by the sculptor; a poetic and original idealization of theme, a restrained strength of execution, and a light and airy fancy enabling him to seize the possibilities of symbolism, though keeping the symbolism subordinate, as an accessory. In his treatment of patriotic themes it is less restrained, as in the monument to Thomas Jefferson, the original of which was placed in front of the court-house in Louisville, in 1900.

A YOUTHFUL THOMAS JEFFERSON

A replica of this splendidly conceived work is to be placed at the front entrance to the University of Virginia, where the figure of Jefferson will be seen to advantage, and the graceful power of the supporting pediment, the Liberty Bell, will not be lost. In this pediment, the sculptor's symbolism is majestic: the four spirits of "Liberty," "Brotherhood," "Justice," and "Equality," born on the first stroke of the bell in response to the immortal words of Jefferson, are forever free from their bronze prison. The symbolism of the second detail, that of "Equality," requires some explanation, the torn document in the spirit's hands being the "Laws of Primogeniture," and the scroll under its feet the Stamp Act.

The most striking features of the figure of Jefferson, which crowns the Liberty Bell, is the youthful contour of the face and the poise of the vigorous, well-knit body, realistic in its easy, swaying grace, the sculptor emphasizing not only the patriot's intellect and intrepidity, but his youth — for Jefferson was only thirty-three when the ink dried on his signature to the Declaration of Independence.

Sir Moses recently remarked, in reference to this figure: "Jefferson was a young man, able to stand unsupported by chair, cane, or column; I have shown him as such. Many have made him middle-aged, with a large Declaration in his hand, though, as a matter of fact, the Declaration was written on a small sheet, which I have measured."

The development of patriotic themes is a specialty of this sculptor. On the parade ground of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, is the colossal bronze of "Virginia Mourning her Dead," and in the Johnson's Island Cemetery is the heroic bronze of the "Southern Soldier"; and at the present time, together with the Jefferson for the University of Virginia and other important work, Sir Moses is finishing a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson for the City of Charlestown, West Virginia.

It is probable that in sounding this great-

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est and best chord of human nature, patriotism, Sir Moses Ezekiel touches and holds his highest level.

In the statues of "Titian" and "Leonardo da Vinci," the development of the details of the ornate and heavy dress of the mediæval period presented difficulties to the sculptor, perhaps more satisfactorily overcome in the "Titian" than in the "Leonardo."

With cloak thrown back, displaying the vigorous lines of trunk and limbs, the "Leonardo" statue has an additional advantage in the face not being overshadowed by a cap, a rarely happy addition to either a marble or a bronze figure. Aside from these accessories, the giant artistic capabilities of Titian are presented with specific power, while the stalwart figure holds the physical strength that enabled Titian at the advanced age of ninety-nine to paint his magnificent "Entombment." On the whole, the "Titian" is a satisfactory piece of work, and especially so when taken in conjunction with the "Bismarck," the faces of the two men being too familiar to allow failure on the sculptor's part to pass unrebuked.

HONORED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME

In February, 1908, the Faculty of the University of Rome visited the studio in the Baths to see a completed clay sketch of their distinguished co-worker, Professor Alfonso Sella. A man of remarkable mind, his output in the form of essays and text-books embodying his scientific investigations was prolific and valuable. Dying while still within his prime, his death was a loss to the world of science and a regret to his contemporaries and friends. Sir Moses Ezekiel was selected to make a bust for the University. A few days after the above visit, he described the result in a letter to a friend:

"The Faculty of the University of Rome have been to see the clay bust of Sella, and have ordered it in marble. They found it a most perfect likeness of Sella, and quite confused me by so many congratulations. . . ."

Loving the beautiful, accentuating it in his work when it existed in his subject, he has many busts of beautiful women scattered throughout Europe and America, but none really so perfect as that of "the Pearl of Savoy," the Dowager Queen of Italy. Very different in character is that of the "Christ Bound." Having a strangely painful effect upon all who examine it, the bust can never be a general favorite; but as a marble rendition of physical and mental suffering, it is matchless. It probably is not too much to say that, having once studied the bust, it would be impossible to shake off all recollection of the agonized face.

In marble protraiture Sir Moses has made some of his pronounced successes when combatting with the almost insurmountable difficulties of rendering a satisfactory likeness of the dead. And in dealing with unfortunate facial peculiarities, he has on more than one occasion so adapted some attitude or play of features that, while retaining truest likeness, he has achieved an attractive and often astonishing result.

In studying the work of Sir Moses, the most casual observer of the Greek treatment of drapery must be immediately struck with the indisputable evidence of its influence on this modern sculptor; the sweep and lightness of the fold, the very texture of the fabric which, the result of a skilful manipulation, reaches its greatest perfection in his famous "The Dead Christ" in the "Bazar du Charité." The garments lie in a breathless stillness, subtly suggestive of death and its immovability.

In evolving the type of head and features for "The Dead Christ" the sculptor was free to choose from the idealization of centuries, but he created his own ideal, selecting the highest characteristics of the Hebrew race; and with the pitifulness, the suffering, and the horrors of death eliminated, it is one of majesty and calmest triumph. That this has been wrought into the cold marble is beyond question, for when the cast is unveiled for visitors to the studio, it is usual that an utter silence will seize the most thoughtless person present, and some will even step back as before a mighty presence; the impression produced by either the cast or the marble is one of awe.

It is of interest that Sir Moses personally puts the finishing touches to the marble of all his works; when this particular sculpture was developed from the plaster cast, he, as usual, finished it, while the wonderful details of the faultless Carrara were only obtained by three years of patient labor.

In striking contrast to the dashingly vivid life of the Jefferson, or the concentrated powers of the Bismarck, is the sleeping peace of the recumbent "Effigy of Mrs. Fisk," or of "Mrs. Andrew D. White," whose lovely face seems merely sleeping. Too often, though a correct

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representation of facial qualities, a bust or an effigy will fail utterly in what might be called response; but, under the hand of genius, the resisting marble may be far more satisfactory than the flat, though flesh-colored canvas. Yet the possibilities of a low relief when made in marble has its fascinations, as Sir Moses has acknowledged in some highly finished reliefs and intaglios.

The likeness of his mother is particularly exquisite in its light touches and fine line work, while that of his nephew is full of elusive beauties in its masculine strength, it being a touchingly appropriate memorial to the brave and gentle Jeptha Workum, a name known and revered by many of the citizens of Cincinnati, whose lives he saved from flood and fire. These need neither color to render them finer portraits nor the rounded marble to bring them into more tangible form. Satisfactory use of the relief in decorative work has been exemplified by Sir Moses in a number of fine pieces, most of which are now in European palaces and private homes.

A NOTABLE NAPOLEON

The greatest achievement of this sculptor is probably that now on the work-platform in his "Lower Studio" — a life-sized statue of "L'homme," as the French delight in calling Napoleon; though it is still in the clay, pliant and unfinished, it is a masterful portrayal of a man reviewing the crucial moment when he failed, the death-sharpened perceptions questioning if that moment did not really lie further back when the Good Angel was discarded for earthly aggrandizement.

Sir Moses presents Napoleon as seated by the sea-shore at St. Helena, his chin resting on clasped hands, holding a cane between his knees; brooding on the failure of his life, always self-adoring, he is passionately self-pitying, and the stubbed fingers folded on the cane are in themselves an epitome of the man's nature.

The powerful intellect sways him remorselessly from retrospection to anticipation of the future, now so nearly present, but with lips compressed he waits in the fearlessness of which even exile and the consequent prostration of the soul cannot rob him.

The late F. Marion Crawford called this work "The History of Napoleon," the terseness of the novelist's description embodying the sum total of the tragedy. Cesareo, the Sicilian poet and art critic, writes of it as follows:

"Rarely or never has the tragedy of Napoleon been signified with more severe sorrow, with such intense truth, with more heroic grief, than in the sculpture of Ezekiel. Beautiful as a chorus from the Filottete of Sophocles, while in the large and remote eyes of the Exile the memory is reflected of the vast battles, his hands fall inert on the grip of a common walking stick. Ah! nothing is more heartrending than the irony of that cane in those hands that commanded the world. Alone, in sight of the ocean, he does not notice the wind that ruffles the locks on his imperious brow. His old gray overcoat, thrown over his shoulders, seems to want to embrace him with the veteran affection of a humble, faithful friend. But over the new Silence, in which such majesty of sorrow is preserved, the invisible wings of an epic poem are passing."

Thus working with the same zeal as when a student in Berlin, and endowed with an apparently limitless reserve of originative conception of thought and a vast knowledge of the technique of his art, his works show a continuously advancing grasp on the possibilities of marble and bronze, and so much is accomplished that the enormous accumulation of casts have from time to time been destroyed in his studios. When friends protest against this destruction of the casts, he answers: "I have finished with this thought, I am through with it," and the casts continue to disappear from sight. In this destruction of his casts, Sir Moses Ezekiel has made probably the one mistake of his life; to lovers of art it will appeal as a loss not to be filled; but even with this ordered destruction of the casts, both studios hold many completed pieces of work both in clay and plastaline, the originals of groups and statues and busts that have brought him the titles he wears so honorably

DECORATIONS FROM MONARCHS

The Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen have conferred upon him the "Cavalier Crosses for Merit in Art and Science," and the King of Italy bestowed on him the cross of an "Officer of the Crown of Italy." To meet him in his "Lower Studio," or "Workshop" as he fondly calls it, is regarded as one of the great opportunities of a stranger's visit to Rome, for here is his work, the results of an earnest life. But it is the "Upper Studio" that is more generally known to visitors, it being there that the master receives

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SIR MOSES EZEKIEL IN HIS STUDIO IN THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN, ROME

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"JUSTICE"

"BROTHERHOOD"

THE LIBERTY BELL IN DETAIL — THOMAS JEFFERSON MONUMENT

his guests, extending to titled stranger and to undistinguished traveler the welcome of a gentle, warm cordiality. Once a week throughout the winter season, Sir Moses lays aside his white buckskin coat and receives his guests, and there is music on these afternoons, rendered by the first pianist and the four finest string-musicians of Rome.

His antique silver tea-service shows to fullest advantage on a table of Giallo Romano Antico — a Roman marble of intense yellow — its one slab so highly polished that the flames of the candles in the ivy-wreathed candelabra are reflected in long lines of light between the bowls of flowers — very long lines of light, in truth, for the table can accommodate forty people. The candles on the table are supplemented by others arranged around the walls, and by massive, decorated ones held by carven angels kneeling by the piano, yet the light is always controlled and mellow.

The black furniture is hand-carved; a few

"EQUALITY"

"LIBERTY"

THE LIBERTY BELL IN DETAIL — THOMAS JEFFERSON MONUMENT

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choice pictures fill in the spaces where the dark-red draperies are drawn aside, or are upheld by the shining horns of oxen from the Campagna, showing the book-cases beneath. But with the first chord from the piano the music-loving Italians become silent. The soft minor note of the flame under the tea-kettle is the only break in the waiting silence as the symphonies steal through the air,

THOMAS JEFFERSON MONUMENT
"Jefferson was only thirty-three when the ink dried on his signature to the Declaration of Independence"

while here dim, there bathed in light, the statues and busts allure thought to themselves or direct it to the master sculptor sitting in his favorite high-backed chair, his lustrous eyes on the musicians. The exultation of Victory, the majesty of the Law, the might of the State, the power of the Mind, the triumph of Death, are so wrought in marble or warmer bronze that none can fail to rejoice that genius lives.

THE SCULPTOR'S MOTHER
A Medallion of Mrs. Ezekiel, of Cincinnati

THE SCULPTOR'S NEPHEW
A memorial to Jeptha Workum, of Cincinnati

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A MARBLE RELIEF OF MRS. McKIBBIN

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"THE DEAD CHRIST"

EFFIGY OF MRS. FISK, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

EFFIGY OF MRS. ANDREW D. WHITE, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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"AMERICA"
A detail from the "Religious Liberty" group

CLAY MODEL OF A MARBLE BUST OF CARDINAL HOHENLOHE

Artists, musicians and poets are drawn there by the sympathy of a like earnestness of life, and its purpose. The vaulted roof of the studio, lined with the time-tinted garlands of leaves, is the same roof that has sheltered the generations, and the brilliantly tiled vestibule is that which for centuries has borne the feet of the fluctuating population of "the Eternal City."

THE CONFLICT OF COLOR

III

THE BROWN MAN OF INDIA AND EGYPT

BY

B. L. PUTNAM WEALE

THE problem of India, Egypt, and the Near East is very different from the general problem of Eastern Asia, which was discussed in the preceding article. We have an entirely new marshalling of opposing forces. In the Far East, because of the new nationalism which has so magically grown up, and because of masterful Japan, the white man is now willing to admit that he must abandon all territorial ambitions and confine himself strictly to trade and industry and to preserving his vaguely defined influence and prestige which he acquired in a simpler age. In India, in Central Asia, and in all regions adjacent to the Near East, however, he still boldly remains a conqueror in possession of vast stretches of valuable territory — a conqueror who has no intention of lightly surrendering his conquests and who sees in every attempt to modify the old order of things the beginning of an unjustifiable revolt which must be repressed at all costs.

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THE RAJAH OF COCHIN

THE MAHARAJAH OF BURBHŬRGAH

THE MAHARAJAH OF LAHORE

THE MAHARAJAH OF GRAVALIOR

INFLUENTIAL NATIVE PRINCES OF INDIA

Types of the local rulers of the feudatory native states. Most of them are men of great wealth, maintaining even yet a certain degree of oriental splendor at their courts

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THE VICEROY OF INDIA, THE EARL OF MINTO, WITH LADY MINTO

VISCOUNT JOHN MORLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA

THE OVERLORDSHIP OF THE EMPIRE OF INDIA

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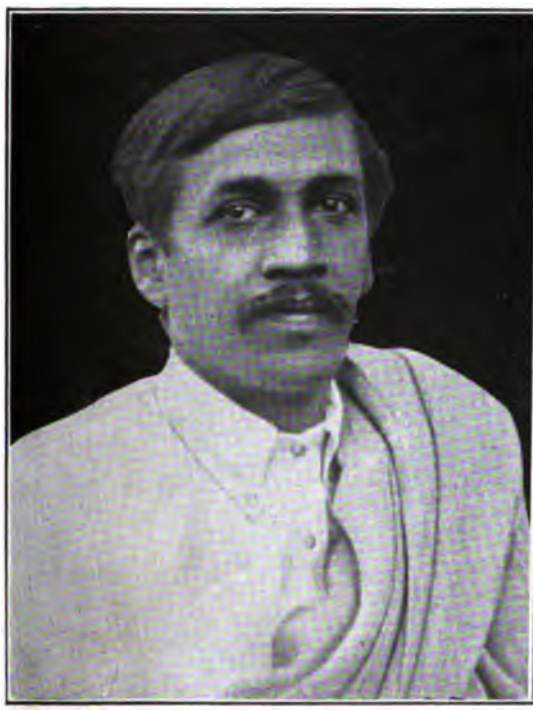
LAJPAT RAI
A leader of sedition in Lahore, recently deported without trial

BAL GANGAD HAR TILAK
A Poona editor now in jail for complicity in a bomb movement



ARABINDA GHOSE
An Oxford graduate recently acquitted of the charge of treason

KRISHNAKUMAR MITRA
A Calcutta editor who is now in prison

FOUR LEADERS OF INDIA'S NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

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NATIVES OF KABUL

WOMEN OF THE HIMALAYAS

The spirit of the Crusaders can thus be said openly to linger in those latitudes which are here very broadly named the Middle and Near East; and it may be even maintained that to-day the white man and the Cross are as blindly opposed to the brown man and Islamism, Hinduism, and other Asiatic creeds, and what they imply, as has been the case in the distant past. The opposing forces are ranged opposite one another as in battle array; and

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HYDERABAD CAMEL CAVALRY

A SIKH NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER

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though this and future generations may not be so warlike as the generations which have passed away, still many of the same motives actuate both sides and an ineradicable suspicion tinges their relations.

It is therefore only natural that among Englishmen, who are of necessity far more acutely interested in this special problem than other men, the newly kindled national spirit in India and Egypt (now expressing itself in various ways) should be looked upon almost as a traitorous conspiracy to defraud a race of their rightful inheritance. These lands are governed by right of conquest; they represent much blood and treasure spent in the past; their tenure is sanctified by a sort of holy decree which the Crusade-loving white man believes he inevitably acquires in the lands of colored men after a few decades have passed away; and, therefore, to attempt to dispute that decree is an almost unbelievable proceeding. Only in the cases of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan the Asiatic is encouraged to be independent because there his independence serves temporarily as a buffer between the various European rivals and prevents any disturbance of the present balance of power until new arrangements shall have been made.

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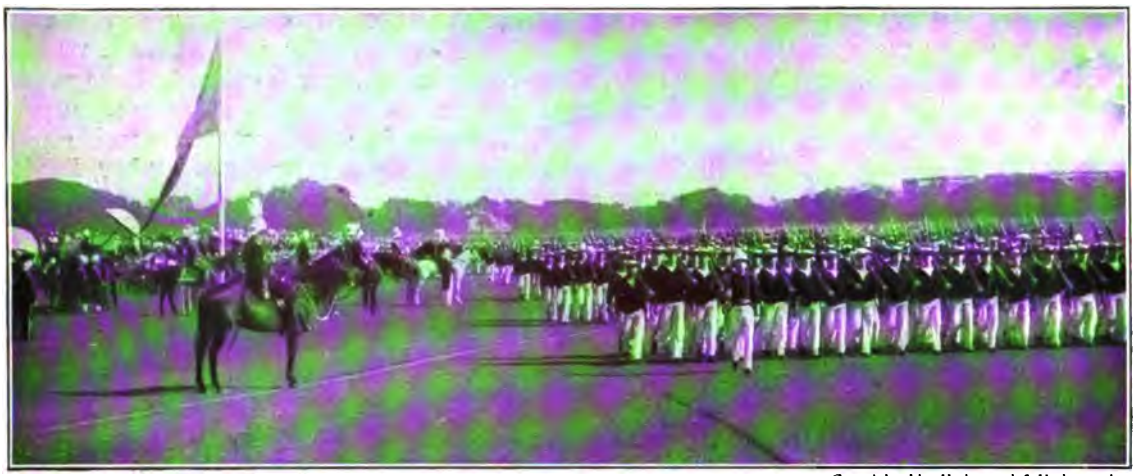
THE UNIVERSITY OF BOMBAY

India has five great universities — Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and the Punjab

THE CRUSADER OF OUR DAY

Now, seeing that the strength of a people resides rather more in their blind prejudices



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THE WEIGHT THAT HOLDS THE BALANCE LEVEL

A parade of sailors from British warships in Calcutta harbor

than in anything else, it must be frankly admitted that anyone who refuses to see things as they still appear to the mass of his countrymen and who simply argues academically on such questions of color as those now being discussed, without taking those essential prejudices into consideration, is not worthy of being listened to. The most important factor of the day in the regions under discussion is undoubtedly the white man's prejudice against new ideas — against the very ideas his presence has served to inculcate — and his firm determination to hold tightly to what his fathers acquired. It is the figure of the ancient Crusader, striking down with his heavy mace or great two-handed sword the dark infidel who opposes his righteous progress in swarms — which is the proper figure to keep always before one when considering the conflict of color in the Near East and Middle East. This

A PART OF BRITAIN'S MERCHANT MARINE IN CALCUTTA HARBOR

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THE RICHLY CAPARISONED ELEPHANTS OF THE NATIVE PRINCES HAVE NOT YET BEEN SUPPLANTED BY AUTOMOBILES

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ELEPHANT BATTERIES PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN, IN THE INDIAN NORTHWEST

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PORT SAID, THE EUROPEAN GATEWAY TO THE SUEZ CANAL

The British Empire holds the key

is still openly the English ideal, no matter what may be said to the contrary; it is the ideal which can be seen peeping out of all English literature in a sort of deathless pride of race and color. Though Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, and others who are far less interested in this especial problem pretend to view it in a detached manner, and to see in the Englishman a land and sea pirate, they have only to be actively opposed by the man of color to express much the same ideas. The one important difference is that the Englishman believes that he is self-sufficient, while the continental nations proclaim the inherent solidarity of the white races and insist that one day it may be necessary for all white men openly to unite.

No matter how much it may be possible

ADEN, THE SOUTHERN GATEWAY TO THE SUEZ CANAL

Britain also controls this end of the highway to India

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FELLAHIN OF THE EGYPTIAN SANDS

for Europeans and Americans to view remoter Eastern Asia in a new way and to admit that new ideals have become quite permissible in the case of the astute yellow man, in the older portions of Asia which have long been numbered among the white man's possessions no such tolerance need be expected for many years to come. In these regions the white man

SIR ELDON GORST, BRITISH AGENT

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KHEDIVE ABBAS HILMI

THE REAL AND THE NOMINAL RULER OF EGYPT

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has been so long taught to believe that it is a question of everything or nothing, that he has ended by believing that this must be Gospel truth. Either he is to remain undisputed master where he now stands entrenched, or he is to be beaten into ignominious retreat.

FOREIGN "GOVERNMENT" IMPOSSIBLE

In these peculiar circumstances it is with something of the start of the man who wakes from a horrid nightmare that one turns to John Stuart Mill — that is, from the practical to the philosophic point of view — and gazes blankly at one of his most remarkable political pronouncements. For no matter how much one may like to think the contrary, what is true of one mass of human beings must be equally true of another mass, irrespective of color or creed. Now John Stuart Mill said: "The government of a people by itself has a meaning and a reality — but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist."

Did the great intellect which compressed into this burning sentence the very essence of politics imply that India has really no such a thing as a government — that Russia has been only a barbarous conqueror of the Khanates — that it is mere insolence to prostitute a term which has an almost divine sound and which should be as precious to a people as the altars of its religious faith? He did mean it, and he was quite right in meaning it; for no matter how flattering it may be to national pride to believe that the reverse is possible, it is really quite impossible. It is absolutely certain that a people which does not govern itself has no real government at all, but only a system of provisional administration which is instinctively looked upon as hateful and which from its very existence encourages men to dream of what they call liberty.

It can therefore be said with justice that neither India nor Egypt has to-day any government — only a system of provisional administration backed up by alien bayonets and by a traditional fear; and that Russia's possessions in Central Asia as well as France's possessions in North Africa are similarly situated. That there should now be a growing and perilous agitation among those who are so governed is just what might be expected. Sufficient time has now elapsed since the white man's great conquests of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for the colored man all over the world to realize that the domination which he was beginning to look upon as natural is quite unnatural and directly opposed to the laws of common sense.

The man of color, therefore, now openly rejects the idea that he is the slave of the white man — that it is his fate to sow and reap, to buy and sell, to labor and sweat, but not to govern. All the scientific aids to the white man's dominion — steamships, railroads, telegraphs, modern weapons, high explosives — once looked upon as miracles, have become unimportant trifles because of this new knowledge. Out of Asiatic brains now spring ideas which will soon easily bind hand and foot these ominous scientific things and render them only laughable as governing instruments. It is only necessary for a small percentage of India's vast population to understand and chant Mill's dictum in a vast and growing chorus to cripple forever an administration which has endured for more than a century. Numbers tell in the modern world as they did in the ancient; resolution and fanaticism are fearful things; and when nations possessing immense reserves of men are willing to call their strength into play, the outlook can only be very gloomy unless a spirit of compromise arises.

EAST IS EAST, WEST IS WEST

Since the coming victory of mind over matter throughout all Asia in the face of the greatest difficulties is now generally admitted by the thoughtful, one may well wonder what is to become of India and the rest of the Middle and Near East during the present century, and how the present conflict of color can possibly adjust itself.

One of the ideas which it is the hardest to get Caucasians properly to understand is that the Asiatic is not delighted with justice *per se*, as the white-skinned man pretends to be, that the Asiatic really cares but little about it if he can get *sympathy* in the way that he understands sympathy. It is the real reason why every Asiatic in his heart of hearts prefers the rule of his own nationals — bad though it may be — to the most ideal rule of aliens; when he is ruled by his own countrymen, he is dealt with by people who understand his frailties and who, though they may savagely punish him, are at least in sympathy with the motives which have prompted his delinquencies. They will always carefully consider such motives and will never attempt to impose

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a scheme of life conceived in other latitudes and natural only to those latitudes, whenever experience shows the folly of it. The thermometer, if men only knew it, is one of the greatest political guides in the world; and in front of English statesmen, at least, there should be spread thermometric charts to show how to navigate the ship of state. Thus, only a maniac among Asiatics would have ordered that fatal step, the partition of Bengal — for the simple reason that no matter how just and sensible that step might be from an administrative point of view, it could only be an act of folly from the point of view of men who attach almost childish importance to tradition and custom.

The grand plea, then, of the white man that he is just; that he dispenses absolute justice where he rules; that he attends to all measures with scientific accuracy; and that his presence should therefore be welcomed — this grand plea is looked upon as only stupid, both by Asiatics and those who really understand Asia. It totally ignores the only really essential fact regarding Europe's mastery over a large portion of Asia, which is that the European is disliked because he is a European — that is, because he is a man who, when set in authority over Asiatics, cannot understand their point of view and who acts as if latitude and longitude were only geographical and not political terms of the highest importance.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS HATRED

Mr. Meredith Townsend, a writer of great ability, who certainly understood the Middle and Near East, wrote on this subject so luminously that it is well to quote him here. This is what he said about the Englishman:

"It is very difficult, of course, for an Englishman, conscious of his own rectitude and benevolence of feeling, to believe that he will not be more liked when he is better known; but a good many facts seem to show that it is so. He is not seen and talked to anywhere by men of a different race so much as he is in Ireland, and he is not hated quite so much anywhere else. He is decidedly much more disliked in Egypt since he appeared there in such numbers. He is more hated in the sea-coast towns of India, where he is prominent, busy, and consequently talked to, than he is in the interior where he is rarely seen; much more detested in the planter districts than in the districts where he is only a rare visitor. If there is contempt for him anywhere in India, it is in the great towns, not in the rural stations where he is nearly invisible; and contempt is of all forms of race-hatred the most dangerous.

"It may be said that the Englishman in the great cities is often a low fellow, but that is not a sufficient explanation. The officers of the old Army were not low fellows. The broadest of all facts bearing on this suggestion of more intercourse is the fate of that Army. No class of natives knew the European so well as the Sepoys knew their officers, and among no class was that knowledge in itself so irritating. They were notoriously better treated than the men of any army; the etiquette was always to listen to their complaints; there was a feeling in many regiments that the relations between men and officers had been true leaders in battle — yet the Sepoys slaughtered the officers out, killing also their wives and children. Association had in that case only deepened race-hatred. It certainly does not extinguish it in the Southern States of America, the Northerners who do not live with the blacks being far more disposed to do them justice, though, when they emigrate southward, they often display a harder and more bitter contempt.

"The Indian, who, of all the heroes of the Mutiny, showed the most bitter enmity to the British race as distinguished from the British Government, was Azimoollah Khan, who had lived years among them and knew English perfectly; while no white dwellers in the tropics are quite so just and benevolent toward the dark race as English Members of Parliament, who never saw them. In truth, if we are to take facts as evidence, it might fairly be said that the less the white and the colored races come into contact with each other the less is the development of race-hatred, which only tends to become dangerous when they are interspersed, and mutually comprehend one another's strength and weakness."

If this pronouncement by Mr. Townsend were accepted as absolutely final, nothing would remain for the white man but to abandon all attempts at finding a middle way. But, fortunately, this statement (like every generalization of facts which are difficult for any single man to grasp in their entirety) is already somewhat out-of-date, and is confessedly the pronouncement of an old man and not that of a young and hopeful man.

HATRED ONLY FOR THE OPPRESSOR

For it is a fact that the East is changing just as the rest of the world is changing; and one of the most remarkable developments which has come in recent years has been the widespread realization that race-hatred in Asia is largely the hatred of the "under-dog" for the powerful beast that stands growling over

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him. Release the under-dog from his ignominious position, and at once it will be seen that much of the so-called race-hatred is really only sullen and transitory anger such as a beaten animal necessarily indulges in. Europeans were probably never hated more in Asia than in Japan (where there is an immense pride of race) before the treaties had been revised, vexatious disabilities removed, and the international status of the Japanese afforded full recognition. It is true that to-day the European may still be disliked among some classes of Japanese, but he is certainly no longer blindly hated simply because he is a white man. Similarly in China there has lately been an immense change of opinion — a really wonderful change, considering that the Chinese treaties have not yet been revised, and that the European still often acts very inconsiderately. The change in China has been undoubtedly entirely prompted by the general recognition of the fact that no longer will "the gun-boat policy" be lightly indulged in by any European Power.

Just as there have been these transformations in Japan and China, so is it certain that in India a remarkable development is quickly being recognized as a sign of the times. Briefly, the bureaucracy has become the sole enemy — leaving the army, the merchant, and the nondescript classes at most only disliked — because it is generally understood that the bureaucracy is primarily responsible for a state of affairs hurtful to the pride of every educated Indian. In other words, the general hatred of the European is being rapidly narrowed down to a particular animosity toward those who usurp the reins of government. It becomes thus to-day a much more easy matter than it was fifty years ago to find the proper solution; for India of the twentieth century is not India of the nineteenth century.

INDIA DEMANDS REFORMS

Let us see then what Indians demand in the way of reforms. Nobody has stated them more clearly than the Honorable Mr. G. K. Gokhale who visited England three years ago and advocated the following reforms as the principal and immediate ones needed to reëstablish confidence in England:

(1) Advance in self-government. The enlargement of the Legislative Council, both imperial and provincial, an increase in the proportion of their selected members, and a widening of their functions, including some sort of control, however limited, over public expenditure.

(2) Admission of qualified Indians to the Secretary of State's Council and to the Executive Councils of the Viceroy and of the Governors of Madras and Bombay. The nomination of Indian members of the Secretary of State's Council to be made by an electoral college composed of the elected members of the various Legislative Councils in India.

(3) A free and unfettered career in the public services, involving a large substitution of the economical and equally efficient Indian agency for the costly foreign agency in the higher ranks of all departments, and local competitive examinations.

(4) Cautious but steady improvement of the position of Indians in the Army.

(5) De-centralization of district administration and extension of municipal self-government.

(6) Separation of judicial from executive functions, and reconstitution of the judicial service by placing it under the control of the High Courts instead of the executive governments, and by substituting legal practitioners as judges in place of members of the Civil Service.

(7) Reduction of military expenditure; also of the heavy cost of the civil administration due to the higher branches of the public service being a virtual monopoly of Europeans, so as to set free funds to be devoted to the following objects:

(*a*) Elementary education, which should be made free at once throughout India and gradually compulsory.

(*b*) Industrial education.

(*c*) Improved sanitation for the poor.

(*d*) Abolition of the salt tax and the opium tariff.

(*e*) Measures for the relief of agricultural indebtedness, and the improvement of the cultivator's material condition generally.

INDIA'S DEMANDS REASONABLE

A rapid perusal of these proposed reforms shows that the moderates in Indian politics do not yet aspire to anything more than a share, however small, in the administration of their country. This would put an end to the present system under which the opinion of a foreign official overrides and completely extinguishes that of the educated men of India. To those who have some acquaintance with the practical work of government, certain clauses in the list of the reforms demanded should cause great surprise — not because of the changes contemplated but because of the strange state of affairs which has so long obtained without provoking tremendous criticism. That judicial and executive functions should not have

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been separated before now is a blot on English administration, for the two functions are entirely incompatible. That no attempt should have been made before now to better the general lot of the people — to educate them, to uplift them, to make them something better than mere serfs — is nothing short of disgraceful in the case of a country such as England; it is a matter which has attracted adverse criticism from every intelligent traveler. The same may be said of many other points.

THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION

Thanks to the liberalism of Lord Morley, something has already been done in many directions; and it may be even taken for granted that during the next two or three or four decades, as the moral sense of the English people is more and more aroused and they better understand a difficult question, Mr. Gokhale's programme will gradually be realized.

But this programme is admittedly only a first step: the next step will undoubtedly come in the form of a widespread agitation for the substitution of a *bona-fide* government for the present administrative system. Either the federation of all India under some pseudo-European form must be contemplated, or there should come the granting of constitutions to the various provinces, which will make India assume something of the political appearance of South America — a South America united by a sort of general *concordat*, sealed by the might of the British Empire. It is impossible to believe that the present system has any elements of permanency. The next few years should simply afford a valuable breathing space during which political England will have to make up its mind whether it is worth while attempting to retain India as a portion of the British Empire on much the same terms as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; or whether again the whole strength of the Empire is to be exerted to try to keep three hundred millions of men as bondsmen.

A RED FLAG OF WARNING

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that should the latter course be attempted one day — it may only be in the year 1950, or perhaps not until the year 2,000 — India will be lost to England, and one of the greatest experiments ever made in the political history of man will end in nothing. But the latter alternative is the more unlikely of the two to occur, since the spirit of compromise is already in the air, and middle ground can gradually be found. *Swadeshi*, boycott, bomb-throwing — these rebellious movements of the brown man under the yoke of the white man are only temporary symptoms of grievous complaints; they are the howls of the underdog for the time being securely pinned down by the British bull-dog.

EGYPT BOUNDED BY BATTLESHIPS

The situation is even more complex in Egypt than in India, the fate of master and servant being involved in a still more curious manner. In India, England can at least try what experiments it may choose, knowing that its title is clear, that the greatest mountain barrier in the world shuts in the country on the north, that the broad ocean surrounds it elsewhere, and that the might of a whole prejudiced Empire can still be summoned to the rescue in case of necessity. India thus lies securely in England's hands.

But in Egypt geography is not so kind — neither are Englishmen so convinced there of their holy right. Nor is Egypt a real country; it is only a province, a province temporarily dominated by one man while it really belongs to a man of another color. Virtually, Egypt has no frontiers at all: Egypt's frontiers are merely England's battleships! Egypt is, therefore, surrounded by outer perils which are not shut off as are the outer perils which menace India; Egypt's perils are undefined; Arab, Sudanese, and Turk, perhaps, wait only for a disturbance of the present balance of naval power to leap forward; and every step in Egypt may consequently really be a step in the retreat for England. This is why it is imperative that the inter-connection between all modern Asia as well as Moslem Africa should to-day be properly understood. Every factor is now able to exert some influence on all the other factors in the colored world, and it becomes a question of political cunning to utilize each to the best advantage of the whole problem.

The truth is that while India may be considered the brightest jewel in the British Crown, Egypt is only valuable just as Malta and Gibraltar and Aden are valuable — because it dominates lines of communication which are as precious as the possessions themselves *because of the peculiar tenure on which*

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those possessions are held. For the possessions, without these lines of communication being properly secured, become of no value so long as they are held simply by the sword and not by affection and devotion. So long as they do not consider themselves as integral parts of a far-flung Empire — and therefore so long as India is administered as it is to-day —so long must Egypt be retained in its present anomalous condition. The reformers may clamor in Egypt all they will; it will not affect the political issue in the slightest. Though Egypt were as ripe for self-government as United South Africa; though Egyptians could adduce ten thousand arguments with which to fortify their demand for evacuation — all these arguments would fall to the ground because of that one condition: Egypt is bound to the Indian question and can only be unbound step by step with the growth of a free India.

HIGHWAY TO THE EAST MENACED

It is a remarkable and little appreciated fact that the greatest possible menace to this province and the rest of the route to the East now comes not so much from the old European rivals as from Asia and Africa themselves.

Men are not so small-minded, so bound up with trumpery European differences, that they have no time to consider the new Asia. During more than one century — throughout that entire period of expansion during which Europe imposed its rule on so large a portion of Asia—European rivalry was the chief danger permanently menacing the distant over-seas possessions of the various Powers. The white man then was so vastly superior in the arts of war that he could not be opposed with success unless other white men fought him. England and France fought one another as bitterly in India as in Canada to decide who was to be the brown man's master; and yet the defeat of colonial France under the Bourbons was only the signal a little later for Napoleon, as soon as power had been placed in his hands, to resume the struggle in new regions in a still more bitter fashion. Egypt and Syria were attacked and almost conquered when English sea-victories readjusted the balance and reduced France in the nearer East to the position it had long occupied in the Middle East; while Holland, then a great colonial Power, was reduced to relying on England's benevolence to retain an island or two, because it had sided with France.

During the long peace previous to the Crimean War, these Asiatic-African questions were apparently dead, so far as this European rivalry was concerned, but they soon were shown to be only slumbering. The Crimean War reopened them, and at the close of the Russo-Turkish War of '78 Russia had so far taken the place once occupied by France that Lord Beaconsfield thought it necessary to acquire a new outpost — Cyprus — so that a new guarantee should exist for the inviolability of British-Asiatic communications. The Crimean campaign had seemed to demonstrate that Russia could only play a defensive game. Yet the Turkish War, in spite of a hundred mistakes, showed that against Asiatics the white man's weight and persistence were still the same factors they had always been; while Russia's slow but continuous advance in Central Asia until the frontiers of Afghanistan had been reached sounded the same note.

In other words, until the twentieth century had dawned, it was too early for the Asiatic to assert himself; consequently, it still remained mainly a European question as to who should control this part or that part of Asia. The severe check which the white invader has recently received in extreme Eastern Asia has magically altered the situation, even more for England than for Russia. It has suddenly made statesmen aware of a fact which they seemed in some danger of forgetting, owing to the comparative ease with which Eastern empires were won in the past.

THE RESERVES OF THE ASIATIC

For the reflex action of the dramatic Japanese victories over Russia by land and sea has been to make every Asiatic nation suddenly conscious of its past and present condition, and to make those who can think understand that real salvation does not lie so much in provoking European rivalries as in self-assertion. In fact, it may be said that Japan has made all Asiatics turn back to the history of a hundred and fifty years ago and read how often they nearly succeeded, in spite of their immeasurable inferiority to the European in the arts of war, in holding him in check. That distinguished officer, General Ian Hamilton, when his mind was full of these things, wrote these significant words during the Japanese war: "There is material in the north of India and Nepaul sufficient and fit under good leadership to shake the artificial society of Europe

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to its foundations if once it dares to tamper with that militarism which alone supplies it with any higher ideal than money and the luxury which that money can purchase." Think of it! Warlike India is counted able to defy not only England, but all Europe. Twenty or thirty years ago such an opinion would have been laughed at; to-day men are wise enough to know that in political matters one never laughs.

The time has evidently come when the two greatest representatives of Europe in Asia — England and Russia — should gradually bring about a solution of the whole question, by working together and virtually allying themselves — not only with one another but with the peoples they have subjugated. This can be the only permanent solution. Russia, because of its peculiar political system, its long mixing with Asia, its imaginative powers, and the slight extent to which race prejudice interferes with its officials, is already many steps ahead of England in the matter of properly obliterating geographical boundaries and assimilating alien peoples. But there is no reason why in a somewhat different manner England should not do the same thing. The methods may be different but the results can still be identical. It has become a question of establishing a proper internal equipoise in each given region which will release the controlling country from the present attitude; it is not so much a question of racial assimilation as of political assimilation.

A MOSLEM EMPIRE POSSIBLE

For though it may seem too soon as a question of practical politics to consider whether regenerated Turkey is capable of founding a great Moslem empire which will extend from the slopes of the Balkans to the confines of India and to the waters of the Caspian, it is by no means too soon to view that problem as a racial problem of the future. The Austrian advance in the Balkans is of much greater future significance than of present significance; it heralds a movement which must gain force from year to year. It cannot be doubted that in very few years the Bulgarians will show open signs of unrest and attempt to advance their frontier farther south, just as the Austrians have done— thereby inviting other racial movements. Europe will certainly regain possession of St. Sophia and the Bosphorus. This pressure will undoubtedly produce profound results. The Turk is one of the most militant Asiatics and the fate of Turkey largely depends not so much on the spread of the constitutional idea as on the regeneration of Turkish militarism; it is therefore certain that if the Turk is gradually pushed out of Europe he must seek new provinces.

Now, as Persia is but a second Korea, it is only a question of time for that country to be absorbed — and one of the buffers which keep Russia and England apart will be removed. If Afghanistan goes the same way — as it must go when Persia goes — the two Powers will at last be face to face; and they will be forced to solve their differences or will be overwhelmed by a common fate. It would be most certainly to the true interests of both countries if an Asiatic empire at least as strong as Japan were to arise in extreme Western Asia — for such an empire would serve to fix things — to change them from their present fluid state — and to render impossible the advent of a new white conqueror in Asia Minor, which is the dream of Berlin. It would also, undoubtedly, hasten the movement toward placing Asiatic dependencies on a proper footing and, by giving them a sense of citizenship which they now lack, would invite them to share properly the burden of empire. If, for instance, India could become a state in the true sense of the word, it alone could amply secure that no hostile armies menaced it. Though the rise of a great Turkish empire might bind Mohammedans very closely together and give rise to a new species of Asiatic irredentism, political freedom would prove superior to religious ties, as it has always done in the past.

It is the possibility that no strong independent Asiatic state may arise in Nearer Asia, as it has in Further Asia, which is disconcerting; for while things remain in solution, there can be but little doubt that sporadic disturbance and general unrest must continue increasing until great explosions occur. Some menace of Asia by Asia is needed to make Asiatics properly conscious of the needs of the hour — to make them willing to turn their eyes inward and seek salvation themselves as the Chinese are now willing to do, owing to the Japanese menace which hangs over them. That is the true salvation, the only real solution. The salvation of Europe in Asia lies in creating an *internal* Asiatic balance of power similar to

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the European balance of power; a balance of power having little or nothing to do with European domination and existing entirely independent of it. Permanent peace is not to be secured by such instruments as the present Anglo-Japanese alliance, which pits one European Power against another in Asia. Such a course is admittedly only a quibbling with the great future question.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE OF TO-MORROW

Only two white races are acutely interested in Asia and what it stands for — the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. Only these two races can solve the Asiatic problem. Though France has important stakes, the loss of those stakes would not mean to the world what a general British retreat or a general Russian retreat would mean. To-day India seems important to the British Empire, merely because England says that it is so. To-morrow, when England will have shrunk to a very small measure because of the growth of the new Englands in Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, and when the Empire will mean an Empire of many hundreds of millions of white men, the majority possessing very definite opinions on the question of *color* — in that historical to-morrow either definite and consistent arrangements will have been made regarding possessions still looked upon as fiefs, or there will be no such possessions.

It seems plain that the hour is fast approaching when old views must be entirely abandoned. Just as the ideal in Eastern Asia should be the maintaining of an exact balance between two Asiatic Powers — a balance which is still very far from existing, owing to the fact that England remains partially blind to its true interests — so in Nearer and Middle Asia should the same counterpoise be aimed at. It will not be possible to arrange the minor question of the sociological relations between East and West, which are now so often discussed — the confining of workingmen to certain zones, the question of international policing and tariffs, the definition of many things now carefully left undefined — until these things have been done. Can they ever be done? If expert opinion remains expert prejudice and nothing else, one may well end with the words used by General Gordon a quarter of a century ago: "You may do what you will. It will be no use. India will never be reformed until there has been a new revolt."

Just as Japan is the true key to the Far East, so is India the key to both the Middle and Near East; and as that key still lies firmly in England's hands, should it fail to use it properly its sin will find it out.

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

V

FIRST STRUGGLES IN AMERICA

BY

ALEXANDER IRVINE

THE journey home from Egypt on a transport was a continuation of the misery of the desert. What the desert had left undone to weakened men, the rough voyage accomplished. The ship was overcrowded and almost every day dead bodies lashed to planks were pitched over the side. The sight (below decks) of scores of men crawling around in a dying condition struck terror to the hearts of the strong. The smells were nauseating, and the food was vile. No man knew when his turn would come. The few doctors were utterly unable to cope with this physical collapse of so many men.

The condition of the ship and of the men furnished me with the best opportunity I had had up to that time for evangelistic work. I spent twenty hours of every twenty-four in preaching the gospel to the men. The absence of a chaplain on board made the work comparatively easy. My work was done so quietly and unobtrusively that it was practically unknown save to the sick and dying, until an incident brought me somewhat into the light.

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We were in the Bay of Biscay, and those who were well were fighting off the atmosphere of disease. It was toward evening, and four men were playing cards for money. I stood watching them with my hands behind my back. I must have been there half an hour when the man directly in front of me, looking around and staring me in the face, said:

"Get t'ell out of 'ere! I 'aven't won a penny since you've been watchin' us."

The other men laughed, and I moved away, excusing myself as I departed; but before I was out of hearing, one of the men said:

"Don't be too sure of what you could do to that fellow Irvine; his looks belie him. He's got more steam in his elbow than you have."

That was all I heard, but as I was looking over the side a minute or two later, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I looked around. It was the man who had threatened me.

"Say, pal," he said, "I didn't mean no 'arm. These 'ere bloaks tell me as yer name's Irvine. Is that so?" I nodded assent. "Did yer ever 'ave a chum 'oose name was Creeden?" Again I nodded assent. "D'ye know what became ov 'im?"

"He was missing on the field," I replied.

"'E's dead," said the man.

Then he described to me the last moments of my friend. It appeared that Creeden and this man fell together on the field, Creeden shot through the abdomen, this man through the shoulder. An officer came along and offered Creeden a mouthful of water, but he refused, saying that he was all in, but that he wanted to send a message to his chum — and this is the message that he gave to the man who had evidently just threatened to punch my head:

"Tell Irvine the anchor holds!"

I was moved, of course, by the recital of this story.

"What in 'ell did 'e mean by th' anchor 'oldin'?" the man asked.

"Old man," I said, "I had been trying for a long time to lead Creeden to a religious life and the story you tell is the only evidence that I ever had that he took me seriously."

The man looked as if he were going to weep and in a quivering voice he asked if I could help him. He was going home to marry a maiden in Kent whom he described as "a pure, good girl." He felt unworthy, for he was a gambler and a periodical drunkard, and he thought that if a man like Creeden could be helped, he could.

I struck the iron while it was hot, and said: "There is a good deal to be done for you, but you have to do it yourself! If you've got the grit in you to face these fellows and make a confession of religion right here and now, I will guarantee that you'll land on the shores of England a new man."

He looked at me for a moment with a stern, hard face, then he said: "By God, I'll do it!" There was no profanity in this assertion. It was the strongest way he could put it; and we dropped on our knees on the deck and began to pray. In a minute or two half a dozen others joined us. Then it seemed as if everybody around us were on their knees; and then, when I felt the atmosphere of the crowd, and the reverence of it, I called on others to pray; half a dozen responded, and then this man, above the roar of the wind through the sails and the creaking of the boats' davits, prayed to God to make him a new man.

Creeden had been drafted from the ship in a detachment for the front, and when we met on the desert, we entered into a compact which stipulated that if either of us fell on the field of battle, the survivor was to take charge of the deceased's effects, and visit his people.

The arrival of the troops in England was the occasion for an unusual demonstration. We were banqueted and paraded and all kinds of honors were showered upon us. As we marched through the streets in our sand-colored uniforms, we were supposed to be heroes. What a farce the whole thing seemed to me! Nevertheless, I was inconsistent enough to actually enjoy whatever the others were getting.

Having purchased my discharge by the payment of $100, I was at liberty to leave at my pleasure; but I was offered a lucrative position in the officers' mess, which was one of the best in the British army. This I accepted and held for a year.

My furlough, after a short visit to Ireland, I spent in Oxford. The University and its colleges and the town had a wonderful fascination for me, but I think, as I look back at it and try to sum up its influence upon me, that the personality of the "Master of Balliol" — Benjamin Jowett — was the greatest and the most permanent thing I received.

I had been striving for years to slough off from my tongue a thick Irish brogue, and had not succeeded very well. The elegance and the chasteness of Jowett's English did more

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for me in this respect than years of pruning. I have never heard such English, and behind this master language of a master mind, there was a man, a gentleman! I wrote Dr. Jowett a note one day, asking for an interview. It may have been the execrable handwriting that interested him; but I had a most polite note in return stating the hour at which he would be glad to see me. I remember attempting in a very awkward, childish way to explain to him something of my ambition to make progress in my studies, and how poorly prepared I was and how handicapped in various ways. He arose from his seat, took down a book from a shelf, consulted it and put it back, and then he told me in a few words of a Spanish soldier who had entered the University of Paris at the age of thirty-three and become an influence that was world-wide. This, by way of encouragement. The model held up had very little effect upon me, but this personal interview, this close touch with the man who himself was a model, was a great inspiration to me, and remains with me one of the most pleasant memories of my life.

My first lecture was given in the Town Hall at my home town in Ireland, during the first week of my after-campaign furlough. The townspeople filled the hall, more out of curiosity than to hear the lecture, for when the cobbler's son had left the town a few years before he couldn't read his own name. The Vicar presided. Ministers of other denominations were present. The Young Men's Christian Association was very much in evidence at the lecture. School teachers of the Sunday-school where I taught were present. The class of little boys that I had gathered off the street was there; but personally I had gone after the newsboys of the town, and I had arranged that they should sit in a row of front seats. Indeed, I bribed some of them to be present.

My lecture was on Gordon and Khartoum. I described our life on the desert and told something of the war-game as I had seen it played. At the close of the lecture, the usual perfunctory vote of thanks was moved, and several prominent men of the town made the seconding of the vote an excuse for a speech. Curiously enough, I had had an experience with one of these men when I was a newsboy, and in my reply to this vote of thanks, I told the story:

"One winter's night when I was selling papers on these streets — I think I was about twelve years of age — I knocked at a man's door and asked if he wanted a paper. The streets were covered with snow and slush, and I was shoeless and very cold. The man of the house opened the door himself; something must have disturbed him mentally, for when he saw that it was a newsboy, he took me by the collar and threw me into the gutter. My papers were spoiled, and my rags soaked with slush and water.

"I picked myself up and came back to the window, through which I saw a bright fire on an open hearth, and around it the man's family. I don't think I said any bad words, nor do I think I was very angry; but I certainly was sad and I made up my mind at the window that that man would some day be sorry for an unnecessary act of cruelty. I am glad that the gentleman is present to-night" — a deep silence and breathlessness pervaded the audience — "for I am sure that he is sorry. But here are the newsboys of the town. They are my invited guests to-night. I want to say to the townspeople that the only kindly hand ever laid on my head was the Vicar's. It is too late now to help me — I am beyond your reach; but these boys are here, and they are serving you with papers and earning a few pennies to appease hunger or clothe their bodies, and I want you to be kind to them."

After the lecture the man who had thrown me in the gutter came to me. He had not the slightest idea that he was the man, but he said: "What a dastardly shame!"

I gripped him by the hand and said, "You, my brother, are the man who did it." I tightened my grip, and said, "And I forgive you as fully and freely as I possibly can. You are sorry, and I am satisfied."

I studied in the military schools for a first-class military certificate of education, passed my examinations, and got my promotion; but no sooner had the studies ceased and promotion come than the disgust with military life increased with such force that it became unbearable. And so I left the service.

HUNTING A JOB IN NEW YORK

I came to the United States in September, 1888. I came as a steerage passenger. My first lodging on American soil was with one of the earth's saints, a little, old Irish woman who lived on East 106th Street. I had served in Egypt with her son, and I was her guest.

I had come here with the usual idea that coming was the only problem—that everybody

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had work; that there were no poor people in this country, no problem of the unemployed. I was disillusioned in the first few weeks, for I tramped the streets night and day. I ran the gamut of the employment agencies and the "Help Wanted" columns of the papers. It was while looking for work that I first became acquainted with the Bowery. It was in the current of the unemployed that I was swept there first.

An advertisement in the morning paper calling for a "bed-hand" led me to a big lodging-house on the Bowery. They wanted a man to wash the floors and make up the beds, and the pay was one dollar a day. I got in line with the applicants. I was about the forty-fifth man. Many a time I have wished that I could understand what was passing in the clerk's mind when he dismissed me with a wave of the hand. I thought, perhaps, that my dismissal meant that he had engaged a man, but that was not the case. A man two or three files behind me got the job.

My next attempt led me to a public school on Greenwich Avenue. The janitor wanted an assistant. I was so weary with my inactivity that any kind of a job at any kind of pay would have been acceptable. The janitor showed me over the school and told me what the work was. Finally, he took me to the cellar where he had piled up in a corner about twenty loads of ashes. That, of course, was the first thing to be done, and though the pile looked rather discouraging, I stripped to the work and went at it. My task was to get the ashes outside ready for carting away. I had been about six hours on the job, when I accidentally overheard the janitor say to his wife: "Shut your mouth! I have just got a sucker of a greenhorn to get them out." That was enough. I got my coat and hat and went over to the janitor's door; but before I could open my mouth, his wife said: "What's up?"

"Oh, the job's all right," I replied, "but what I object to is the way you do your whispering!"

The lowest in the scale of all human employments is that of canvassing for a sewing-machine. I did it for two weeks. My teacher taught me how to canvass a tenement. The janitor is the traditional arch-enemy of the canvasser. My teaching consisted largely in how to avoid him, circumvent him, or exploit him. A Mrs. Smith — a mythical Mrs. Smith — always lived on the top floor. I was taught to interview her first; then I canvassed from the top down.

Selling sewing-machines was a failure, but out of it came the discovery of a splendid field for social and religious activity. I was directed to the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A. There, day after day, I enquired at the Employment Department until the secretary seemed tired of the sight of me.

I got ashamed to look at him. One night I sat in a corner, the picture of dejection and despair, when a big, broad-shouldered man sat down beside me.

"You look as if you thought God was dead!" he said, smiling.

"He appears to be," I replied.

He put his big hand on my shoulder — looked into my eyes, and drew out of me my story. I forget what he said; it was brief and perhaps commonplace, but I went out to walk the streets full of hope and courage. Before leaving that night I approached the little man at the employment desk.

"Did you see that big fellow in a gray suit?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. McBurney."

"The man whose name is on your letterhead?"

"The same."

"Great guns! and to think that I've been monkeying all these weeks with a man like you — pardon me, brother!"

Robert McBurney was my friend to the day of his death. Many a time when out of the pit, I reminded him of the incident. It was from the little man at the employment desk of the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A. that I got my real introduction to business life — if the vocation of a porter can be called "business."

I became an under-porter in a wholesale house on Broadway at five dollars a week, and spent a winter at the job. The head of the house was a leader of national reputation in his particular denomination. I was sitting on the radiator one winter's morning before the store opened when the chief clerk came in. It was a Monday morning, and his first words were:

"Well, what did you do yesterday?"

"I taught a Bible Class, led a people's meeting, and preached once," was my reply. He looked dumbfounded.

"Do you do that often?" he asked.

"As often as I get a chance," I answered.

An abiding friendship began that morning

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between us. This man might have been a member of the firm and a rich man by this time, but he had a conscience, and it would not permit him to keep books dishonestly, which his employers wanted him to do, and he quit.

My next job was running an elevator in an office-building on West Twenty-third Street. It was one of the old-fashioned ice-wagon variety, jerked up and down by a wire cable. It gave me a good opportunity for study. In the side of the cage I had an arrangement for my Greek grammar. This, of course, could not escape the notice of the business men, and if I was a few seconds late in answering their bell, they always looked like a thunder-cloud in the direction of my grammar. One of my passengers on that elevator was sympathetic. His name was Bruce Price, an architect; he was a tall, fine, powerfully built man, who had a kindly word for me every morning, and he was the only passenger who ever deigned to shake hands with me as if I were a human being.

After that, I mounted a milk-wagon and served milk in the region of West Fifty-seventh Street. This drop into the cellars of the well-to-do gave me contact from another angle with janitors, janitresses, and servants. I started at four o'clock every morning and did not finish until late in the afternoon, but I had the whole of Sunday off.

The life of a milkman is a busy one, especially when it is combined with the keeping of books, but I found time to mumble my Greek roots as I trotted in and out of the cellars. My grammar, when weather permitted, was tied open to a bottle in the cart.

From the milk-wagon I went to a publishing house. They had advertised for a man with some literary ability, and I had the effrontery to apply. I drove the milk-cart in front of the publishing-house door and, with my working clothes bespattered with milk and grease, applied personally for the job.

"What are your qualifications?" the manager asked.

"What kind of work do you want done?" I asked in reply.

I found that they were going to make a new dictionary of the English language, but their method of making it obviated the necessity for scholarship. They had an 1859 edition of Webster and a lot of the newer dictionaries, and Webster was to be the basis of the new one. We were to crib and transcribe from all the rest. I was the third man employed on the work.

My salary to begin with was ten dollars a week. After working a month, I had the temerity to outline a plan for a dictionary which would necessitate the most profound scholarship in America. This plan was laughed at at first, but was finally adopted; and it took seven years, millions of dollars, and hundreds of the best scholars in the United States and foreign countries to complete the work. They raised my salary from $10 a week to $100 a month; but when an opening came to work as a missionary among the Bowery lodging houses at $60 a month, I considered it the opportunity of a lifetime. And so, in 1890, I entered my new parish — the Bowery.

HOW COÖPERATION HAS ENRICHED DENMARK

ONCE THE POOREST OF EUROPEAN PEOPLES, THE DANES ARE NOW THE MOST INDEPENDENT—AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION THAT MIGHT BE WORKED OUT IN AMERICA

BY

SELDEN SMYSER

A CENTURY ago the Danes were among the poorest of the peoples of Europe. To-day their per capita wealth exceeds that of France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, or any other country on the Continent. This great advance is but an index of an equally great increase which has taken place in their popular industrial intelligence and efficiency, and also of the development of a fine national spirit and social morality.

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Their success has been wrought from a poor soil under the stimulus of adversity. Denmark is a low-lying country between two cold bodies of water — the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean. The winters are long, the growing season short. Much of the soil is sandy and poor. The Danes undertook coöperative bacon-curing — one of their important industries — only after Germany refused to admit their live hogs. At an earlier period they were forced into dairy-farming by the failure of grain-farming. The reasons for their success may be roughly classified as follows:

(1) The extensive use made of expert advice.

(2) The granting of aid by the State when the people have undertaken some worthy enterprise for themselves.

(3) Thorough systems of testing market products and of educating the producers.

(4) The wonderful development of coöperative organizations, and the prevalence of the coöperative spirit.

(5) The development among the Danes of a high degree of popular intelligence, a fine national spirit, and a social morality.

QUICK TO SEEK EXPERT ADVICE

The Danish farmer often prefers to seek advice from an expert in regard to what many would consider an ordinary farm matter.

For the breeding of live stock there are three kinds of experts: for Jutland cattle and sheep, for horses, and for red Danish cattle and sheep. There is also a consulting expert in England.

If several farmers wish to purchase a bull that will improve their herds, they ask advice of the Government expert. Even in the breeding of their hogs, the individual farmer is likely to ask expert advice. The Government furnishes the services of its experts as readily as the farmers avail themselves of them, but these are not sufficient for the demand. The people, through their coöperative organizations and federations, through their agricultural societies, poultry societies, etc., secure expert aid for themselves in many other ways. The result of this practice is evident in the rapid improvement of their live-stock and in the steady increase both in the quantity of milk and the percentage of butter-fat given by cows. In a number of herds the quantity of milk given annually by each cow has in a few years been increased a hundred gallons or more. Even the (frequently considered) disagreeable task of milking becomes with them an art to be studied under an expert. Accordingly, men who have had years of experience in milking take lessons in the art of milking according to the Hageland method — a method which increases the quantity of milk and the percentage of butter-fat. This reliance upon the scientific method and the expert's advice is shown in the loyalty with which the farmers adhere to the severe restrictions upon the individual, often imposed by their creameries, as to feeding cows, handling milk and milk-cans, and in their readiness to furnish information in regard to their own cattle or hogs. As a result of this habit of coöperating with the State experts, swine fever, once a serious matter, has been stamped out of the country. Everywhere the effort is made to bring the highest intelligence procurable to bear on the problem in hand.

Severe personal economy also brings its results. Herds of cows are not allowed to wander: each cow is hitched and allowed to graze a little portion until the portion is eaten clean. Thus land is made to feed a far larger number of cows than ours — for loose cattle trample and destroy more than they eat. Cows are milked three times a day. At a certain farm at Kolla-Kolla, each cow has over its stall a tin plate bearing its record as a milker and breeder. At the end of the year the cows whose records are poor are discarded: while the calves of whatever cows have given rich and good milk are kept for the farm. One cow on this farm — by no means a show cow — produced 500 pounds of butter in a single year.

THE GOVERNMENT HELPING FARMERS

State aid to agriculture takes numerous other forms besides the supplying of the services of experts. There are the usual grants for agricultural education, for premiums and prizes at agricultural shows and fairs. There are numerous money grants to voluntary organizations for the improvement of cattle, poultry, etc., and to local and national agricultural societies. Besides these, there are various prizes, grants, and loans for the superior cultivation of small holdings and to ambitious and meritorious workers in dairies and creameries who desire technical education.

There are also government loans to those desiring to purchase small holdings. These are made at 3 per cent., and the borrower

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repays the original amount in small instalments, running through sixty years. The Government also lends money to neighborhood credit-societies or coöperative banks, which lend again to the farmers on favorable terms for the purchase of seeds, fertilizers, etc. In starting coöperative creameries and bacon-factories, the farmers are able to borrow from these banks the full amount of money needed to start their enterprises, on the personal security of the members, each of whom assumes full liability for all the debts of the concern, "jointly and severally." The confidence that they thus manifest in one another, the courage of the thrifty folk in assuming such "joint and several liability," and the confidence of the bankers in the business ability of the farmers, all indicate very plainly the presence of fine qualities of character. State aid thus takes a wide variety of forms, but the grants are usually very moderate in amount, and are bestowed with good judgment rather than liberality.

It may be said in general that state aid is granted only where the recipients have shown a desire and ability to do something really worthy of encouragement. Small holders who have shown special skill in farm management may receive a good implement that is needed, a pig, or a loan for putting in drainage. They may receive an allowance so that they may travel to other parts of the country and visit well-managed farms. So, each year, between thirty and forty dairy workers or managers of bacon factories who have shown special ability are given grants of money that will enable them to improve themselves technically by travel or school study of their line of work.

TEAM-WORK AMONG POULTRY-RAISERS

The Government especially aids the farmers through the voluntary associations of various kinds that they form. There are two poultry-raisers' associations. One has more than four thousand, the other more than six thousand members. The fees for membership in these societies are quite small — less than a dollar — and entitle the member to receive a fortnightly paper, to receive the assistance and advice of the societies' experts, and to purchase at a very moderate price pure-bred fowls or the eggs of such fowls. The two societies have established thirty-eight centres for experimentation and the distribution of pure-bred fowls and eggs. Both these enterprises receive government aid — one $1,000, the other $1,500 annually.

Every week a collector goes the rounds, gathering the eggs and paying market prices for them. Each producer stamps his eggs with his own stamp, after which all are sent to the central packing stations. The sender of stale or dirty eggs is promptly punished by the society. After a careful selection each egg is stamped with the society's brand. This national guarantee has raised the price of Danish eggs and increased the demand for them in the English market. The mere industries of hen-raising and egg-collecting bring Denmark $10,000,000 a year and employ thousands of Danes.

The Government makes annual grants to coöperative horse and cattle-breeding societies, and to the various societies organized to promote agriculture in general. This is by no means a complete list of the worthy enterprises of individuals and associations that are encouraged and aided by the Government, but it illustrates the methods followed. In brief, it may be said that there is not so much paternalism in it all as fraternalism. The State is the means through which the Danes aid themselves and each other. It is not socialism, but individualism in coöperation.

COÖPERATION IN THE CREAMERIES

The coöperative dairy movement began in 1882, and for a few years thereafter more than one hundred coöperative dairies were set up every year. At present they number 1,076, with about 160,000 members. In 1906 they delivered 4,590,000,000 pounds of milk, which produced 176,000,000 pounds of butter, valued at $47,500,000. The growth of Danish trade in butter, eggs, and bacon since the establishment of coöperation is significant. In 1881 it totalled $11,840,000; in 1906, $77,800,000. In butter alone, since 1881, Danish exports have multiplied nine times.

The Danes, we have said, systematically test the quality of the chief market products, and educate their producers in methods of producing them. Their system of testing the work of their creameries and bacon-factories would be galling if it were not self-imposed. Every two weeks an exhibition of butter takes place at the government laboratories at Copenhagen. Creamery managers in various places are asked by telegraph to send in samples of the butter on hand. All the samples are carefully judged under restrictions, so that no

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judge can know from what creamery the butter comes. The decisions of the judges are sent to the creamery managers, who are advised as to the best methods of correcting defects in their product. The work of each creamery is thus tested three times a year. Experts also visit butter merchants, test the butter found in stock, and advise the makers of any defect in their product and how to correct it. The managers of the bacon factories may at any time receive a telegram asking them to send to Copenhagen some of the sides of bacon that they have ready for shipment to Great Britain. Their product is carefully examined and judged, and they are informed whether the defects, if any, are due to their methods or to the breeding and quality of the pigs.

The Danes no longer send their live hogs abroad. They prefer to keep for Danish labor the employment in killing, curing, and packing them. As a result, pigs, which a few years ago brought Denmark only $7,500,000, now bring $25,000,000. The Dane knows enough economics to understand that the greatest amount of profit and employment is in the finished article and not in the raw material, and that the nation which sends away all its raw material for a more skilled nation to finish is doomed.

COÖPERATION STOPPED EMIGRATION

The part which coöperation has played in the development of Danish agriculture, Danish export trade, and Danish institutions, is a very large one indeed. Not only has emigration practically ceased, but since its introduction, in 1881, the urban population has almost doubled, while the rural population has increased by 10 per cent.

They have many organizations which are strictly coöperative in the narrow and technical sense of the term, and many others which are animated by the same spirit. Merely to enumerate them all would take considerable space. For one, the Danish Coöperative Egg Export Association, of Copenhagen, has 30,000 members, distributed among 500 local societies. There are sixty coöperative societies for bee-keepers, societies for the purchase of seeds and fertilizers and agricultural machinery, for the insurance of stock, for the purchase of feeding-stuffs, etc., etc. There are coöperative companies that insure the farmers against loss through the condemnation of hogs because of disease.

The local coöperative organizations are united into numerous federations through which they coöperate with one another and greatly increase the efficiency of all. The farmers' supplies are largely purchased at wholesale in large quantities through these federations, and are distributed very economically. What the farmer has to sell is similarly sold in large quantities in the best market by skilled business men. The market price for the Danish farmers' chief products is no such uncertain thing as it is in this country. Committees of experts representing various butter interests meet once a week and fix the price of butter for the week. They take prices in Great Britain and Germany as the basis, and, correcting these according to the "feeling of the market," they fix the price for Denmark, and usually the price thus fixed remains constant for several weeks. A similar method is used in fixing the price of hogs for the country.

Because the Danish farmer has so much business intelligence and ability, he has created business organizations — the coöperative associations — that relieve him of many of the commercial details of his business. These things are given over to the experts of the coöperative societies and the federations. The farmer is left greater freedom to increase his knowledge and skill as a producer and is able, because of his partnership with many others in a really large business and because of his immediate share in the nation's export trade, to take a really large view of commercial affairs.

And especially he has made of farming an exact science. "He is by nature and training a serious man, strictly sober, very attentive to details, anxiously watching for every new improvement in farming,"—a Scotch report says.

Quietly and unobserved, he has been doing as much for human government and society as for his own export trade, and for the improvement of his own cattle and butter and bacon.

The Danes' success, achieved largely through agriculture, has led to much study and investigation by Europeans of their methods and organization. In 1904, a Scotch commission composed of between thirty and forty agriculturalists made a tour of investigation in Denmark and published a report which is an excellent piece of work. Ireland has had at least two elaborate reports dealing with Danish methods and organizations. Most of the countries of Europe, in fact, in dealing with agriculture, are following along the lines marked out by the Danes.

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STORIES OF MEN IN ACTION

TO-DAY, the man who is most closely watched in the financial world is Mr. Edwin Hawley. Men know that he, and he alone of the railroad administrators, has a little of the genius that was Harriman's. They do not expect that he is to succeed to the Harriman throne, but they do know that if there is any one man who can even faintly approximate the genius for organization and the militant spirit that made Mr. Harriman, Hawley is the man.

One day in 1904 the directors of the Colorado & Southern Railroad met at the office of Hallgarten & Co., to discuss important matters. A crisis seemed to be impending. There had been rumors and market fluctuations of a disturbing sort. It was pretty well known that Mr. Hawley and his friends controlled the road, and that they had every intention of selling it if the price was right. But earnings had dwindled, and the last of the dividends was in peril.

After a long time, the door of the directors' room opened, and Mr. Hawley came out, talking to Mr. Frank Trumbull. A reporter met him:

"What did you do, Mr. Hawley?"

"Didn't do anything," said Mr. Hawley.

"The dividend?"

"Oh, I forgot — we cut that out!" said the master of the road.

It was not a pose; it was perfectly natural. To his mind, the passing of a dividend is not a matter of moment, even when, as in this case, it seemed to put further away the possibility of selling his share of the stock. It takes a good deal more than a dividend to ruffle the serene composure of Edwin Hawley.

He will never die of worry, this new captain of the rail. As Mr. Harriman was, Mr. Hawley is a graduate and a past-master of the Wall Street game, with all its quick and desperate turns and twists; but, unlike him, he never meets the shock with tense strained mind and nerves at the breaking point. In the worst hours of his worst campaigns, men met him smiling as he always smiles, quiet in speech, lacking in any form of bluster or bravado, debonair — a wholly charming man to his friends and a wholly baffling person to his enemies.

One day, he met an open affront in the offices of the Union Pacific, and from Mr. Harriman. Men say he forgot himself, and raged. At any rate, he retired to his office in the Broad Exchange Building and began laying plans. Some few months before, Mr. W. B. Leeds — the dashing, if not too wise ally of the Moores in the Rock Island coterie — had talked over with him the possibility of capturing the Chicago & Alton road, then held by Mr. Harriman and Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. At that time, other counsels had prevailed.

Now, in the heat of temper, Mr. Hawley plotted out the details of the raid. He found the others ready and willing, for they, too, were seeking vengeance. The stock market end of the matter was left largely to the hand of Edwin Hawley. He worked with John W. Gates, just as, some years before, he had worked with the same man in one of the most celebrated raids in financial history, the capture of the Louisville & Nashville from under the guns of the House of Morgan.

For many months, they quietly gathered in the stock. The great bankers knew that Gates and Hawley were speculating in Alton, but they had no idea what it meant. The final, flat announcement, made on the tickers under the head "Harriman loses Alton," came like a stroke of lightning.

Hawley would not talk. Neither would he talk when men caught him playing with Daniel Sully in a cotton market full of fire; nor when, again, a random gust of chance blew aside the curtain and revealed him — as well as E. H. Harriman — trifling with Colonel Greene in Mexican copper stocks; nor when, again, the spot-light caught him in the middle of the stage at the time of the contest for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

In his day, he has been the stormy petrel of the financial world. Nobody pretends that he does not love excitement. There has hardly been a conflict in the past ten years in which "Ed Hawley" failed to ride with

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the foremost. Usually, he has been with the attacking party — and with the winners.

II

Mr. Alexander Irvine, the story of whose heroic and devoted life is proving to be an inspiration to many people, has run many risks in his work among the outcasts. The following story of mission work in the Missouri River "Bottoms" was recently told by him to a friend:

"A period of mental depression was followed by a period of poverty — of destitution, rather. I was physically unable to work with my hands and I had not yet tried to earn money by my pen. I was often so reduced by hunger that I could scarcely walk.

"One night, after a few days' involuntary fast, I found in my hut two cents. To the city I went and bought two bananas; one I ate on the way home and the other I put in my hip-pocket.

"There were no streets, no lights, no sidewalks in that region. As I came to a railroad arch on the edge of the squatter community, I saw a figure emerge from the deep shadows. I knew instantly that I was to be held up, but as life was rather cheap down there, I was not sure what would accompany the assault. A second figure emerged, and when I came to within a few yards of them I whipped the banana from my pocket, pointed it as one would aim a revolver, and said:

"'Move a muscle, either of you, and I'll blow your brains out!'

"'Gee,' one of them muttered, 'it's Mr. Irvine!'

"They belonged to a gang of young 'toughs' who lived in a dug-out on the banks of the river. Some of them had brothers in my school. There were about a dozen of them. They had hinted several times that they would clean me out when they had time, but they had delayed their plan.

"I took these 'toughs' to my hut, and we talked for hours. When I produced the banana, they enjoyed the joke immensely, and invited me to their 'hole.' Next evening they gave me a reception, and, I suppose, fed me on stolen property. They had a stove, a few old mattresses, and some dry-goods boxes. I held their attention that night for four hours, while I told the story of Jean Val Jean.

"After that, these fellows protected the chapel and made themselves useful in their way. In less than a year afterward, half of them had gone to honest work; the rest went the way of the transgressor — to the penitentiary and the reform school."

III

Mr. Elihu Vedder, the American painter whose reminiscences will appear in the winter numbers of this magazine, tells the following story of his youth:

"My escape from teetotalism happened at school. It was not so much an escape from that as it was from breaking the pledge.

"The lecturer was very young, but he knew his business. He first commenced by showing how much alcohol is contained in such a seemingly innocent beverage as beer. By means of an alembic, he drew from a pint of beer what seemed to me a quart of spirits; this left to our imaginations what quantity must be contained in the fiery and fatal whiskey. This was an appeal to the mind.

"The next was to the eye. He now displayed what appeared to be a series of landscapes; these were views of the drunkard's stomach, showing the effects of alcohol from the first social glass with its rosy eruption, to the fatal fiery ending. This last picture was truly terrible, a perfect volcano, with great streams of red-hot lava running down, and all it needed was the reflection of the flames in a bay, and the black lines of shipping against it, and a moon, to make it a perfect picture of an eruption of Vesuvius. We shivered.

"He made his last appeal to the heart. The drunkard, abandoned by all but his faithful dog, reduced to abject poverty, staggers one freezing night into a shed and then sleeps the sleep of drunkenness. Saved from perishing by his faithful friend, what does he do on awakening, when he feels the insatiate craving of the fiend? His blood-shot eye falls on the dog and he kills him that he may sell his skin for yet another drink.

"We were in tears, as we held out our hands, clamoring for the pledge. The lecturer searched in vain his pockets; he had forgotten it, but promised to send it in the morning.

"But the night brought council. We talked it over. The near approach of Christmas and New Year's and the memory of currant wine and liquorish lollipops induced us to postpone the signing, and I at least was saved from inevitable back-sliding."

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Few have even ONE of them.

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3. **Self-regulating ink flow. Writes just as fast or slow as you wish.**
4. **Instantaneous ink flow. Writes at the FIRST stroke.**
5. **Continuous ink flow. Never MISSES a stroke.**
6. **Exactly-even ink flow. Never blots, splatters nor floods.**
7. **14K Gold Iridium-tipped points. Never catch or scratch and last for years.**
8. **Double ink feed—above as well as below the nib. (The secret of features 3, 4 and 5.)**
9. **Barrel and cap made of finest quality polished black Vulcanite.**
10. **No dropper, clip or special ink necessary.**
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(Signed) J. B. KNOEPFLER.

Iowa State Teachers' College,
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The Imprint of Quality

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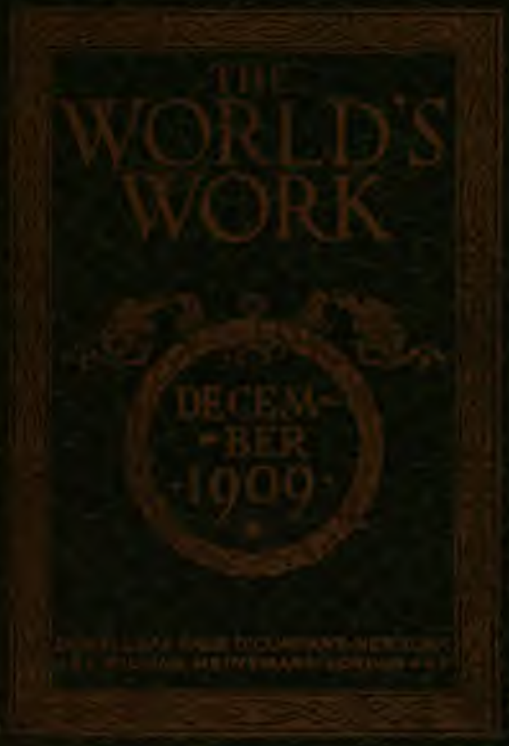

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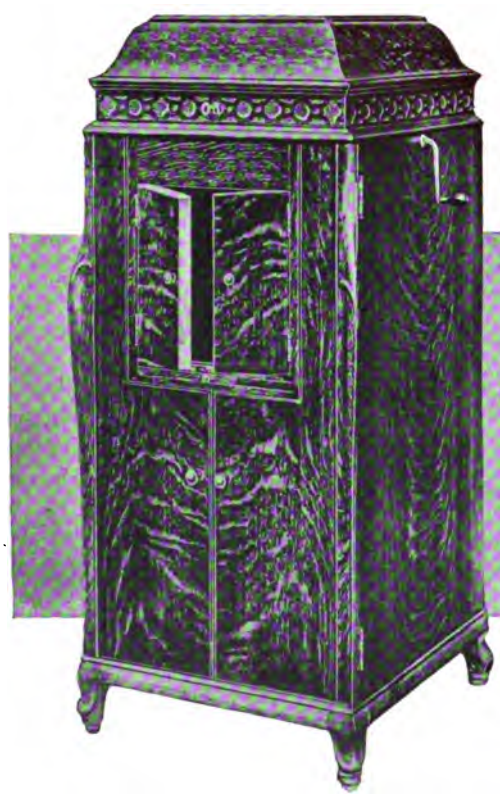
Victrola



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The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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THE PRESIDENTS OF TWO SISTER-REPUBLICS

"THE AIMS AND WEAL OF OUR TWO NATIONS ARE IDENTICAL — AND THE WORLD CAN BE ASSURED OF A VAST NEUTRAL ZONE OF PEACE, IN WHICH THE CONTROLLING ASPIRATIONS OF EITHER NATION ARE INDIVIDUAL AND HUMAN HAPPINESS"

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THE WORLD'S WORK

DECEMBER, 1909

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 2

The March of Events

THE farmers have had a good year; wage-earners are again employed, on a rising scale of prices, too, in many kinds of work; most of the great workshops — steel, for instance — are busy to their utmost, although some of the cotton-mills must yet curtail their product; the railroads are loaded with prosperous traffic, and the distributing machinery of the commercial world is active. From the farmer to the consumer and from the producer of raw material along the whole line to the retail merchant, the channels of activity are open. Building has been begun again; cities are growing in every part of the country; and land values continue to rise. All these are immediate and material reasons for a glad Christmas.

Nor are reasons of other sorts lacking. It is hardly worth saying that we are at peace with all the world, for any conceivable breach of peace with us is so remote and unreal that it would hardly have place even in a formal inventory of our fears and dangers. Diplomatic differences are arising and will arise, chiefly about our tariff schedules and our restriction of Asiatic immigration; but these demand for their settlement no sterner qualities than skill and fair dealing.

Internal problems of government and serious questions of politics and of policies do confront us. Important tasks in public and commercial morals press on us, too. Great frauds by importers and custom-house officers, the organized degradation of women in our large cities, waste in public money — the ever-mounting budgets of cities and states of the nation — remind us that there is no substitute for the sterner civic virtues. There is, in fact, a basis of hope in our discovery and knowledge of these evils. Mere knowledge of them will not remove them, but they would never be dealt with so long as we should remain indifferent.

He is not a wise man who should slur the immoralities and dangers that prosperity permits and perhaps encourages; for the character of the American people is put to a new and somewhat harder test every step that we take in national progress.

We have, then, much to be grateful for — very much indeed — many things to be proud of, and some to be ashamed of.

The best mood in which to welcome Christmas and to profit by the infinite good fortune that it brings to us and to our country, is a mood of thankfulness tempered with a resolute regard for the sturdy virtues of simpler times — thrift, vigorous honesty, home-making morality, and conscientious attention to public duties.

This year will be a memorable year in history for two reasons if for no others. It is the year of the discovery of the North Pole. Commander Peary's name is likely to be familiar to a great number of people a longer period in the future than any man now living.

If this distinction be disputed at all it will be disputed probably by the Messrs. Wright, whose names will be associated with the making of human flight successful. Any man of imagination gets a certain thrill from merely living at so interesting a time.

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THE RIGHT HONORABLE DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO IS THE LEADER IN THE STRUGGLE OVER THE BUDGET THAT THREATENS A SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND

[See "The March of Events," page 12317]

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Photo by Hyde

DR. CHARLES W. STILES

WHOSE DISCOVERY OF THE HOOKWORM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OPENED THE WAY FOR A NEW ERA OF HEALTH THERE

[See "The March of Events," page 12316]

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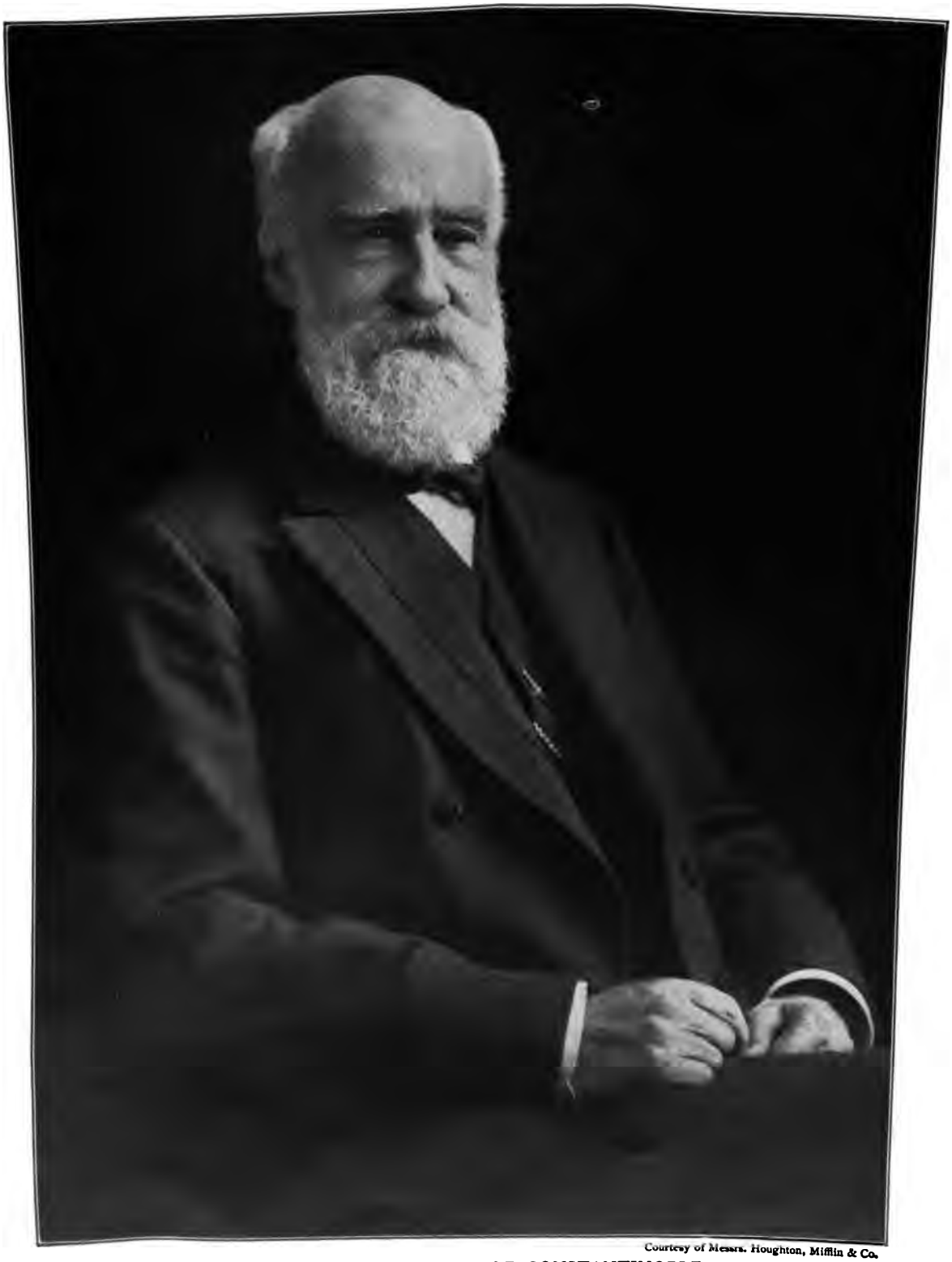

Courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DR. GEORGE WASHBURN, OF CONSTANTINOPLE

AN AMERICAN EDUCATOR WHO HAS ROUNDED OUT HALF A CENTURY OF NOTABLE WORK IN ROBERT COLLEGE, ON THE BOSPHORUS

[See "The March of Events," page 12319]

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THE LATE PRINCE ITO

JAPAN'S LEADING STATESMAN, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED BY A KOREAN

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BARON SHIBUSAWA

THE PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL LEADER OF JAPAN, THE HEAD OF THE COMMISSION OF COMMERCIAL MEN WHO HAVE BEEN VISITING THE UNITED STATES FOR THREE MONTHS

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Photograph by Vanderweyde, N. Y.

MR. WM. LOEB, JR., COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK

WHO IS VIGOROUSLY PROSECUTING CERTAIN IMPORTERS AND CUSTOMS OFFICIALS WHO HAVE BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY DEFRAUDING THE GOVERNMENT

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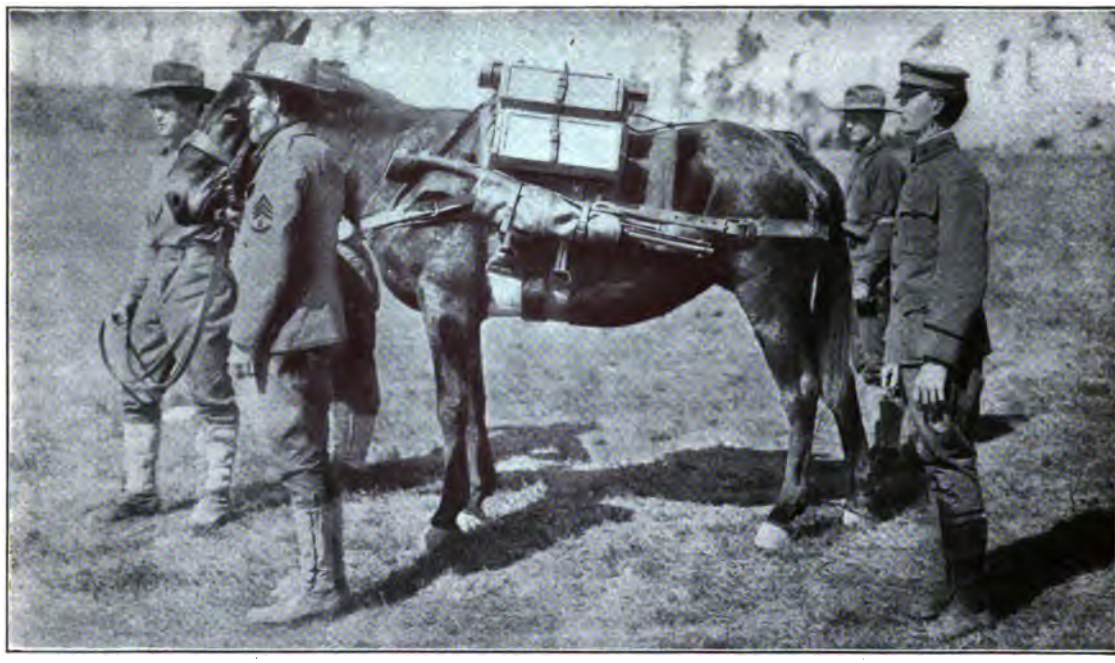

A SUPERIORITY OF THE BENET-MERCIE OVER THE MAXIM

FIVE MULES ARE ALLOTTED TO EACH MAXIM; THIS MULE CARRIES TWO BENET-MERCIE AUTOMATICS, TWO EXTRA BARRELS, AND 1,200 ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION. AN INFANTRYMAN CARRIED THE GUN AND 300 ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION OVER A DISTANCE OF FIVE MILES

AN OFFICER FIRING THE BENET-MERCIE GUN

IT CAN SHOOT 400 TIMES A MINUTE, AND IS A WEAPON FOR INFANTRY AND CAVALRY, SINCE IT WEIGHS ONLY 22 POUNDS. THE NEW AUTOMATIC GUN IS FIRED FROM THE GROUND, HAVING SUPPORTS BARELY LONG ENOUGH TO HOLD IT AT A CONVENIENT HEIGHT. THE GUNNER TAKES A RECLINING POSITION

[See "The March of Events," page 1231]

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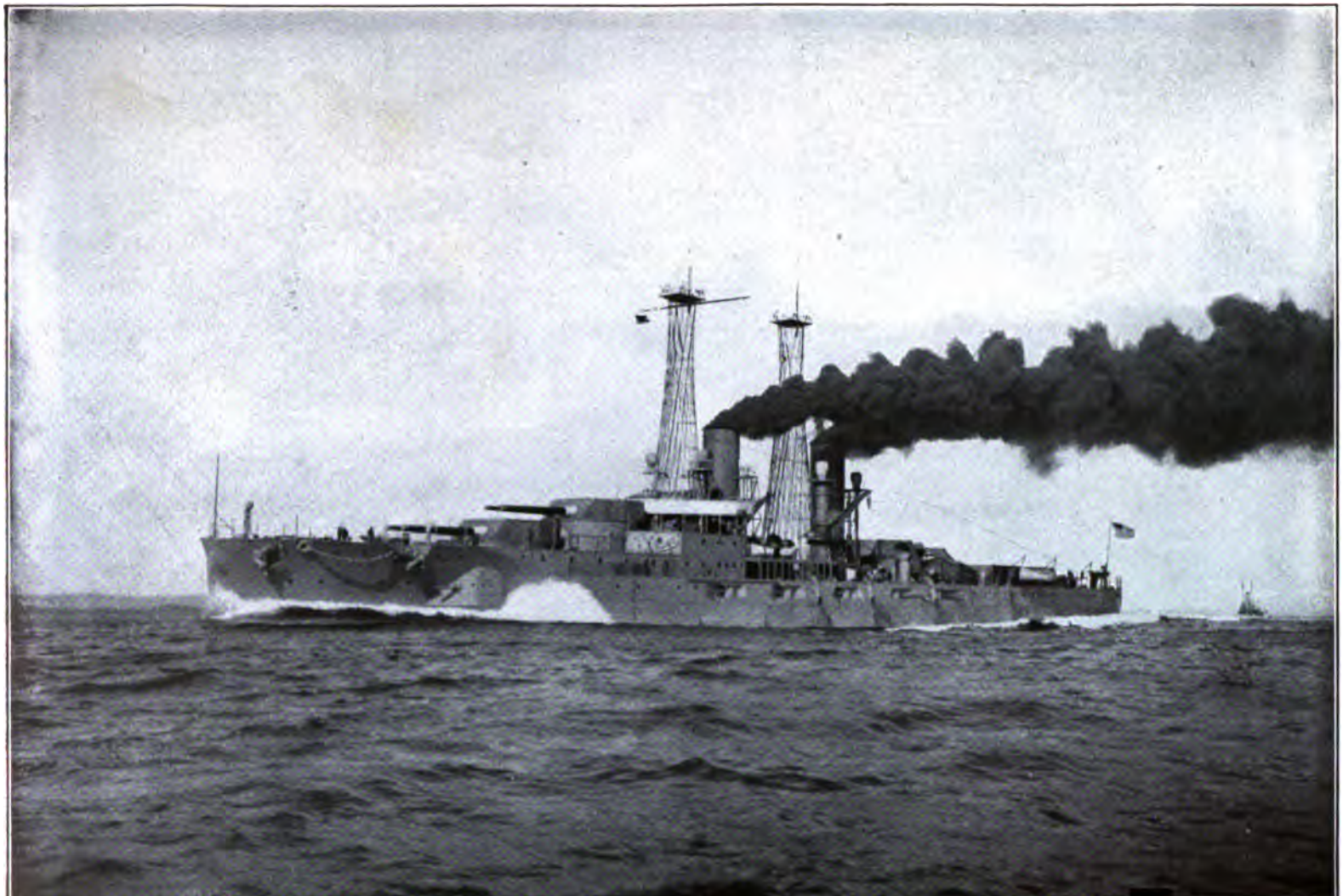

ONE OF THE TWO MOST POWERFUL AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS

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THE U. S. S. "DELAWARE" MAKING 21½ KNOTS AN HOUR ON ITS TRIAL TRIP. HER SISTER SHIP, THE "NORTH DAKOTA," REACHED A MAXIMUM OF 22½ KNOTS AN HOUR

[*See "The March of Events," page 12315*]

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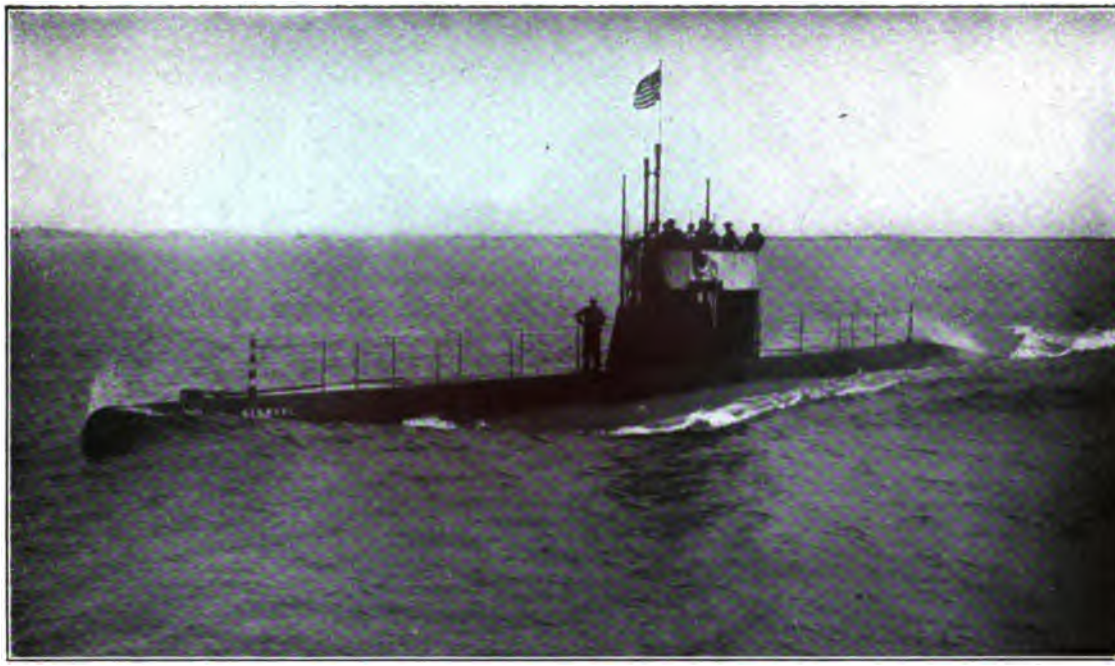

THE LATEST TYPE OF AMERICAN SEA-GOING SUBMARINE

THE U. S. S. "NARWHAL," WHICH CAN GO 150 MILES UNDER WATER AT A SPEED OF 11 KNOTS AN HOUR, AND MUCH FARTHER ON THE SURFACE WITH A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 14 KNOTS

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THE FASTEST AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER

THE U. S. S. "REID" MAKING 34½ KNOTS ON ITS TRIAL TRIP. IT IS FITTED WITH FIVE TURBINES WHICH DRIVE THREE PROPELLERS

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MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON

WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION," IS ONE OF THE LEADING NOVELS OF THE YEAR

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MR. N. O. NELSON, OF ST. LOUIS

AN ADVOCATE OF THE PROFIT-SHARING SYSTEM WHOSE BUSINESS HAS GROWN UNDER HIS PLAN TO A VOLUME OF $3,000,000 A YEAR

[See "My Business Life," page 1357]

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ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVES IN THE WORLD

ONE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S NEW ELECTRIC ENGINES BUILT FOR USE IN THE NEW YORK TUNNELS. IT WEIGHS 165 TONS AND HAS 4,000 HORSE-POWER

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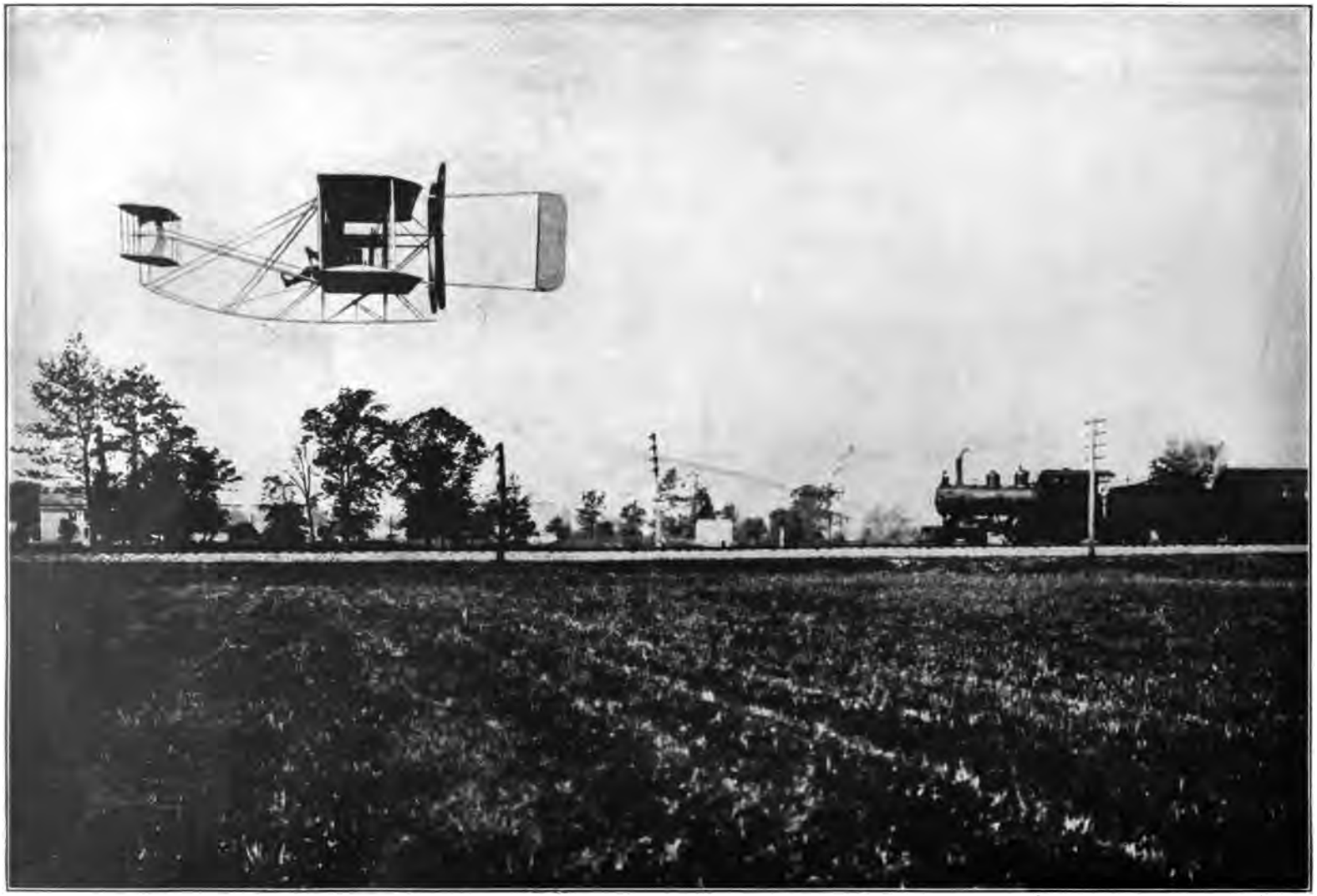

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TWO "FLIERS" IN AN INFORMAL RACE

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT, AT COLLEGE PARK, MD., DISTANCING A BALTIMORE AND OHIO PASSENGER TRAIN

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THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN OF ACTION

THE President has come to be the only representative of the whole people in the Government, and this is Mr. Taft's conception of the office. It is in the light of this conception that his long journey is to be understood. The months that a less conscientious man might have regarded as vacation months, he took to meet the people to explain to them the policies that he wishes to carry out — in general, to take them into his confidence and to ask their coöperation. And that task he has done with frankness. His Message to Congress can hardly contain a surprise — certainly no surprise about any domestic policy. He has in effect read his Message to the people beforehand. He has done even more than that — he has outlined his Administration as far as he can foresee it. Judged in this way, the journey has been a pleasant and noteworthy success.

His characteristic and conscientious wish to tell the people of different parts of the country frankly, face-to-face, wherein he differed from them about the several items of his large programme brought home to every community the principle that every section of the country and every faction of his party should be willing to sacrifice something for the sake of a general unity of action. That is to say, those who wish further reductions of duties should be content with present reductions in order to obtain better regulation of corporations; and those who object to Mr. Aldrich's leadership in the Senate should put up with it in order to obtain more money for reclamation, for waterway improvement, and for other plans that can be carried out only by united party action.

This is the President's working plan; and he starts about the large constructive tasks of his Administration with the hope and expectation that his party will work together for them. Like other plans, it is good if it succeed. The danger of it is that what is meant to please all factions may hold none. Successful popular government is built upon compromises. That principle is as sound as it is necessary. The only practical question is, in making compromises, who shall surrender most?

II

If Mr. Taft fail by following this principle, the failure will be his party's rather than his own. The misunderstandings that he has thus far suffered have been by men who regard his party as less responsible to the people than he regards it. His view is that if the people and the states send Republicans to the Senate and to the House, when they send him to the White House, it is his duty to work with them. If they are bad men, it is the people's and the party's fault, not his. At any rate, he must work with them if he accomplish any large volume of results.

It is a good plan if Mr. Taft succeed in inducing or in forcing the party to do what he and it are pledged to do. But if one faction drive any other important faction into revolt — what then?

NOTES MADE ON THE JOURNEY WITH MR. TAFT

LEANING on the railing of Glacier Point, 3,200 feet above the Yosemite Valley and 3,500 miles from the seat of government, President Taft was very happy. He had then been traveling twenty-four days, and had crossed thirteen states, leaving in most of them something for the people to think about.

In his speeches from Boston to Seattle, he had told what the Administration hopes to do and had defended the making of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill.

Mr. Taft, on this trip, has laid before the people in carefully prepared speeches, which he read, the Message that he will send to Congress. He purposely refrained from reading the newspapers, and he did not try to feel the pulse of the public. The only impression of popular feeling that reached him during his journey was along the lines of parade and at the public addresses; and because of his winning personality that was most pleasant.

He was happy, and refused to worry — if he ever worries. When he gets home he believes that the whole people will have thought over carefully what he said and he will get at the White House a well-digested consensus of public opinion. That is why he has not read the papers nor allowed politicians to talk politics to him. He doesn't want the first, but the second thought.

II

The only two policies announced by the President in his speeches that were popular in the localities in which they were announced were the ship-subsidy plan and the statement that he will carry out the Roosevelt policies.

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His declaration for a ship subsidy, made on the Pacific Coast, met with approval there, and the promise to follow in Roosevelt's footsteps has been popular everywhere.

But Boston was not enthusiastic about a Central Bank; Chicago did not enthuse over a labor speech, while it expected something about the tariff; and Milwaukee was not excited by a discussion of postal savings-banks. That city, too, was waiting for an explanation of his signing the tariff bill, and all Wisconsin is in a fight between the regular Republicans, or "standpatters," and the "Insurgents" — "Republicans with exceptions," as the President described them.

When he was at Winona, Minn., the home of Representative Tawney, he delivered his explanation of the Tariff Act; and, assuming the defensive, he said that he had signed the bill to insure party solidarity; then the Progressive Republicans of the Middle West began to drive in the wedge that they expect to split the party.

Then, in Des Moines, the home of Governor Cummins, President Taft spoke of his plan of railroad rate regulation, which is not nearly so radical as that proposed by Senator Cummins and agreed to by a large part of Iowa; and in Denver he put the income-tax aside as a last resort when the country is *in extremis*, while Colorado, regardless of party, wants an income-tax. Thus he purposely chose subjects on which he knew that the localities where he was speaking did not agree with him, and he left his ideas for reflection and discussion. He refused to hear what the people think of his utterances until he returned to Washington.

III

The President's winning personality (and prosperity) made the 13,000-mile journey a great success, so far as it may be judged from a car-window and from talks with men snatched as one snatches a sandwich at a railroad lunch-counter. Any one traveling with the President is in one atmosphere all the time, and he cannot stop to hear what is said after the Presidential party has departed. But the welcome by the people that began with polite receptions grew, after the Middle West was passed, to enthusiasm. There is no doubt that Mr. Taft gained in popularity by the trip, and that his popularity will last as long as the crops are good. The people, particularly of the West, have ceased to blame the weather, as they once did, for all misfortunes. If something dire happens to the grain and fruit crops in the next three years, the tariff will be blamed, and Mr. Taft will be "the goat."

In the meantime, the charming personality of the President has had the same effect on the crowds that it has on individuals who meet him. He himself said in one of his speeches: "I think that personal touch with the people by those whom you honor by delegating authority to them temporarily is a good thing all around so that you may know, when I make my mistakes and they are represented to you with a great deal of emphasis, that I am still a poor mortal, praying for assistance and hoping that you will forgive human error." This was said (on several occasions) with such frankness and with so "human" a smile that the audience of diversified political opinions rose to the sentiment as one man.

IV

Personality and prosperity have won. Not in a quarter of a century have there been such crops as this year. Automobiles are as plentiful in proportion to population on the prairies of Kansas as on Broadway. The state of Washington has a greater proportion of motor cars to population than Brookline, Mass., which is said to be the richest city or suburb in the world. Who, then, cares about the tariff?

Only the Middle West. And the test of its sentiment is to come at next year's election of Congressmen. The progressive, or "insurgent" Republicans in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas will put up separate tickets, if they are not strong enough to nominate men of their liking in the regular conventions. If they are thus defeated at the polls, the Progressives declare that they will vote for a Democratic Presidential candidate in 1912. Every one of the insurgents is earnest in that purpose now, but they come of a stock that has voted the Republican ticket for three generations. In most of these states the name "Democrat" still suggests "rebel," and those who have lived among the people of the Middle West have little expectation that the present bitterness over the tariff bill can move even an "insurgent" Republican to vote the Demo-

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cratic ticket — especially if the crops are good in the meantime.

V

Mr. Taft developed his talent for preaching. In the campaign before his election, nothing so irritated him as the attack on him because he is a Unitarian. It angered him that his religious belief should be made campaign material; and, since he became President, he has made it a point at every opportune occasion to express his belief in the brotherhood of man as the best possible religion. In one of his speeches he summed up his ideas on this subject, saying:

"There was a time in religious history when the man who was in control and had his own theological theory to work out, worked it out by breaking every one into believing it or else cutting off the head or burning the body of the gentleman who didn't agree with him. One church and then another, as it got the chance, took that method of introducing religion into the mind and soul and body of the person thus offered up; but after a time there crept into the beliefs and articles of all religions the idea that the way to have religion prosper was to be gentle with views that were contrary to the creed of any particular religion. That method introduced a broad tolerance of all creeds, and let religion speak for itself, gently, with a message of good-will to humanity."

Politically, the trip disclosed the fact that Mr. Taft is a Federalist, rivaling Hamilton and out-Roosevelting Roosevelt. The central bank plan was an indication of this; but, when the President made his Seattle speech, saying that Alaska should become a colony governed by a Commission, the effect of his training in the Philippines and in handling Cuban and Panama affairs was startlingly apparent.

THE WATER-POWERS — ACTION NOW OR TROUBLE LATER

CONCERNING the much-talked-about monopoly of water-power, two things are certain: Congress must take quick action to protect the falls on public lands and in navigable streams from monopoly; and the states must adopt laws and regulations that protect the people, within proper limits, from the monopoly of what is fast coming to be a necessity.

For the industrial growth of the people in many regions depends upon the development of water-power and its use at reasonable prices. If it be developed without regulation, the industries dependent upon it will be at the mercy of power companies which will be able to make or to break whom they choose.

If the water-power be developed under wise regulation, the power companies will do an inestimable service to the communities which they serve and yet be prohibited from hindering the normal development of industries.

But if too repressive legislation and regulation be imposed on private enterprise, the power will not be developed. These are the fundamental propositions underlying the subject.

As regards the public lands it is necessary for Congress to act quickly. Else action will be too late to save these powers for the public good. Under the last Administration, Secretary Garfield withdrew from public entry a vast deal of land which included many valuable power sites, because, under the law, as it now is, these water-powers can pass into private ownership without regulation and in perpetuity and in no other way. The law is defective. It was made before the value of these powers was known. The Government can do nothing but hold them or give them away without power ever hereafter to impose any regulation whatever.

These water-powers ought neither to be given away nor withheld from development. Neither the law nor the needs of the country will allow them to be held inactive much longer by Executive withdrawal, and President Taft intimated at Spokane that he will not hold them after this Congress adjourns. The question, therefore, must be decided now — by this Congress. If the present law be allowed to stand, the valuable power sites of the public domain will pass for nothing, and without regulation, into the hands of the exploiting companies; and the public must take its chances of their enlightened management or oppression, with no redress.

It is not hard to see what the result will be if these sites be given away without restriction. Some power companies will charge excessive rates. This conduct will provoke unjust restrictions at last, and we shall have a period of discouraging and perhaps confiscating legislation, as we had with regard to the railroads.

II

The responsibility for the proper use of the water-power of the public domain and on

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navigable rivers elsewhere rests with Congress. The responsibility for the proper use of other water-power sites rests with the states. By regulative laws or by the granting of limited franchises they can maintain the industrial freedom of these people and prevent monopolies of this power. There is no such definite situation that calls for state action as the situation with regard to the public lands calls for Congressional action. Yet the fundamental facts are the same. However slow or fast the inevitable movement toward a monopoly of this power is proceeding, if not forbidden by local laws it will come in time. Wisconsin has adopted a plan that seems to conserve and to compel a wise and fair use of water-powers with not only a good return to private capital but with many definite advantages to its owners.

MR. CRANE'S DISMISSAL

MR. CHARLES R. CRANE, who was on his way as our Minister to China, was recalled on the eve of his departure from San Francisco; and, after a conference with Secretary Knox at Washington, his resignation was accepted — without a satisfying explanation to the public. The impression was permitted to be made that Mr. Crane had talked too freely, especially about China's backwardness, and perhaps in sympathy with China about the Japanese-Chinese treaties. But his rude dismissal did far more to emphasize such delicacy as may be in the diplomatic situation in Asia than any utterance that he had made could have emphasized it. To the public the incident suggested — whether with warrant or without warrant — uncoördinated Cabinet action and possible indecision about our future policy in Asia. It is unfortunate if the necessities of diplomatic secrecy require such complete silence under such circumstances. Mr. Crane's appointment seemed a singularly fit one. His humiliation would have been less if the Government had been more frank and less rude in dealing with him; and the State Department, too, and its policy and methods would have been better understood.

PROPPING THE OPEN DOOR

A MORE probable explanation of the abrupt treatment of Mr. Crane by the State Department may be indecision about the course to pursue in Asiatic diplomacy.

These are some of the main facts. When the Japanese-Russian war was in progress, our Government insisted on the integrity of China because if one predatory European nation enlarged its "influence" or territory there, others would; and the status that was agreed to at the time of the Boxer troubles would be disturbed. In a word, China would be plundered and divided. This is the first important fact. Following from that is our contention for the open door to trade, so that we may have the same chance that other nations have.

On the other side are these facts. Japan won Korea, and has absorbed it, and is making it Japanese. It is the natural and necessary field for the overflow of Japanese enterprise and population. The difficulty and even the danger of the process is shown by the assassination of Prince Ito by a Korean. That is regarded by the more spirited part of Korean opinion as a patriotic deed. It was a political murder of the sort that the European world is very familiar with.

If Korea is necessary for Japan's expansion so also — less immediately but none the less surely — is Manchuria. Sooner or later Japan will have Manchuria by the forces of expansion — unless it be forcibly hindered. But, if Japan acquire virtual control in Manchuria, the integrity of China is gone and Asiatic chaos may begin.

Thus our Government has stood and stands for China's integrity. Yet Japan is drifting or developing (call it by what name you will) toward the control of Chinese Manchuria; and we are at peace and will remain at peace with Japan. Under all these conditions it is obvious that we have somewhat delicate diplomatic tasks in Asia.

Mr. Crane understood our "integrity" policy and sympathized with it — too openly? There must be a delicate balancing of forces and influences in our dealings with these two Asiatic peoples. And it may be that precisely what we wish to do is not as clear as sunlight.

It is this difficult situation that gives peculiar importance to our diplomatic relations with China and Japan. We insisted on the open door. All the principal Powers are pledged to it. But it was our doctrine to begin with. On the other hand, Japan is the one progressive, civilizing, developing Asiatic Power. The Manchurian opportunity was won by war. Its development by them follows naturally.

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The problem is — and it is a world-wide problem in which we are especially interested — that the Powers shall not unduly hamper the Japanese nor irritate them, but shall see that Japan does not violate the integrity of China nor close the door to trade by other nations — this, or abandon the effort to preserve Chinese integrity.

THE ENFEEBLED SUPREME COURT

THE death of Justice Peckham and the long illness of Justice Moody have called attention afresh to the enfeebled condition of the Supreme Court. An unusual number of its members are past the age of permitted retirement. It has almost always been true that some of the Justices have been more or less weakened by age; and it is and ought to be a body of venerable men. But it has not often happened, if it ever before happened, that the Court was capable of such little work as it is now able to do. That the Justices should serve as long as they please is, perhaps, the best principle; but this principle is open to the practical objection that the condition of the Court now presents. The most venerable members of the Court are incapable of sustained labor; the calendar is crowded; important causes press; and the public welfare inevitably suffers.

It is probable that, by retirements and deaths, President Taft will have an unusual number of appointments to make — enough, perhaps, to change fundamentally the personnel and the working capacity of the Court; and this is a Presidential duty for which Mr. Taft seems especially fitted by his own experience and temperament and by his primary studies and interests.

DR. COOK'S DIFFICULT POSITION

COMMANDER PEARY and members of his party examined the two Esquimaux youth who, Dr. Cook says, went with him to the North Pole; and they each traced a map of the journey that they said Dr. Cook took, and declared that his "farthest north" was hundreds of miles from the Pole. This testimony is not conclusive, but it is serious.

Mr. George Kennan has made a calculation to show that the food supply which Dr. Cook says that he took on his last "dash" could not have kept the men and dogs alive during the time that Dr. Cook reports that the journey required. Commander Peary and his men, too, have said that Dr. Cook could not possibly have made such a journey with the sled that he used. This testimony is not conclusive, but it is serious.

The two guides who went with Dr. Cook when he climbed Mt. McKinley say that he did not reach the summit; and the townsmen and neighbors of these men in Montana have expressed confidence in them. This testimony is not conclusive, but it is serious.

While doubt of Dr. Cook's statements was thus receiving fortification, he was lecturing to large audiences and postponing sending his data either to the faculty at Copenhagen or to any group of scientific men in our own country. His apparent indifference to the ever-growing adverse opinion strengthens this adverse opinion. While it is impossible to prove that he (as it would be impossible to prove that any other Arctic traveler) did not go to the North Pole, the situation into which he has allowed himself to drift is such that he must now very conclusively demonstrate that he did go. Else the doubt will become stronger and settle into a definite conviction against him.

AFTER MR. HARRIMAN

THE place occupied by Mr. Harriman in the old Harriman system of railroads has been filled by the apointment of Judge Lovett to be chairman, and by three new vice-presidents. Nominally the dead magnate's position is filled; really it is vacant. In most of the other railroads in which the hand of the Harriman dynasty was powerful, men have been chosen who are in line with the policies that Mr. Harriman worked out. There are two striking exceptions. On the New York Central board his place is filled by Mr. Marvin Hughitt, a Vanderbilt-Morgan man. On the Gould lines, the young sons of Mr. George Gould have succeeded Mr. Harriman.

The Harriman estate is to be managed, it is reported, by Mrs. Harriman, who has taken an office on Fifth Avenue, New York. At her command, of course, are the wisdom of the bankers and the skill of the lawyers who well served her husband in his day.

But these are details. In fact, the compact influence of the Harriman dynasty is already dissipated. The hegemony of the Union Pacific died with its creator. There is not to-day, nor will there be to-morrow, another railroad autocrat. Every one of the half-dozen men who might measure up to the Harriman

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standard fears to try it; for the life of Mr. Harriman was cut short by overwork. He conquered his world. How completely he ruled it only those knew who, for the past three years, controlled and operated railroads that were nominally or really independent, but were bound, nevertheless, to the wheel of things, and that wheel had cogs that touched the Union Pacific. Every man in this circle knows that this vast machine killed Mr. Harriman.

Now the hands of the Gould family tighten about the many railroads that they had almost lost, and that were saved to them by the intervention of Mr. Harriman. The Vanderbilt family is again dominant in the New York Central. The daring of Mr Hawley, so long held in check by the fear of a great shadow, drives him on in a campaign of railroad conquest. The Northern lines are breaking into Oregon. It is rumored that the Northwestern is moving on San Francisco, the very heart of the Harriman power.

For five minutes, on the day of Mr. Harriman's funeral, the wheels stood still on the Harriman roads. Then they moved again. An hour later, most of the trains were running on schedule. A similar thing is happening with the whole system.

HINTS OF GOOD INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP

MR. YOAKUM, of the Rock Island Railroad system, so often talks sound economic sense in the language of the people that it is pardonable to quote often from his speeches to Texan farmers. In a recent address at the State Fair at Dallas, he offered to set an agent of his railroads at work in every state through which they run to make definite plans whereby the railroad and the farmers may work together at practical and mutually helpful tasks, provided the farmers' organizations would actively coöperate with him. And he presented an interesting calculation to show that if by working together they could save or add a cent a pound to the price that the Texan farmers receive for their cotton, this added cent would bring fifteen million more dollars a year as the farmers' profit.

Mr. Yoakum's talent for industrial leadership was indicated also by such a definite suggestion as this:

"In the Ozark regions of Arkansas, adapted to both agriculture and horticulture, for three miles on either side of the railroad the land in cultivation is very profitable. The products of equally as good land farther away from the railroad are often lost to the producer during wet weather, on account of poor roads. In this three-mile zone there are 38,000 acres under intensified cultivation, producing $1,000,000 profit to the farmers. Good public roads extending out for ten miles would bring into cultivation an additional 125,000 acres, producing $3,500,000 profit per annum, at the same time trebling the value of the land."

THE UNITED STATES BANK AGAIN

THE financial and economic advantages of a Central Bank, analagous (with modifications) to the Bank of England and the Bank of France, are plainly set forth in this number of THE WORLD'S WORK by Mr. Robert L. McCabe. His reasons, from a financial point-of-view, are sound; and he presents them compactly and clearly.

But they are not accepted by a large part of the country, nor even by all students of financial subjects. The gravest objection set against these reasons in favor of such a bank is the objection to such a concentration of financial power as it might cause. This is the historic objection which goes back to Jackson's time.

The theory of the Central Bank is correct; and its practice, in Great Britain, in Germany, and in France, is excellent. If the people were sure of a parallel institution, free from the misuse of financial power, of manipulated finance, and of stock-jobbing by banking magnates and institutions, they would approve it. The governors of the great central banks of Europe make their rates of discount with their eyes upon the commerce of the country and the world. Stock speculation is at most incidental in their counsels. Could we manage such an institution in a similar way? Or have our banking morals been vitiated by the morals of great banks whose managers listen to the stock ticker? Could a board of governors be chosen for a Central Bank that would turn its back upon the prayers of the most powerful banks in the country which might wield the power of panic and disaster if their behests be refused? This fear may or may not be justified. But it is widespread and deep.

The Bank of France, generally conceded to be the most powerful and best organized of central banks, is ruled by fifteen regents and three inspectors. Five regents must be elected from the business shareholders.

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Three more must be chosen from the disbursing agents. But at the annual meeting only the two hundred largest stockholders have the right to vote. At present no one has a vote unless he owns stock worth more than $100,000. Apply that rule to an American central bank and it might become a Wall Street bank forthwith — under our present financial leadership and methods.

Nor is the movement for such a bank in our country made more popular by its champions. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, is its chief political spokesman; and the most energetic advocates of it in private financial life are in Wall Street. These facts do not touch the soundness of the theory. But they do affect its popularity. It may or may not be true that the plan will have to wait till it comes more directly from the people and with their endorsement. The line of debate will presently be sharply drawn in Congress.

COMFORT IN OLD AGE BY GOVERNMENT HELP

YOUR attention is directed to the Government Annuities Act (1908), under which provision may be made by or for every man, woman, or child domiciled in Canada, against want and poverty and for that happiness which comes with the removal of the haunting fear of destitution in old age."

This is the preamble to a little pamphlet issued by the Minister in charge of Canadian Government Annuities, Sir Richard Cartwright. The scheme is based on the most human of foundations, the fear of poverty. It is undertaken by the Canadian Government, which coöperates with the existing machinery of savings, such as the postal savings-banks. It takes the place of industrial insurance in the Massachusetts savings banks, and of old-age pensions in some European countries.

The Government advises men to look over their incomes, to figure out what they can save as an insurance against old age, and immediately to open an account with the Government. Money may be deposited in the nearest post-office, savings-bank or money-order office, or it may be remitted direct to Ottawa. It is compounded at 4 per cent.; and when the time comes that is chosen for the beginning of an annuity, the size of the payments by the Government will be calculated upon the total volume of the savings.

The payments may be in lump sums, or in driblets as small as twenty-five cents a week. The annuity provided may not be less than $50 a year nor more than $600. The fund is inalienable, and cannot be seized for debt or forfeited in any way. If a man cease payments, what he has paid in will be put to his credit to buy an annuity to the amount that his total permits, or, if not enough to provide $50 a year, they will be returned with interest at 3 per cent. In case of death, the fund is an aid to his heirs. There are no lapses, penalties, or dues of any sort other than the deposits.

The plan seems simplicity itself. It is the savings-bank, the insurance company, the building-and-loan society, and the Government bond rolled into one, in a shape adapted to the smallest of depositors.

The pamphlet of explanation shows that the Canadian Government is taking warning from the experience of the Mother Country:

"Much of the extreme poverty and destitution in Great Britain, which has been shown by the recent Pension Act to exist, would have been impossible had there been a general adoption of a scheme like the Canadian scheme in England half a century ago. The men and women who are now on the 'pauperizing pension roll' could have preserved their self-respect and independence, and the enormous annual drain on the public treasury, which amounts to nearly $50,000,000, would probably have been avoided. If Canada is not ultimately to face the same conditions as exist in England and many other European countries, the people of small income must make definite provision for their old age. Let every man, woman and child, therefore, remember that a payment of a few cents a week will provide with absolute certainty for an eventide of comfort and happiness. Experience proves, however, that they will not lay aside that 'something' for the 'rainy day' unless an obligation to do so is created."

A GOOD RESULT OF THE CORPORATION TAX

THE legal advisers of the National Association of Agricultural Implements and Vehicles at a recent meeting in Chicago advised these manufacturers to consider the advisability of surrendering their corporate charters and making co-partnerships instead. This suggestion was made because of the Federal tax on corporations' income particularly, and of the ever-increasing state and national supervision in general. Other manufacturing companies are considering similar action.

There are many concerns that ought never to have become corporations but ought to

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have remained partnerships. The corporate form was in many cases taken only to escape the personal liability for debts that inheres in partnerships; and, in cases wherein this is the only reason, or the compelling reason, it would make for more careful management and for better business morals if partnerships still existed. The corporation tax may in this unexpected way exert an excellent influence.

A NEW ARGUMENT FOR PERMANENT PEACE

THE invention of a new rapid-firing gun — not a piece of artillery but a weapon for infantry and cavalry — has increased the killing power of a soldier from twenty to one hundred times, according to circumstances. It may, therefore, be regarded as the most notable peace-making event of the year, because it multiplies the destructiveness of warfare.

Though it has become a part of the equipment of the United States army and will be manufactured in the Government's arsenal at Springfield, Mass., no nation will have a monopoly of the invention; and, therefore, no over-confident army will be tempted into arrogance because of its possession.

The new invention, known as the Benet-Mercie gun, will probably displace the Maxim, which has hitherto been thought to have reached the possibilities of rapid-firing. But the Maxim (with its tripod) weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and five mules are usually required to carry each gun and its equipment. It is therefore considered as artillery, for it cannot be kept in the van of an infantry charge, nor can it keep pace with cavalry.

The Benet-Mercie weighs only twenty-two pounds, and in the Government tests an infantryman carried the gun and three hundred rounds of ammunition for five miles. In skirmishing, its efficiency was shown to be about equivalent to that of twenty men armed with rifles. Under more favorable conditions, it is said to have as great efficiency as an infantry company of from seventy-five to one hundred men.

In cavalry use, its advantages are even greater. It is so constructed that its stock, weighing ten pounds, can be hung on one side of the saddle, while the barrel, weighing twelve pounds, can be hung on the other side. The two parts can be adjusted for action in about twenty seconds, and their weight is not sufficient to retard the movements of cavalry. During the government tests it was found that one mule could easily carry two guns, two extra barrels, and twelve hundred rounds of ammunition.

The Maxim is also at another disadvantage: its barrel is cooled by means of a water jacket. So great is the heat generated by rapid firing that the jacket is necessarily refilled after the first 750 shots, and therefore twelve pints of water are used for each 1,000 shots. This means not only the necessity of carrying a heavy weight of water, but also the generation of a cloud of steam which reveals to the enemy the location of the machine-gun.

The Benet-Mercie gun is air-cooled. The outside of the barrel is grooved to expose a greater surface to the air, and at the lower part of the barrel is a series of radiation coils, similar to those used in the air-cooling device of an automobile engine. This radiation is sufficient to keep the barrel cool if not more than one hundred shots are fired per minute; and it is claimed that the barrel will not become overheated at two hundred shots per minute until about five minutes have passed. In case overheating should take place, an extra barrel (which is carried as part of the equipment) may be adjusted. This change took forty seconds during one army trial, but it is claimed that the time can be materially reduced. The air-cooling mechanism does away with the necessity of carrying water.

The new automatic gun is fired from the ground, having supports barely long enough to hold it at a convenient height. The gunner takes a reclining position. This method of firing is adequate for distances up to approximately a mile, and it is within this radius that the gun will probably find its chief efficiency. It will shoot about two miles, but for the greater distances the army may find it desirable to provide a light tripod. Captain J. H. Parker, who commands a provisional machine-gun company in the United States army, gives it as his opinion that the Benet-Mercie has the most perfect mechanism of all rapid-firing guns yet invented. The Government tests show that it will produce a hail of four hundred or five hundred shots per minute. This is even more than a gunner can usually employ with good effect. The gun continues firing as long as pressure upon the trigger is continued, and stops at once when the trigger is released. Its period of continuous action is, in the judgment of army officers, limited to less than five

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minutes. Within that period any human target will either have been disposed of or will have retired.

Its automatic action is secured by the use of gases generated in firing. At each shot, gas is forced from the barrel into a small chamber just beneath, and the pressure of the gas fires the fresh cartridges. Because of the utilization of this energy, which is usually expended in the recoil, the "kick" of the new automatic is materially less than that of the army rifle.

The cartridges are of thirty calibre, and are identical with those used in modern rifles. For feeding into the gun they are adjusted in brass clips, each of which holds thirty cartridges. Ten of these loaded clips are carried in each ammunition case, and in infantry service the gunner will carry one case in addition to the gun. His assistant will carry two cases, or four in emergencies. When the gun is in action the assistant supplies fresh clips. To adjust a new supply of ammunition after thirty shots have been fired requires two or three seconds. The Maxim ammunition is fed by a belt holding 250 rounds, but government tests show that the Maxim gives more trouble through jamming, which is quite largely due to the belt feed.

An effort is now being made to adapt the Maxim silencer to the new automatic. Experiments thus far conducted have resulted in quickly overheating the barrel, but the effort has not been abandoned.

This new instrument of death was invented by Laurence V. Benet, managing director of the Hotchkiss plant in Paris. He is the son of a former chief of ordnance of the United States army, and a brother of Colonel Benet of the United States army. M. Mercie, whose name the gun also bears, is superintendent of the Hotchkiss plant in Paris.

DREADNOUGHTS HAVE ALREADY BROUGHT WAR

IN THE battleships *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, which made their trial trips in October, we added to our Navy the two most powerful vessels of war afloat in the seas of the world. But they will not long retain their pre-eminence. In the same month two magnified *Dreadnoughts*, the English *Neptune* and the German *Ostfriesland* — respectively the biggest, and the most powerful warship under contract — were put into the water. In the same month still, England launched a 19,000-ton cruiser-battleship, and France an 18,000-ton battleship with a greater weight of gun-fire than the *Dreadnought*. Two new super-*Dreadnoughts*, the *Westfalen* and the *Nassau*, are ready to join the German fleet of six already floating monsters of this type, equalling in number and outmatching in power the English eight. Another German super-*Dreadnought*, the *Siegfried*, is in the water; still another, the *Beowolf*, will be there before the next issue of this magazine. Four sisters will join them next year. Particulars of the armors and armaments of these new German naval fortresses being preserved as state secrets of the most vital moment, no one knows whether they will surpass in power the improved *Dreadnoughts* now being secretly completed in English yards.

What we are witnessing is a new form of warfare — the strangest ever seen. Whether or not these ships ever fire a shot at one another, every one of them has already attacked and damaged the nation whose rivalry provoked its building. They have spilt no blood, but they have exacted tremendous indemnities; they have destroyed wealth, and despoiled the taxpayers of the enemy.

Many a battle has cost the loser economically less than the loss it incurs in having to build a battleship. Twenty such battles could have been fought during the latter half of the year 1909 with no greater cost than that of the twenty monstrous ships begun within that period. And this strange and cruel contest has been waged in mere apprehension of a future cause! Furthermore, it has left the participants precisely where they were before, in the same relative positions of strength, although all the nations involved are really weaker than they were at the start. This surely is a very strange chapter in modern history.

PEACE FOR BUSINESS REASONS

SUCH an estimate of warship building — and it is a true estimate — takes no account of the more dreadful costs of war — of widow's tears, of empty chairs, and cold hearthstones. Nor does international politics take account of these. Wars are waged in modern times for economic gain. Whatever specious arguments may be given for them, their true cause is generally an economic one. Seldom indeed has honor or humanity successfully prompted an armed conflict in which there was no prospect of gain.

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It may well be, then, that the advocates of permanent peace may find their chief ground for hope in the fact that the cost of war is growing greater than any prospects of gain from war. It is not the remembrance of widow's tears nor reflection on the wickedness of slaying fellow-men that will disarm the nations. International combats will cease only when they are perceived to be economically inadvisable.

Mr. Edward Ginn, of Boston, was moved by recognition of this truth when he devoted a million dollars to promote the cause of universal peace by uniting the business men of the world against armed conflicts. He wishes to interest Chambers of Commerce and like business organizations in the financial burden of war, confident that attention to it will beget the conviction that war "doesn't pay."

A NEW EMANCIPATION FOR THE SOUTH

ABOUT the value of many well-meant efforts in philanthropy there is room for doubt — the more room, the more complex the world becomes. But there can be no doubt about the value of the gift by Mr. John D. Rockefeller of a sum — up to a million dollars, if necessary — to carry on a campaign of coöperation with the Southern people to eradicate the hookworm. This is a definite and practicable undertaking that will be of incalculable benefit to our country. It will rid it of a scourge worse than any war.

There are — by a conservative estimate made by the highest medical authority — two million victims of this disease, and the number is increasing so fast that in some communities all the people will soon become infected if it be not checked. The number of deaths, especially of children, that are directly or indirectly caused by it are unknown and incalculable; for the disease is not understood in many rural regions and it prepares the way for typhoid fever, malaria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia, and greatly increases both their prevalence and the mortality caused by them.

The hookworm, which was first explained to the lay public in the May number of THE WORLD'S WORK, was discovered in the United States by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles. His unceasing and unselfish labor in behalf of its victims had made it known to the best-informed physicians; but the public had little or no knowledge of it till last year, when President Roosevelt's Country Life Commission began its work. Dr. Stiles went with the Commissioners; and his explanation of the disease in the Southern States began to arouse the people to an understanding of it.

The present widespread agitation for eradicating it was then begun; many agencies and communities in the infested region are waking up to proper action. It must at last be stamped out by local sanitary regulations. But before local laws can be made and enforced in the wide areas of rural life, there will be millions of new victims; and there is an imperative need of such a campaign as Mr. Rockefeller has made possible, to coöperate with all local forces till the land is cleared of the scourge and all the people brought to understand it and the methods of its prevention. If every human being in these states used a sanitary privy, there would be no new case of the disease; and most of the two million or more present victims could be cured by half-a-dollar's worth of epsom salts and thymol.

Yet it is this disease that has long held back, and now holds back, millions of native Americans of English stock from a normal development. It has made them inert, unsuccessful, unambitious, inefficient. The South has a grave labor problem because so many of its people have been too sick to work effectively or skilfully. The South has a grave educational problem because so many of its people have been too sick to care for education or to pay for it or to profit by it. The South has a problem of delayed moral vigor because so many of its people have been too sick to develop strength of character.

This disease has thus caused these millions to be underfed, undertrained, undeveloped in every way. It has caused them to be misunderstood. It has caused them to misunderstand the rest of the world. The hookworm can be traced these last fifty years in its deadening effect on industry, on politics, on character.

Nor is it only a poor man's disease. In several Southern colleges the students have within a few months been examined, and about one-third of them were found to be its victims. This one-third were behind their fellows in sport, in college work, and the very fibre of life.

The extermination of this disease will bring more good results than any single event in the history of the Southern States, except only the abolition of slavery; and it may almost even

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dispute supremacy in importance with that. This is the proper measure of the value of Dr. Stiles's work.

It was an impressive spectacle — this group of men seated at a directors' table, including the very highest medical authorities on this subject in the world: Dr. Stiles; Dr. Welch, of the Johns Hopkins University and President of the American Medical Association; and Dr. Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and half-a-dozen of the educational leaders of the South, including Mr. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Schools in North Carolina, and President of the National Educational Association — met to accept this fund and to lay plans to use it effectively. They will give to the work their time and their authority and influence and their best judgment without other compensation than the highest compensation that men can receive for any labor — the satisfaction of serving their fellow-men.

II

You may calculate the gain that will be made by the eradication of this disease in any one of several ways. Economically it will be the difference between two million persons sick and inefficient — a drag on all progress — and the same persons well and efficient — a help to industry; two million whom the community has to carry and the same two million doing their normal work. There will be a corresponding gain in energy of thought and of character.

Nor is this all. With the eradication of the hookworm the prevalence of tuberculosis, of typhoid, and of other diseases will be very greatly diminished. This campaign, therefore, is a campaign directly against all these diseases also, and for right living, so as to lessen all diseases. Alabama, for instance, has now the highest typhoid death-rate of all the states. Such a new sanitary order of life as will be required to banish the hookworm will greatly diminish this scourge also.

Nor is this all. In most rural parts of the United States good sanitation is yet unknown in the habits of a large part of the people. When the schools, the local government authorities, the churches, and all forces for the building up of the people have been organized in the South for a general sanitary campaign, the value of such work will be brought home to the people in other parts of the Union. For there are other diseases than hookworm disease that can be prevented by such organization. Out of this movement may come a new kind of activity for health.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND

THE myth of the stolid Englishman, conceived as a being proof against the assaults of emotion, was wrecked last winter in the frenzy of the "invasion" panic. We are prepared, therefore, for the display of intense feeling, of passion unexampled in the politics of England since Corn-Law days, that accompanies the discussion of the budget of the Asquith Government. This time the emotion is not merely nervous. It is very real and profound. "This is not a budget, but a revolution," and it may be true that what England needs is not a budget but a revolution.

With one million officially listed paupers, with capital going abroad and opportunities of employment dwindling at home, with physicians pointing to the evidence of physical deterioration, with the accepted necessity of hastily doubling the burden of national defense, with the necessity of finding means to meet in some way the triumphant rivalry of Germany and of a whole foreign world, sweeping on to a new era of industry and commerce — confronted with all this, the remarkable group of men who find themselves at the head of the British Government have dared to plan a social revolution. They propose to obliterate the picturesque remains of feudalism, to return the land to the people, to assert the public ownership of natural resources, and to enforce the right of every man to work. The budget means all this — ultimately.

The particular aim for the moment is, of course, the necessity of raising more revenue. The Government proposes to make the rich pay it; they are to be taxed and sur-taxed, and taxed again; especially must the landlords empty their pockets, and the heirs of the dying yield up big slices of their newly acquired property. "This," cry the landlords, "is confiscation. It is unrighteous; it is monstrous. Moreover, it will prove a measure not of amelioration but of disaster, for, destroying confidence in the safety of property and removing incentives to enterprise, it will paralyze industry and increase poverty."

"How then," rejoins the Government, "will you get your revenue?"

The answer is ready. Mr. Chamberlain

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furnished it in his audacious proposal of five years ago and he lives to witness its full acceptance by his party. They call it "tariff reform" in England, and it means "protection." With the arguments in favor of "protection" as a promoter of industry, we are familiar. To-day British workingmen are listening to them. The walls of London and Manchester are plastered with cartoons depicting full dinner-pails and other pictorial arguments of the Protectionists.

A peculiar obstacle, however, to popular acceptance of these arguments is the fact that any scheme of British "protection" must lay a duty on wheat and increase the price of bread. Therefore, the Liberals raise the cry: "Tax the land of the rich man, not the bread of the poor."

II

Nor could the movement be more effectively sustained than it is by Mr. David Lloyd-George. This successor of Disraeli and Gladstone in the Chancellory of the Exchequer would be a Populist if he were an American. He rails against privilege; he hates accumulated wealth; he boasts that he was a poacher; he grills landlords and girds at the nobility. "A duke," he says, "costs as much as a *Dreadnought* and is far more dangerous." However, there has been "a slump in dukes." Mr. Lloyd-George preaches the doctrine of the "unearned increment" in homeliest and plainest language; crowds hang upon his words as he promises to spoil the Egyptians and holds forth alluring prospects of Governmental insurance against unemployment, and old age pensions for all.

Nothing, shouts this Cabinet Minister who looks like an evangelical preacher and talks like Ben Tillman, nothing can stop the sweep of the social reform upon which the British people have entered, and those who think to do so will be annihilated by the lightning which has not yet begun to play.

III

Mr. Lloyd-George's threat is, of course, aimed particularly at the House of Lords, and it is even predicted in some quarters that that venerable member of the British political fabric may fall before the storm. The House of Lords probably has the constitutional right to throw out the budget now that it has passed the Commons, but such an act would probably invite its own destruction. An English institution is the last thing on earth to commit suicide; but, encouraged by the Bermondsey bi-election result, the Lords may pluck up courage to refuse approval to the budget, not on its merits but under the form of a demand that so important a measure be referred to the people before enactment.

The King is understood to be anxious to avoid the possibilities that might follow this step, and for the first time has betrayed a concern over internal affairs of a Government administered in his name.

Whatever the conceivable abolition of the House of Lords might mean and lead to — and there are not lacking agitated Englishmen who affirm that it would threaten the throne itself — this would be of formal and but slight actual importance compared with the already certain fact that the mind of England is set upon social revolution, and that the new gospel has found its apostles in a responsible Government and its upper room in Downing Street.

HOW ANARCHISTS ARE MADE

THE summary manner in which Prof. Antonio Ferrer was executed in Barcelona shows that the Spanish authorities were so eager for his removal that they did not stop to consider the measure of the man's influence.

As a result of the execution, France, Spain, Italy, and Latin-America were profoundly agitated, and indignation meetings were held in England and America as well. The Spanish Cabinet has been forced out of office by the violence of public sentiment.

It seems incredible that the leaders of Spain should not have foreseen all this. The execution of a popular idol, even where guilt is self-evident — as in the case of John Brown, of Ossawatomie — is always to be feared. Ferrer was primarily an educator; he strove for a public school system that was opposed to the schools conducted by priests and nuns. Had he lived in America he would probably have been a social-settlement worker, with socialistic tendencies. As it was, he was not an anarchist of the blatant, violent class, but a schoolteacher of a gentle and devoted type.

All Europe will reap the consequences of his hasty taking-off. Thinking men and women in the countries where the double oppression of monarchy and church is keenly felt have been pressed across the boundary-

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line into Socialism; and many Socialists have been turned into open anarchists.

The position of monarchy and of the church in Spain is not to be envied. The violent anarchists will probably wreak what they consider an adequate revenge, soon or late; but the worst of it is that the opponents of law and organized government have been strengthened by men who were supposed to be ministers of justice.

AMERICAN COLLEGES IN ASIA

A MAN who is ambitious for a life of exceptional usefulness may find a suggestion in the careers of two American educators who have returned home after approximately half a century of epoch-making service in Western Asia — Dr. George Washburn, of Robert College, Constantinople, and Dr. Daniel Bliss, of the American Protestant College, Beirut, Syria. Dr. Washburn has just told his story in his "Fifty Years in Constantinople," but neither man has ever made efforts to attract the attention of his countrymen.

Robert College, to which Dr. Washburn devoted his life, was founded by Cyrus Hamlin, but was named after Mr. Robert (without his consent), a New York merchant who gave $400,000 for its founding. It occupies a beautiful site of twenty-three acres overlooking the Bosphorus, is near the bridge over which Darius led the Persians into Scythia, and faces a castle built by Mohammed the Conqueror in the year that Columbus discovered America. At the time of its founding, 1863, there was no other college in the Turkish Empire.

Its wholesome and enlightened influence has been stamped upon at least 3,000 young men of the Levant, chiefly Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians, and its graduates have, generally, been a credit to the institution. For instance, it educated the men whose leadership made it possible for the Bulgarians to establish a free state in the Balkans.

The American Protestant College, in Beirut, has had even a wider influence. It also is out-and-out American in its spirit and methods; the late Morris K. Jesup was president of its board of trustees. It has about nine hundred students a year in its seven departments and requires a teaching force of about seventy instructors. The graduates of this college occupy positions of influence in many lands. For example, an editor of this magazine discovered one at Tangier editing the most influential Arabic newpaper in Morocco. Lord Cromer employed many of the Beirut men during his twenty years' work of rebuilding Egypt.

Not the least among the results achieved by Drs. Washburn and Bliss is the stimulus to Oriental education in general. The conspicuous success has encouraged the establishment of hundreds of other schools in the Levant. There are now at least a dozen American colleges and more than a hundred other important mission schools. The example of Robert College, in particular, led the Turkish Government into an epoch of college-building — and this has doubtless had much to do with "the young Turk" movement that deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid.

There is more than national pride in the prophecy that the graduates of American schools will be the chief factors in the real upbuilding of that part of the old world which for the time being is called the Turkish Empire.

AN ODD METHOD OF INVESTMENT

A MAN who died in Connecticut seven years ago left to his son a legacy of $5,000. The son, a fairly prosperous clerk in a downtown wholesale house in New York, was twenty-six, married, and lived in a rented house in New Jersey. At the time his mind was bent upon the task of building up, for the future, a little estate. His first child had just been born, and the responsibilities of home weighed somewhat heavily upon his mind. As a salaried man, he had saved little; and he figured much upon what would happen to his hostages to fortune in case anything happened to him.

All this he told me on the train, apologizing for the nature of the investment he had made with that legacy.

"I was afraid of Wall Street," he said, "and

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not enough experienced to undertake the scientific investment of the money and the interest it would earn. Of course, I knew that a good investment would double my money in fifteen years or so. Everybody knows that. The trouble was to find a way. I am not much on system, and I felt that if I had interest coming in every few months I might not invest it every time. I would want a horse, or something, and spend the money to get it. You see, I was building a home at the same time.

"The thing I did was to go and buy a few railroad bonds that I found out to be real, solid bonds; and then I took out life insurance with premiums payable every six months, shortly after my interest was due from the bonds. I made the amount of insurance match the interest; so I can't use up any of the income if I want to.

"It may be kind of foolish; but now I have the habit, and it seems easy to carry the thing along. I don't get anything out of the money, but it makes me feel comfortable. Maybe I might have done better; but I know I might have done worse."

It struck me that the thing was sensible, and I said so. The particular thing that I saw in it was the safeguard against foolishness. It is too easy to spend money, and the man with a small income coming in from a legacy that he did not earn with his own work is more apt, perhaps, than any other man to spend the "wind-fall" on luxuries. And luxuries that are consumed immediately cost double.

It seemed worth while, however, to analyze the investment, and to put alongside of it one or two other methods that he might have used. It is seven years since the investment was made. Here is what he has to-day to show for the fund:

FIRST PLAN

Value of the bonds	$5,000
Surrender value of the policies	1,140
Total cash value	$6,140
Additional in case of death	8,860
Total estate	$15,000

The bond is perfectly good. It cost him about par and is worth that to-day, and it pays $250 a year in interest. The insurance was ordinary life, twenty-year insurance, in a good company. The interest is payable on October 1st and April 1st of each year, and the insurance premiums are paid on October 5th and April 5th of each year. For the sake of illustration, it may be assumed that the semi-annual interest on his $5,000 bonds exactly meets the semi-annual premiums on $10,000 insurance, though it does not quite meet them.

If, instead of doing this, he had put the money in banks, at an average rate of 4 per cent., the present value of the investment would be this:

SECOND PLAN

Principal	$5,000
Interest compounded semi-annually	1,862
Cash value	$6,862
Additional value in case of death	0,000
Total estate	$6,862

This would be the natural thing for a man to do, if he was afraid of investment. Clearly, it runs up the cash value of the fund much faster than the other; but on the other hand it carries no contingent profits in case of death. As compared with this form of investment, the buyer has paid $722 for seven years' insurance in the sum of $8,860.

If the young man, instead of buying insurance, had made his investment in bonds, and then deposited the interest every six months and let it compound in the bank, the result now would be:

THIRD PLAN

Bonds	$5,000
Interest	2,036
Cash value	$7,036
Additional in case of death	0,000
Total estate	$7,036

Here is a distinct gain over the savings-bank account. This simply means that a man who deposits $125 every six months and gets 4 per cent. on it will find at the end of seven years a fund of $2,036 in his bank. This is the principle upon which the instalment bonds, used largely in the real-estate debenture field, are based. As compared with this method, the insurance has cost the buyer $996 for seven years. The rate is getting high. The same amount of similar insurance, carried in addition, would have cost him about $550, after deducting the cash value of the policy.

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There are many variations of this third plan. Real-estate debentures on the instalment plan usually pay 6 per cent.; and he might have bought them with his $125 every six months. It would have increased his interest gains about $200 in the seven years.

Again, he might have let his fund accumulate until it reached a figure large enough to buy a bond; or he might even have bought one good solid share of stock each six months. A slight study of the list of prices during the period shows that he could now be the owner of fifteen shares of the better class of railroad stocks. If he had at each period picked out the best-known stock at his price — $125 a share — he would have made these purchases, and received the indicated amount of dividends on them in the intervening time up to the present:

Bought in	1 *Share of*	*Dividends, Etc.*
April, 1903	Canadian Pacific	$54.00
October, 1903	Omaha	41.00
April, 1904	Pennsylvania (2)	37.50
October, 1904	Louisville & Nashville	28.00
April, 1905	Union Pacific	40.50
October, 1905	Soo Line	18.00
April, 1906	Reading	16.00
October, 1906	New York Central	19.25
April, 1907	Northern Pacific	19.25
October, 1907	Milwaukee	14.00
April, 1908	Illinois Central	11.50
October, 1908	Great Northern	8.75
April, 1909	Atlantic Coast Line	3.00
October, 1909	Atchison, Topeka & S. F.	0.00
	Par value, $1,500	$310.75

The dividends would naturally be deposited to earn interest, say at 4 per cent. They would earn, in all, about $45 additional, making the total income from this source $355.75.

The actual cost of the $1,500 of stock was $1,825. The present value is $2,154. There is here a profit of $319, which must be counted in. The total result of the investment would, therefore, work out thus:

FOURTH PLAN

Bonds	$5,000.00
Cost of stocks	1,825.00
Dividends and interest	355.75
Total	$7,180.75
Profits if sold	319.00
Total	$7,499.75

In seven years, in security investment that is not in any way scientific, but is almost purely haphazard, the increase in value is nearly 50 per cent.

It sounds difficult to the man who has never dealt in securities. As a matter of fact, given common sense, it is about as easy as anything could be.

If the buyer buys his bond and leaves it in the name of his banker and in his hands, the banker collects the coupons every April and October. The buyer calls the banker on the telephone on April 1st, and says:

"You have a credit balance in my name. Please buy me one share of Canadian Pacific, hold it in your name, and keep it for me."

The next day he gets a notice that the stock is bought, and the price. At the end of the month, he gets a statement from the banker showing how much there still is to his credit. The banker collects the dividends. There is nothing to do about it. Six months later, the buyer picks out another stock selling at the right price. He telephones again. The same thing happens every six months. If, after the purchases are made, there is still a small balance to his credit, he gets interest on that. His little statement of October 1st may show that he has a balance of $12.40. He knows that the interest payable on that day makes it $137.40. He can, if he likes, pay that much for his share of stock, instead of the usual $125. Anyway, the whole thing is automatic. It is the relationship of the substantial banker and his client.

There are very many ways to use $5,000 with sense and with profit. The way of the young man from New Jersey is not at all bad. In fact, if one needs insurance, it is probably more sensible than any other way. If, however, one is looking for investment, there are many forms of investment that pay better and are as safe as insurance. The one outlined above is easy enough, and needs no special knowledge. It is haphazard buying. One may note that the buying outlined in it ran through two booms — 1906 and 1909 — and one fair-sized panic. A scientific buyer would probably have refrained from buying in the booms, and let his balance grow with the banker. That, however, is a refinement of the art.

The important thing in such investment is

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the habit of regularity. The more nearly automatic one gets in the proper use of funds, the more the funds will grow. That is the one strong point about insurance-investment. It is automatic, because the premuims are mandatory. A sensible man should not need to have an insurance company appointed guardian of his money. C. M. K.

THE WESTERNER AND HIS TROLLEY-LINE

IN JULY, a man in Idaho received a letter from a New York banking house to the effect that the bankers had decided to look carefully into the project which he had outlined to them. The letter invited the Westerner to come East, bringing with him all the plans and details and data concerning the inter-urban railroad which he wanted to build, and for which he wanted assistance.

The Westerner joyfully packed up his clothes for a week's stay in New York. He brought with him all the facts. A statement showed exactly how many people had lived along the projected line in every year for the past decade. Another paper outlined the acreage that had come under cultivation year by year. Still another described the irrigation projects now under way, and recited the probable increase in business and people as a result.

Reports, more or less expert, detailed the cost of construction, the expense of operation and maintenance, the source of power, the market for light and power in the small commercial centres of the region. These statements were a matter of some pride to the Westerner; for he had in his mind an honest project, and one that he knew would pay and would also help his country very greatly.

They met him at the New York banking house with honest courtesy. He was not surprised nor piqued when he discovered that it was the junior partner of the banking house with whom he had his conferences, for he knew that he was dealing with a firm that underwrites bond issues of $5,000,000 and more at a time, and he had no such project in his mind. The junior member, moreover, had been in the West, and knew the territory. He displayed a remarkable knowledge of conditions and a quick sympathy with the ambitions and the patriotism of his visitor.

At the outset, the banker expressed doubt about the wisdom of his house going into a project so small. Then he spent two weeks going over every detail. Finally, he put the visitor up at a club and told him that the whole matter would be taken under advisement immediately and that all he could do was to wait.

He waited a week, and then went down in response to a telephone call. He found the banker kind but quite hopeless.

"We have decided," he said, "that we cannot handle the bonds. We think your project is all right, and well conceived. The road will undoubtedly be a success. If it were a hundred miles instead of ten, and if it needed $1,000,000 bonds instead of $100,000, we could take it, and would be glad to do it. But as it is, my partners don't want to take it, because it is too small."

"But surely the size of it does not make any difference in the value of the bonds!" exclaimed the Westerner, aghast.

The banker smiled. "Of course it does," he said, "for the size of the issue measures the volume of our profits. There are many expenses in underwriting that are just the same for the small company as for the large. A legal opinion on the bonds, for instance, would cost us about as much for your issue of $100,000 as for an issue of $1,000,000. A report on your water-power and an engineer's expenses and fees would be about the same —within limits.

"You can see how it is if you figure on the gross profits we could make. Put our commission on the bonds at 7 per cent. It would be $7,000 on your issue, and $70,000 in an issue of ten times the amount. It would cost us just about as much in clerical labor, in selling effort, in engineering reports, in legal expense, and in supervision to earn that $7,000 as to earn $70,000 in a larger project.

"We don't discriminate against the small issue because it is small, but because the margin of profit in it is very small."

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The Westerner seemed resentful. The banker was sorry. Because he was sorry, he took pains to put the Westerner in touch with half a dozen other houses of various grades. None of them cared to take up the matter. Most of them accepted without question the results of the first investigation, so that little time was lost; but by the middle of September the Westerner knew that none of the bigger banking houses of the East cared for his project. The reason was identical in every case.

His associates in the West, local men of more or less capital, had depended a great deal on the success of the Eastern visit. Their delegate, therefore, determined to leave no stone unturned to take back with him something definite.

He interviewed the two big electric supply companies, and learned that the heaviest part of the work could be carried along and paid for on protracted payments. It might even be arranged to pay for the work in securities, though the amount of the construction bonds that would be needed to pay a debt of $1,000 rather staggered him — and then there was also some of the stock required.

The last card was the smaller class of banking houses. At least, so it seemed to the Westerner. He visited half a dozen whose names he got from a sympathetic newspaper man whom he met at his hotel. Here his reception was pleasant, and his story commanded a good hearing in every case. Two definite offers of underwriting resulted. Both of them, however, went far and away beyond the 7 per cent. profit of which his first Eastern friend had spoken. The best of them offered to take the whole $100,000 of bonds at $85,000, payable over a period of eighteen months, provided the bonds had a bonus of $50,000 stock thrown in; and provided, further, that two directors should be elected by the bankers, one of whom would be chosen vice-president of the company.

The terms seemed rigorous, but the banker made it clear that in underwriting such ventures the banker takes a large risk, and must place himself close to the management so that he may know just what is going on. It was a perfectly fair proposition, "take it or leave it."

The Westerner went home, firmly impressed with the idea that the East is a hard bargainer. He had found one class of bankers talking easy terms, but not able to make them; and another class willing to make hard terms, or what seemed to him like hard terms. The big electrical companies, he found, are engaged in the electrical manufacturing business just now, and are not so willing as they used to be to take bonds or stocks in payment for work.

A week after he reached the West, he received a letter addressed to him by an engineering firm in New York. The letter merely asked whether or not, in view of his desire to carry on the construction of an electric line, of which the writer had heard by chance, he was willing to allow a representative of the firm in question to call upon him and go over the details of the project. He knew the engineering firm as a strong, energetic, and extremely wealthy corporation. He also knew that if it took up the project it would carry it through, and continue to dominate it in the future.

He and his friends are still figuring. They have about decided to try to get the New York engineers to take the project and work it out. They themselves are willing to admit that as promoters they are not particularly successful. They want the railroad, and they think that some one will build it if it is investigated.

Their project is typical of a large group of projects that comes to light every year, then disappears. It belongs in the category of things too large to be handled by local capital alone, and too small to be interesting to the big capitalist.

Probably nine out of ten of such projects, particularly in the electric transportation field, are still-born. Of the other tenth, a few find backing in the big banking field, in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and, occasionally, in New York. Of the rest, a few are built on popular subscription in the towns along the route. The rest are financed and built by home money.

The money of the men at home is the mainstay of such enterprises, and the methods used to enlist this sort of capital, and the ways and means that ought to be used to safeguard it when it is raised, form the subject for another article. Perhaps there are more disappointments due to lack of knowledge concerning the banking conditions than from any other cause, and, therefore, this phase has been dealt with first.

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HOW TO TELL A GOOD ACCIDENT POLICY FROM A BAD ONE

ON THE day that George Robertson made up his mind to purchase the long-desired home of his own, he took counsel with his lawyer and paid him a fee running into three figures to search the title to the property. He did not propose to take any chances of a flaw in the title turning up after he had paid the purchase price and got comfortably settled. He could have saved the lawyer's fee and secured a guaranteed title to the property by having a title guarantee company make the search, but its charge for services would also have included a premium for insuring the title. Then, no matter what defects might have developed in after years, the money invested by Robertson would have been safe, for the company would either take steps to defend the title or pay Robertson the original purchase price. That plan was one with which Robertson was not familiar, but, as we have seen, he was cautious enough to investigate his title.

About the same time Robertson had yielded to the persuasions of a solicitor for an accident and illness insurance company and agreed to take a policy promising him indemnity for disability caused by accidents or illness. The transaction was a comparatively simple one. Just a few questions asked, his name signed, a courteous adieu, and nothing more was thought of the matter until a few days later when the agent appeared with the policy.

"There it is, sir, the best policy of its kind on the market, covering you for a period of twelve months from to-day against loss of time caused by accidental injury or illness, and promising large sums for dismemberment of limbs or accidental death."

Robertson took the policy, glanced wisely at the outside where his name and the date were conspicuously displayed, asked how much the premium was, drew his check for the amount, and then put the policy away in his safe without a further thought as to its contents. But the contents were important. All health and sickness policies are not the same, and an insurer should know the difference between a good one and a poor one.

Many persons carry what they believe to be general accident insurance policies, bought at an extremely low price, which they will find on examination cover only accidents occurring under extremely limited circumstances. The coupon, slot-machine, and identification contracts costing from ten cents to one dollar are all of this class and cover travel accidents only.

In buying a general accident insurance policy the insured should first find out what it permits him to do. The premium charged him is based on his occupation, which is given a definite classification. If he changes his occupation to one classed by the company as more hazardous, the benefits are reduced to the sums provided under that classification. Occupation is construed to mean the regular trade, business, or profession of the insured and the policy covers the hazards incident thereto. In a broader sense the insured is or should be covered while doing many things not regularly a part of his business. Many men like to do various things about their homes which for the time being partake of the nature of more hazardous occupations, such as carpentering, gardening, or plumbing. The policy properly covers these hazards as a part of a man's daily life in the same way that it covers the hazard of sport apart from professionalism. As a rule, the policies are not explicit upon this point, but custom and usage have made it a principle that the insured may do the various odd jobs of life without imperiling the contract. If the occupation clause is so worded as not to cover those incidents, then a special arrangement should be made or another policy obtained.

The insuring clause of an accident policy recites that the person is insured against bodily injury through accidental means and resulting directly, independently, and exclusively of all other causes, in immediate, continuous and total disability that prevents the insured from performing any and every kind of duty pertaining to his occupation. This can be clearly understood by the insured, but must be considered in connection with the

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exceptions printed in another part of the policy. Generally speaking, the only exceptions are for suicide and for intentional injuries self-inflicted.

The question as to what constitutes an accident has been frequently before the courts for adjudication, resulting in the companies being compelled to make their policies accord with the decisions. Several years ago a company was sued on an accident policy held by a man who had been struck by lightning. At that time the policies specifically stated that they did not insure against death or disability through being struck by lightning. The case was before a Kansas judge and the argument was made that, under the terms of the policy, being struck by lightning was not an accident but, as counsel defined it, was an act of God.

"I would have you know, sir," said the judge, "that an act of God is an accident in Kansas."

The decision went against the company, and lightning ceased to be classed as an exception. It has been decided that the sting of an insect and the kick of a horse are accidents. In fact, the decisions of the courts have been in favor of the insured, where the construction of "injury through accidental means" was involved. Sunstroke, freezing, hydrophobia, and asphyxiation were all considered at one time outside the meaning of an accident policy, but are now covered. The contract, therefore, that contains a long list of exceptions is not in accord with good practice.

Accidents of travel, for which accident insurance was originally designed, are now reckoned so unimportant that the companies pay double indemnity to their policyholders who suffer from such. A form of clause is sometimes used providing the double benefits only in case of the "wrecking or disablement" of the car in which the insured is a passenger. Such a clause should therefore be avoided.

Taking too much accident insurance is as unprofitable as overloading with fire insurance. As the object of accident insurance is to compensate for the loss of income incurred by disability, the companies do not pay weekly indemnity in excess of the weekly earnings of the insured. The applicant is required to state what accident insurance he carries and in what companies. If, in event of injury, it appears that the weekly indemnity accruing under the several policies is in excess of his usual weekly earnings, the companies pay only a proportionate part. The accident insurance required, therefore, should be based on a comparison of the average weekly earnings with the weekly indemnity specified in the policy for ordinary accidents.

The insured must bear in mind that a violation of the provisions of the policy, or misstatements in the schedule of warranties making up the application, invalidate the insurance; that an assignment of the policy, if made, must be certified to the company; and if a claim is involved, clear proof of interest must be shown; that agents cannot alter or waive any of the provisions of the policy; and that any such alterations or waivers must be endorsed on the policy by the executive officers.

An important provision to study is that relating to notice of accident. A clause specifying a comparatively short time in which to notify the company of the occurrence of an accident causing injury is of doubtful service to the insured. He may be injured in a locality where he is a stranger, and rendered unconscious of reasonable action for a period of weeks; or, even if in the hands of friends, there is the possibility of no one being familiar with the fact that he carried accident insurance. The best clause covering this point is one requiring the notice to be given within a reasonable time, and this should be insisted upon by the insured.

Much of what has been said above applies with equal force to the provisions regarding sickness insurance; about the only additional point worth noting being in connection with the time the sickness indemnity commences to accrue. A few companies pay indemnity from the first day of illness, but many do not pay for the first week of illness. In other words, the insured must be ill for more than a week before the indemnity begins to accrue. It would be well to consider the aggregate advantages offered by the contract in determining which of these methods of payment is most desirable. The insured should note that illness requiring the services of a regular, certified physician is the only illness coming under the terms of the policy.

Finally, the insured should remember that sickness insurance terminates at the age of sixty, and that thereafter the companies do not insure against accidental injury except fatal accidents, and even this protection ceases at the age of sixty-five.

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MIKE HALLORAN, OPTIMIST

A TRUE STORY

BY

W. I. SCANDLIN

"WHEN did you say you lost it?" asked Bailey, reporter on *The Chronicle*.

"Fourteen year ago, sor. The paris green got inter me eyes in the factory where I was workin', an' they wint out on me fourteen year ago come nixt month, sor."

"And you mean to tell me you've supported yourself since then, without your sight? How in the name of conscience do you do it?"

"By cartin' ashes, sor. I carts 'em away from the mills and fact'ries an' dumps 'em in the scows at the city dumps, sor."

"Oh, yes. I suppose you're a contractor and have men working for you."

"Thruth yer say whin ye call me the contractor, but divil a man does the work fur me, savin' a small lad that leads the horse."

"And you load from a chute?"

"I sure do, sor, but it's a shoot I works meself. Every spoonful o' the load goes in by me shovel, an' I'll trim me load wid anny man at that, sor. It's of'en I hear folks stop to see me me at work an' they sez:

"'Aw, g'wan! What yer givin' us? He's not blind.'

"An' thin, whin they comes close, they sort o' holds their breath an' goes off as if they'd jest thought o' somethin' that was waitin' for 'em somewhere else.

"They calls me 'Happy Mike Halloran,' owin' to me mindin' me own affairs an' keepin' a cheery look to the world," he went on with a bit of sigh; "but I feels it pretty sober inside o' me whin I be lookin' the gayest."

"How much work can you do in a day, Halloran, as compared to a man who can see?"

"As much as anny o' them an' more'n manny, sor. I can handle six to tin loads a day, accordin' to the len'th o' the trip. I'll be afther havin' 'em shorter when the new docks be finished. I'm tryin' me best to git a free permit on account o' not havin' me soight. I know there's some o' the other men gits 'em an' that gives 'em a chance to bid under us as has to pay; an' whin I git that, I'll be able to meet the best o' thim, providin' I can git me a horse agin."

"But I thought you said you had a horse."

"I did till two months back, sor, whin he took sick o' the glanders and died on me. Thin I spint ivery last cint o' me money on a baste that was ricomminded to me as bein' sound, savin' he was a bit spavined, an' begorra, sor, in less than a week he wint bad an' the Cruelty Society took him away an' shot him, sor. The agent he says to me: 'It's only the luck o' your bein' blind,' sez he, 'that I don't arrist yez an' have yez fined,' sez he. Take the boy, Mag, he's fell asleep," this to his wife, a sweet-faced little woman, who had been crooning a lullaby to a bundle of lesser babyhood as the two men talked.

Halloran rose from his chair by the stove, which was cold and comfortless, and, stretching himself to his height of six feet two, displayed a figure that would have done credit to a disciple of Vulcan. He was without coat or vest, and was in his stocking feet.

"That was near two months back, sor; and wid me horse me luck wint, too, though I be hopin' it'll be back wid me soon. But it's hard on Mag an' the kids till I gits on me feet agin."

"He's the pluckiest man in the world, sir," interposed the wife.

"How have you managed since the horse was taken? Can you get out of it whole when you have to hire?"

"It's barely whole I git out of it. I have to pay two dollars a day for the baste an' feed him at noon, an' whin the end o' the week comes there's scarce a dollar left for the rest o' us. But I have to hire one, two, or three times a week or me ashes would pile up on me, an' the superintindints would let out me job on me. Wid a horse o' me own, me cost o' main*tain*ance comes down to about fifteen dollars a month, and leaves tin or twilve a week fur meself."

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"How about getting work? Have you much difficulty in finding jobs?"

"Sure there's plenty o' work to be done but it's the price that sez whether me or some other feller gits it to do, sor. It's iver the same quistion: 'How much'll you charge a load,' an' the man that makes the lowest price connicts wid the job. But I beat 'em there on account o' me puttin' the money they'd spind for drink inter feed for me horse, an' of'en I gits the part of a broken bundle o' hay give me by the feed men at the big store; an' wance in a while a bag o' oats is thrun inter me bin at the stable an' I'm niver a bit the wiser whince it comes. Sure it's close competition I meets at the business end, but the boys are good to me on the outside."

Bailey fumbled his way down the dark, narrow stairs to the street, with a well-defined plan in his mind. He spent an hour in the neighborhood, interviewing the men at the feed-store and the stable, then he went to the Club.

The afternoon of the third day following found him in the stable, awaiting the coming of Halloran, whom he had summoned by letter the day before. Presently the blind man came, his feet grotesquely wrapped in huge bundles of gunny sacks.

"Hello, Halloran! What do you think of this horse for your work?" and, leading the way to a nearby stall, he thrust the amazed Halloran inside.

"Begorra, sor, I don't know what to think," but his hands were running carefully over the horse's head, neck, shoulders and back, across its chest and down each powerful, well-formed leg.

"He's sound as a nut, sor, not a scratch agin him annywhere. But what are the shoes doin' over his back, sor?"

"They're for his new owner, Halloran. Do you think they'll fit?"

"Do you mane, sor? Do you mane ——" and Halloran leaned up against the stall in a dazed sort of a way.

"Yes, that's just what I mean," interrupted Bailey. "The outfit's yours. Your stall rent's paid for a month, there's a good supply of feed to start on, the receipts are in one of the shoes, and with them you'll find the permit to dump at the new docks. If you don't make out with the horse, man, I'll be tempted to get you an auto. You're a brick, Halloran, and I'm proud to know you."

THE CONFLICT OF COLOR

IV

THE WORLD'S BLACK PROBLEM

BY

B. L. PUTNAM WEALE

THERE is, perhaps, nothing quite so cruel in the whole world as the law which has given to more than a hundred millions of human beings coal-faces and bodies, thus so distinguishing them from the rest of the human family that this color is held to be a mark of inferiority.

In Europe, where Negroes are not generally seen or understood, it may sound like an overstatement to speak of the race in such uncompromising terms; but in the two Americas, in Africa, and along the vast Asiatic coast line, the coal-black native is almost universally considered as an inferior man. This is not at all strange to those who know the full story of the color conflict.

The whole history of India, for instance, has been one long story of color prejudice. The aboriginal tribes, who still form a considerable part of the population, were black, though they were not Negroes; and there can be no doubt that the Aryans, the whites who migrated into India countless centuries ago, devised the iron system of castes, which is as strong to-day as it was thousands of years ago, to prevent the further mixing of

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the dominant race with an inferior people. It is a fact well worth mentioning that castes in Sanskrit are called *colors*. The anxiety to preserve racial purity is common to all the higher peoples of the world.

The black man is something apart. This was so much felt even by the Chinese miners who thronged the Rand during the five years of the yellow labor experiment that few condescended to have relations with Kaffir women, in sharp contrast to the behavior of Chinese immigrants in the Straits Settlement, Burmah, Java, and Sumatra — where they readily mate with many varieties of brown maidens, and are abnormally proud of their mixed offspring. That there exists some law forbidding the mixing with black blood is, therefore, felt by the yellow men as well as by white men; and though in Western Asia some races, the Arabs, for example, seem to have overcome in some measure this curious prejudice, the Sudanese cross-breeds, which are now so numerous, are considered very inferior to pure-bred brown men, and at best only a little better than the coal-blacks.

Nor must it be forgotten that there is an ethical reason for this profound aversion. The black man has given nothing to the world. He has no architecture of his own, no art, no history, no real religion, unless animism be a religion. His hands have reared no enduring monuments, save when they have been forcibly directed by the energies of other races. The black man — the Negro — is the world's common slave. He has been a slave in Asia far more than he has ever been a slave in America — for his slavery in the cotton-growing states lasted but a few short decades, whereas in Asia it has certainly endured for three thousand years, if not twice that long.

Fate seems to have marked the African down. No matter what one may say against the Asiatic, it is a fact that he has contributed immensely to the civilization of the world. He has founded every religion that exists; he has built most enduring monuments and temples, and he possesses in many ways a far more subtle and speculative brain than the European. In poetry and in art the debt Europe owes Asia is immense, far greater than is commonly supposed. Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese, Arab, Hindoo, Persian — all have contributed their ordered quota; all have had and will continue to have a profound influence on the world's progress. Not so the black man. He is the child of nature — the one untutored man who was a slave in the days of Solomon and is still a slave, though his manumission throughout the world is one of the great landmarks in the history of the nineteenth century.

Thus, the Negro has always been held up as a perfect example of arrested development. Though he has for three thousand years been in contact with other peoples, he has remained a child of nature, despised and ill-treated whenever possible.

If it is true that the black man is the object of common hatred of all the higher races in the world, then the Black Problem must finally become the world's greatest racial problem, though not perhaps until much time has elapsed and the Negroes have immensely multiplied. This problem will be as troublesome to the rulers of the British Empire as it will be to the rulers of the great American republic; in fact, it will be a problem for all European Powers who have acquired the rights of eminent domain in the black man's lands. For the black man is a great breeder of men, and in a few scores of years, when he has in Africa the same ease and security of life as he has today in the Southern States of America, he will be multiplying prodigiously.

Nobody really knows how many Negroes there are already in the world; it is supposed that with the cross-breeds there are about one hundred millions. Accepting this figure as correct, and accepting also the calculation that white doubles in eighty years, yellow or brown in sixty years, *but black in forty years*, then it is evident that by the close of the present century the blacks will have so greatly multiplied that they may attempt to force themselves where they are not wanted. There will be an overflow — an overspilling of black men. By the end of the present century there should certainly be three hundred million Negroes in the world.

For by that time it may be assumed that, should Europe's overlordship of Africa remain more or less undisturbed, the black man will be educated and either Christianized or Islamized in mass. The whole vast African continent will also be intersected by tens of thousands of miles of railroad, and many other improvements will have made this great region bear a very different relation to the rest of the world. There may be then an entirely different connection between the western coast of Africa (where the slaves used to come from)

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and the eastern coasts of America, since the coasts of these two continents are separated by only half the expanse of waters that separate Eastern Asia and America. Brazil, which is only a thousand miles away from West Africa, will most certainly be forced to put up exclusion laws such as would satisfy the most rabid Californian of to-day. The ten million Negroes of the Southern States of America should, in a hundred years, number some forty millions of souls, and the Black Belt of to-day will then be truly black.

It may be further assumed that the tension between whites and blacks throughout the world will slowly increase rather than decrease as close-packing grows more marked and mutual weaknesses are better understood. The blacks in America will have taken cognizance of the fact that hundreds of millions of their brethren in Africa are rapidly going through a process of civilization and learning their true relations to the rest of the world. It is quite conceivable that intercourse such as to-day exists between England and Canada and England and Australasia may one day exist in a modified form between the blacks of America and the blacks of Africa.

THE NEGRO A COLONIAL PERIL

It is probable that his political activity will be a greater cause for anxiety than his infiltration into regions from which he can be very easily excluded by artful measures. It is where he stands entrenched on his own soil that he is really to be feared. Already South Africa has its color problem, arising from the fact that, though there are many whites there, there are far more blacks who retain strong tribal organizations. This problem, while not yet as vexatious as the problem in the Southern States of America, is bound to become more and more complicated from year to year. In North America, come what may, the whites should always have a large numerical superiority, but in South Africa the position will always be exactly the reverse.

To-day, in South Africa, there are about one million whites settled among seven or eight millions of men of the Bantu race. The probabilities are that this proportion of seven to one will be steadily maintained in spite of all white emigration, since the Bantu race breeds very much faster than any white race and should actually increase its fecundity as the ravages of disease are steadily lessened. The distinguished writer, Olive Schreiner, in a remarkable letter written on the eve of the unification of South Africa, pointed out that the handling of the Kaffir problem would finally be the making or unmaking of South Africa, and that only by devoting the best thought to the matter would great dangers be eliminated. And yet as will shortly be shown, South Africa will be far more able to handle its problem than North Africa.

While it is an undoubted fact that, racially considered, the black man is a type of arrested development, it is also a fact that close pressure and a high civilization around him slowly force him to a great simulated improvement, if nothing else. This is the case in South Africa; and even along the coasts of Africa a steady improvement is already to be seen. It may be that when the European lever is removed — as it was at the time of the French Revolution in Haiti by the formidable guerrilla chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture — the Negro relapses into a sort of semi-barbarous state; but that does not detract from the fact that so long as he feels the pressure around him and sees the example of a higher civilization the Negro inevitably improves.

In America, of course, the greatest progress of all has been made. Colored lawyers and professional men are becoming more and more numerous, and though the general average of culture rises higher very slowly, it is undoubtedly now generally rising. In the past it has been possible for the Negro to slip back; it will become less possible in the future since the vast growth in the world's population, with the new phenomena of close-packing, railroads and industrialism, will tend to hold him tight in a manner which has never been possible before.

Though a steady improvement is the order of the day, it must not be supposed that this means any diminution of the dangers of the Black Problem. On the contrary, as the Negro becomes increasingly intelligent and his veneer of civilization more evident, in certain regions of the world he must have an increasing influence on his fellow-man. At first this influence may be counted on to show itself in ways which will occasion comment only from the far-seeing; but as the Negro becomes increasingly aware of his unalterable racial or color solidarity — as well as so numerous that his opinion will have to receive attention for political reasons — he will be

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recognized as a real danger. For he will finally constitute an *imperium in imperio*, wherever he lives among alien communities; and he may even demand as his right that, just as he is restricted in many ways by the white man, so shall he restrict the white man in certain other ways. In other words, he will demand his own reservations, his own lands.

Fortunately such black dangers are far-off; they cannot possibly have much importance to the white races until the blacks are far more numerous, far better educated, and far better organized than they can be during the present century. But there is the other more dread possibility in North Africa, which is quite a different question.

A BLACK MOSLEM EMPIRE

It has been well said that nothing really improves the Negro except cross-breeding or catching hold of some superior creed. In certain parts of Africa — notably in Uganda — the Christianizing process is growing apace, though it appears to make little progress in South Africa, the reason possibly being that the Bantu race is not a pure breed. In this respect, the South African is similar to the cross-breeds of the Sudan, who certainly will always embrace Islamism in preference to Christianity and who have some fine qualities — matchless courage, for instance.

It is with such races that the greatest black danger lies — especially if Islamism shows renewed vitality and begins once more its triumphant march across the waste places of the world. For it is an undoubted fact that those Negroes who have embraced Islam show a certain manliness and could form strong states and organize armies and obey laws, if the proper incentives existed. These are the first steps toward a higher civilization — toward constituting a Black Problem very different from that which exists in the United States, where the black man is simply a copyist of the white man.

For when the black man has a real sense of nationality — the nationality of color — a sense which he could very easily acquire in Africa in a different form from any he can acquire in white man's lands, he will undoubtedly commence organizing himself on a basis hitherto not dreamed of.

Though the Negro may revolt more or less successfully in the many different parts of the world where he has been transplanted, with a very good chance of temporary success, it is certain that it is only in his own country and in combination with Islamism and its great representatives, the Arabs, that any permanent advantage would accrue to him. Omdurman may seem like the last word on this subject; but Omdurman was in reality only the first word — the tentative expression of something which may one day be attempted on a colossal scale. Abyssinia has conclusively proved that within certain limits the white man is already prepared to stay his hand and avoid conflicts the results of which are out of all proportion to their cost; and the manner in which people used to speak a few years ago of the holy man Senoussi shows that this dread of an all-Mohammedan movement has long been present. It is true that after being crushingly defeated, Italy abandoned the Abyssinian campaign from motives of economy and not from fear, but this does not detract from the force of the argument that one day it may not be worth while to oppose the African.

ENGLAND AN AFRICAN BULWARK

The real barrier to such African uprisings is England in Egypt and what that occupation stands for. For though France is a far greater power in North Africa than England, the peculiar geography of the black continent confines French possessions in such a manner as to render them less susceptible to great color shocks. It is the Arab — the roving Arab — who is France's especial enemy, and the great desert to the south of the French possessions is a more effective bar than millions of soldiery. Farther to the East the great roadway of the Nile communicates with the heart of Africa — with the Congo states, the great lakes — and makes it possible for vast movements to be easily commenced, once some organization has united the men of Africa in a common cause. It is England's duty to guard against these movements because in Africa, as in Asia, it is the great representative of the principle of white conquest.

For the same movement that is now going on in Asia must one day commence in Africa, and when it does commence it will bode no good for the white man. The white man, while he is doubtlessly convinced that he is now tightening his hold on Africa in a great variety of ways, is doing nothing of the sort — save where he is really settled on the soil as he is in South Africa and in small portions of Algeria.

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Elsewhere his claims to dominion rest on the slenderest foundations; he is administering vast regions only because the African has yet no reason to resist such administration; and just as the 'eighties of the last century saw the scramble for Africa commence, so may some decade of the present century see the scuttle begin. Would Commodore Perry have ever believed that Japan could beat Russia and annex Korea?

The re-shaping of the Far East commenced the re-shaping of India and of Turkey. The force of the present movement has spent itself for the time being on the shores of the Nile and the Bosphorus, because the times are not yet ripe for the movement to go any farther. The next great shock in Asia, however, will travel much farther and will produce much more abiding results; and as that next shock will most certainly come — unless very wise counsels prevail — during the lifetime of the present generation, it may be assumed as a fact that one day the white nations will have to fight again for their supremacy in Africa on a new basis, just as they are already beginning to fight for their supremacy in Asia.

For as the silent struggle in armaments in Europe goes on and strength is accumulated for an Armageddon which should never be contemplated, the watchful Asiatic and the stirring African understand more clearly the meaning of the dread words that are so constantly entoned: "Might is right." And when it comes down to a question of butcher's work, the Arab and the cross-breed — as well as the Zulu — have nothing to learn.

A FEDERATION OF DARK RACES

It may be argued that all this has nothing to do with the black question proper, since the prime movers in the suggested movements must still be Arabs, now as they were in the past. Yet this is just why it has everything to do with the problem — for the building of railroads, the cutting of roads, the improvement of communications and conditions generally, the spread of industrialism — in a word, the spread of European civilization, instead of binding the man of Africa to the white man, as people seem to think, will merely educate him to a sense of his present position, as the Asiatic has already been educated. They will incline him toward those who are racially not far removed from him, and who, because they understand him and have inter-bred with him, will be far readier than the white man to evolve a scheme of government which will satisfy him.

It is the Arab — and with the Arab the Turk — toward whom the Negro will be inevitably pushed; and for political purposes to-day the geographical division between Western Asia and Northern Africa exists no more than it has in the past. The Arab certainly roves over a great part of Africa; and though the trading *dhow* does not go much south of Zanzibar, the Arab as slave-driver or dealer is almost everywhere in Africa. It is the peculiar mental bent of the white man — his deliberate blindness in colored lands, his desire at all costs to secure administrative uniformity and to conform to received opinions — which in the last analysis invites revolt. He has pity for the weak but no sense of sympathy, no inclination to understand their point of view. When — as in the Southern States of America, in Brazil, in the West Indies, in parts of South Africa — the colored man is inexorably assigned a definite place by mere force of numbers or from other dominant circumstances, and is from these peculiar circumstances necessary for the prosperity and even the existence of the white man, then only does the white man agree to accept the colored person at a different valuation. And in doing so he manages to make him an imitator of his faults and his virtues. But in the greater part of Africa the black man will never try to make himself the closest imitation possible of the white man; nor can he become half-white in his thoughts as he does elsewhere. The African climate and African conditions absolutely prevent that.

NEGRO SAMSON — WHITE DELILAH

The Christianizing of the Negro — weaning him from the militant bent of mind which he assumes under Islam — can effect a good deal toward diminishing the dangers which have been roughly outlined; and, therefore, the Christianizing of the Negro will have in future days much greater political importance than it has now. Africa is the one region where the spread of Christianity is to be heartily desired. If the Negro, in measure as he is civilized, goes to Islamism, he must become a greater peril; if he is Christianized, his destructive strength is stripped from him as was Samson's strength when his locks were cut. The part the white man is politically called upon to play in Africa is the part of Delilah, and

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no other. For over the length and breadth of Africa the white man can never be much more than a temporary schoolmaster, who will be listened to in proportion to the large-mindedness that he displays in dealing with unfamiliar problems.

His present success as an administrator has nothing whatever to do with the ultimate problem; for administrative ability is a peculiar mechanical talent which almost all white men have, a talent bearing scant relation to more serious matters and consisting in colored lands largely in solving questions of elementary finance and elementary justice. There have been few more able administrators than Lord Cromer in modern times, yet his entire political policy in Egypt was wrong-headed, however clever his finance may have been. This is now generally admitted, and this is a good example of how little such work affects the graver and more permanent issues.

The black problem for the white man may thus be finally divided into two distinct halves: — what may be called internal black problems, and the great external black problem. The internal black problems are more or less local issues. The future of the Negro in America, of the native in Madagascar, in the Philippines, and in the countless islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific, cannot affect the progress of the world very materially. Here the man of color, if he is not "cribbed, cabined, and confined," is at least so situated that the white man can and will effectively control him.

In all these cases the black man has been either for longer or shorter periods the obedient follower of the white man. He has been the white man's imitator, his henchman. He may rebel, but he cannot bring about a great and abiding revolution in the relations between the races unless, as was the case with the French in Haiti a century ago, vacillation and folly become the order of the day.

The outer problem is very different. It is the great problem. It is the problem of the future of all Africa to which extended reference has already been made and it is a problem which must be considered as it is — with the grievous limitations of the whites. Just as a leading British soldier did not hesitate to say recently that the north of India contains materials sufficient to shake half a dozen empires to their foundations, so does Northern Africa with its mixture of Negro and Arab — not to speak of limitless Central Africa — contain materials as combustible and as little understood.

THE NEGRO'S ARAB SCHOOLMASTER

The total conclusion is not very satisfactory — far less satisfactory than it has been in the case of the detailed consideration of Asia. The subject is to-day too complex, the details too confused to be properly handled. The Negro must be conquered to improve and the only man who can really conquer and improve him in his African home seems to be the Arab. The future of the Arab — during the present century at least — hinges largely on the future of Turkey and the extent to which the modern idea of a state, with all that it implies, can be diffused over the vast regions which still remain in solution.

But far more savagery must be expected in this quarter of the colored world than in any other part. This is the one region where no mercy need be expected, where the old Crusader's idea is still a useful beacon. The need for establishing an Asiatic balance of power which shall exist independent of Europe, a need referred to in a previous article, becomes more pressing when one realizes how much in Northern Africa will depend on this, and how intimately the Negro and the cross-breed will be affected in a few decades by the march of events in their close proximity across the Suez cuttings.

The sun is the white man's last ally in hot countries, just as the snow is Russia's last ally. The sun speaks the first and last word: it says rise and fight with blind rage, and it says lie down and die silently like a fatalist — because it is all no use fighting against men who possess the magic contained in cold-air reservoirs. The sun has marked men with its taint, more and more darkly as the Equator is approached, until ebony black and rank cannibalism show the depths to which mortals can be reduced. That the nobler races are called upon to measure strength with such is itself ignoble. Yet it is not from these that so much is to be feared as from lighter-colored men. It is these men who may rise against Europe and lead the others — it is these who may inspire a general black revolt, thus upsetting the confident calculations of those who, born and bred in temperate climes, know no more of men's thoughts and ambitions in distant lands than they do of the thoughts and ambitions of the men of Mars.

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THE WAY TO HEALTH

The average man's working efficiency might be increased fifty per cent. The development of vitality is the keynote of the new worldwide movement for health. Its aim is to increase the power to live and work, rather than merely to cure or even to prevent disease. As a part of this movement, THE WORLD'S WORK *will publish from month to month the experiences of individuals in their search for health and power.*

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, author of "The Efficient Life" and of "Mind and Work," will select important and typical experiences from correspondence coming to him and will suggest constructive measures for more efficient living. Those desiring such suggestions should write fully to THE WORLD'S WORK *about their personal habits — hours of work, sleep, recreation, eating, clothing, temperament and health experiences. Particular attention will be paid to communications in regard to children, and from those who feel that their power is beginning to wane through old age or from overwork.*

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S HOLY GRAIL

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I GOT WELL"

I AM set up by a beneficent Providence at the corner of the road to warn you to flee from the Hebetude that is to follow."

I have been through the "hebetude," and I know what a vale of tears it is. I have suffered and coughed and sweltered till I know the agony of body and soul which it brings. I have counted the endless, gloomy, cheerless days that come before the cure. But at last relief came and I could look back like Dante at his Inferno. It is now a year since I returned to normal life, and I am a stronger and more vigorous man than ever before.

The country in the Southwest to which health-seekers go is a vast one, though it is not nearly so extensive as it once was, or as it is still believed to be by many in the East. A decade ago Colorado was considered the best of all places to go, with southern California probably second on the list — while "anywhere in the West" was considered good enough. Gradually, a costly experience has pretty accurately marked off the country that is most desirable, so that it is now possible to say something definite and certain.

If we put one point of a compass on Albuquerque, N. M., as a centre, and the other point on Boulder, Colo., for a radius, and describe a circle beginning on the Mexican boundary line on the west and touching the Rio Grande on the east, we will circumscribe this Land-of-the-Well Country. The region near the centre of the circle will comprise the heart of the land to which people now go for "climate"; and, in general, the nearer one goes to the centre of the circle, the more nearly ideal will be the conditions for the cure of the average case.

All over this great circle, and even beyond it, we may find "health-seekers," but generally those who are near the outskirts are persons who have become accustomed to living and working in the mild climate and who are making the country their home.

Nearer the centre of the circle lies the great broad tableland where the business of actively curing the disease is carried on more extensively and more successfully than anywhere else in the world. And it is this section which, as time goes on, is likely to become better and better known as "The Land-of-the-Well Country." Here is a large territory where are to be found the most nearly ideal conditions of

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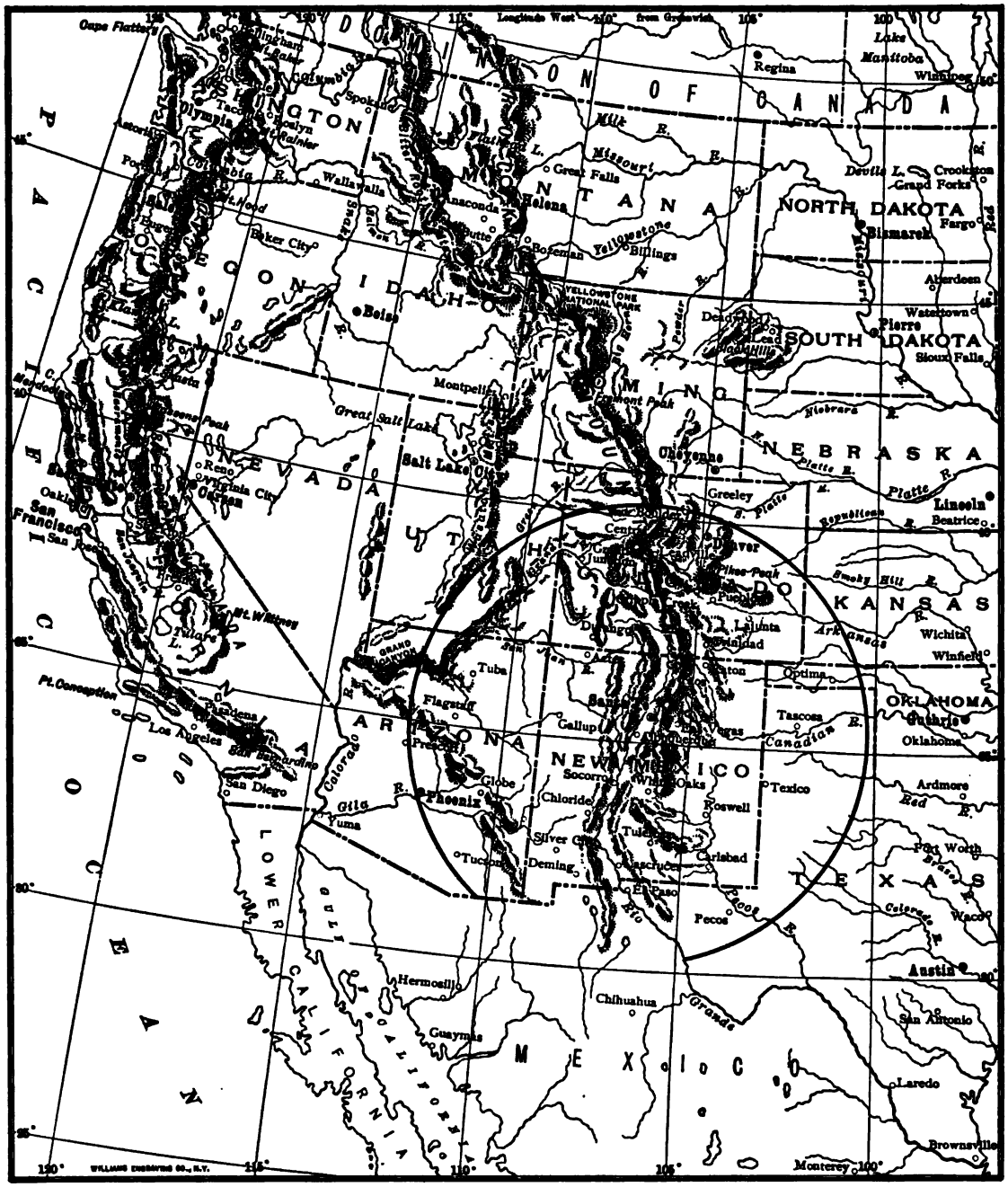
dry air, sunshine, altitude, and warm weather. In these factors, which are the fundamental desiderata in the cure of tuberculosis, this great section one vast sanatorium. Persons who are dying with tuberculosis in the East quickly respond to this wonderfully mild and



"THE LAND-OF-THE-WELL COUNTRY"

The region within the circle has the most favorable climate

section excels Colorado as much as Colorado excels New York or Massachusetts.

The climatic conditions have made this soothing climate; and with scientific treatment most of them ultimately get well, or at least very much better. That this is not a reck-

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less statement has been scientifically demonstrated by the work of the famous sanatoria in this country. The actual results of one of them, covering a period of eight years and including several hundred patients, show that — among those who went before their disease became advanced — none died, 30 per cent. improved, and 70 per cent. were cured.

It is this matter of climate which attracts the health-seeker to this country, and he is of course very properly interested in it. I suppose that the consumptive who reads this will be asking for advice whether he should go in search of climate or remain and follow the cure in his own country. A proper answer to such a question is very hard to give. So much depends on the individual case, and the particular circumstances of each, that it is impossible to lay down any general rule whether all should emigrate to the new land or not.

But, after all, my advice to all those who can go is to do so. I am wiser than when I started out for this country, and have lost many of the delusions with which I started. One of the things I have learned is that climate is not a specific for tuberculosis; it is not a cure-all, and will not work miracles. I know also that cures are being made every day in all parts of the East — which is something that I did not know before, and could hardly have believed in face of the insistent advice of doctors and other persons to "go West." But there is absolutely no doubt — in spite of any arguments to the contrary — that a land with a climate like this offers a surer and quicker and much happier road to health than can be found anywhere else.

The peculiar climatic conditions are due, of course, to the physical character of the land and to its remoteness from the sea. Nature has set up a series of great mountain barriers to the West, which keep off all the rains from the Pacific. What little rain the country does get comes during a couple of months in mid-summer, when the prevailing winds blow from the South. For ten months of the year practically no rain falls, the total annual rainfall varying from eight to twelve inches, as compared with from forty to fifty or more inches in the East. The absence of rain produces a twofold effect — an almost cloudless sky, so that the sunshine is practically constant, and an exceedingly dry atmosphere. The air is so dry that one feels its peculiar parching effect in his nose and throat for weeks after his arrival; while the sunshine seems to bathe everything in a flood of mellow gold.

There is, in addition, the important factor of altitude. The whole country slopes from north to south with a general altitude of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet. It is the constant sunshine balanced over against the altitude which produces such an equable climate, for the summers and winters are very nearly alike in these mountain regions. Where the altitude falls below 4,000 feet, this climatic balance is not so marked. Such places as El Paso, whose altitude is 3,700 feet; or Tucson, with 2,400 feet; or Phoenix, with 1,100 feet, though they are ideal for nine or ten months in the year, are too hot during the summer for the best results.

HALF THE PEOPLE ARE HEALTH-SEEKERS

One cannot be in the Southwest for any length of time without realizing that the impress and the influence of the health-seeker are everywhere. It is estimated that there are 50,000 tubercular invalids in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona; and though it is impossible ever to know the number with any degree of accuracy, I believe that the estimate is too small. It is a fact that all of the towns and cities are filled almost to overflowing. If the health-seekers and their families were to leave, the country would probably lose more than half of its population. A large part of the business of the land consists in supplying the needs of these people, providing boarding-houses and institutions where they may live, as well as stores and shops where they may get the ordinary necessities of life.

There are three well-known alternatives for the health-seeker in this country: the sanatorium, the boarding-house, and the ranch; and I propose to say something of each in turn. My own experience was gained chiefly in a sanatorium.

There are already numerous well-known institutions in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and every year the number is considerably increased. They vary in size and equipment from establishments run by physicians in houses of their own, to great institutions like the "Agnes Memorial" in Denver, which accommodates more than 150 patients and represents an investment of several hundred thousand dollars. The type of architecture also varies from a single large building to

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institutions which provide an individual tent, or an individual cottage, for every patient. The rates at all of the better sanatoria are about the same, varying with the service rendered, from $10 to $25 per week, which includes everything. In the East there are numerous endowed or charitable institutions where none but free patients are received. In Denver the "Agnes Memorial" is partly charitable, costing about $10 per week, and the great "Jewish National" is entirely free to Jew and Gentile alike. But most of the institutions of the Southwest are purely private, and are run as business ventures. They are none the less excellent, and this fact is to be taken as indicative only of the favorableness of the locality for the curing of the disease.

THE SANATORIUM IS THE GRAIL

When I went to live in one of these institutions, I found the actual situation much different from what I had supposed it to be. I expected to go to a hospital where I would find sickly looking people who would make life miserable by their incessant, heart-breaking coughing. In fact, I had gone purely as an experiment, because I had proved to myself that I was not capable of working out my own case; I intended to stay but a month or so, and then move on. How I changed my mind and determined to fight it out to the end has already been told in "How I Got Well."

I found that the patients did so little coughing that I wondered whether they had any trouble whatever — until I learned that any patient's cough will very much decrease if he strictly follow the rest-cure. In appearance, they were more healthy looking than the average person in ordinary life. All of them seemed happy and contented, and I wondered even more, until I found the reason — they were getting well and they knew it. There were men and women varying in ages from twenty to forty — though one man over fifty years of age left the sanatorium cured while I was there — and they came from all parts of the country. The feeling of being in a hospital disappeared after the first day, for there was nothing to foster it, and everything to counteract it. Every patient had a cottage of his own, and the continuous life in the open air made one feel as if he were camping out, with all wants cared for.

The idea of the sanatorium includes a complete isolation from all the cares and burdens of ordinary life, so that the patient may devote his entire time to the seeking of his cure. Continuous life in the mild out-of-doors is required. Absolute rest, most of the time spent on one's back, is strictly enforced; and this change in mode of life is a revelation to the invalid who has been accustomed to follow the bent of his nervous inclination, whether it be in climbing mountains or riding horseback. One is not even allowed to walk an extra step if he has fever, and usually such a patient is put to bed until it is gone.

In the matter of food, the patient is allowed all that he can eat of the most nutritious varieties, chiefly meat, milk, and raw eggs. Most of the patients were fed six times daily, and the results of the forced feeding would become strikingly apparent in the gain of a couple of pounds or more in weight at the end of the week. Everything was designed for comfort, and everything done in the most careful and scientific manner; if, considering his condition, one may be happy in any place this side of eternity, it is in such a place as this.

There are, of course, many persons who cannot go to a sanatorium. If they could in some way learn the lesson which the sanatorium teaches, I believe that most of them would get well. It is the enforcement of the routine — life in the open air all the time; absolute, continuous rest; the very best of food, and as much of it as possible — together with the scientific care of the sanatorium which makes it valuable. All of these things the patient could get in his own home — possibly; but the cold fact is that he never does get them. It is his ignorance, his lack of sense, his entire lack of experience in the matter of proper treatment, which makes the case of the average patient in his own home so hopeless as it is. And just so it is his increased knowledge and experience which come from life in the sanatorium which will cheer him up as he sees his cure approaching closer every day.

I have been appalled in my journey through this country by the lack of sense and the refusal to profit by the experience of others, which is shown by the health-seeker. He refuses absolutely to consider himself a sick man, and this is his big mistake. He persists in the notion that he can live the life of the ordinary gad-about tourist, and that the climate will in some way make him well; or he starves himself from both food and fresh air in the dismal environment of the ordinary

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boarding-house, and then curses the climate and the world in general. The truth is that the majority of these people fail because they have gone about their cure in the wrong way. By the life which they lead they make it impossible for the climate to do them any good; they destroy the recuperative power which they would have if they lived in the right manner.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE A FALSE BEACON

I spent several months in boarding-houses, and know the life that is led in them, and the results which it produces. All of the resort towns in the Southwest are filled with boarding-houses, and in the winter the boarding-houses are full of "lungers." They flock to such towns as Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Silver City, El Paso, Phœnix, and Tucson, literally by the thousands, and in those towns one sees them constantly, everywhere; in Denver, where they were proverbially thick a few years ago, one scarcely sees them at all — though, of course, there are many of them in the city. It is useless to describe these boarding-houses, for boarding-houses are the same throughout the world — some good, some very bad; most are indifferent. All of them are more or less dingy and poorly provided with comforts, even for a well man. And in this country, the Southwest, where everybody is abominably fed, the boarding-house is correspondingly poor. As long as a person is able to take care of himself, he is welcome; it is only the sick man who finds it hard to get a place. Charity is largely a matter of viewpoint. If one tries to take a sick man on a stretcher into a boarding-house in the East, or one who by his looks and his incessant coughing proclaims his feared disease, he will hardly be received with open arms. And if we remember how many times that very thing is tried in such a city as Denver, we can hardly censure coldness and a lack of charity.

As a matter of fact, the sick consumptive is not wanted; he is feared, and very properly so, in the average case, for he makes no pretense of following even the simplest of sanitary rules. And why should any one be compelled even by charity to take him in? Such a person should remember that he makes extra work and extra trouble; and especially, that where he goes well people will not go. He has a sorrowful time of it, certainly, but he has no right to inflict his sorrow on those about him. He should bear these things in mind, and consider that he makes misery enough as it is; above all, he should be cheerful and not a crank. I still have a vivid recollection of the hopeless, gloomy days that followed one another in my own case, and how hard it was to keep a brave face. But I tried hard to fight like a man should fight, and on one of the gloomiest days I copied this from the "Last Days of Pompeii" (which I was reading), on the fly-leaf of my memo-book:

"There is but one Philosophy, though there are a thousand schools — and its name is Fortitude." And and I wrote, after the passage I marked, lest I should forget: "Lungers Remember!"

NO EMPLOYMENT TO BE FOUND

I cannot refrain from speaking of the persons who came to this country in search of work. The thing to be said is: Let no one come expecting work, because he can't work and get well at the same time — and because there is no work to do. If he could rope steers, or wield a pick and shovel as a miner, he might get employment. But this is a land of few industries. For years it has been flooded with health-seekers looking for light work, and they have already gotten all there is to do. "But," I can hear some one protest, "it is a case of necessity, and work is the only alternative. What then?" Well, nothing! He can't get work, so let him face the matter calmly. He is better off in his own country without money than in this strange land.

I have said very little of the ranch, but I have done so purposely, for there is very little to be said. It is enough to say that a ranch is an impossible place for a tubercular invalid. The Western "ranch" is an elastic term. It may be the barren land around a "squatter's" shack, or it may be a tract as large as an Eastern county, or it may be anything between the two. But, whatever it is, it is no place for a consumptive. It is a place of hard work and privation, with, indeed, hardly enough of life's necessities for the average well man, and a sick man is as much out of place there as he would be in a coal mine. It is hard indeed to understand, for one who has been in this country and knows what conditions really are, how the idea ever got abroad that "roughing it" would cure tuberculosis: it has killed thousands, and if the foolish belief continues to persist it will kill thousands more.

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HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

SECOND ARTICLE

FROM MINNESOTA TO THE SEA

HOW THE RAILROADS OPENED THE NORTHWEST—A NEW EMPIRE OF VAST FORESTS AND ONE OF THE GRANARIES OF THE WORLD

BY

JAMES J. HILL

WHILE the development of the American Northwest occupied but the space of a single lifetime, it has affected the past more profoundly and will influence the future more widely than many events of greater historic moment. It has stimulated and financed immigration. It has supplied a large share of the world's food. It has given homes to an army of workers who began with little or no capital. It has revolutionized some industries and created others. It has opened opportunity for the increase of wealth and for human progress. It is worth while to examine in some detail the causes, the proportions, and the future relations of a growth which daily familiarity has not yet robbed of its marvels.

However each event may be bound to every other in the general scheme of things, it is certainly true that the development of the Northwest has a wide reaction upon human life and history. A high scientific authority says that "the central portion of North America affords the largest intimately connected field which is suited to the uses of our race." Land is a first and indispensable human requirement. It is the main support and resource of man. The imperial area of the American Northwest, using that term in its broadest meaning, constitutes one of the largest, most compact, and most productive resources of the whole human race. We are dealing with a great opportunity and a precious possession.

It is by no accident that the cruel and rapacious gold-hunters, Cortez and Pizarro, are associated with the invasion of this continent on the south, while the first-comers to the Northwest were Hennepin, Marquette, and La Salle. The lowest ambition of the latter was to win a new empire for the king. The highest was to Christianize the Indian tribes then inhabiting these wilds. Therefore, serenity and elevation of thought mark the earliest annals of our central valley. Behind explorers and missionaries marched settlers of corresponding quality; men of stern mind and sturdy frame, whose virtues have colored the lives of their descendants. So the Northwest grew and became the most signal instance of the rise of states and the reward of industry. How sudden this rise, how great the reward, one comprehends best after comparing the oak of the present with the acorn of half a century ago.

In 1850 "The Northwest" was a term of vague meaning. It applied to territory beginning west of the Alleghanies, with Ohio, and stretching southward and westward to include the greater portion of the Louisiana Purchase. Sometimes it was held to include portions of the Pacific Coast, then almost as unknown as another continent. The population of the portion north of the Missouri and west of Indiana showed the following gains between 1850 and 1900:

States	1850	1900
Illinois	851,470	4,821,550
Wisconsin	305,391	2,069,042
Iowa	192,214	2,231,853
Minnesota Ter.	6,077	1,751,354
North Dakota	.....	319,146
South Dakota	.....	401,570
Total	1,355,152	11,594,515

In addition to the 11,594,555 population of this group, Kansas and Nebraska had 2,536,795

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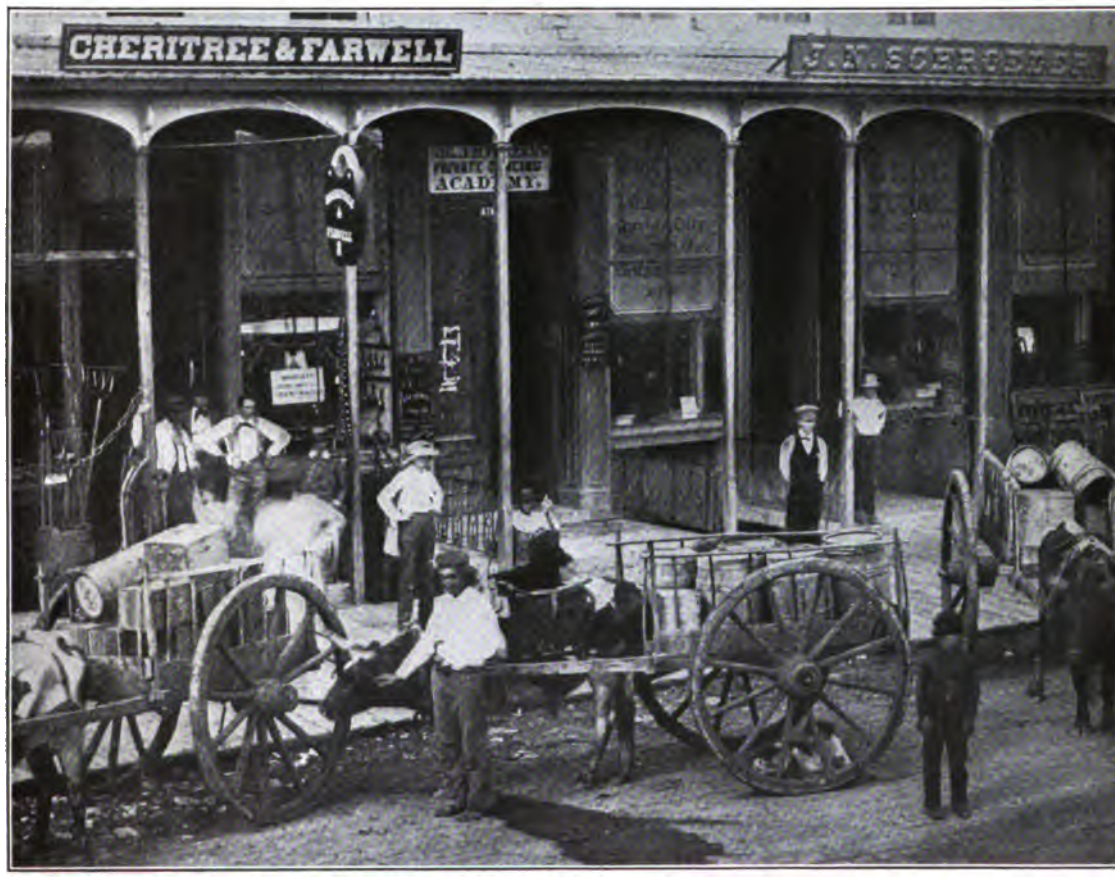
MODERN TRANSPORTATION METHODS IN THE NORTHWEST

A Great Northern yard with eighteen miles of track, capable of accommodating 2,200 cars. In 1908 the Great Northern had 43,890 freight cars on its lines, almost thirty times the equipment of the old Manitoba road in 1879



COMMON CARRIERS IN ST. PAUL IN 1858

The Red River carts established connection with the Hudson Bay Company post at Winnipeg in 1843. In 1858 the trade at St. Paul was chiefly in buffalo robes, furs, ginseng, and cranberries. The first wheat was sent down the Mississippi in 1856 and the first flour exported the next year

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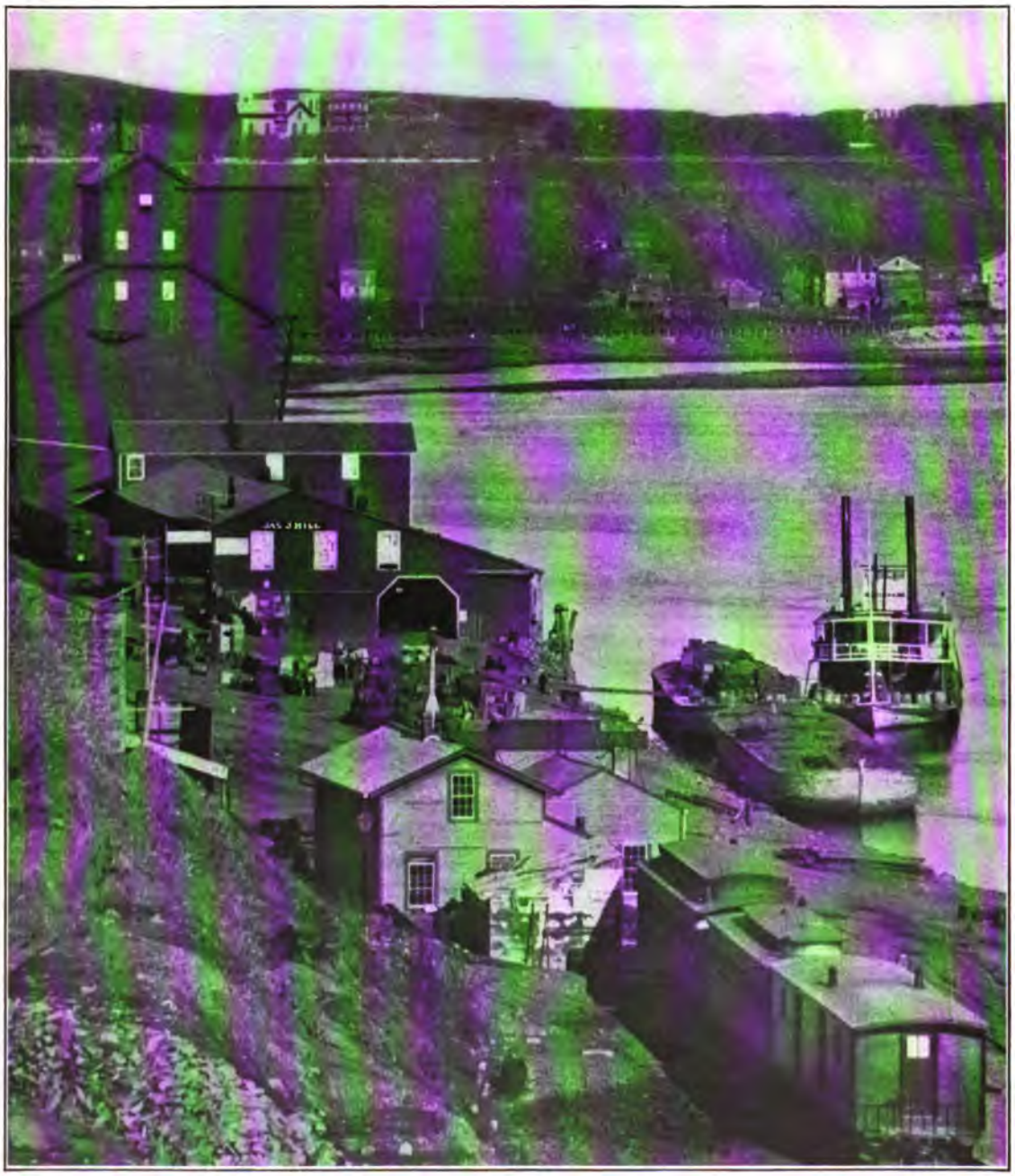
people; and Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon 1,336,740 more. Without, therefore, including those other states of the interior basin generally reckoned a part of the Northwest, these twelve commonwealths contained in 1900 more than fifteen million inhabitants. Their population was practically multiplied by twelve in the last half of the last century. To-day they have millions more people than they had ten years ago. This growth has no parallel. Never before was a wilderness of such proportions reclaimed; never before did a population so increase within the same limits of time.

The contrast in other respects is even more



THE OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE OF MR. JAMES J. HILL IN ST. PAUL IN 1868

For trading northwest up the Red River, ten years before the purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, which has grown into the Great Northern system

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startling. The Federal authorities who, in 1850, gathered all the national statistics into a single modest volume, had not only fewer activities to chronicle but they followed a different standard. Aside from enumerating population, they were interested mainly in three things; the spread of education, the growth and extension of religious activity, and the progress of agriculture. Along these lines only can a comparison be made. The number of pupils attending colleges and public schools in the middle of the last century in the territory under consideration was 274,395. In 1902 it was more than three and a half millions in the country extending from Lake Michigan to the Pacific. The tables of occupation, the opening of farm and railroad and factory, present the change even more vividly. In 1850 there was practically no agriculture beyond the western borders of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota Territory.

THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD AND THE PASSING OF THE RIVER STEAMER

A RED RIVER TRADER AT ST. PAUL

A great commerce was carried on the river northwest from St. Paul between 1850 and 1878. It was at its height in 1858, the same year that 1,090 steamers came up the Mississippi to St. Paul. As the railroads grew, the river traffic declined. The remnant of it is carried by two steamboats and twelve barges from Grand Forks, N. D.

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TRANSPORTATION ON THE MISSOURI RIVER IN MONTANA IN 1887

The Missouri and the Yellowstone Rivers have been supplanted as carriers by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads, and at present the steamers carry practically no traffic

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE RIVER TRAFFIC

A steamer on the Snake River south of Lewiston, Idaho, in a country without adequate railroad service. The same kind of transportation existed on the Red River northwest from St. Paul in the 'fifties and 'sixties

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ST. PAUL IN 1861

The graded track in the foreground was built down to the river to receive the locomotive "William Crooks"

These had 6,914,761 acres of improved and 10,864,254 acres of unimproved farm lands; valued, with improvements, at more than $150,000,000. Fifty years later these same divisions, with the Dakotas, contained 108,216,831 acres of improved and 39,876,715 acres of unimproved farm land; valued, with improvements, at $5,037,720,205. Kansas and Nebraska by this time had added 43,473,145 acres of improved and 28,101,604 acres of unimproved farm land, valued at $1,221,312,790. In Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon there were 9,944,087 acres of improved and 23,675,895 acres of unimproved farm land, valued at $352,291,497. The census of 1910 will show that even this rate of progress has been surpassed during the last decade in the far western states.

In these fifty years there were added three times as many farms as had been opened in the whole two hundred and fifty years from the settlement of America. The addition to

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "WILLIAM CROOKS," THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN MINNESOTA

Brought up the Mississippi from La Crosse to St. Paul on a barge in 1861. It is now the Great Northern No. 1. In 1908 it made a special trip and it is still serviceable

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PIONEER RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION

Miles of these wooden trestles have been filled in every year since their completion, and the work is still going on

acreage was 547,640,932 acres, or nearly twice as much as all opened up before 1850. Of this growth the twelve states constituting what is most properly included under "The Northwest" had 235,509,262 acres, or very nearly one-half of the total addition to farm area in the United States, although all other parts of the country had known marvelous growth. They had about one-seventeenth of the entire farm area in 1850 and about one-third in 1900.

Prior to 1850 over three-fourths of the total value of farm land was found east and south of the Ohio River. The value of farm property per acre in that year was $13.51 for the whole country, but in the Western States it was only $1.86. In 1900 the average value per acre for the country had risen to $24.39, and of this increase the rich soils of the West contributed the larger share. To-day it has been still further increased. There is no better measure of this growth, especially for more recent years, than the following

MINNEAPOLIS IN 1857

In 1860 its population was 2,564. In 1905 it was 261,974. The cross shows where the great Union Station now stands

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THE "SELKIRK," ONE OF THE FIRST SLEEPING-CARS IN THE NORTHWEST
Doing service on a construction train in 1887

table, giving the total combined receipts of grain, including wheat, corn, oats, and flour — each barrel of flour being reckoned as four and a half bushels of wheat — at four principal Northwestern markets:

RECEIPTS OF GRAIN

Year	*Duluth*	*Minneapolis*	*Milwaukee*	*Chicago*
1887	23,649,694	48,618,563	31,960,319	163,437,724
1907	84,550,412	134,991,765	58,928,462	307,246,141

Fifty years ago, manufacturing in the Northwest was only a name. Lumber and flour were prepared and marketed and a few hands were at work producing textiles of coarse fabric. The entire value of home-made manufactures in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, the only portion of our Northwest from which any manufacturing return whatever was made in the census of 1850, was

OPENING THE FRONTIER
A track-laying gang and onlookers on the Minot-Helena branch

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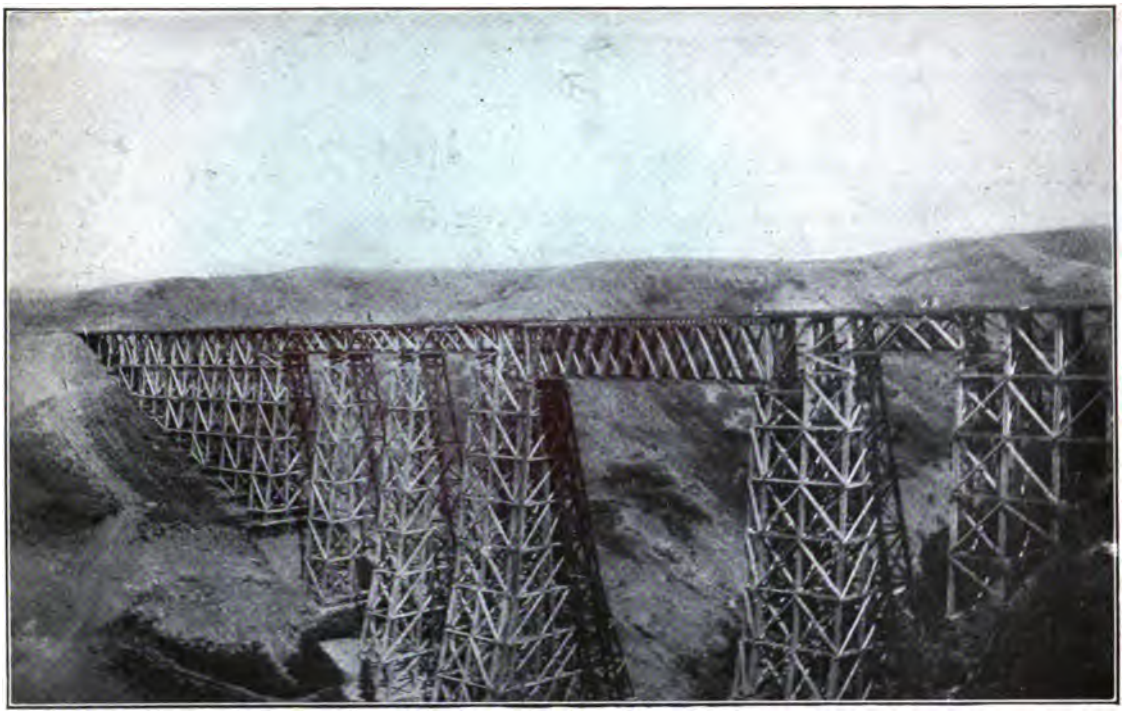

A WOODEN BRIDGE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN WHEN IT WAS FIRST BUILT

This type has been replaced by steel structures such as that shown in the lower picture

CONSTRUCTING A MODERN FIRE-PROOF STEEL TRESTLE

On the new "North Bank" road from Spokane to Portland, along the Columbia River

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HOW THE NORTHERN PACIFIC CROSSES THE COLUMBIA NOW

$1,420,818. The shops and factories of the state of Illinois alone turned out in 1905 manufactured goods valued at almost exactly one thousand times that sum; three and a third times as much for every working day as the entire territory could show for its year's labor half a century ago. Facts like these hammer home a sense of the magnitude of the development of the Northwest and its place in the progress not only of this nation but of the world.

In 1850 the total valuation of real and personal property combined in Illinois was $156,265,006; it is now largely in excess of a billion dollars. In the same year the returned valuation of Iowa was $23,714,638 and of Wisconsin $42,056,595. Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska made no returns, their property values being scattered and trifling. The real and personal property of these six states and territories, representing the genesis of the Northwest, amounted to no more than $222,036,239.

The latest assessment returns are incomplete and far from dependable, but they show property on the rolls of the six states to the amount of $6,993,074,237; while the grand total of this added to the valuations for the other six commonwealths of the Northwest westward to the Pacific is $8,632,430,230. These tangible assets represent the growth, in a little over half a century, of land and its improvements, and that small fraction of other property value which is included in the tax lists.

The exchanges of the clearing-houses in 1908 at Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Minneapolis were nearly one-third of those of the fifteen most important cities of the country, excluding New York.

Immigration and industry have transformed a wilderness in half a century into the home of plenty. The single influence that has contributed most to this astonishing work is, of course, the rise and scientific develop-

THE OLD WAY — A PASSENGER TRAIN BEING FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER

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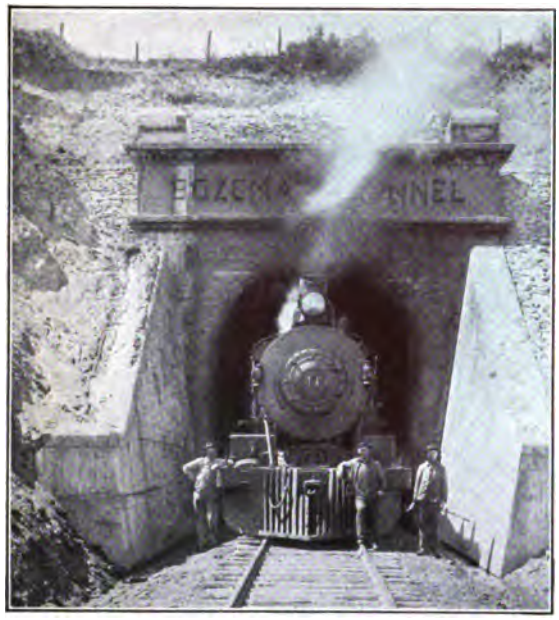

THE TUNNEL, SUCCESSOR TO THE SWITCHBACK

Bored at a cost of a million a mile to save the high operating cost of the switchback. The Bozeman tunnel on the Northern Pacific

ment of the modern transportation system. In the early 'fifties of the last century, the railroad as a factor in national growth was little considered and less understood. The union by rail of the Great Lakes with the Atlantic took place as late as 1850. Chicago then contained less than 30,000 people, and the whole crude development of the Northwest depended upon its waterways and upon the prairie schooner. The engineers sent out in 1852 to make the original surveys for the Illinois Central across the prairies found their camps frequently invaded by wolves. The principal railroad lines in operation in the country were from New York to Boston, from New York to Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh; from Detroit headed toward Chicago, and from Cincinnati to Sandusky.

In the decade between 1850 and 1860 the average charge for carrying one ton of freight one mile was three cents or more. The freight on a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York, utilizing lake and canal, was

THE SWITCHBACK, THE FIRST METHOD OF CROSSING THE DIVIDE

Three locomotives to seven cars on the old Great Northern switchback, which was abandoned on the completion of the Cascade tunnel. In the early days the Northern Pacific likewise had a switchback, to get its line over the Cascade range

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26.62 cents. There can be no contrast more striking than that between the common carriers of fifty years ago and those of to-day.

In 1850 there were a little over nine thousand miles of railroad in the United States. A few tracks had thrust themselves as far west as the Mississippi; but beyond that, forest and plain were uninvaded by the iron highway. Twelve years later, in 1862, the whole railroad system of Minnesota, the gateway to the newer portion of the Northwest, was comprised in ten miles of track connecting St. Paul and St. Anthony. The scanty products of the country were shipped out by steamboat and barge; and had that remained unchanged, they would be scanty still. The railroad, aiding incoming population and growing industry, made the Northwest and added its immense resources to the wealth of the nation and the natural capital of the world.

In 1857 Congress made a liberal grant of lands to Minnesota to aid in the construction of railways. The Territory transferred the grant to a corporation; and after its admission,

THE THIRD STEP—ELECTRIFICATION

A smokeless, electrically drawn passenger train coming out of the east portal of the Cascade tunnel on the Great Northern

HELPING A DOUBLE-HEADER OVER THE MOUNTAIN

On the heavy grades on both sides of the Cascade tunnel, the electric locomotives aid the regular engines, which shut off steam in the tunnel to prevent smoke. The Great Northern is the first transcontinental railroad to electrify its mountain division

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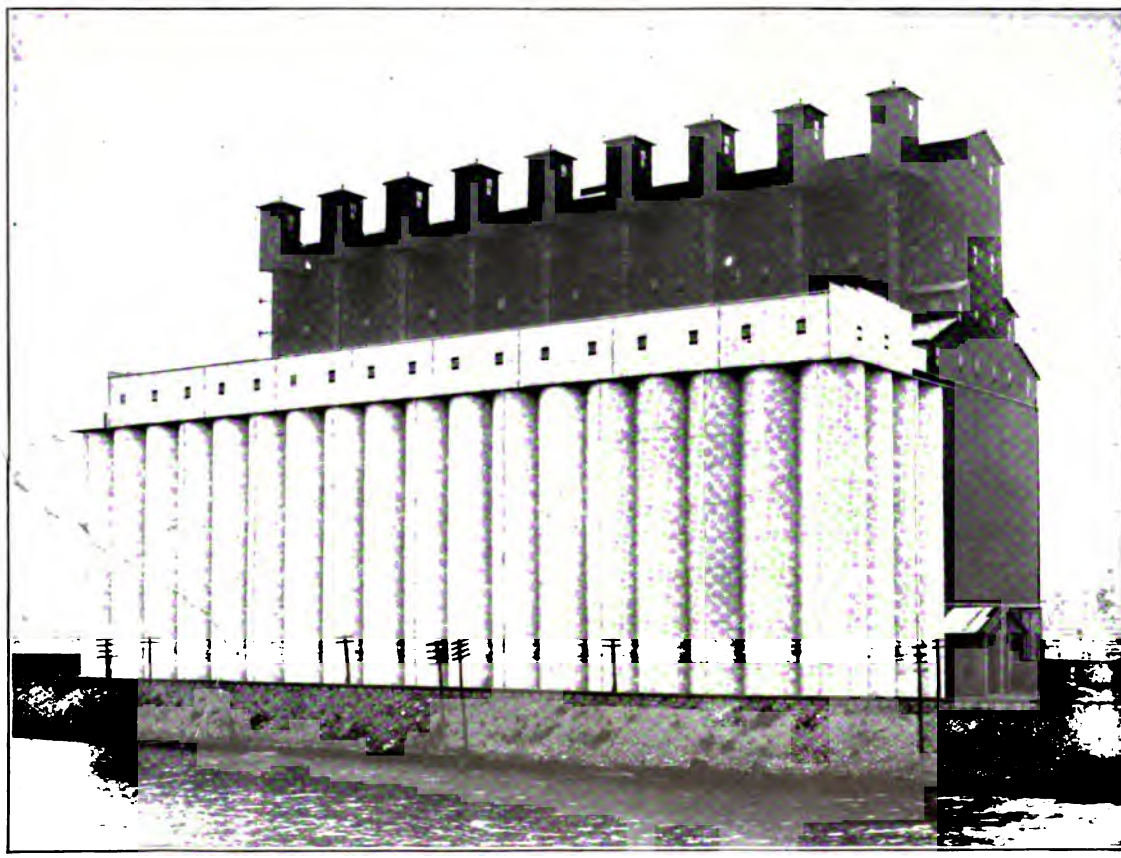
A PACIFIC COAST LUMBER MILL

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho cut more than $100,000,000 worth of lumber and shingles a year

the following year, the state loaned its credit to several other companies. They all defaulted, and it was not until 1862 that the ten miles of road already referred to were completed by the St. Paul & Pacific, virtually a reorganization of one of the defunct concerns.



A STEEL GRAIN ELEVATOR AT SUPERIOR, WIS.

Which with its concrete annex will hold half again as much wheat as the crop of Wisconsin

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SEATTLE — A PACIFIC OCEAN GATEWAY
Made possible by the transcontinental railroads

This company was afterward divided, and its two sections prosecuted railway construction with varying fortunes until the financial collapse of 1873 prostrated both. The properties were heavily and repeatedly mortgaged; their credit exhausted. Construction stopped; and with it the development which the Northwest had for a time enjoyed. Up to 1871 some 285 miles of track had been completed, reaching the Red River at Breckenridge; and by the same date about five hundred miles of the Northern Pacific had been constructed. Now both enterprises stopped; and the Northwest grew only as settlement crept forward over the prairies a few miles each year in the wake of ox-teams.

In 1878 four associates, George Stephen, now Lord Mountstephen; Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona; Norman W. Kittson and myself obtained control of the St. Paul & Pacific's lines through purchase of its outstanding securities. The volume of these

WHEAT AS IT LEAVES THE PACIFIC COAST FOR THE PORTS OF THE WORLD
The wheat that comes east is not put in sacks but transported in bulk

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A PIONEER OF COMMERCE
The "Idzumi Maru," one of the first Jananese trans-Pacific liners, entering Seattle harbor in 1896

showed the large amount of money that had been invested, wisely or unwisely, in the original enterprises.

Their stock aggregated $6,500,000 and their bonded indebtedness nearly $33,000,000, aside from floating obligations. These were all valid securities, had to be purchased in the market, and as the faith of the associates in the future of the Northwest was not shared generally at that time by men with capital to invest, they were obliged to pledge their possessions and strain their credit to secure the funds necessary, not only to complete this purchase but to rush additional construction of new lines that must be built to save the land grant. The capitalization of the lines purchased and built was approximately $44,000,000, and the deal a large one for those days.

In 1879 this property, then including 656 miles of railroad, was reorganized as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company. Since the common custom in reorganizations is to increase the total volume of indebtedness, it is worthy of mention, and has not been without its bearing upon the prosperous growth of the Northwest, that the capitalization of the new company was but $31,000,000; a scaling down of about 30 per cent. At first, dividends on the stock

WHERE THE GREAT NORTHERN TOUCHES THE PACIFIC
The Western terminal docks at Smith's Cove, near Seattle

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were but 4 per cent.; which was less than the interest on the money invested in the bonds.

The problem of the railroad now became the problem of the Northwest. These great fertile spaces were to be opened to settlement as rapidly as capital could be amassed and energy applied to the work of construction. And settlement, thus stimulated, was continually, on its part, pressing against transportation facilities and demanding their enlargement. Connection was made with the Great Lakes by a line to Duluth, branches of the main line were pushed through the fertile lands of Minnesota and Dakota, and in 1893 the transcontinental system reached the Pacific Coast.

By that time the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba had become the Great Northern; and in 1907 all the subsidiary systems which, for convenience or of necessity, had been operated by the latter company, were consolidated with it into one system which had grown in 1908 to a total of 6,743 miles operated. The addition of more than six thousand miles of new construction during thirty years is a fair measure of the growth of the Northwest, of whose common carriers this system is but one. One illustration will show what has happened to freight rates. When the railroad property was taken over from the receivers, the rate from St. Vincent to Duluth was 40 cents per hundred; now it is 13.

FROM DULUTH FOR BUFFALO

The steamer "Northwest" on the Great Lakes, where the American merchant marine is a success

The financing of such an enterprise is no

WHERE THE GREAT NORTHERN TOUCHES THE LAKES

The coal-docks at Duluth that supply the whole Northwest with fuel

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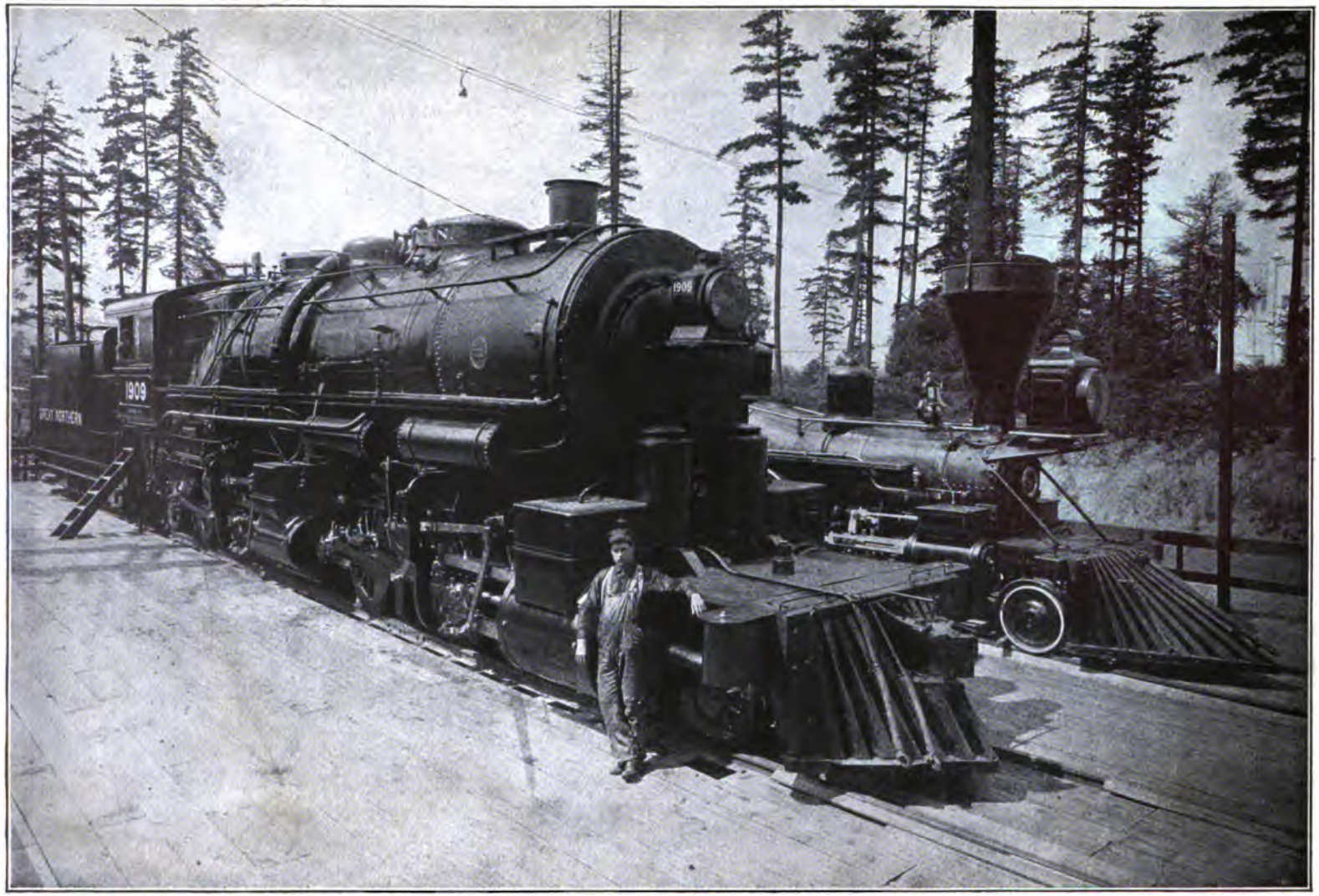

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS PROGRESS ON THE GREAT NORTHERN

No. 1, the old "William Crooks" compared with No. 1909, the new Mallet compound articulated engine, about seven times as heavy as No. 1

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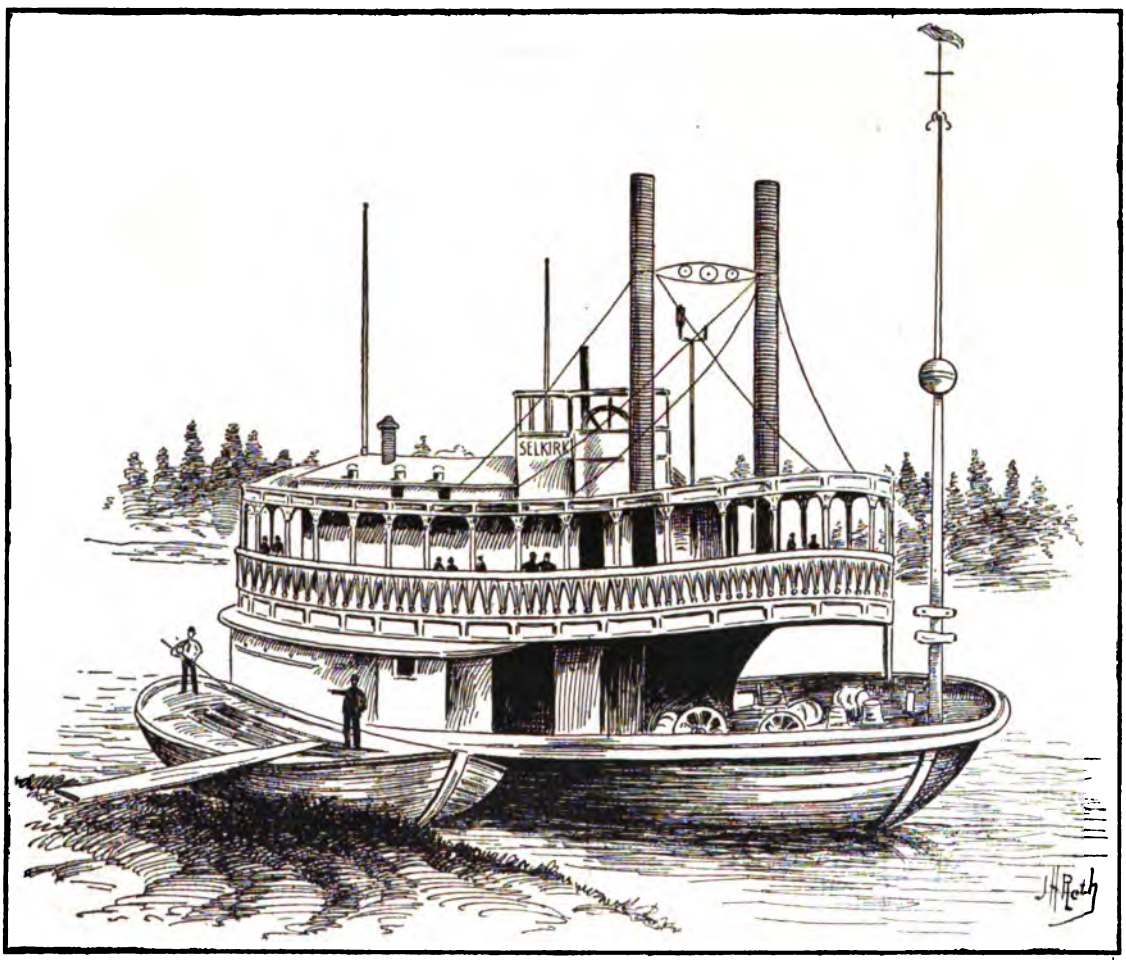
less vital than its construction and operation. It began, as stated, with an issue of $31,000,000 of stock and bonds to represent property into which the proceeds of the sale of $44,000,000 of securities had previously been put. Extensions and the creation of great terminals called for increased capitalization from time to time. To a large extent betterments were paid for out of current earnings, instead of by



AN OLD WOOD-CUT OF "THE SELKIRK"

This was Mr. Hill's first steamer; it was engaged in trade up the Red River from St. Paul

new stock or bond issues. Rolling stock was provided in the same way; and the extent of this drain upon resources appears from the increase of 49 locomotives on the system originally to 1,081 in 1908; of passenger cars from 58 to 802; and of freight and work cars from 761 to 43,890.

To provide funds for the more than 6,000 miles of track added to the system by construction and purchase, the total of its capital stock and bonded debt had become, June 30, 1908, exclusive of the bonds of the Burlington system guaranteed jointly by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, which the Burlington property amply secures and whose fixed charges it pays, $307,918,689. The growth of interest and confidence raised the number of stockholders from 122 in 1892 to 15,000 in 1908, with an average holding of 140 shares, or $14,000 each. Between 1890 and 1908 these stockholders paid in $160,000,000 in actual cash. This, in addition to the bond issues, represented the vast sum that had to be raised on faith in the property and the country, to keep the railroad system abreast of development in the Northwest. In the seventeen years 1891–1907,

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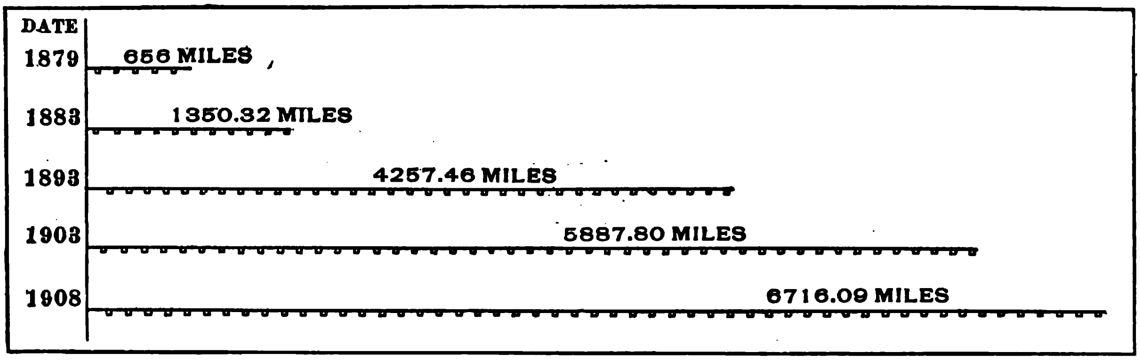
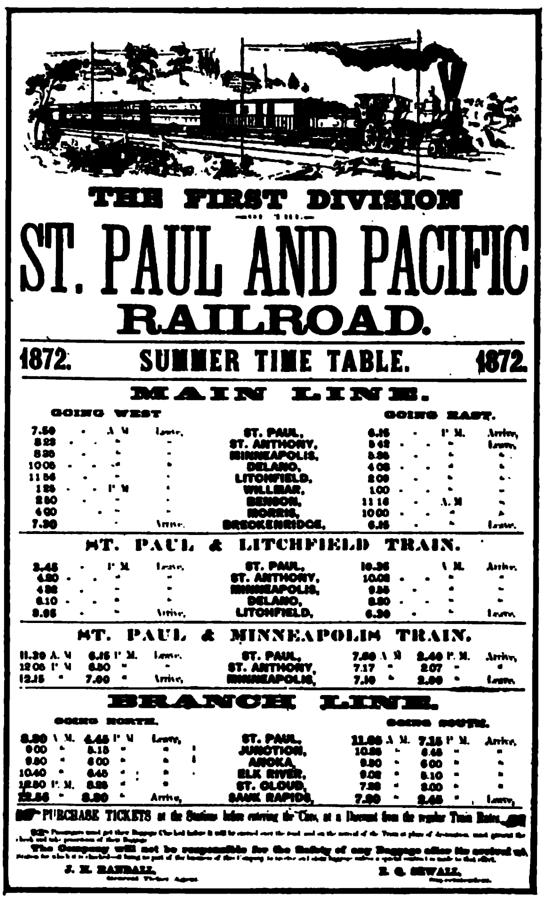


THE GROWTH OF THE GREAT NORTHERN SYSTEM
To ten times its original length in thirty years

all the surplus earnings of the system and \$1,366,728 additional were put back into the property in additions and betterments.

The total outstanding stock and bonds per mile of main track for the Great Northern system amount to \$45,031.77. Its terminal facilities could not be duplicated for any money. The small traffic of settlers and frontier posts has grown to the carriage of 493,000,000 passengers and nearly six billion tons of freight one mile in 1908. Precisely as farm lands have increased from \$2.50 an acre to \$50 or \$75, just as city lots now sell for more per front foot than their former whole value, sometimes more than the value of the entire townsite thirty years ago, so the value of railroad property has increased with the growth of the country. One is as natural, as just, and as deserved as the other. They arrive in such connection that each is cause and each effect of the other. But on the mere basis of assessed valuations, the total of railroad capitalization or valuation is very small when compared with the total value added to private property within the same period. Both are of equal propriety and validity, and are entitled to the same return.


THE FIRST DIVISION
—OF THE—
ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

1872. SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1872.

MAIN LINE.

GOING WEST		STATIONS	GOING EAST	
7.50 A. M.	Leave,	ST. PAUL,	6.15 P. M.	Arrive,
8.23		ST. ANTHONY,	5.42	Leave,
8.35		MINNEAPOLIS,	5.35	
10.05		DELANO,	4.05	
11.54		LITCHFIELD,	2.09	
1.25 P. M.		WILLMAR,	1.00	
2.50		BENSON,	11.15 A. M.	
4.00		MORRIS,	10.00	
7.30	Arrive,	BRECKENRIDGE,	6.15	Leave,

ST. PAUL & LITCHFIELD TRAIN.

3.45 P. M.	Leave,	ST. PAUL,	10.35 A. M.	Arrive,
4.20		ST. ANTHONY,	10.08	
4.32		MINNEAPOLIS,	9.55	
6.10		DELANO,	8.30	
8.05	Arrive,	LITCHFIELD,	6.30	Leave,

ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS TRAIN.

11.30 A. M.	6.15 P. M.	Leave,	ST. PAUL,	7.30 A. M.	2.40 P. M.	Arrive,
12.05 P. M.	6.50		ST. ANTHONY,	7.17	2.07	
12.15	7.00	Arrive,	MINNEAPOLIS,	7.10	2.00	Leave,

BRANCH LINE.

GOING NORTH			STATIONS	GOING SOUTH		
8.30 A. M.	4.45 P. M.	Leave,	ST. PAUL,	11.05 A. M.	7.15 P. M.	Arrive,
9.00	5.15		JUNCTION,	10.35	6.45	
9.50	6.00		ANOKA,	9.50	6.00	
10.40	6.45		ELK RIVER,	9.02	5.10	
12.50 P. M.	8.25		ST. CLOUD,	7.35	3.00	
[illegible]	8.30	Arrive,	SAUK RAPIDS,	7.30	2.45	Leave,

PURCHASE TICKETS at the Stations before entering the Cars, at a Discount from the regular Train Rates.

J. H. RANDALL,

AN EARLY TIME TABLE
Showing that in 1872 the time between St. Paul and Breckenridge was twenty minutes less than twelve hours. Now the Great Northern fast-mail makes the run in six hours and forty minutes.

During the same period the Northern Pacific's transcontinental line was completed, the system was built up and reorganized, the Burlington extended into the Northwest, and the Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Northwestern, the Canadian Pacific, and other companies contributed new mileage yearly to the facilities of this section.

Nowhere else do comparative statistics show more accurately the rapidity of growth. In 1870 the total railroad mileage of the United States was 52,922 and in 1890 it had grown to 166,793. The increase in these twenty years for the country was 215 per cent. But in those same years the mileage in the states beginning with Illinois on the East and extending to the Pacific Coast, including Nebraska on the south, increased 341 per cent. In the seven

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GREAT NORTHERN		NORTHERN PACIFIC	
YEAR	Average Train Load in Tons	YEAR	Average Train Load in Tons
1895	252.13	1887	121.60
1898	316.29	1898	264.59
1908	509.11	1908	430.87

THE HEAVY TONNAGE OF THE NORTHERN FREIGHTS

The Great Northern had the lowest grade over the mountains and could therefore haul heavier trains

GREAT NORTHERN		NORTHERN PACIFIC	
YEAR	Average Car Load in Tons	YEAR	Average Car Load in Tons
1895	13.16	1887	5.77
1898	14.75	1898	12.21
1908	20.49	1908	18.86

THE AVERAGE CAR-LOAD IN THE NORTHWEST

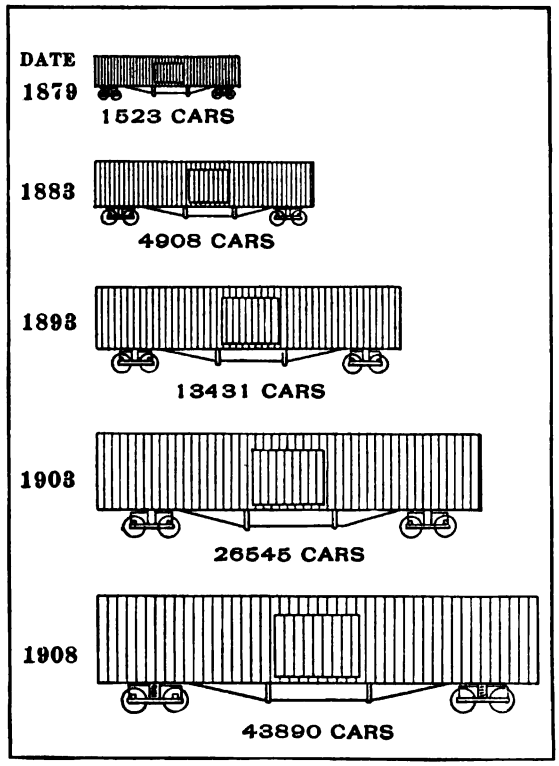
The Great Northern took pains to equalize the east and west-bound traffic, and therefore hauled fewer empty cars

distinctively Northwestern states, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the increase was 1,181 per cent. In 1907 these seven states had 27,161 miles of railroad as against 16,863 miles in 1890; and within their boundaries construction is proceeding more rapidly than elsewhere.

While this labor of organization, of financing, of construction, of operation, and of traffic building went forward, transportation charges fell progressively until now the Northwest has relatively — that is, taking into account the newness of the country and comparative density of population and traffic — the lowest railroad rates in the world.

This mutual benefit can continue only while the products of fields and factories are carried to the consumer on such terms as give its proper profit to each party to the transaction; thus encouraging the further increase of industry by guaranteeing to each its reasonable share of gain. The embodiment in practice of this principle that railroading is a business enterprise and not a speculation; that its chief interest is in the field, the factory and the mine rather than upon the stock exchange; that the intelligent and just system of profit-sharing between carrier and shipper embodied in reasonable rates will best promote the prosperity of both and enlarge the common heritage, is not the least of the contributions made by the Northwest to the development of the nation and the world within the last fifty years.

So much for the past of the Northwest. The duty of its people now is to render secure its development and progress. The causes of its growth are to be found in the transfer of an



THE INCREASE IN THE GREAT NORTHERN'S FREIGHT EQUIPMENT

In 1908 there were twenty-eight times as many cars as in 1870, and the cars were of much greater capacity

GREAT NORTHERN R. R.				
YEAR	Average Revenue per Ton Mile	Total Revenue Collected	Revenue on Basis of the Average Rate of 1881	Difference
1881	2.8 CENTS	$ 2,691,772.54	$ 2,691,772.54	$
1891	1.236	$ 9,439,006.77	$ 22,000,975.80	$ 12,561,969.03
1901	.871	$21,623,653.95	$ 71,474,434.42	$ 49,850,780.47
1908	.7806	$40,311,420.14	$148,723,996.75	$108,412,576.61

THIRTY YEARS' DECLINE IN FREIGHT RATES

Showing the change in the average charge per ton per mile, and also what that charge means in dollars

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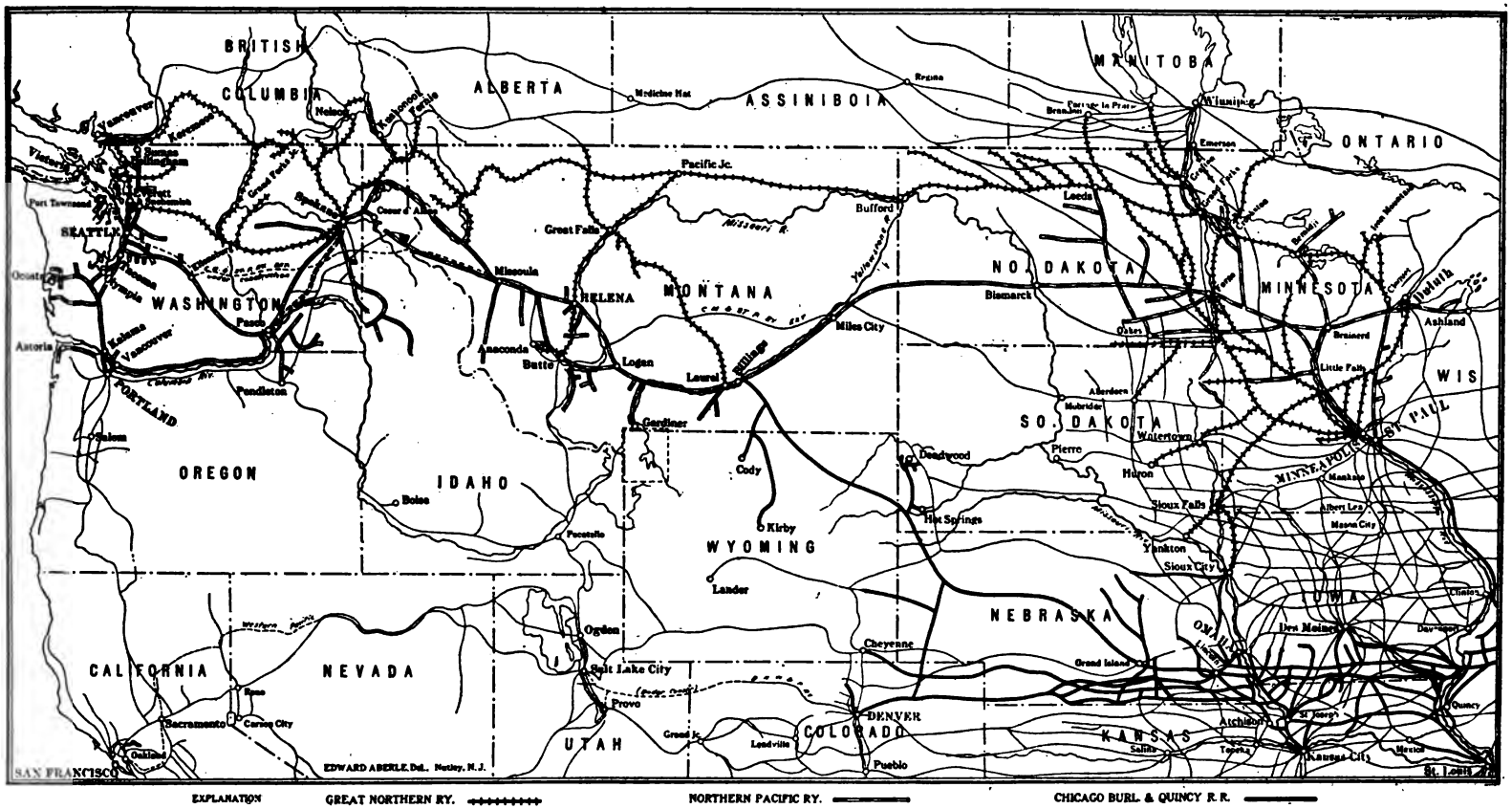

THE RAILROADS IN THE NORTHWEST AT PRESENT

Since the completion of the transcontinental lines of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy has extended its lines westward to Billings, Montana, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul has (in 1909) completed a transcontinental line parallel to the Northern Pacific. In the seven distinctively Northwestern states — Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon—the railroad mileage has increased 1,181 per cent. between 1870 and 1890; from 16,863 miles in 1890 to 27,161 in 1907; and within their boundaries construction is going on faster at present than in any other section of the country.

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immense population, supplied by our own natural increase and by immigration, to enormous areas of fertile soil. It was like opening the vaults of a treasury and bidding each man help himself.

But these conditions cannot be permanent. The present era is the crisis of the old order. The primary business of the Northwest hitherto has been the mastery of natural conditions. Its next contribution should be to the economic and social evolution of the race. We must determine upon a national economy quite different from the present when our population shall approach three times what it was in 1900. Striking as the contrast has been found between 1850 and 1900, that between 1900 and 1950 will reveal more serious features.

Practically speaking, our public lands are about all occupied. Our other natural resources have been exploited with a lavish hand. Our iron and coal supplies will show signs of exhaustion before fifty years have passed. The former, at the present rate of increasing production, will be greatly reduced. Our forests are going rapidly; our supply of mineral oil flows to the ends of the earth. The soil of the country is being impoverished by careless treatment. In some of the richest portions of the country its productivity has deteriorated fully 50 per cent. These are facts to which necessity will compel our attention before we have reached the middle of this century. To a realization of our position, and especially to a jealous care of our land resources, both as to quantity and quality, to a mode of cultivation that will at once multiply the yield per acre and restore instead of impairing fertility, we must come without delay. There is no issue, in business or in politics, that compares in importance or in power with this.

The outlook for our future has been summed up with rare accuracy and force by the late Professor Shaler in these words:

"As the population becomes dense there will soon appear the dangers of poverty and misery that are apt to accompany a crowded civilization. The enormous pressure of masses of people seems to crush out the hope and energy and prosperity of a large proportion of them; and the great problem of modern progress, after all, is how to deal with this tendency — how to prevent the forces of advancing social evolution from being destructive as well as creative."

This is the problem of the nation, exactly stated; and it is, in a special sense, the problem of the Northwest. As here the noblest fruits of prosperity have been gathered, so here must be evolved methods to preserve them from decay. Leadership implies responsibility. It is the central area of this continent that gave the material and the stage for the latest phases of human progress. It is there that the problems which have baffled older nations, the processes as yet unaccomplished, must be worked out.

Nowhere else can be found more energy or more courage to join with great issues. The event will come not through mere boasting or through the accretion of wealth and the magnification of industries, but as all the works of science and all the revelations of natural law have been identified with our common life; by infinite patience, infinite study of facts as they are, infinite search for the right adaptation of means to ends, infinite devotion to the glory and perpetuity of our institutions and infinite love for man as he should and yet may be.

[Mr. Hill's next article deals with one of the most interesting commercial questions of our time — Oriental Trade. Trade with Asia has played an important part in the commercial life of every maritime nation of Europe — has, in great part, made every one of them rich. Now it is within our reach — this great prize of commerce. Mr. Hill explains how we started to grasp it, and how we fell short because of the unbusiness-like nature of our governmental rate-regulation. There is an ever-increasing volume of trade with Oriental countries which some nation must get; for civilization brings in its wake demands both ways. Are we wise enough to permit our merchants and our railroads to secure it? Mr. Hill narrates events of his own experience and gives besides a world-wide view of the subject. — THE EDITORS.]

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know that the work of men in this miracle of centuries has a higher interest than wasting pleasure; and from these realities of living men and living work they frame their own image of the world.

Into this small democratic state of rich and poor, there streams the outside world with its help. The school welcomes little selected immigrants, even an Igorrote lad. Thus, all the boys get some true notion of the actual life of other lands, some mutual understanding of national merits and faults. Business men, manufacturers, travellers, authors, and musicians visit the school and talk familiarly in the homelike evenings. Parents come for the week-end, or perhaps for days.

For the late afternoon and holidays, there are games of the honored "teams," and the rival labors of their candidates. There is tramping, bicycling, or the building of a giant "shack," with a towered lookout, according to laboriously corrected "carpenter's specifications." The master says that the boys "have a right to all the fun they want, provided they faithfully do their listed work."

All this means rigorous living in plenty. But it is natural, outdoor living, normal primitive life — work and play in the sun and wind and rain, the hand in the soil. And the boys, many of them puny lads when they first come, get the vigor of the original savage. In the two full years since the school's beginning at Interlaken, not a boy has had serious sickness. There has not been a single case of any infectious disease, nor any illness whatever except an occasional cold and sore throat — and these mostly confined to newcomers.

A SCHOOL WITHOUT "DONT'S"

Freedom is the heart of the life, and each boy, as a gentleman, has precious rights of self-government. Authority is not hated for its "dont's." As a solitary prohibition, students are forbidden to go swimming except in the company of a teacher. There are no bounds: permission is always given to go to town. There is not even a law against smoking — yet the boys do not smoke. A newcomer, unmolested, may puff his pipe or cigarette within his own room as long as he can hold out against public opinion; but public opinion is strong, and the will of a single boy is usually too weak for the contest.

A master's word is often the governing thing; but in this trustful, informal democracy, discipline rests almost wholly on the boys themselves, developing their judgment, decision, and character, First, there are the older boys, who become unofficial prefects — the mainstay of the school in leadership and morals. To them an appeal of reason is never made in vain. One of them ended hazing. They have their occasional share of teaching; they take charge of bicycle rides, and so far command the respect of the small lads that now and again a worshipping "mister" is heard. And there are the natural captains of juniors, conspicuous leaders. In the first days of the school it was a ten-year-old boy who put a stop to the tobacco habit.

It was not a teacher who once suggested that a full boy's court be summoned — for the jury trial of the only case of cruelty to animals. After an eager deliberation the verdict "guilty" was announced, and the sullen defendant was sternly sentenced to spend Wednesday's half-holiday reading the Humanitarian Society's "Black Beauty."

An ink-ball once went hurtling across the history room and spattered on the window.

"Did you throw that?" quietly asked the teacher of Sprinter, the new boy.

"No, sir."

"Yes, you did, Sprinter!" cried McNeal.

"Yes, you did!" promptly echoed another boy.

"Prof. won't stand for a lie!" was the warning notice of a third.

"We won't stand for a lie!" came the law from McNeal.

At Interlaken, there is more than religious tolerance. There is a hearty welcome for all creeds. In his study, from time to time, the master reads the Scriptures to such as wish to hear him. Religion is honored in the unargued feeling that it is well for every man to have a staunch faith of his own.

The school holds as sacred the character, opinions, and native bent of a boy. It seeks to give him health of body and skill of hand, to develop the highest individual qualities of his heart and mind, perfecting him in the unity of manhood. It is willing to let him be the architect of his own life. It insists only that he shall clearly see the facts of life.

A DREAMER RECALLED TO LIFE

One day a dreamer of seventeen entered the school — a Socialist and the son of a Socialist, flaming for his cause with the ardor of an

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apostle. At the end of a week, the master took him for a walk. It was a quick tramp about town for a business hour, with just an earnest word of counsel at the end, riveting friendship:

"You must train your brain to keenness. Touch the bedrock of practical things. Understand thoroughly the problems you wish to attack."

The dreamer was put to work in the office, filing letters and checking bills.

Dr. Rumely has taken up his work to obtain definite results of success, and his first efforts are now victories. The school is crowded with boys; and, within two years of its beginning, it has a waiting list. Its students are chiefly the sons of successful business men who came to Interlaken to investigate. They saw boys actually learning through life and work how to live, and learning with great thoroughness the old essentials. And for an average, only one in twenty of the investigators failed to entrust his son to the new school. Success in numbers has thus been immediate, and by simple equipment and simple living the important practical end is won. At modest cost the school pays its own way; and in business fashion, it pays a due profit of interest — the one necessary thing.

Plans are maturing which will probably give Interlaken a New England branch within a year. The president of one of the largest educational institutions of the West, reading the first written account of the work, at once sent word:

"I want our Academy reorganized upon the model of Interlaken."

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

VI

THE BATTERED HULKS OF THE BOWERY

BY

ALEXANDER IRVINE

THE Bowery is one of the unique thoroughfares of the world. On its sidewalks there is a greater mingling of the nations than in any street that I have ever seen. The story of the cheap lodging-houses to which I was commissioned to carry the gospel is one of the most interesting chapters of the Bowery's history.

There were sixty to seventy of them on the Bowery when I began my work. These I visited every day of the week. There was a glamor, a fascination, about it in the night-time that held me in its grip as tightly as it did others. Most of the faces were pale and haggard; many of them were painted. How sickly they looked under the white glare of the arc lights that fizzed and sputtered overhead!

My headquarters at first was the City Mission Church on Broome Street, called "The Broome Street Tabernacle," and to it I led thousands of weary feet. The minister at that time, the Rev. Mr. Tyndall, was a splendid man with a modern mind; but I filled his tabernacle so full of the "Weary Willies of the Bowery" that he revolted; and as I look back at the circumstance now, he was fully justified. Mr. Tyndall was doing a more important work than I was, more fundamental and far-reaching. He was touching the family life of the community, and he saw what I did not see: that our congregations could not be mixed — that my work was spoiling his. I did not see it then; I see it now. So I betook myself to another church, and this other church got a credit which it did not deserve, for it had no family life to touch. It was at Chatham Square, and its usefulness consisted in the fact that it was situated where it could catch the ebb and flow of the "tramp-tide."

I spent my afternoons in the lodging-houses, pocket Bible in hand, going from man to man, as they sat there, workless, homeless, dejected and in despair. I very soon found that there

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was one gospel they were looking for and willing to accept — the gospel of work; so, in order to meet the emergency, I became an employment agency. I became more than that. They needed clothing and food — and I became a junk store and soup kitchen. Everything I could beg or borrow went into the work.

At the close of the first year, the results were rather discouraging. I got jobs for a number of men, but very few "made good." Hundreds of men had been clothed, fed, and lodged, but they had passed out of my reach. I knew not where they had gone. Scarcely one in a hundred ever let me know by a postal-card what had become of him — and yet my work was called successful.

It seems strange to me now that, after having tramped the streets of New York with the unemployed and after having shared their wretchedness, I should then have entirely forgotten it; and that after years of experience among them, I should still be possessed of the idea that men of this grade were lazy and would not work if they had the chance. One afternoon in a bunk-house, I was so possessed of this idea that I challenged the crowd.

"You men surely do not need any further evidence of my interest in you," I remarked. "All that I have and am belongs to you; but I cannot help telling you of my conviction, that most of you are here because you are lazy. Now, if any man in the house is willing to test the case, I will change clothes with him to-morrow morning and show him how to find work."

The words had scarcely escaped my lips when a man by the name of Tim Grogan stood up and accepted the challenge.

I made an appointment to meet Grogan on Chatham Square at half-past five the next morning. Before I met him, I had done more thinking on the question of the unemployed than I had ever done in my life. I balked on the change of clothing, and furnished my own. Two or three men had enough courage to get up early in the morning and see Tim off; they were skeptical about my intention.

The first thing that we did was to try the piano, soap, and other factories on the West Side. From place to place we went, from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth Street, without success. Sometimes, under pretense of business and by force of power to express myself in good English, I gained an entrance to the superintendent; but I always failed to find a job. We crossed the city at Fifty-ninth Street and went down the East Side. Wherever men were working, we applied. We went to the stevedores on the East Side, but they were all "full up." "For God's sake," I said to some of them, but I was brushed aside with a wave of the hand. I never felt so like a beggar in my life. Tim trotted at my heels, encouraging me with whimsical Irish phrases, one of which I remember:

"Begorra, mister, the hardest work, for sure, is no work at all — at all!"

In the middle of the afternoon, I began to get disturbed; then I decided to try a scheme that I had worked over for hours. "Keep close to me now, Tim," I said, as I led him to a drugstore at the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery.

"Sir," I said to the clerk, "you are unaccustomed to giving credit, I know; but perhaps you might suspend your rule for once and trust us to the amount of five cents."

"You don't talk like a bum," he said, "but you look like one."

I thanked him for the compliment to my language, but insisted on my request.

"Well, what is it?" asked the clerk with somewhat of a sneer.

"I am hungry and thirsty. I have looked for work all day and have utterly failed to find it. Now I have a scheme and I know it will work. Oxalic acid eats away rust. If I had five cents' worth, I could earn a dollar — I know I could."

He looked curiously at me for a moment, and said with an oath:

"I've been on the Bowery a good many years and haven't been 'sold' once. If you're a skin-game man, I'll throw up my job!"

I got the acid. I played the same game in a tailor-shop for five cents' worth of rags. Then I went to a hardware store on the Square and got credit for about ten cents' worth of brick-dust and paste. I took Tim by the arm and led him across Chatham Square. There used to be a big drygoods store on the east side, with large plate-glass windows, and underneath the windows were big brass signs.

"Nothing doing," said the floorwalker, as I asked for the job of cleaning them; nevertheless, when he turned his back, I dropped on my knees and cleaned a square foot — did it inside of a minute.

"Say, boss," I said, "look here! I'm des-

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perately hard up. I want to make money, and I want to make it honestly. I will clean that entire sign for a nickel."

It was pity that moved him to give me the job, and when it was completed I offered to do the other one. "All right," he said; "go ahead."

"But this one," I said, "will cost you a dime."

"Why a nickel for that one and a dime for the other?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "we are just entering business. In the first case I charged you merely for the work done; in the second, I charge you for the idea."

"What idea?" he inquired.

"The idea that cleanliness is part of any business man's capital."

"Well, go ahead."

When both signs were polished, I offered to clean the big plate-glass windows for ten cents each. This was thirty cents below the regular price, and I was permitted to do the job. Tim, of course, took his coat off, rolled his shirt-sleeves up, and worked with a will beside me. After that, we swept the sidewalk, earning the total sum of thirty-five cents. We tried other stores, but the nationality of most of them was against us; nevertheless, in the course of the afternoon, we made a dollar and a half. Then I took Tim to "Beefsteak John's," and we had dinner. Then I began to boast of the performance and warn Tim that on the following Sunday afternoon I should explain my success to the men in the bunk-house.

"Yes, yes, indeed, yer honer," said Tim, "y'er a janyus! There's no doubt about that at all — at all! But —— "

"Go on," I said.

"I was jist switherin'," said Tim, "what a wontherful thing ut is that a man kin always hev worruk whin he invints ut."

"Well, that's worth knowing, Tim," I said, disappointedly. "Did you learn anything else?"

"There's jist one thing that you forgot, yer honer."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Begorra, you forgot that if all the brains in the bunk-house wor put together, they cudn't think of a thrick like that — the thrick of cleaning a window wid stuff from a dhrug-store! They ain't got brains."

"Why haven't they?"

"Och, begorra, I dunno. except for the same raisin that a fish hasn't no horns!"

We retraced our steps to the drugstore and the tailor-shop and the hardware store, paid our bills, and I handed over what was left to Tim.

Among the interesting characters that I came into contact with in those days was Dave Ranney. I was going across Chatham Square one night, when this man tapped me on the shoulder — "touched me" he would call it. He was "a pudder from Pittsburg," he said.

"Show me your hands," I replied. Instead, he stuck them deep into his pockets, and I told him to try again. He said he was hungry, so I took him to a restaurant; but he couldn't eat. He wanted a drink, but I wouldn't give that to him. He walked the streets that night, but he came to me later and I helped him and every time he came he got a little nearer the truth in telling his story. Finally I got it all. He squared himself and began the fight of his life; he is now himself a missionary to the Bowery lodging-houses.

Another convert of the bunk-house was Edward Dowling. "Der's an old gazabo here, said "the bouncer" to me one day, "and he's got de angel goods on him O. K."

He was a quiet, reticent old man of sixty, an Irishman who had served in the British Army in India with Havelock and Colin Campbell. He had bought a ranch in the West, but an accident to one of his eyes forced him to spend all his money to save the other one. He drifted into New York homeless and penniless; seeing a tinker mending umbrellas one day on the street, he sat down beside him and watched the process. In that way he learned something of the trade.

One Sunday afternoon, when I was rallying a congregation in the bunk-house, I found him on his cot, reading the life of Buffalo Bill. I invited him down to the meeting, but he politely refused, saying that he was an Episcopalian. The following Sunday he did come, and his was the most striking spiritual crisis that I had ever seen. His conversion was clean-cut, definite, and clear; it was of a kind with the conversion of Paul on the way to Damascus. He was an extraordinarily intelligent man, and could repeat more classic poetry by heart than any man I have ever known. He came out from the mass of that human

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flotsam and jetsam on the Sunday afternoon following his conversion, and told them what had happened to him.

The lodgers were very much impressed. It was in the winter time. The old man began his work at once, for he would starve rather than beg. The "bouncer" told me that the old tinker would buy a stale loaf for a few cents; then, in the dormitory, he would make coffee in tomato-cans and gather half-a-dozen of the hungriest around him, and share his meal with them — plain bread soaked in unsweetened coffee. Sometimes he would read a few verses of the Bible to them, and sometimes merely say in his clear Irish voice: "There now, God bliss ye!"

At this time he was living on a dollar a week, but every morning he had his little tea party around the old stove, his cheery greeting, and his final word of benediction to the men he had selected to share in his bounty, as they slunk out of the bunk-house to begin the day.

Later, he had a large-type New Testament out of which he read a verse or two every morning at the meal. Very soon the three hundred lodgers began to look upon him with a kind of awe. This was not because he had undergone a radical change — for he had always been quiet, gentle, and civil — but because he had found his voice; and that voice was bringing to them something they could not get elsewhere — sympathy, cheer, and courage.

Going down Mulberry Street one morning in the depth of winter, I happened to glance up one of the narrow alleys in "the Bend," and I noticed my friend standing at a window, his face close to a broken pane of glass, and his large New Testament held a few inches from his face. His tinker's budget was by his feet. The door was closed. In a few minutes he closed the book and put it into his kit; and as he moved away from the window, I saw a large bundle of rags pushed into the hole.

"What have you been doing?" I inquired.

He laughed. "There, now, God bliss her!" he said. "I put a rib in an umbrella for her, but she said the house was too dirty to read the Bible in, so she let me read it through the broken window."

All that winter he tinkered and taught. All winter, the little ragged audiences gathered around him in the morning; and often at eventime, when he retreated into a quiet corner to be silent and rest, he found himself the centre of an inquiring group of his fellow-lodgers.

His diary of that period is before me as I write, and I am astonished at the great humility of this simple-minded man.

He had been asked by the minister of his church to call; but his modesty prevented him until hunger forced him to change his mind. After starving for three days, he made up his mind to accept that invitation, and reveal his condition to the well-to-do minister of this well-to-do church. He was poorly clad. It was a very cold winter day. The streets were covered with slush and snow. On his way he met an old woman with a shawl around her, a bedraggled dress, and wet feet.

"My good woman," said Dowling, "you must be very cold, indeed, in this condition."

"Sir," she answered, "I am cold; but I am also starving of hunger. Could you afford me one cent to get some bread?"

"God bless ye, dear friend!" he said, "I have not been able to taste food for three days myself; but I am now on the way to the house of a good friend — a good servant of the Lord; and if I get any help, I will share it with you. I am a poor tinker, but work has been very slack this last week. I have not earned enough to pay for my lodging."

The diary gives all the details: the corner of the street where he met her, the hour of the day.

A servant ushered him into the parlor of his "good friend, the servant of the Lord." Presently the reverend doctor came down, somewhat irritated; instead of shaking hands with the old man, he said:

"Dowling, I know I have asked you several times to call, but I am a very busy man and you should have let me know. I simply cannot see you this morning. I have an address to prepare for the opening of a mission and I haven't the time."

"No handshake — no Christian greeting," records the tinker's diary; and the account closes with these words: "Dear Lord, do not let the demon of uncharitableness enter into my poor heart!"

He became a colporter for a tract society, and was given as territory the towns on the east side of the Hudson River. Tract selling in this generation is probably the most thankless, profitless work that any human being could undertake. The poor old man was burdened with a heavy bundle of the worst literary

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trash of a religious kind ever put out by a publishing house. He was to get 25 per cent. of the sales; so he shouldered his kit, with his heart full of enthusiasm, and began the summer journey on foot. He carried his diary with him, and although the entries are very brief, they are to the point.

"August 29. Sold nothing. No money for bread or lodging. *God is good.* Night came and I was *so* tired and hungry. I went into a grove and, with a prayer of confidence on my lips, I went to sleep. A clock not far away struck two. Then, rain fell in torrents and a fierce wind blew. The elements drove me from the grove.

"A constable held me up.

" 'I am a servant of God, dear friend,' I said.

" 'Why doesn't he give you a place to sleep, then?' he answered.

" 'God forgive me,' thinks I to myself, 'but that is the same unworthy thought that was in my own mind.'

"I went into a building in course of erection and laid down on some planks; but I was too wet to sleep."

The next day, hunger drove him to work early. He was turned from one door after another, by saints and sinners alike, until finally he was so weak with hunger that he could scarcely walk. Then he became desperate, to a degree, and his diary records a call on another reverend doctor.

This eminent divine had no need for religious literature, nor had he time to be bothered with beggars. Dowling records in his diary that he told the minister that he was dropping off his feet with hunger, and would be thankful for a little bread and a glass of water. It seems almost incredible that in a Christian community such things could happen; but the diary records the indictment that those tender lips in life were never allowed to utter — it records how he was driven from the door.

He had letters of introduction from this rich tract society, and again he presented them to a minister.

"A very nice lady came," says the record. "I gave my credentials, explained my condition and implored help.

" '*We are retired from the active ministry*,' the woman said, 'and cannot help you. We have no further use for religious books.' "

A third minister atoned for the others, and made a purchase. This was at Tarrytown. On another occasion, when his vitality had ebbed low through hunger and exposure, he was sitting on the roadside when a laborer said, "There is a nigger down the road here who keeps a saloon. He hasn't got no religion, but he wants some. Ye'd better look him up." And he did. The Negro saloon-keeper informed him that, being a saloon-keeper, he and his family were shut out from the church.

"Now," he said, "I am going to get Jim, my barkeeper, to look after my joint while I take you home to talk to me and my family about God." So they entertained the tinker-preacher, and the diary is full of praise to God for his new-found friends. The Negro bought a dollar's worth of tracts, and persuaded the colporter to spend the night with them.

With this dollar he returned to New York, got his tinker's budget, and went back to his missionary field. If people did not want their souls cured he knew they must have lots of tinware that needed mending; so he combined the work of curing souls with the mending of umbrellas and kitchen utensils, and his period of starvation was past. His business was to preach the new vision and tinker for a living as he went along.

"September 12," reads the diary, "I found myself by the brook which runs east of the mountain. I had a loaf of bread and some cheese; and, with a tin cup, I helped myself to the water of the brook. The fragments that remained I put in a bundle and tied to the branch of a tree by the roadside. On the wrapper I penciled these words: 'Friend — if you come across this food and you need it, do not hesitate to eat it; but if you don't need it, leave it, for I will return at the close of the day. God bless you!' "

At eventime he returned and was surprised at the altered shape of the bundle. He found two beef sandwiches and two big apples had been added, with this note: "Friend — accept these by way of variety. Peace to thee!"

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

A sharp contrast was a statesman under a cloud. I was sitting on a bench near the bunkhouse one day at twilight, when I noticed a profile silhouetted against the window. I had seen only one profile like that in my life, and that was when I was a boy. I moved closer. The man sat like a statue. His face was very pale and he was gazing vacantly at the walls in the rear of the building. Finally, I went over and sat down beside him. "Good evening," he said quietly, in answer to my salutation. I looked into his face — a face I knew when a boy, a face familiar to the law-

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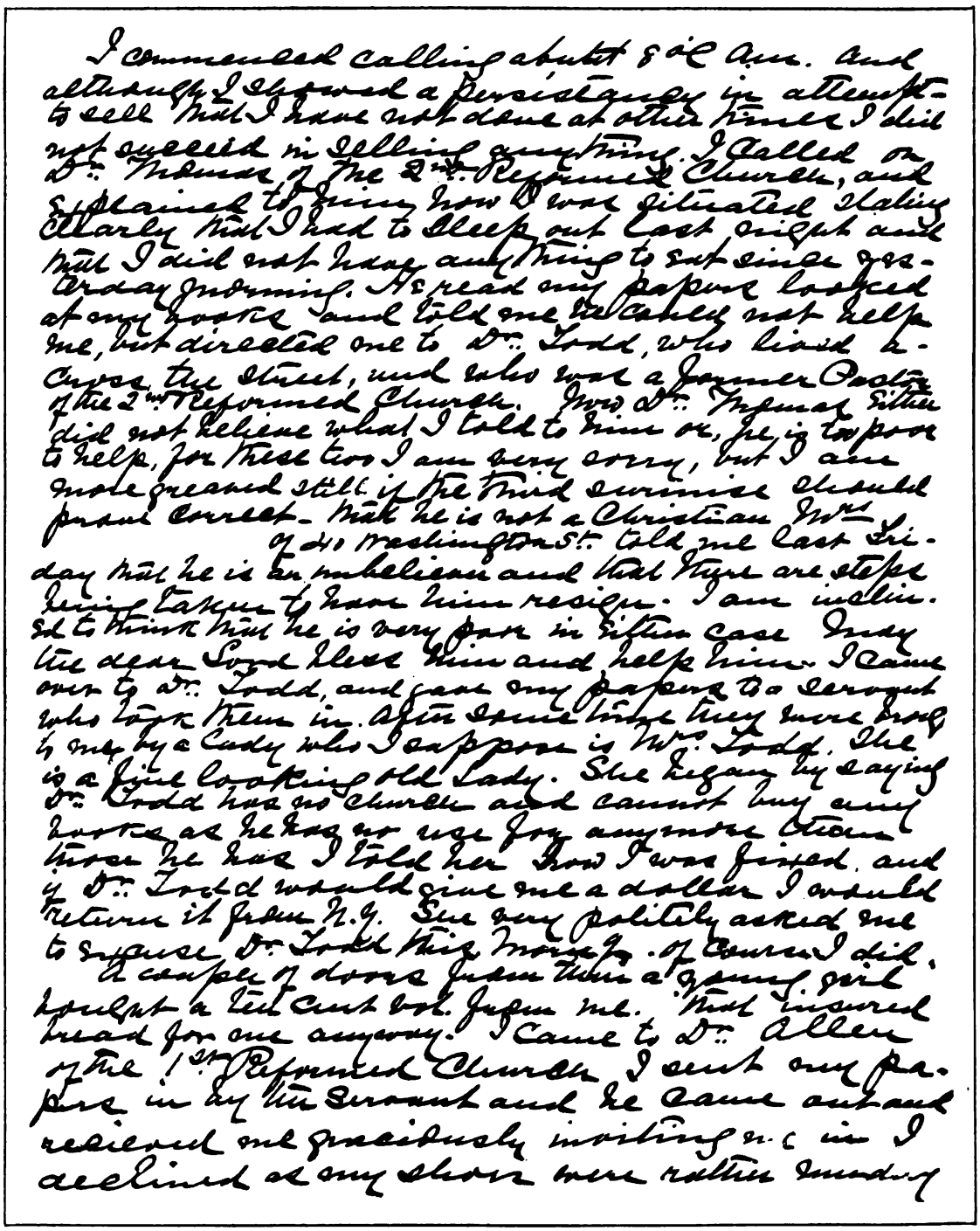
makers of Victoria for a quarter of a century. I called him by name. At the sound of his own name, his paleness turned to an ashy yellow.

"In heaven's name," I said, "what are you doing here?" He looked at me with an expression of excruciating pain on his face, and said:

"I have traveled some thousands of miles



I commenced calling about 8 o'C A.m. and although I showed a persistency in attempting to sell that I have not done at other times I did not succeed in selling anything. I called on Dr. Thomas of the 2nd Reformed Church, and explained to him how I was situated stating clearly that I had to sleep out last night and that I did not have any thing to eat since yesterday morning. As read my papers looked at my books and told me he could not help me, but directed me to Dr. Todd, who lived across the street, and also was a former Pastor of the 2nd Reformed Church. Mrs Dr. Thomas either did not believe what I told to him or, he is too poor to help, for these two I am very sorry, but I am more grieved still if the third surmise should prove correct. That he is not a Christian Mr. [illegible] of 40 Washington St. told me last Friday that he is an infidel and that they are trying to have him resign. I am inclined to think that he is very poor in fifth case may the dear Lord bless him and help him. I came over to Dr. Todd, and gave my papers to servant who took them in. After some time they were brought by a Lady who I suppose is Mrs. Todd. She is a fine looking old Lady. She began by saying Dr. Todd has no Church and cannot buy any books as he has no use for anymore than those he has I told her how I was fixed, and if Dr. Todd would give me a dollar I would return it from N.Y. She very politely asked me to excuse Dr. Todd this morning. Of course I did.

A couple of doors further down a young girl bought a Testament of me. That insured bread for one anyway. I came to Dr. Allen of the 1st Reformed Church I sent my papers in by the servant and he came out and received me graciously inviting me in I declined as my shoes were rather muddy

A PATHETIC PAGE FROM DOWLING'S DIARY

A record of how the sweet-spirited missionary-tinker was received by three clergyman

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Photograph by Brown Bros., N. Y.

HOMELESS AND PENNILESS IN NEW YORK

Hundreds of men and boys sleep on the park benches every night until the winter drives them elsewhere

Photograph by Brown Bros., N. Y.

THE MIDNIGHT "BREAD-LINE" ON THE BOWERY

There are two places in New York — the Bowery Mission and Fleischmann's bakery — where about 2,000 loaves of bread and 2,000 cups of coffee are distributed free every midnight

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in order to be alone; if you have any kindness, any pity, leave me."

"Pardon me," I said, "for intruding."

I had known this man as a brilliant orator, a religious leader, the champion of a sect. In a city across the sea, I had sat as a bare-legged boy on an upturned barrel, part of an immense crowd, listening to the flow of his oratory. The next day he left the bunk-house. Some weeks afterward I found him on a curbstone, preaching to any of the pedestrians that would listen.

My advice was ready. He turned pale as I told him to pack his trunk and take the next ship for England.

"Face the storm like a man!" I urged.

"It will kill me, but I will do it," he said.

He did it, and it swept him to prison, to shame, and to oblivion.

"DOC" CALAHAN, OF YALE

The only friend of those bunk-house days now living is Thomas J. Callahan. Many

Photograph by Brown Bros. N. Y.

TYPES OF BOWERY "TOUGHS"

At the close of his address, I introduced myself again. He took me to his new lodging, and I put the questions that filled my mind. For answer he gave me the House of Commons Blue Book, which explained the charge hanging over him. Almost daily, for weeks, I heard him on his knees proclaim his innocence of the unmentionable crime with which he was charged. After some weeks of daily association, he said to me:

"I believe you are sent of God to guide me, and I am prepared to take your advice."

Yale men will never forget how "Doc" cared for Dwight Hall. The circumstances under which I met Doc were rather peculiar.

"Say, bub," said Gar, the "bouncer," to me one day, "what ungodly hour of the mornin' d'ye git up?"

"At the godly hour of necessity," I replied.

"Wal, I hev a pal I want ter interjooce to ye at six."

I met the "bouncer" and his "pal" at the corner of Broome Street and the Bowery next morning at the appointed hour.

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A GROUP OF BOWERY SCHOOLBOYS

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"MY REST A STONE"
The man lying in front is Mr. Irvine

NEARING THE END
The dying man who mixed "Little Brown Jug" with a hymn

"Dat's Doc!" said Gar, as he placed his hand on his friend's head.

His friend bowed low, and in faultless English, said: "I am more than pleased to meet you."

"I can give you a pointer on Doc," the big fellow continued. "If ye tuk a peaner to th' top av a mountain an' let her go down the side sorter ez she pleases, 'e c'u'd pick up the remains an' put thim together so's ye w'u'dn't know they'd been apart. Yes, sir; that's no song an' dance, an' 'e c'u'd play any chune iver invented on it."

A TENEMENT SCENE IN NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE

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Doc laughed and made some explanations. They had a wheezy old organ in Halloran's dive, and Doc kept it in repair and played occasionally for them. He had a Rip Van Winkle look. His hair hung down his back, and his clothes were threadbare and green with age. His shoes were tied to his feet with wire, and stockings he had none.

Doc had slipped a cog and gone down, down, down, until he landed at Halloran's dive. For twelve years he had been selling penny song-sheets on the streets and in saloons. He was usually in rags, but a score of the wildest inhabitants of that dive told me that Doc was their "good angel." He could play the songs of their childhood, he was kind and gentle, and men couldn't be vulgar in his presence.

I saw in Doc an unusual man, and was able to persuade him to go home with me. In a week he was a new man, clothed and in his right mind. He became librarian of a big church library, and our volunteer organist at all the Sunday meetings.

After two years of uninterrupted service as librarian, during which time Doc had been of great service in the bunk-house, I lost him. Five years later, crossing Brooklyn Bridge on a car, I passed Doc, who was walking in the same direction. At the end of the bridge I planted myself in front of him. "Doc," I said, "you will never get away from me again." I took him to New Haven, where he is now the janitor of Yale Hall.

I touched the life of the wretched community at every angle, sometimes entering as a fool where an angel would fear to tread. One day I was called upon to visit a poor couple who lived in a rear tenement. I saw that the old man was dying. He was scarcely able to speak, but managed to express a desire that I sing to him; so, as there was no one present but his wife and myself to hear it, I sang. This inspired the old man to sing himself. He coughed violently, tried to clear his throat, pulled himself together, and sang after me a line of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." This was very touching, but the solemnity was severely jarred by following that line with the first line of: "Little Brown Jug, Don't I Love You!" So, between the "Little Brown Jug" and the sacred poetry of the church, he wound up, dying with his head on my knee.

There was an insurance of $30 on his life. I informed the undertaker, and did whatever

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A FIGHT IN "MULBERRY BEND"

I could to comfort the old woman, who was now entirely alone in the world. When I arrived the next afternoon to conduct the funeral service, there was a little crowd of

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THE ITALIAN QUARTER, "MULBERRY BEND"

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DOWLING, TINKER AND COLPORTER
A veteran who served in India under Havelock and Colin Campbell

THE CHURCH OF SEA AND LAND
One of Mr. Irvine's headquarters

people around the door, and from the inside came agonized sounds from the old woman.

Without knocking, I opened the door. I found the undertaker in the act of taking the body out of the casket and laying it on the lounge in the corner. The old woman was on her knees, wringing her hands and begging him in the name of God not to do it. I asked for an explanation; rather reluctantly, the undertaker told me (proceeding with his programme as he explained) that there was a "kink" in the insurance.

"THE BISMARCK," A BOWERY BUNK-HOUSE

"Well," I said, "we can fix that up all right."

"Yes," he said, "you can fix it up with cash; we are not in business for our health, you know."

"Well, stop for a moment," I pleaded, "and let us talk it over."

"Have you got the dough?" he asked.

"Not here," I replied, "but I am the pastor of that church up there on the corner, and surely we are good enough for the small expense of this funeral."

By this time he had the lid on the casket and was proceeding to carry it out of the door. The old woman was almost in hysterics. I was mightily moved by the situation, and asked the man to wait; but he jabbed the end

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of the casket under my arm — perhaps accidentally — pushing me to one side on his way to the door. I was there ahead of him, however; I locked the door and put the key in my pocket.

"Now, will you wait just for one moment till we talk it over?"

His answer was a volley of oaths. I waited until he subsided, and then I said:

"I will be responsible for this financially. You are wringing the heart's blood out of this poor old woman, and I don't propose to stand by and allow it. I will give you two minutes to put that body back in the casket and arrange it for burial, and if you don't do it, there may be two to bury instead of one!"

I began to time him, making absolutely no answer to anything that he said. I stood close to the old woman and put my hand on her head. "It's all right, Mary," I said. "Everything is all right. You are not friendless. You are not alone."

The two minutes were up. I took off my coat, rolled up my shirt sleeves, and advanced toward him.

"Are you going to do the decent thing?"

There was one long look between us. Then he dropped his eyes, put the body back in the casket, and arranged it for burial. Then I put on my coat, opened the door, and the crowd came in. I read the service and preached the sermon, and the undertaker did the rest.

Some months afterward, I was at work in my study in the tower of the old Church of Sea and Land, when I heard a loud knocking at the church door — a most unusual thing. I came down and found that undertaker and a gentleman and lady, evidently of the well-to-do class, standing at the door.

"Here is a couple that wants to get married, Mr. Irvine," the undertaker said.

They came into the study and were married.

A "BISMARCK" INTERIOR

Since odors cannot be photographed, it is not so good as it looks

The next day I went to the undertaker and laid down a five-dollar bill on his desk, one-fourth of the marriage fee. Without being invited, I pulled a chair up and sat down beside him.

"Now tell me, brother," I said confidentially, "how did you come to bring them to me?"

A genuine smile overspread his features.

"Well," he said, "it was like this. You remember that funeral business?"

"Yes."

"Well, I figured it out like this: that one of the two of us was putting up a damned big bluff; but I hadn't the heart to call it. Shake!"

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MR. FRANCIS D. MILLET

An American painter who has received medals on the battlefield as well as at art exhibitions

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"THE NORSE DISCOVERERS"
Who are thought to have visited Massachusetts Bay in the year 1,000

A DECORATOR OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS

THE WORK OF FRANCIS D. MILLET, AN ARTIST WHO FINDS HIS CHIEF INSPIRATION IN THE LIFE OF HIS OWN LAND

BY

LEILA MECHLIN

(WITH TWELVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. MILLET'S PAINTINGS)

AMERICA has recently been declared to be "an artistically undiscovered country," because so few American artists have turned for inspiration to their own land. Especially does this apply to monumental work such as mural paintings for public buildings, wherein opportunity is peculiarly well afforded for the recording of great events in the life of the nation and its people. The fault, however, cannot be laid entirely at the door of the artists. There has been a demand for things foreign not confined to wearing apparel; imported ideas, as well as gloves and fabrics, have been more readily marketable than those of "home manufacture," and allegory in classic guise alone has satisfied the ideals of building committees. But a change in attitude, both of the painters and their patrons, is now observable, and exceptions to the rule may be noted.

The decorations by Mr. F. D. Millet in the new Cleveland Trust Company Building are an exception. They consist of a series of thirteen panels, each approximately sixteen by five feet, illustrating the settlement of the state of Ohio, but typifying the pioneer movement which resulted in the opening up of the great West. The first of the series goes back to the discovery of America; the second, to the Puritan settlers who first gained a foot-

"THE PURITANS PREACHING THE GOSPEL"
"Being ye last day of ye week, they prepared there to keep ye Sabbath"

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"LA SALLE ON LAKE ERIE"

"One of the bravest and most sagacious explorers that ever lived"

hold in the new land; then come pictorial interpretations of exploration both by water and land, migration, barter, and the conquest of the soil. Some of the panels have local significance, such, for example, as "Surveying the Site of Cleveland," but the majority have broader significance. There was something fine in the courage, the hardihood, the self-assurance of the early settlers who pushed their way westward, farther and farther, until the last barrier was passed, and this it is that Mr. Millet has given expression to in his paintings. In composition they are very simple, and in effect frank. If they appeal to the imagination, it is not because they are vague, but on account of their ability to vividly recall the past. The utmost care was taken to present correct types; but, beyond this, historical accuracy was not thought essential, it being the spirit and not the letter which animated the transcription.

In the great rotunda used as a banking room, and therefore accessible to the public, these panels form a frieze, terminating the wall forty feet above the floor level, and behind a colonnade supporting the dome. Because of this elevated and recessed position, it was essential that the paintings should be strong in color and positive in treatment. Deep blues and greens predominate, enlivened by touches of brilliant red — as, for instance, the blanket of an Indian or the oxen's yoke — and the pigment is seen to have been held in broad, ample masses. The same scheme of color has been used for the entire series, and when viewed in position all are found in harmony, the eye passing from one to another without conscious jar or interruption. The horizon line has been made continuous, and though each panel is a complete composition, the frieze, as a whole, is a unit.

To judge of mural paintings divorced from their environment is impossible, unless, perchance, the critic has been endowed with that visual imagination which is the chief asset of the creative artist. Considered unrelatedly, each of these panels is pictorially attractive; but seen in place, they take on uncommon

"FATHER HENNEPIN AT NIAGARA"

The painting that has temporarily saved the Falls from commercial vandalism

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"EXPLORATION BY WATER"

dignity and fulfill their function as decorations with special grace. It is not enough that a mural painting should tell a story, nor record an historical event; it must, if it be worthy, harmonize with the architecture and lend a note of charm, appealing first to the eye and then to the intellect.

It took more than a year to execute this series of thirteen panels, Mr. Millet and two or three assistants working from morning till night. First, the general scheme was sketched; then full-sized cartoons were made and tried, experimentally, in place. When these were found satisfactory, the work began in earnest; accurate drawings on huge sheets of manila paper were made in charcoal, corrected, and restudied; finally, when absolutely correct, these were transferred to canvas. For each figure a model posed, and the pioneer in homespun and the blanketed Indian were not strangers in Mr. Millet's studio last winter. When the actual painting began, three or four panels were carried forward at once, in order to assure harmony in effect, so that at the end the entire series was finished almost simultaneously.

This work was done in Mr. Millet's studio in Washington, a great, barnlike hall in old Georgetown, which was let for dances, receptions, theatricals, and even grand opera in the days when the National Capital was "a city in the wilderness." There it was that the Cleveland decorations were first shown, being exhibited for a week last June directly after they were completed.

Among those who attended the private view which preceded this exhibition, climbing the long flight of stairs which leads from the street to the lofty and commodious studio, was President Taft, with the members of his Cabinet, and others prominent in official life — a fact which would not be recorded but for an incident which occurred. While pausing before the panel representing "Father Hennepin at Niagara Falls," someone remarked that it was well that this majestic scene had been so graphically pictured, since, in all probability, the Falls would soon become a memory. "How is that?" the President asked, with evident astonishment. On being reminded that the Sundry Civil Bill, passed on the

"MIGRATION"

"Since the dawn of recorded history, the West has been the goal of human hope"

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"BUYING LAND FROM THE INDIANS"

fourth of March, in order to do away with the Fine Arts Council appointed by President Roosevelt, had abolished all Commissions — among which was that entrusted with the guardianship of Niagara — he exclaimed: "It is all a mistake! Write me a letter about it and I shall attend to the matter at once." The letter was written without delay and a few days later the Niagara Falls Commission was reinstated with full authority and power. Thus to Father Hennepin may be due, in part, the preservation, temporarily, of this great gift of nature.

THE ARTIST'S VARIED CAREER

Mr. Millet is, and has been for some time, the chairman of the Niagara Falls Commission, as well as secretary of both the American Federation of Arts and the American Academy in Rome; he is also vice-president of the Municipal Art Commission of the City of New York, chairman of the Committee of the Smithsonian Institution on the National Gallery, and Commissioner-General of the United States to the Tokyo Exposition — a man of broad interests and unending enthusiasm — a recognized leader. Few have had as interesting or varied a career as he, and seldom does one see creative power thus coupled with executive ability.

Born in Mattapoisett, Mass., November 3, 1846, Francis Davis Millet was but a youth when he had his first experience in military life, soldiering in the Civil War, serving as a drummer in the Sixtieth Massachusetts Regiment and as an assistant contract-surgeon in the Army of the Potomac. The taste he got at that time for warfare has been abiding, for twice since, when a great conflict has been in progress, he has laid aside his art and gone to the front, nominally as special correspondent but not infrequently taking an active part in battle.

He graduated from Harvard in 1869, having entered college at the conclusion of the Civil War, and directly after his graduation took up newspaper work, first joining the staff of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and, later, becoming the local editor of the Boston *Courier* and the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. Meanwhile, having an inclination toward art, he began the study of lithography with D. C. Fabronius, which led to a determination to

"SURVEYING THE SITE OF CLEVELAND"

Ohio was the first state carved out of "the Northwest Territory"

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"FELLING THE TIMBER"

become a painter. In 1871, he went to Antwerp and entered the Royal Academy; there, at the close of the first year, he won the prize of excellence in the antique class; and, at the close of the second year, the prize of excellence in painting. Fortune, which has a way of smiling upon those who are specially capable of taking care of themselves, favored him, as the saying goes, and in the spring of 1873 he secured the position of secretary to Charles Francis Adams, Commissioner for Massachusetts to the Vienna Exposition, as well as the honor of membership on the International Jury, and the post of correspondent to both the New York *Herald* and *Tribune*. At the close of the Exposition came a period of travel in Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Italy; a winter in Rome, storing up impressions and making special research; a summer in, or near, Capri; and a full year in Venice, where, under the influence of all which appeals most strongly to the artistic temperament, he painted his first pictures. In 1876 he returned to America, by way of northern Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and represented the Boston *Advertiser* at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

It is a small compliment to attribute a man's success to his industry, and yet it is true that opportunity comes most frequently to those who do not sit and wait for it. A habit of work avails little unless there is something back of it; but in an emergency it is a pretty handy possession, and this Mr. Millet early acquired.

His first experience as a mural painter was got in the autumn and winter following the Centennial Exposition, when he, with a number of other young artists, assisted Mr. John La Farge in decorating Trinity Church, Boston; it was a stupendous undertaking, carried through to completion in an almost incredibly short space of time — a work which will always stand as a landmark in the history of American art.

HONORS AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Millet's sojourn in this country at that time was brief, for in 1877 he went to Paris and in May of the same year gave up his painting to become special correspondent for the New York *Herald* in the Turkish War. During the summer campaign he left the *Herald* to take the place of Archibald Forbes on the London *Daily News*, which position he held

"BUILDING THE LOG CABIN"

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"PREPARING THE CLEARING"

to the close of the war, serving, also, as special artist for the London *Graphic*. It was during this campaign that he received the Roumanian Iron Cross, and, on the field of battle, the Russian military crosses of St. Stanislaus and of St. Anne; with, later, the Russian and Roumanian war medals.

In 1878, the war being over, he returned to France by way of Sicily. For a year he painted in Paris, serving, meanwhile, as a member of the Fine Arts Jury of the Paris Exposition. In 1879 he married Miss Elizabeth Greeley Merrill and returned to America, settling first in Boston and then in New York, where he still has a residence and studio.

The next few years were comparatively uneventful, but were broken by numerous trips. One was through Denmark, Sweden and north Germany; another, a sketching tour in England, resulted in the purchase of a summer home at Broadway, that picturesque little village in the heart of Worcestershire, where, at one time, there was quite a colony of artists and writers, and to which he and his family have year after year returned. In ~~1888~~ he traveled in the United States and Mexico, and in 1891 he went in a canoe down the full length of the Danube, publishing a book of his adventures, entitled "The Danube from the Black Forest to the Sea." Later, a collection of short stories and a translation of Tolstoi's "Sebastopol" appeared in print.

A PAINTER WITH BIG IDEAS

Up to this time, Mr. Millet's painting had chiefly been confined to easel pictures recalling, for the most part, the romantic side of English yeoman life in earlier centuries. In 1892, however, he was made Director of Decorations for the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago, which, like the Centennial of '76, has exerted a potent influence upon the development of art. It is in such work as this — the conception of a large scheme which permits detailed execution — that Mr. Millet excels. He can formulate a vision which is lovely and at the same time capable of translation, and he, more than the majority, can patiently endure the mechanics of execution, retaining the vitality of his inspiration to the finish. Perhaps the secret of this ability, if one forbids the hypothesis of genius, is the painter's unusual

"GATHERING THE HARVEST"

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capacity not only for work but for play. No one knows more certainly the value of recreation than Mr. Millet, and none, it is said by those who have been his comrades, makes, upon occasion, a better play-fellow.

WAR CORRESPONDENT AGAIN

After having finished his work at Chicago and served during the six months of the Exposition as Director of Functions and Ceremonies, and as a member of the Fine Arts Jury, he went to England in 1894 and spent there two quiet years, uninterrupted save by a trip to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. Then came the Spanish War, and 1898 found him in the Philippines as special correspondent for the London *Times* and representative of *Harper's Weekly* and the New York *Sun*. Later he published a book on "The Expedition to the Philippines." In the autumn of the same year he traveled through Japan, China, Java, the Straits Settlements, Burmah, India, and back to England. In 1900 he had charge of the decoration of the Government pavilion at the Paris Exposition, served on the jury of selection and also on the Fine Arts Jury, and at the close of the Exposition received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

This brings his record almost to the present time. In the interests of the Commission to the Tokyo Exposition, Mr. Millet went, in August, 1908, to England, France, Italy, and Germany, and proceeded thence to Japan, by way of the Siberian Railway. The Commissioners-General, having the temporary rank of Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary, were granted many special privileges by the Japanese Government; and, after an audience with the Emperor and Empress, they were given the First-Class Order of the Sacred Treasure. After a month of official business in Japan, Mr. Millet went to Shanghai and Peking, by way of the Yangtse River and the Hankow-Peking railroad, remaining in Peking during the period of the death of the Emperor and Empress Dowager and the establishment of the new régime, visiting, meanwhile, many interesting places and informing himself of conditions pertaining to the preservation of art monuments in China. From Peking he returned to Japan, by way of Tien-tsin and Port Arthur, crossing the Yellow Sea to Chinampo and thence to Tokyo. It was from this trip that he returned to paint the Cleveland decorations, throwing himself heartily into the transcription of a typical phase of early American life.

PAINTINGS IN MANY GALLERIES

With such extensive traveling, it may seem that Mr. Millet had little time for actual production, and comparatively little opportunity to win distinction as a painter; but his output, judged by others, is by no means inconsiderable and there is probably no American painter who is better known or more highly esteemed abroad. His pictures may be seen in the National Gallery of British Art, the National Gallery of New Zealand, the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Detroit Art Museum, the Union League Club of New York, and the Duquesne Club, of Pittsburg, as well as in many private collections. He has not made a specialty of portrait painting, but has turned to it with facility. Occasionally he has had distinguished sitters; and while his canvases may not have had conspicuous merit, they have always been well studied, conservative, and veracious. There is one instance, however, of a portrait painted by Mr. Millet being much more than this — being a vital impression set forth with direct and convincing realism. I refer to the portrait of Mr. William Winter, which is familiar to many through reproduction.

ART FOR THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Among Mr. Millet's mural paintings may be mentioned two historical pictures for the Governor's room in the Capitol at St. Paul — "The Treaty of the Traverse des Siouxs" and "The Entry of the Fourth Minnesota Regiment into Vicksburg" — and a large panel for the court-house at Newark, N. J., representing the "Foreman of the Grand Jury Rebuking the Chief Justice of New Jersey" for submitting to the oppression of England in 1774.

But more important than any of these is the work he did in the Baltimore Custom-House. At the recommendation of the architects, the entire decoration of this building was placed in Mr. Millet's hands, by the Treasury Department, in 1906, with the instructions that he should make himself responsible for every detail. This he did, devising a color scheme for the whole building, superintending the tinting of the walls, which was done by journey

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men painters, designing decorative borders to be placed above the wainscot, and himself executing for the call-room, wherein the chief business of the Custom-House is transacted, a series of twenty-eight panels and five lunettes illustrating the development of shipping from the time of the Egyptian Galley, 1,000 B. C., to that of the "Ocean Greyhound" of the present day. No pains were spared to insure the historical correctness of each representation, but the chief charm of the paintings lies in the fact that they are in complete accord with their architectural setting and perfectly fulfil their function as decorations. One might dwell at length upon these, laying special emphasis upon the remarkable ceiling panel, which is thirty by sixty feet in dimension, and represents a fleet of ten sailing vessels — ships, a barkentine, barks, a brig, and a schooner — entering a harbor on a hazy morning, like great birds with their wings outspread.

THE DELIVERY OF THE WORLD'S MAIL

Owing to the success of the Cleveland Trust Company decorations and those of the Baltimore Custom-House, the Treasury Department, last June, awarded Mr. Millet the commission to decorate a specified portion of the Federal Building in Cleveland. These decorations will be confined chiefly to the postmaster's room and will consist of a frieze representing the carrying and delivery of the mail all over the world at the present time, from the reindeer, or dog sledge, to the turbine liner, covering a very wide range of interest. This work will chiefly occupy Mr. Millet during the present winter, but it is safe to venture that it will not encompass the entire field of his activities. With his wanderings in foreign lands, his writing, and painting, he has still found time to execute seven medals for the United States Army, which have been struck at the mint at Philadelphia; six of these are being distributed among the veterans of the Civil War, the Indian campaigns, the Chinese Expedition, the Spanish War, and the Philippine insurrections. The seventh is a merit medal for the enlisted men of the army.

He is an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, and a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colors of London; the National Academy of Design of New York; the American Water Color Society, Society of Mural Painters, Municipal Art Society, Fine Arts Federation; the Arts Club and Kinsmen of London, the Cosmos Club of Washington, Century, University, Players, and other clubs of New York.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PAINTER

To a man of less physical stamina, such a life would be impossible, but Mr. Millet has inexhaustible vitality and can give lavishly without feeling the loss. There is, moreover, something in knowing how to live — how to conserve the strength, correctly adjusting values and continually quickening the spirit, with a human interest broad enough to include "the stranger" not only "within" but without "the gates."

I have said that Mr. Millet has an enormous capacity for work, an abounding energy, and an uncommon breadth of interest, and beyond this it is, perhaps, a little difficult to describe the man, for these are his dominant characteristics. One meeting him casually might not set him apart from the mass, for he wears his honors lightly, and is without affectation. It has been said that he has more often been taken for a business man than an artist, because of his alert, decided manner and conventional habit of dress. Certainly Mr. Millet does not think that a painter should outwardly display the ear-marks of his profession, but he does vehemently protest against the common misconception that an artist is a man who is good for nothing else. Having abundant facility which enables him to do anything he undertakes well, and the power of rapid and accurate thinking, he is sometimes impatient of stupidity and illogic in others, but he has keen sympathy and a kindly attitude to all who approach him.

He is tactful, considerate, and generous—one who acts upon impulse and believes that money was made to be spent, not foolishly, of course, but without "calculating the interest." He has a keen sense of humor, and thoroughly enjoys a joke, even when it is against him, for he by no means takes himself seriously. He is essentially a man's man, though at the same time a favorite in general society; fond of a good story and able to tell one himself, genial and kindly, but not hail-fellow-well-met with any save his closest friends. While very simple in manner, and approachable, Mr. Millet possesses a dignified reserve which wards off unwarranted familiarity and makes his friendship and confidence valuable.

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MY BUSINESS LIFE

I

HOW I CAME, THROUGH MY OWN EXPERIENCE, TO BELIEVE IN PROFIT-SHARING — A BUSINESS THAT HAS GROWN BY THIS MEANS FROM NOTHING TO $3,000,000 A YEAR

BY

N. O. NELSON

IN THE manufacturing town which bears my name, there are seven hundred employees engaged in making and selling goods of iron, brass, wood, and marble for house construction. We have some pride in the fact that we make useful goods, and that the public responds to our pleasure in making them of good quality and tasteful appearance.

Last year we managed to dispose of a little more than $3,000,000 worth of these goods, about half of which we made in our own factories. By consolidating all the processes, from the moulding of the iron and brass to the final sale of them to the mechanic who puts them in the house, we minimize expenses and mass the profits to the effect that in the prosperous year of 1907 we made a profit of $350,000. In other words, I am the manager of a successful industrial corporation, and what I have to tell is what my experience as such leads me to believe will be valuable for the general public, for the public hears much of the struggles of politics, war, and labor, but little of the struggles of business. I regret that in telling this story the editor insists that I be somewhat autobiographical.

I was born in that decade of the last century which boiled over with reforms, religious, political and social, the decade in which Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and other Concord-Boston philosophers gave us Transcendentalism, and the Higher Law, and Brook Farm — the decade in which Socialist and Chartist movements in England and political revolutions on the Continent persuaded some men that the social sun was rising, and others that the night of anarchy was coming on.

I was born in the same year and on almost the same day when the twenty-eight Rochdale workmen opened their little coöperative store on a business plan so sound that without any change it now serves for the 10,000,000 coöperators the world over who yearly do $1,000,000,000 worth of business.

I was born in that most democratic of all countries, Norway, a kingdom without privileged nobility, or army, or navy, or enemy, with universal suffrage and universal education; but I grew up among Kentuckians, Virginians, and my own kith.

My father and his friends came to northwest Missouri by way of New Orleans in 1846, in pursuit of that larger activity and liberty which the far-famed prairies of the West and the republican doctrines of this country offered to all who were fitted to use them. My father and his brother and cousin were the leaders of a party of seventy which for several years had been organizing to emigrate. They had sent out an explorer, and upon his report Texas had been chosen as the promised land. Before they arrived in New Orleans, the Mexican War had broken out; and learning of the recently opened district on the then Western frontier, the party continued their journey by river to St. Joseph, Missouri.

The company were all farmers and were fitted to make a living from the soil. They found a neighborhood in which all of the first "squatters" were willing to sell their unpaid titles and primitive improvements. With little difficulty and no grievance, our pioneers proceeded to raise a living, clear more land, build houses, and live.

(I want to interject, for the benefit of the city wage-earners, that the opportunities for getting on the land are much better now than when I was a toddling child. Within an hour of New York, and of every other city in this country, farms can be bought on easy terms for a little more than the cost of improvements, sometimes less; others can be rented at about

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the amount which would pay interest on the improvements, maintenance, and taxes, or farms can be rented with teams and implements also furnished.)

We became Americans, we went to American schools and churches, we associated with American neighbors. I learned Norwegian and English, one at home, the other at school, and no one has ever detected an alien accent in either of my languages.

Social activities were abundant. We had dances, grubbing and quilting bees, debating societies, protracted and camp meetings, and much visiting. Contrary to the present fashion, we came early and stayed late, especially at the dances. Life was primitive. We were on the frontier. Many Indians came to town from their own country across the Missouri River, and from an Agency. St. Joseph, our neighboring town, became an outfitting depot for the over-land California gold-seekers and the pony express. This brought us a good market, contact with the distant world, and the first railroad to the Missouri River.

I remember well the election in 1856, when the new Republican party ran General Fremont as the first Presidential candidate. I have been spectator of or participant in thirteen Presidential elections since, and they have been very much alike. Buchanan, the dignified statesman, was abused as much as rail-splitting Lincoln, dictator Grant, repudiation Bryan, or injunction-Bill Taft. Against Buchanan, the labor vote was appealed to with the epithet, "Ten-cent Jimmy." He was charged with having said that ten cents a day was enough wages for labor to live on. What he said was that this country under Democratic administration was far better for the workingman than the European countries where a working man earned only ten cents a day.

My juvenile farming is a delightful memory. Farming is real work, but the pitying wail about the grinding toil of man, woman, child, and beast on the farm is a mixture of ignorance, laziness, and morbidness.

Besides the corn, wheat, oats, and vegetables, we raised hemp. I will vouch for it that James Lane Allen's poetic tribute in "The Reign of Law" to the sturdiness of hemp and hemp raisers is true. The swaying field of hemp in blossom, six feet and up; the hot August sun; one arm encircling the armful, cutting close to the ground with the other; handling the heavy sheaves, with never a whimper about "toil," but rivalry in the long rows laid low; later on spreading it on the ground in the fall weather to loosen the fibre from the wood; "breaking" it on the cold winter days; hauling the five hundred-pound bales to town, and selling them at four cents a pound — this is solid work, but it makes men.

We cut the heavy-eared corn for fodder, and stacked it in shocks of sixteen hills square. These were the strenuous muscular jobs, by the side of which ploughing, cultivating, and feeding are mere diversions. Do you think it was slavish toil? Do you think childhood was outraged, depressed, and wrecked? Never have I felt a keener ambition in any intellectual game than I did in the shocks of corn, the rows of hemp, the straightness of the long corn row directed by the eye and the rein. School and chores in the winter, farm work suited to the age in summer, play and a variety of interests all the time. That I now can say I never get tired at either field or office labor, though I rarely work less than ten hours a day, I credit to that north Missouri farm.

Among the farmers there was much genuine coöperation, such as Kropotkin tells us still exists in parts of France. The whole neighborhood would get together to clear land or shuck corn, and then have a big dinner and supper and an all-night dance. The hog-killing and threshing were joined in by any required number. It was a hard-working community, and we enjoyed the work as well as the dances and other recreations. We never had an arrest or open quarrel, and the only law-suit was a long-drawn and famous one over a horse trade between Helmer Hoverson and Chris Turkelson. Even when the Civil War came, no blood was shed nor any neighbors parted. Our neighbors were pro-slavery, and we were free-soilers. They were Democrats and became Secessionists; we were Republicans and Unionists; most of our young and middle-aged men served in the Union army from beginning to end. Of my clan, all the survivors went back to the farms, I alone excepted. I had got some smattering of accounts by keeping the books and making reports for the officers, who preferred poker to pen-work. On my discharge at twenty I was given the civil post of chief clerk to a district quartermaster, and wound up his accounts at a salary of $125 a month.

In the fall of 1865 I had before me three opportunities — to go to college, to go into business, or to enter the regular army, for

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which I had passed examination while in the service, and had received an appointment signed by President Andrew Johnson. For the army I had no inclination; the choice lay between an intellectual career and business.

I drifted into business. My colonel and a merchant friend invited me to join them with a little capital, which friends offered to supply me. In a part of old 141 North Second Street, St. Louis (still standing), we opened a wholesale grocery house. I became salesman, and took the road with all my "greenness."

As greenbacks advanced from thirty-five cents on the dollar of gold to seventy cents and more, prices declined; and declining prices always make dull business. We did not prosper; I sold my interest, and for five years was a retail storekeeper in Missouri and Kansas, with no net gain, either financially or educationally. Domestically, I had taken the steadying and satisfactory step of marrying and starting a family. In March, 1872, I came back to St. Louis, and the day after my arrival I found an opening as bookkeeper in a new wholesale hardware and plumbing-goods house in St. Louis. This was the beginning of my career. I kept the books and the money, made the bills, wrote the letters, and usually quit work at 11.00 P. M. From the day that I bought the set of books and took instructions from my neighbor's bookkeeper, John J. Ostrander, I have been on the quarterdeck, or at the helm, or standing guard on the bridge of the one business.

I had never looked at commercial books, nor did I know anything of the mechanical goods dealt in. By going at it, keeping at it, learning by doing, I got along very comfortably.

My employer gave me his confidence, then a raise, and at the end of a year a partnership. It was a big thing to be a real partner in a wholesale house, sign the checks and notes, borrow the money, and run the office. I had visions, I patronized a public library; but I still started work at 7.00 A. M., and quit only when I got through. The year of opening the house, 1872, was a high-water mark of trade and prices. Enormous railroad building kept up the speculative spirit and credit expansion which the war had established. Next year came the reckoning. Jay Cooke had financed the war loans with hundreds of millions; he was now financing the Northern Pacific across the northwestern wilds to the Pacific Ocean. The Union and Central Pacific roads had just been built by Government guaranteed bonds and land grants, while Cooke depended on the public. But the surplus resources of the country were exhausted; bonds would not sell to pay the floating indebtedness.

One clear morning, the house of Jay Cooke & Company suspended. Panic was on, failures followed fast, business fell off, prices tumbled. For six years this panic and depression held its grip on the country. Factories were worse than closed; they were wrecked and wiped out. Whole plants were dismantled, the machinery melted up, the men turned into tramps.

We suffered with the rest; the business was new, the capital small and partly borrowed. Early in 1874 my senior decided that the struggle was useless; he was dyspeptic and despondent; he believed suspension was inevitable. After a conference, he directed me to send a telegram to his largest and most friendly creditor in New York, inviting him to come out with a view to assignment and preference. I brought back the telegram, persuaded him to let me try it as manager, he doing the selling, for he was an expert. It worked. We made a little profit and maintained our credit.

Toward the end of 1876, the desire to have my own business led me to withdraw from the firm, and in January, 1877, I started in my own name and alone. My interest in the old business proved to be $2,500, most of which I spent in fixtures. The personal credit which I had established was my working capital.

The theorizers tell us that business cannot now be started in that old way, that the big concerns dominate everything. They are wrong. It is easier to start to-day than it was thirty years ago. Credit is easier and capital seeking investment is more abundant. Let them count the young concerns in any kind of business; look at the rated capital of the large majority of concerns; better still, let them go along the miles of business and factory streets and into the country towns, and they will see how large a majority of the business of the country is done with small capital and by new owners.

Financing for the old house with insufficient capital and for my own with none was not a flowery bed of ease. It is told of Mr. Henry Phipps that his old black mare would automatically take the route of the Pittsburg banks, where he went daily to borrow or renew

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loans for Carnegie, Phipps & Co. Something like that every enterprising young concern goes through, and I did. Sometimes it was a close shave between borrowing and bankruptcy, but only once did a note go to protest, and then my good-natured creditor nonchalantly said that I had better make a new note for four months. He had slept soundly while I walked the floor. At no time did my credit-rating suffer withdrawal or reduction, neither did I ever need to give a mortgage or collateral.

Of serious mishaps, there were none; of mistakes, plenty. He who makes no mistakes does nothing. He who makes too many, loses his job. If, as Napoleon said, a blunder is worse than a crime, we can all go to jail together.

The uninitiated believe that business ability is a compound of luck, "cheek," and rascality. There are Napoleons of speculation who get their hands on other speculators' property by one or all of these ways, but most of them land in prison or poor-house. By a process of elimination, which, if sometimes slow, is finally sure, the blunderers and criminals are dropped from the business-rating books.

In deciding to start for myself, I had clearly in mind to incorporate into the business as much of the social and liberal and broad-gauged elements as it would bear. I had no pet theory, no formulated plan, no radicalism, but I knew that I wanted it to be something in addition to money-making. Of books I had read some, but none on economic history or theory. It was my own crude but earnest thinking and feeling inspired by current events and my own experiences.

I meant to cultivate close friendship with employees.

The depressed times continued through 1877 and 1878, but 1879 brought prosperity with a rush. Prices advanced and orders were abundant. I made a large profit, and at Christmas I divided several hundred dollars among the few employees.

I had no factories; it was purely a trading business, mostly wholesale. The profit of 1879 added about $10,000 to my capital. The increased business and a start at manufacturing absorbed it all and called for more. Oliver Twist was never hungrier for more victuals than an enterprising business for more capital.

In that year I made my first venture into philanthropic work. In the hot summer, I read of the great mortality of infants and children in the congested district. I had read of St. John's Guild, and its boat excursions in New York harbor for such children and their mothers. The Mississippi River seemed as available and the need as urgent. I went up my street and collected money, got some lady friends together, chartered a big steamer, announced free excursions for one day a week, and the Fresh Air Mission was started. The first excursion carried about six hundred. By the end of the summer we were carrying three thousand.

In 1880 I took in a partner with some money, and bought him out six years later at 150 per cent. profit. In 1881 I bought out the firm I had formerly been connected with. The purchase price was one and one-half times as much as my own capital, one-tenth payable in cash, the remainder in monthly instalments throughout the year. This plunge gave me no financial or other troubles. It advanced me from third to second place in my line in St. Louis and the Southwest, and doubled my business and profits.

In the six years ending with 1882, I had increased the sales to more than a million a year, had started some manufacturing, collected or educated an efficient staff, and was well established in the commercial world.

But this progress had drawn my attention away from the social betterment ideas; I had not, however, changed my views or given up my nebulous plans. My contact with hired help impressed me more and more with the unfair division between capital and labor. The recurrent strikes in the city, the unemployed, the inadequate pay of much labor were constant reminders that business was not rational, or moral, or social.

I had gone into business primarily to make money, and to become a prosperous business man. The ethics of trade did not enter into the calculation nor the problems of trusts, unions, unemployed, and the like. I knew nothing about them. I went along in the going ways as I found them. Though a theoretical free-trader, I voted with the party which raised the tariff, ostensibly to raise wages and incidentally to raise prices and profits. I got passes for myself and salesmen and took rebates on freight bills whenever I could get them. These were matters of bargaining, as much as goods or real estate, until the passage of the Elkins Bill in 1902 and the Rate Bill in

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1907. I do not recall ever hearing of any business concern which rejected special rates or passes. Just as I know of preachers and professors and lawyers who have refused the highest obtainable salaries, I have known employers to voluntarily raise wages and hold down prices, but they are exceptions. I have, however, never heard of labor refusing all the wages or of farmers not taking all that they can get, by combining or otherwise.

Intimate familiarity with all sorts and conditions of men from laborer to lord, from promoter to preacher, satisfies me that vocation or class makes no perceptible difference in generosity or selfishness. The methods differ, the motives do not. Large employers are much like people of other classes, none the less human and social. They are conspicuous because they manage the business by which all people are served and through which many people get their living. They are attractive targets for the critic, the politician, the muck-raker.

Only a portion of the starters develop the ability to establish and maintain themselves in the competition of ability. No other vocation is submitted to so exacting a test of fitness as that of organizing business enterprises.

In my forty years of business experience, I have never faced a difficulty due to any conspiracy or restraint of trade. I have known of sporadic attempts to restrict some one's free field for business or to "freeze out," but these have been ineffectual and soon abandoned.

Rate wars by railroads and price wars in commodities have almost always been between the new adventurer seeking to take the established trade of the older ones and the old ones trying to hold their own. This is open competition, too open for the good of the principals or the public. So far from the help market being always flooded, as is sometimes claimed, the supply of competent help is usually short, and the higher the grade the scarcer it is.

A corporation does not pay high salaries to head men to squander its money and reduce dividends, nor to conform to a schedule, but only because the right men are "cheap at any price." Competent labor is scarce and sought after, barring the occasional dislocations and the depressions, which, like bad crop years, must be counted on and provided for.

The problem of the unemployed is mainly the unemployable, the incompetent, the deficient, those who cannot or will not do anything well. Of all the charges that can justly be made against the "factory" or hiring system, the most serious is that it cultivates the habit of depending on somebody else for a job and a living; it relieves the employed of responsibility, kills initiative and self-reliance. The attempts to organize the out-of-works into self-supporting colonies under the most favorable conditions have always failed.

As my business prospered I had mingled with it several other activities. In 1887 I was elected to the Municipal Assembly, considerably leading my ticket. Although this was gratifying, the four years that followed showed me how helpless a minority is. On the main issues, such as street-car franchise extension, we were six to seven, but the seven were solid. In two other elections I helped put forward reform candidates.

In 1894 I ran for Congress on a Single-Tax nomination. For missionary zeal and educational energy, few campaigns have equalled this one. For two months there were a score or more of speakers on wagons and boxes. Luminous but honest hand-bills and charts and "reasons" were distributed by the ton. The newspapers gave us more space than all other tickets together and treated us seriously and fairly until the last few days, when the party leaders got frightened. Henry George came out and spoke to an audience filling the largest hall, and so did Father McGlynn. But the vote was small and served as one of the first lessons in people's conservatism and my philosophy of experimenting.

Reform politics, charity, and reform business — for I had practised profit-sharing almost from the beginning — brought me many attractive visitors and gave a healthy variety to my interests. At first my family were chary of spending time on cranks but each one in succession proved such a mine of wit and versatility that the ice melted away. Henry George and his wife, with their genial and simple ways and conversation, fascinated my family. Charlotte Perkins Stetson (now Gilman), known for her caustic wit and irresistible logic, captured them with her laugh and stories.

Sam Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor of Toledo, more preacher than executive, came often after we met in 1897, during his first administration. I arranged a lecture for him in a St. Louis opera house and the audience crowded every corner. Jones was in uncertain

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health all the while and came several times to my home to rest up. In 1902 he came to me in California, desperately sick. I nursed him in my room, took him to the sea-shore, and on the pretext of "nursing advice," got him into the hands of a doctor. He was skeptical of doctors, as he was of all the professions and upper-class vocations. Jones had Tolstoi's faith that only in the ways and lives of the commonest common people was there individual or social salvation. Whitman was Jones's prophet, and "Leaves of Grass" his Bible. His leather-bound copy was underscored in blue, green, and red. I asked him once how it worked to be Socialist mayor of a capitalist town. "Not worth a cent," he replied. Jones was a pathetically sad man; he carried the woes of the world on his heart, and saw no silver lining. The capitalist system, the Socialist programme, and the fighting unionism were equally obnoxious to his convictions about democracy and brotherhood.

Big, honest John Fiske came for many years to St. Louis to lecture on American history in the University course. As a writer on the philosophy of evolution, early American history, and evolutionary religion, John Fiske easily stands in the front rank. His lectures were models of narrative, interpretation, and Anglo-Saxon language.

After one of these lectures, I gathered up a dozen professors, preachers, and other good fellows and, with Fiske in tow, tramped a mile to the Rathskeller in the vaulted cellar under the Equitable Building. Here we lunched on caviar, Swiss cheese, sandwiches, and beer. These annuals I kept up for a dozen years, sometimes in the "Keller," sometimes at the Club, and at my house. At one of these General Sherman was a guest and did most of the talking, to the delight of Fiske and all.

Strange that Herbert Spencer and Fiske, his ablest disciple, with their positive philosophy of conduct, should have been so lacking in self-control as to keep the one a chronic invalid for forty years and take the other to his grave at fifty-five!

These outside activities gave me the reputation of having "money to burn" and liking to see it blaze, and this reputation has brought me some humorous experiences. A stir was once made in my city about the loan sharks, men who loaned money to salaried people at from five to ten per cent. a month. A loan bank for this class of borrowers was agitated, and I agreed to go into it. In the meantime, the public announcement brought me pressing applicants for immediate relief. I was informed by a telegrapher that four-fifths of the operators were deeply in debt. My curiosity as well as my sympathy was aroused. I decided to try the business on my own hook. I made six loans. I got my money back from one, a railroad chief clerk, after notifying his securities of his default. From the others I got nothing. I concluded that the sharks earned all that they charged, and that most of the borrowers are the architects of their own misfortunes. The harm of the sharks is more in the lending than in the rate. Pawn-loan banks are useful for emergencies, but it is a doubtful expedient to make it cheap for the shiftless to live ahead of their incomes.

I have made many emergency "loans" and about one in a hundred has been repaid. I keep no records of them; I count them as contributions, but I use discrimination. Aid for reform newspapers and periodicals has been a prolific source of appeals. They are a hopeless series of rat-holes, prosaic and superfluous because there is ready access in the regular press for all meritorious matter that people will read. Advanced social theories well presented are sought by publications having many times the readers that a little organ can get.

Among my choice ways of taking the public into partnership are scholarships for school children under the working age but with dependent families. I pay their wages. I have three kindergartens — one white, in Leclaire, one colored in Alabama, and one in Georgia. Kindergarten is the right educational plan, for in the early childhood lasting impressions are made.

I have long made the offer to supply farms of good land ready to make a living to any town family free of charge for an indeterminate period. Also, for colonies of a half-dozen or more families, I would buy a large farm of their own selection, divide it among them and let them pay for it in five to ten years. I have had some takers, but no rush.

In the meanwhile, business likewise had had its setbacks. The changes and improvements in goods brought their tragedies. Just as I had built a new factory for making copper tubs, the enameling process was cheapened, the prices lowered, and in short order my tubs were

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driven out by the better white tub—and my factory turned to other uses. The same fate overtook marble washstands and drove us into the larger operations of marbleizing the great hotels, skyscrapers, and public buildings. We had built up an extensive pump factory and this industry also gave way.

As the towns in our trade territory grew into cities, wholesale houses sprang up and gradually absorbed our trade. We could only strive to recoup the loss by meriting a larger portion in the remaining territory and by establishing branches.

Twice we became the victims of boycott by our friends of a national association of contractors. They said we must sell only to members of the association. We said we would sell to any competent dealer — then they declared a boycott. The first one was in 1896, lasting nearly a year, and we won. The second was in 1899 and again we won. In each case the large majority was with us and the second disastrous attempt ended boycotts against us or our class. Some years later a trader of doubtful repute brought suit against us and others for a quarter of a million dollars' damages for a conspiracy to boycott him. The testimony of myself and my associates proved a clean bill of health, but before the case was tried the complainant was arrested for bribery, convicted, and sent to prison, and the suit dismissed by his lawyers. It seemed poetic injustice that this association should boycott us for selling non-members and a non-member should sue us for conspiring with the association to drive him out of business. We steered safely between the legal Scylla and the association Charybdis.

However, in spite of these drawbacks the business prospered. From a start with $2,500 worth of fixtures and a good name as working capital, the company has grown so that in 1907 its sales amounted to $3,116,387, and the factory production and house construction to $1,418,003. And it has helped in the great sanitary and civilizing progress that has been made in the last forty years. Sewer gas has been carried to the open upper air, the back-yard pump taken out, and the vault closed. How many cases of typhoid and typhus and diphtheria have gone with them! In the 'seventies the plumbing equipment of a majority of town houses consisted of a yard hydrant, a kitchen faucet, and a painted iron sink. In the pretentious houses there were also a zinc or copper-lined bath-tub and pan-closet in a wee bit of a room. Stoves were the heating apparatus, and in the rare cases of steam heating the radiators were of gas pipe. There were more town houses supplied with water from wells than from the city mains. Pumps were a prominent article in our sales list.

Now the commonest dwelling is supplied with a porcelain bath, and the mansions have several. Every drain connection is trapped with absolute safety against gases, and the bath-rooms are spacious and tiled. Even the country has been invaded by the windmill and bath-room and water supply for house and barn.

There are those who believe that all corporations are trusts and all trusts extortionate and plumbing goods a gold mine. I invite their attention to the sub-joined parallel of index prices of the same articles in 1880 and in 1908:

	Index 1880	1908
Enameled Sink	$100	$41.17
Kitchen Boiler	100	32.17
Painted Sink	100	59.47
Fuller Bath-cock	100	47.22
Fuller Faucet	100	29.91
Lead Trap	100	33.81
Washstand Bowl	100	48.58
Brass Globe Valve	100	32.50
Radiation	100	50.00
Enameled Bathtub	100	33.75
Pitcher Pump	100	34.71
Well Pump	100	42.86
Lead Pipe	100	68.75

The success of the N. O. Nelson Company has been made under the present industrial system. I do not believe that this system is best, and I have written all these things down — my losses and profits — to show that this disbelief is not the result of failure; that I do not condemn the present system because it has used me ill. It has not. Moreover, I do not suggest that it be changed without suggesting at the same time what the change will be, and I have gone one step further than this. I have put the change into successful operation in my own plant before I recommend it to others. How I came to adopt coöperation, what it is, and how it has worked in the plant of my own company, will appear in the next chapter of this autobiography.

(*The title of the next chapter will be "Industry with Peace and Profit." — The Editors.*)

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WHAT A CENTRAL BANK WOULD DO

WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO PROVIDE AN ELASTIC SUPPLY OF CURRENCY TO AVERT THE CRASH OF PANICS

BY

ROBERT L. McCABE

[NOTE.— *Some months ago Mr. McCabe published a pamphlet on this subject and it attracted the favorable attention of the Congressional Currency Commission. The author received so many requests for copies that the limited edition was soon exhausted, and he has written this article to meet what seems to be a general need for an elementary statement of principles.*—THE EDITORS.]

THERE is no system of currency nor any device of human ingenuity which can permanently maintain prosperity on an even plane and prevent the periodical depression of business.

What is needed in the United States, however, when ready money becomes scarce, is a currency system which will bring about a gradual decline of business instead of producing commercial upheavals, explosions, and panics.

Ever since the abandonment of the central banking system during President Jackson's Administration, the United States has been intermittently subjected to terrific financial convulsions, which are phenomena almost peculiar to this country and to its banking and currency methods.

These financial upheavals occur suddenly, unexpectedly, and in times of great prosperity; but they seldom, if ever, occur in France and Germany through the fault of their respective currency systems.

Still fresh in mind is the panic of 1907. This condition was not brought about because the people lacked confidence in the banks, but rather because the banks lacked confidence in themselves and feared that they could not command sufficient currency to keep reserves intact and be able to meet the extraordinary demands of commerce at that particular time. Bankers cannot be blamed, for they, as well as the people, are the victims of the inexorable operation of our present system.

When the rural demand for funds is slack, the country banks deposit much of their reserves in the reserve banks of the great cities, where there is a larger demand for loans and discounts. Later in the year, however, the country banks call for a return of their reserves to meet the autumnal demands for funds necessary to move the crops. The city banks then find it difficult and at times impossible to get and return the necessary currency, because their loans are expanded to the limit of their own reserves, which are largely built up by the deposits of these country banks. There immediately follows a mad rush of the bankers for currency, but there is not enough currency to go around nor is there any source whence more can legally be obtained.

This was the situation that confronted and deadlocked our banking and currency system in October, 1907, and brought commercial activity in the United States to an abrupt halt. Quick as a flash of lightning, public access to funds was barred as relentlessly as though each bank had let fall a portcullis over its entrance. Loans and discounts were summarily refused, interest rates soared to abnormal heights and became confiscatory, cash payments in many localities were suspended, and currency was bought and sold at a premium. Thousands of men were forced into insolvency, not because they lacked wealth but because they could not obtain cash to meet their immediate obligations.

In France, when there arises an emergency involving an extraordinary demand for funds, the Bank of France continues to discount all good commercial paper as fast as it is presented, but the bank begins immediately to check the demand by raising the rate of discount, a method which has always been found effective. Those who must have accommodations are pro-

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vided for, but they are required to pay a higher, though not exorbitant, rate of interest; those who can afford to wait postpone their engagements until the discount rate is lowered. No person or firm having property and credit there is ever deprived of funds necessary to meet his financial engagements, as is the case here. Even during the Franco-Prussian War, when the city of Paris was besieged by the German army, the Bank of France never ceased to discount good commercial paper.

For many years the average rate of interest in France has been about 3 per cent., whereas in New York the rates for call loans vary from 2 per cent. in the spring to 150 per cent. in the fall. But by raising the discount rate, the great French bank sets the brakes on the rapidly revolving wheels of commerce, so that there is a gradual slow-down instead of a sudden crash. The central banking system thus forestalls a panic without causing a jar to the even tenor of business, but the American system incites panics and starts the people down the corduroy road of adversity.

Publicists, statesmen, and financiers, however, have heretofore hesitated to advocate such an institution as a central bank for fear that it would provoke the same political wrath which wrought the destruction of the second United States Bank and clouded its name with odium. But leading statesmen, including President Taft and Senator Aldrich, now believe that a modified, restricted, and limited central bank can be so organized, managed and controlled that it will be as free from the baneful influences of both politics and Wall Street as is our present national banking system.

In short, the idea is that of a central institution which will coördinate our local, independent, and often hostile banks into an efficient and harmonious system, without inciting the animosity of any set of men, or violating the democratic instincts of the people, or arousing the martial spirit of General Jackson from its long repose.

The plan now most favored is a government-controlled and supervised central bank, organized and managed in accordance with republican ideals, to receive as deposits only the funds of the Government and the reserves of those banks that are located in the central reserve cities. These reserves would be available to the depositing banks upon call, in the form of central bank notes. And whenever solvent banks should be crowded in an emergency, they could obtain additional currency from the central bank by re-discounting their customers' notes, or by making loans with Government bonds or other approved issues as collateral security.

In this way a central bank would assist, sustain, and protect our national banking system. It would, through its branches, concentrate and supply currency where it is needed to meet the varying demands of commerce at different times and localities throughout the country — in the fall as well as in the spring, and in Texas as well as in New York. Thus, by massing and expanding credits wherever and whenever needed, the usual fall stringency would be averted. No crisis would arise to appal the nation, nor would it be necessary to resort to the illegal issues of clearing-house certificates or to derange the money markets of Europe by forced importations of gold, as was done in October and November, 1907.

But in order to handicap speculation and prevent inflation of the currency, with absolute certainty, a limitation should be set by law upon the total amount of free note issues of the bank. However, additional issues subject to a heavy tax should be authorized to meet an extraordinary demand of commerce, if ever the limited amount of free issues should prove to be inadequate for that purpose. By lodging the power in the central bank to regulate discount rates, by limiting the amount of the bank's free issues, and providing for additional taxed issues, we would have a currency which would meet every demand and exigency satisfactorily and with the largest degree of safety.

The experience of the world has shown that short-time notes, with ample gold reserves, form the only sound basis for both an elastic and safe currency.

The advantages of such a currency can best be understood by contrasting it with our present currency. A bank issues its notes in exchange for those of its customers. When these notes return to the bank, they are retired and none are issued in their place until new commercial paper is discounted. The payment of these maturing notes by traders and merchants furnishes the bank with the means to redeem and retire its own notes as they return. Thus, having a constant cash income, it has the ever-ready means at hand to redeem its own notes in gold or its equivalent.

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All our currency is now issued by the National Government. National bank notes are Government notes with the superfluous name of a bank stamped on them. They represent the credit of the Government rather than the credit of the bank through which they are issued, and are, therefore, not real bank notes.

The United States Treasury is a stupendous bank of issue; but, not being a bank of discount, it does not possess the lending power of ordinary banks with which we are familiar. Not having the power to make loans to individuals, it cannot issue its notes in response to the demands of commerce by exchanging Government notes with merchants and traders for their commercial paper. Not having these quick assets of merchants and traders, which are constantly being reduced to cash, it has not the ever-ready means to redeem its own notes in gold or its equivalent — cannot accordingly retire its currency when the commercial demands therefor cease. Its currency must remain permanently outstanding. It is rigid and inelastic, and the Treasury Department remains as unresponsive to the demands of business as a graven image is to the supplications of the deluded devotee.

Although United States notes are redeemable in specie, yet there is only intermittent redemption in gold to meet spasmodic demands for the metal. There is no daily automatic redemption in gold or its equivalent, as practised by foreign banks of issue. All our currency is kept at par with gold, not by daily redemption but by the credit and good faith of the Government, which receives it for the payment of taxes in lieu of gold. Our currency rests on a fictitious gold basis maintained by Government credit instead of being bottomed on the real metalic basis of gold, as is the currency in England, France and Germany.

If by reason of some national calamity or international conflict, expenditures should exceed income, as was the case during the War of 1812 and the Civil War, the Government's credit would become impaired, gold would go to a premium, our currency would depreciate as well as all securities, including the bonds which now secure the national bank notes, and losses beyond computation would again be imposed upon the people. When expenditures exceeded income during President Cleveland's second administration, the Government had to resort to the sale of bonds to keep the currency at par with gold and maintain the credit of the nation. The struggle to do this precipitated the panic of 1893 and augmented the national debt in principal and interest $363,000,000

The best currency is that which is redeemed daily in that one species of property which is received throughout the world by everybody as money — namely, gold. But a gold fund which is daily drawn upon for the redemption of notes can only be maintained by a bank which has the power to regulate the discount rate and which is in daily receipt of an income from the payment of constantly maturing notes. A bank can maintain daily gold redemption because its currency is based on short-time notes, but the Treasury Department cannot do this because its currency is based on long-time bonds and the taxing power of the Government, neither of which are quick and available assets. There is a daily automatic inflow of cash to the bank to maintain daily redemption of its notes in gold or its equivalent. But as the inflow and outflow of gold mark the upward and downward movements of commerce, even as a barometer indicates fair or foul weather, there must be daily redemption in gold to keep the volume of currency in constant harmony with the volume of business.

But the Treasury Department has no daily inflow of gold for redemption purposes, and as there is no daily gold redemption, the volume of our currency seldom if ever corresponds with the volume of business. Our Government notes do not represent quick available assets, as do redeemable bank notes. They are the obligations of a debtor government having limited means of immediate payment. Redeemable bank notes, however, are the obligations of a creditor bank which has means of immediate payment far in excess of these obligations.

With the exception of gold, short-time commercial paper, consisting of bills and promissory notes, is in every respect better security for the currency than any other form of property, including bonds and mortgages. It is either worth its face or nothing, and this is quickly determined by the banker. But bonds, although good when first issued, may from various causes depreciate and become almost valueless before their maturity and final payment. It is a fact universally known and accepted that the steady profits derived by a well-managed bank from handling short-

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time commercial paper are infinitely greater than the desultory losses resulting therefrom. If it were otherwise, there would be few banks of discount in existence.

The bank note currency of both France and Germany is based on short-time notes and it has the unqualified approval of those great industrial countries. Owing to the scientific plan adopted by Germany and the admirable and conservative management of the Bank of France, the currency of these two nations is considered the most satisfactory in the world.

The first and second United States banks, within two years after their respective creation, not only restored specie payments for the nation during the critical periods following the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, but for thirty-six years and until the expiration of their respective charters, they provided the people with free issues of redeemable bank notes based on commercial paper.

These bank notes constituted a national currency which was uniform and safe. It was only fairly elastic, however, as daily redemption in specie could not be strictly enforced, owing to the scarcity of specie in America at that time. Loanable funds at reasonable rates of interest were accessible to men of credit everywhere throughout the United States, and the daily demands of commerce were met without loss or hardship to anyone. Although these banks would be considered imperfect according to modern standards, yet no one ever lost a dollar by the depreciation of their notes; nor did this form of bank note currency periodically produce panics, as our present currency does; nor were these notes a source of expense to the banks, as we have seen the greenbacks were to the Government during President Cleveland's second administration.

During the twenty-two weeks in the winter of 1907–08, while New York Clearing House certificates remained outstanding, $330,000,000 of commercial paper was used as a basis for these certificates. There was not a single default in payment by the merchants and traders who negotiated this paper. This is a remarkable record when it is taken into consideration that all this paper fell due and was paid while the pall of the panic of 1907 still hung heavily over the business world.

If the notes of merchants and traders is an ample and safe basis for the note issues of the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany, as well as it was for the issues of the former United States banks and more recently for the certificates of the New York Clearing House, it certainly would now form a basis of indubitable strength and security for our currency, especially if it were also indorsed by solvent banks and re-discounted with the central bank, as is now proposed. Such a currency would primarily represent the property involved in the transactions for which the commercial paper was executed. It would be backed not only by the property of the merchants and traders who would make and indorse the paper, but also by the capital and surplus of the discounting banks, as well as the capital, surplus, and immense resources of the central bank of issue.

By unexampled enterprise in the pursuit of all forms of business and human endeavor, the people of the United States have amassed a larger stock of gold and have more quickly available assets than any other nation; but unlike other first-class commercial nations, the United States does not develop the highest efficiency of these vast funds of convertible wealth. The National Treasury held over twice as much gold during the last panic as was held by the combined central banks of England, France and Germany — yet, because of our improvident and indefensible methods of handling our enormous funds of investible wealth, we were compelled to draw on the gold reserves of these banks, and this in turn confused, deranged, and impeded the onward trend of international commerce.

American commerce is forbidden to transmute its illimitable resources of convertible wealth into redeemable currency for its own promotion and preservation. It is bound to the rock of the National Treasury to have its vitals periodically consumed. The circulation of currency is an inherent, logical, and automatic function of the delicate mechanism of commerce through the medium of banks.

But it is a power of such superlative importance, involving the comfort and happiness of men, women, and children, as well as the prestige of the nation, that it should be safeguarded by every precaution known to human wisdom. Therefore our currency should be issued by one bank and that bank should be under the constant surveillance and daily control of the National Government, and be kept at all times subservient to the interests and welfare of the people.

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HOMES IN WASTE PLACES

A SUCCESSFUL PLAN WHEREBY THOUSANDS OF CITY FAMILIES TRANSFORM UNDESIRABLE LOTS INTO VEGETABLE GARDENS — THE CHILDREN TAUGHT TO LOVE THE SOIL

BY

BOLTON HALL

STUDENTS of modern conditions of want and suffering have come to the conclusion that people have got too far away from the earth, and that the only hope of a permanent change lies in bringing land and labor into closer relation. In England they are trying to get the land back to the people by the Asquith ministry's land-tax proposals, which are meeting with bitter opposition from landowners. In Germany the same proposals have met the same fate, and at the present time more attention is being given to getting the people back to the land, a campaign that has no enemies.

This work is undertaken in large part by the municipalities. In Berlin, for instance, large stretches of "undesirable" land have been secured in the suburbs, and are rented out in small patches from May to October, at the nominal price of about twenty cents a month. This land, because cut up by railroad tracks and newly laid out streets, was considered unfit for farm land, but city dwellers were induced to hire these patches and erect "arbors" for housing themselves and their families for the summer months.

These structures — built of boards with a wide veranda and a corrugated iron roof — are necessarily of the most primitive kind and rather flimsy. No permanent structure can be allowed, because the owner may give notice to vacate at any time to make room for other buildings; or the property may find a new owner who may not be in sympathy with the work.

The plots are mostly uniform in size, being usually about one-third of an acre, and are marked off by wire fences with narrow lanes, three or four feet wide, running between them. The children are encouraged to plant the gardens, under the guidance of parents or teachers, or sometimes guardians are appointed who teach the children how to sow seed, plant vines, and raise vegetables. German schools give instruction in gardening to the children, and at the "arbor colonies," as these settlements are called, competent advisers give further direction.

It is not play, nor even easy work that the children do, because the use of the spade and rake require muscular effort; but it is ennobling work, teaching the children independence, self-respect, respect for others, and for all forms of labor. Besides, boyish destructiveness is largely diminished by the interest created in preserving the fruits of their own soil, and there is developed a spirit of willingness to aid others.

Some of the "arbor colonists" give up all their garden space to flowers and trailing vines; others, often utilitarians from necessity, plant potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, beans, strawberries, and the like. This means intensive cultivation on a patch about seventy-five by ninety feet — say three city lots.

The autumn brings its harvest festival, when each colonist vies with every other to make it a joyous success.

Collectively, these gardens are under the care of a committee, which has administered them so far with no scandals or friction to speak of. The committee aims to encourage self-dependence, but it is recognized that many who need the arbor most are unable to buy lumber to build, or furniture to fill the little summer home. Then philanthropy steps in. The Patriotic Woman's League of the Red Cross has built many arbors for such people.

But it is not only the very poor who take advantage of the arbors. Small tradesmen, laboring men, and even civil officials of low degree find it profitable to forsake their tenements in the city and move kith and kin into these arbor colonies. Many of these families do not occupy their arbors at night; thousands return to their city homes at the close of the

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day, while some parents, unable to free themselves from duties in town, send their children under the care of servants and spend only Sundays and holidays with them.

These arbor gardens are established on every square rod of unused land about Berlin, and it is estimated that there are altogether about 50,000 of them. It is considered a modest estimate that several hundreds of thousands of Berlin children are thus enabled to live in the open air, who would otherwise be cooped up in the narrow streets or in the foul tenements.

Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, and many other cities have followed the example of Berlin, the plan varying to suit local conditions. For instance, in Göttingen, a city of 30,000, where the plan is just being instituted, they do things a little differently. The city, which owns thousands of acres of land, is the landlord and leases small plots for cultivation to those who are recommended by persons whom we would call volunteer friendly visitors, but who in Germany hold a semi-official position. Upon this recommendation, the city will build a small shelter costing about $75 on a plot about one-third of an acre in size.

For about $6.25, the tenant has secure possession of lot and shelter for fifteen years, and is allowed five years in which to pay this small sum.

It may be surprising to some to learn that European municipalities do so much when so little is done here. But we must remember that the populations in Europe are more homogeneous, and that generations of adaptation to somewhat fixed conditions have taught the race to deal with them. Moreover, the struggle for money is nothing like so intense there as here. The millions who have come here have had the fixed determination to get money.

But even New York has done something, as the free tenters under municipal care at Orchard Beach, Pelham Bay Park, testify. The city furnishes tenting sites in order of application, provides a watchman, water-taps and public comfort stations.

The New York Vacant Lot Gardening Association, conducted many experiments during its existence, which were uniformly successful, and relinquished its work only because it was impossible to find more land after that on Bronxdale Avenue, loaned by the Astor Estate for three years, had to be given up. Every possible effort was made to get more land, but without avail.

The last experiment of the Association was made on a small plot of land on Prescott Avenue, off Dyckman Street, in Inwood, a part of the Bronx, as New Yorkers should know. The land was not suited for cultivation, but was extremely well adapted for tents, and could accommodate about six tents comfortably. Waterproof tents were put up on good lumber platforms, and some of them have been occupied ever since, winters as well as summers.

More than that. Even on such tiny patches as could be allotted them, the campers made little gardens, growing vegetables for themselves, and in one instance, at least, having a few to sell. It is not so much that "the people *will* not" as that "the people *may* not." There is no lack of vacant land in and about New York City, but it is held for speculative purposes strictly, and cannot be rented.

There are those who say farming will not pay on expensive city land, but gardeners in the suburbs of Paris pay rent as high as $250 per acre for garden lots, and cultivate intensively. They heap the ground with manure and cover with glass. The same culture and the French saving of every ray of sunshine would not pay here, where sunshine is plenty and the climate genial, but American intensive culture would pay even on such land.

The enormous prices of monopolized land — half of the land of England is owned by 2,500 persons — have given to England also an intensive cultivation of which we know nothing in this country. Take, for example, Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands. It is only four to seven miles long and three to four miles wide, yet it supports a population of about 71,000 — 41,000 permanent and about 30,000 visitors each year — and also has exports to the value of two and a quarter millions of dollars. The soil is naturally rocky and intractable, and only 11,623 acres are capable of cultivation. Yet this little strip produces about four and one-half million dollars worth of farm and garden stuff annually, or a little less than $400 to the acre.

If the state of New York were cultivated and populated at this rate, it would produce nearly $15,000,000,000 worth annually, and sustain 233,541,473 people, or about three times the present population of the entire United States.

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MEN IN ACTION

THERE is a clergyman in Blandford, Mass., who reckons deeds worth more than words — the Rev. S. S. Wood. He read in the statutes of his state that advertisements painted, put up, or affixed within the borders of a Massachusetts highway are a public nuisance, and that any man may destroy them. There was a conference after that, and a little talk. Then came action. As he says in a letter to *The American City:*

"We simply did it. That is about all!"

The reverend gentleman travels with a paint-pot and an axe under his buggy seat. The end is not, of course, in sight, but the immediate effects may be surmised from further remarks made by him:

"The fiends had chosen perches on the trees accessible only by means of a ladder, in many instances. They had made their frames strong and had driven their board placards on with long spikes. But my son was a college boy, and was glad to help out my stiffer legs. We took my horse and wagon, a ladder and an axe. That was all. A spirit of wrath and determination did the rest. We had them all down.

"There is one man who periodically passes through the town here and paints the whole town red — or blue; for that is his color. He carries innumerable cardboard placards, very strong, and very large cloth placards, four or five feet in length. The one he nails on trees and posts, the other on old buildings and shops. But I follow him like death's angel. This last fall I destroyed about seventy-five of the above named, not stopping with my own town, but pursuing the trail into two or three other towns.

"There are one or two offenders left here. It is only because I have been too busy that they are not under cover by this time. Some day, when I have the time, they will be.

"My duties take me all about, and my horse has learned to stop and wait for me, and even has learned that the fearsome crackling made by tearing off the stiff-cloth advertisements is according to law and gospel. I do not know that anybody else is doing anything of the sort hereabout but myself, but as long as I am bishop of this diocese I am in this business till death do us part."

II

MR. B. F. YOAKUM, chairman of the Rock Island system, is the J. J. Hill of the Southwest. He seems to know the minds of his farmer constituents as well as Mr. Hill knows what word will most benefit the people of his great Northwest.

In August, talking to a convention of the National Farmers' Union of Oklahoma, he remarked that one of the most pressing needs of Oklahoma — and indeed of all the newer states — is good wagon-roads. He figured that about $250,000,000 a year slips out of the pockets of the farmers by waste in the cost of pulling their loads to market.

To show the people of the Southwest what he meant by good roads, he invited representatives of the Farmers' Union in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana to come East, as his guests, and take a look at the roads of New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire.

The pilgrimage began at Philadelphia; a little party of about ten toured by automobile over the best of the roads of the East. They covered about twelve hundred miles of road, feasted at times, listened to speeches made by governors and others, asked many questions about costs, maintenance, and all the other details of the making and keeping of good roads, and went back, at the end of about two weeks, to spread the propaganda in their own country.

It was a big thing, done quickly and done well. It is probably the biggest single thing that has been done to create a tangible centre for the good-roads movement in the country that needs that movement most.

But the good-roads movement is only a part of the plan of things that seems to be the peculiar property of Mr. Yoakum, the most daring and the most successful railroad builder of the Southwest. The farmers of that country have a positive and definite plan in hand to form a sort of farmers' warehouse that shall become the all-prevailing factor in the marketing of the products of the fields.

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It is a live topic in the Southwest, this project, and Mr. Yoakum saw its importance at a glance. In general terms, he pledged to the farmers the active support of the railroads in any plan to better the marketing conditions.

Then, in the midst of the good-roads pilgrimage, suddenly and without any warning the farmers were brought face to face with a man who, perhaps more than any other, can make or break the plan for coöperative warehouses. For warehousing, as all men know, depends upon the willingness of the banking world to handle the warehouse receipts; and the banking world is well-inclined or not, according to the sentiments of its chiefs.

So it happened that at a quiet dinner the farmers of the Southwest — ten of them — heard Mr. Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, endorse the warehouse project in these words:

"Any warehouse development that is done in a large way, so that there is security back of its pledges, so that when we have a warehouse receipt we know that the goods are there, that they will be there when the goods are called for, that the receipt represents practically the goods themselves — any development of such a system is going to be of great benefit not alone to the producer but to the banker. It will be welcomed."

Here, at least, sat the productive trinity — the farmer, the carrier, and the banker — in perfect accord. At best, it will not be perpetual, this amity; but at worst it is interesting to find the heads of the railroads and the heads of the banks willing and eager to meet the men from the fields on their own chosen ground.

Mr. Yoakum wants the Southwest to grow, so that his railroads may grow with it. He wants the farmers to cut down the cost of their road-haul so that they will have more money to spend on other things, things that pay "first-class rates" to his railroads. He wants the farmers to get better marketing facilities — warehouses, for instance — for the same reason. It is the method that seems new, not the motive. He seems to be among the first of the railroad magnates to figure it out that there is more money in being partners with the farmers than in exploiting them.

III

THE late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, was not a politician. He expressed his friendships in language that had no ring of political purpose, and when he condemned, it was without reference to the political effect upon himself or his party.

In Minnesota there is a game law which permits seining, under certain restrictions. Frequently an exclusive permit is issued for some lake which the state desires to clear of pickerel, carp, and other objectionable fish. The seiner is charged a fee, not to exceed $2.50 a day, for the services of the deputy warden whose duty it is to see that none but rough fish go into the seine. This opens the way for graft, if the game warden happens to be a grafter. And this is a story about something that looked like graft.

Carlos Avery is state game warden. He wrote a letter to an applicant for seining privileges, asking the applicant "how much he would pay" for the privilege. Since the statute fixes the fee, this letter was evidence of a disposition toward graft, so the applicant forwarded it to a St. Paul newspaper. A reporter called on Governor Johnson. The Governor read the letter, and then reached for the game laws. Then he called up Carlos Avery and found that he was out of town.

"If it suits your editorial discretion," he said, "hold this until Carl gets back. I would stake my life on Carl's honesty and integrity. I would trust him with my money, my name, my honor, my life. He is one of the most honest men I have ever known."

"But the letter ——"

"Looks like graft, doesn't it?" said the Governor. "Yes, it does. It's a bad letter — an ill-considered letter; but even if it boldly stated graft, I wouldn't believe that Carl wrote it. A secretary might have written it, and Carl might have signed it in a hurry, as a matter of form. Carl Avery is an honest man. I've known him all my life. No matter how bad a thing looked, I wouldn't believe it; and if Carl Avery told me himself that he was grafting, I'd tell him he lied, because he couldn't graft if he wanted to."

The story was held.

Carlos Avery came back. The Governor sent for him. Yes, he had both dictated and signed the letter. What the letter meant was just this: For the services of how many deputy wardens was the applicant willing to pay at the legal rate, and would he pay the full legal rate for each warden so employed? No deputy is compelled to work for less than

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the full legal rate, and the game warden wanted to make certain. It was plain enough, even though the letter had been indiscreetly and hastily worded. The Governor sent for the newspaper man who had brought the matter up.

"There it is," he said. "I told you Avery was honest. Now, publish the story."

But the story wasn't published.

IV

A JOURNALIST who had seen much of the hard side of the world was sent by a magazine to look into the situation of the labor camps in Florida. He went disguised, and after some roaming about found himself one Sunday morning in Pensacola. He had been a preacher earlier in his career, and he determined to deliver a sermon. The audience he selected was the inmates of the city jail.

He applied for permission to enter and was refused by the jailor. Finally, however, by saying that he was a preacher and wanted to talk to the boys, he was admitted. But he did not preach. As soon as he got inside the jail he was struck with its awful condition. It was unclean; there was no sanitation, not even of the simplest kind. It was full of prisoners, and the conditions were getting steadily worse. The journalist spent the morning taking notes. When he came out he went to a group of tourists at the magnificent hotel, explained that he was a magazine writer in disguise, and that he wished to give a lecture about his impressions of Florida from the workers' point of view. They thought it would be picturesque and amusing, and the lecture was arranged. The mayor of the city was persuaded to preside.

For thirty minutes the lecture was picturesque and amusing. Then it took a sudden turn. The speaker began to read his notes on the condition of the Pensacola city jail. It was heroic treatment for the mayor, but he was a man to stand it. When the speech ended, he adjourned the meeting to the jail to see if the indictment were true. He was determined, if the conditions were not bad, that the city should not be misjudged; and if they were bad, that they should not stay so. They were bad, but they did not stay so.

V

EIGHT years ago John King, a bluejacket on the U. S. S. *Vicksburg*, performed an act of heroism in the boiler-room in which he imperiled his own life to save that of others — possibly to save the ship. The Navy Department recognized it by giving King a "medal of honor" — a meaningless phrase which the authorities at Washington apply to what corresponds to the Victoria Cross of the British service, a decoration which is known and coveted around the world.

The incident attracted no particular attention, except on the ship, and after eight years of further service, Kings's rank in the Navy was that of a simple "water-tender." On September 13th of this year, a tube in one of the steam boilers of the scout cruiser *Salem*, on which King is now stationed, was forced out of the hole in the lower drum into which it was expanded; steam and water, escaping under high pressure, blew the flames and gas from the furnace into the fire-room through one of the furnace doors, which was open at the time. The rest of the story is told by the officer commanding the *Salem*, in his official report:

"I wish to call attention to the prompt and fearless action of King, who was the water-tender in charge of the feed water. He immediately caused the auxiliary feed-pump to be started, and going into the hottest part of the flame opened the auxiliary feed-valve to the boiler and closed the boiler's stop-valve. In doing this he placed himself in serious danger and was badly burned. One of the men on the watch — W. A. Simonton, a coal-passer — was overcome by the heat. King lifted him through the air-lock to the deck, and, going quickly to the blower, opened it to full feed to prevent the flame from coming from the boiler into the fireroom and to clear the fireroom of steam and gas. After doing this he was returning to the fireroom, but was prevented from doing so by Chief Boiler Tender Damer, who, seeing his condition, forcibly prevented him from entering the fireroom and ordered him to go to the sick bay. The fact that the accident was not more serious was due principally to King, and he deserved all the more credit for placing himself in danger to save others."

For this deed of exceptional daring, King received another medal and $100 in money. It will be of interest now to see how many of America's Victoria Crosses a bluejacket may earn without receiving promotion to a rank above that of water-tender.

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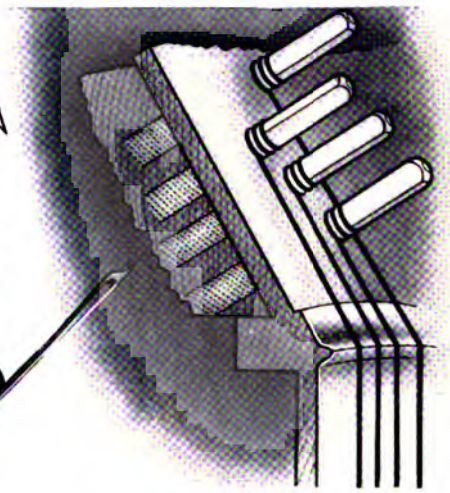

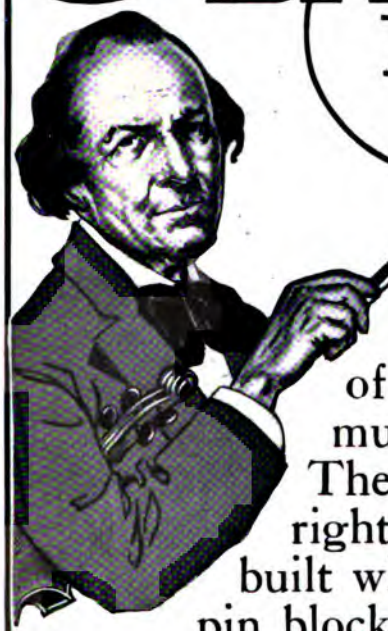

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The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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A CHRISTMAS GREETING BY MR. ELIHU VEDDER

THE DESIGN FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD THAT WON A $1,000 PRIZE IN A COMPETITION DIRECTED BY MR. LOUIS PRANG, OF BOSTON

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THE WORLD'S WORK

JANUARY, 1910

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 3

The March of Events

THE New Year promises well. We are having "good times" in business — with some danger of forgetful recklessness. We are yet in the shadow of some startling commercial crimes, in spite of which there is reason to think that the level of commercial honesty does rise.

The big problems of the proper regulation by government of great corporations is still with us, as it has been for years, and as it will be for years to come. That we are making some progress toward this great end, no man can doubt who considers the change that has come within the last decade.

Yet great aggregations continue to be made. We seem, in fact, to be entering upon a period of renewed activity in their formation. Witness such events as the combination of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Mr. Morgan's purchase of a control of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society; and there are other large events of the same kind. Such continued aggregations are to be expected. Nor are they all to be deplored; for some of them, wisely used, may be distinctly beneficial. But their continued formation will keep alive the people's demand for proper regulation.

Outside our own country the world is unusually interesting to the watcher of contemporary events. In England a great struggle is going on, such as may take its place in history along with those great events that mark the extension of democracy against the entrenchments of privilege. All the world is wondering, too, just where England will be left, after this internal struggle, with relation to its maintenance of primacy on the seas and Germany's ever-growing strength.

Far more important to the individual American than intricate problems of governmental regulation of trusts and the affairs of foreign governments, is the continued diffusion of well-being in our own land. In spite of the rise of prices to the consumer and in spite of a thousand misfortunes that the despondent could catalogue, the American people continue to raise the general level of comfort, of intelligence, of helpfulness to one another.

A shrewd student of civilization recently declared that the dominant mood in most old countries was a mood of individual despondency, but that the dominant mood in the United States was a mood of such individual hopefulness as to be at times tiresome to an observer.

Let us gratefully accept the larger fact; for we can somehow manage to endure the weariness that comes from continued hopefulness and cheerfulness.

It is a swift change of subjects from the moods of nations to one's private affairs; but, if the readers of this magazine will pardon the descent, we should like to remark that the service that it tries to do toward right thinking and right living was never before so generously received. THE WORLD'S WORK has never before had so high a level of prosperity, nor so many readers — to all whom a Happy New Year!

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SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

AN AMERICAN WHO BEGAN HIS BUSINESS CAREER AS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, AND IS NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

[See "American Builders in Canada", page 12476]

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Courtesy of *The Saturday Evening Post*

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, WHO IS THE SON OF A MILWAUKEE POLICEMAN, AND WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A CLERK

[*See "American Builders in Canada," page 12476*]

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Courtesy of *The Saturday Evening Post*

MR. CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

AN ILLINOIS STENOGRAPHER WHO HAS RISEN IN CANADA TO THE LEADERSHIP OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

[*See "American Builders in Canada," page 12476*]

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

MR. THEODORE N. VAIL

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY, WHICH HAS ACQUIRED A CONSIDERABLE SHARE IN THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY; AND THE TWO WILL HENCEFORTH BE OPERATED TOGETHER

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DR. H. W. WILEY

AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY, AND WHO, AS CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, HAS FOUGHT FOR PURE FOOD

[See "Our Debt to Dr. Wiley," page 12443]

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A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF COMMANDER PEARY

WHO HAS ALREADY RECEIVED A GOLD MEDAL FROM THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY FOR HIS DISCOVERY OF THE POLE, AND WHO WILL BE SIMILARLY RECOGNIZED BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

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Photograph by Curtis Bell

MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY, A NON-MILITANT SUFFRAGIST

"THE STRONGEST SUFFRAGISTS IN THIS COUNTRY ARE THOSE WOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR BEST ENERGIES TOWARD THE DEVELOPING OF THEIR CHILDREN IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM GOOD CITIZENS; AND WOMAN'S FIRST DUTY IS TO HER HOME AND CHILDREN"

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CIRCUIT JUDGE WILLIAM H. SANBORN

WHO PRESIDED OVER THE COURT THAT FOUND THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY GUILTY OF VIOLATING THE SHERMAN LAW, AND ORDERED THE TRUST DISSOLVED

[See "The Standard Oil Decision," page 12431]

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MISS SELMA LAGERLÖF

WHOSE BOOK "THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS," HAS WON FOR HER THE NOBEL PRIZE OF $40,000 FOR IDEALISM IN LITERATURE

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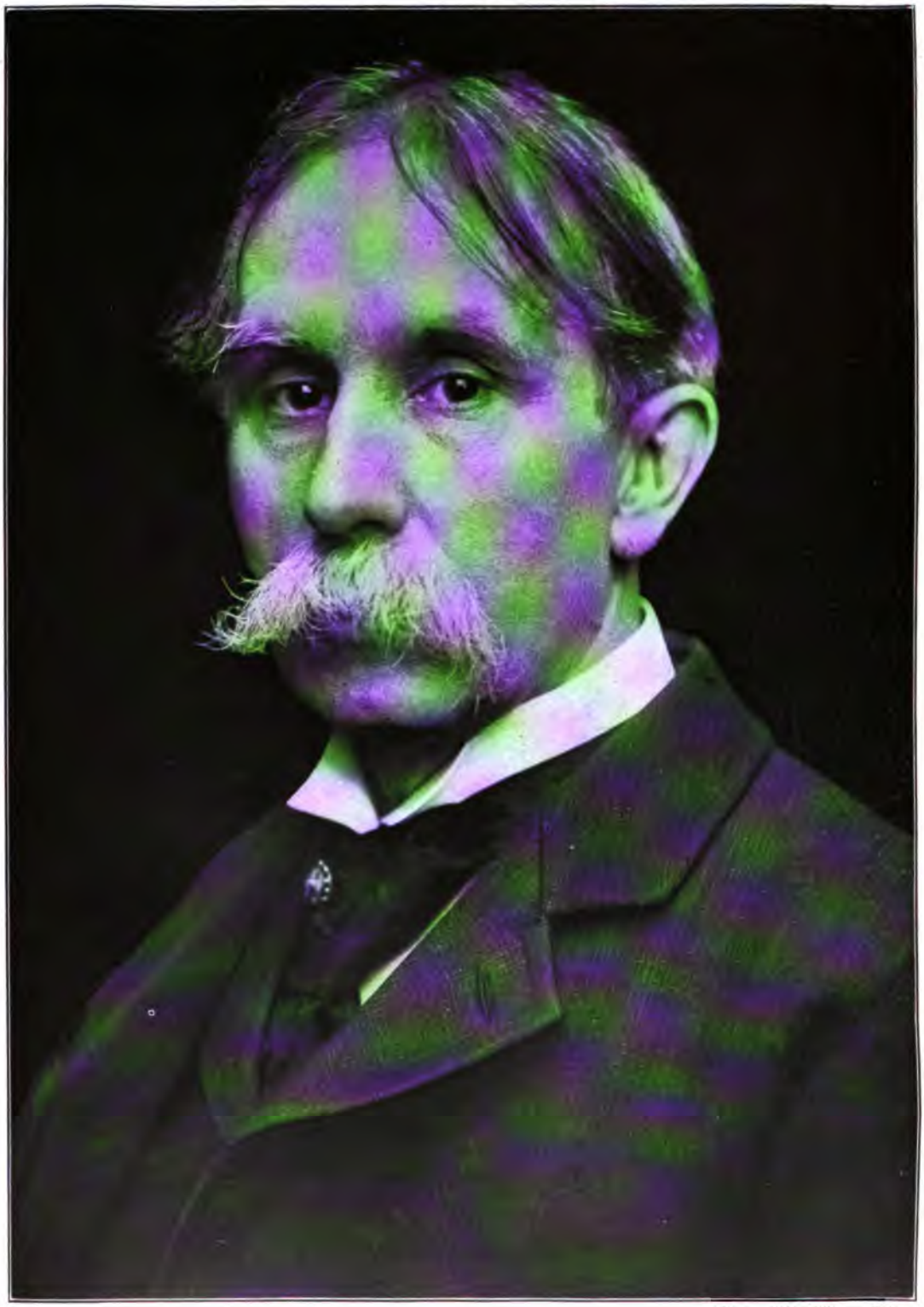

Photograph by Hollinger, N. Y.

THE LATE RICHARD WATSON GILDER

EDITOR OF "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" DURING A LONG PERIOD OF ITS GREAT NATIONAL INFLUENCE; POET OF DISTINCTION; PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN; AND ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MEN OF HIS GENERATION

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"MINER AND CHILD" EXHIBITED AT CHICAGO BY MR. CHARLES J. MULLIGAN

FROM TWENTY TO THIRTY OF THESE MEN ARE KILLED OR INJURED IN THE UNITED STATES EVERY DAY

[*See "Saving Babies and Killing Men," page 12427*]

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Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

LIFE-SAVERS PREPARING TO ENTER A BURNING MINE

THE OXYGEN-TANKS STRAPPED TO THE BACK WILL SUPPORT LIFE FOR TWO HOURS IN A POISONOUS ATMOSPHERE. THE RESCUER ALSO CARRIES AN ADDITIONAL TANK FOR RESUSCITATING DISABLED MINERS. THE CHERRY DISASTER WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS IF THE MINE HAD BEEN EQUIPPED WITH THIS APPARATUS

[*See "Saving Babies and Killing Men," page 12427*]

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A PRACTICAL TEST OF THE BRENNAN MONORAIL BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND

THE EQUILIBRIUM IS MAINTAINED BY TWO FLY-WHEELS (GYROSCOPES) SET IN A VACUUM, REVOLVING 3,000 TIMES A MINUTE. THE GYROSCOPES AND THE CAR ARE PROPELLED BY A GASOLINE ENGINE

AN EXPERIMENTAL TEST OF A NEW GERMAN MONORAIL

THE GYROSCOPE IS THE ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF THIS INVENTION ALSO

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ABOUT THE PRESIDENT AND PATIENCE

ESPECIALLY by his experience but also by his temperament, Mr. Taft, when he entered the White House, seemed the best-equipped man who had come to the Presidency in recent times. He was not only the easy victor at the election by an enormous majority. He was also personally popular among all classes and parties of the people. A brilliant administration was universally expected.

But now disappointment is freely expressed. You may hear it in any part of the country among men of either party. Everybody yet has a personal liking for him. His sincerity and his good intentions are not doubted. But many men who a year ago were enthusiastic in his support are asking one another whether he really "understands the game," whether he is equal to the abnormal demands that are now made on a President's firmness and courage. One man in public life, most kindly disposed to Mr. Taft, has expressed this feeling, in its extreme form, in these words:

"He attacked the tariff with all sincerity, and yet the tariff barons got the better of him. He sincerely favors Conservation, and yet the enemies of that policy have got hope that it will not be vigorously prosecuted. He is truly and most sincerely the representative of all the people, and yet the representatives of special interests, especially in the Senate, seem to encounter no opposition from him. There never was a more patriotic, high-minded, well-meaning man called to a great office. But his amiability may be his undoing. Has he the steel in him that the battle demands?"

This criticism shades down to an unexpressed fear in less positive minds. But such a fear is for the moment widespread.

II

Mr. Taft was too popular when he came into office. That is to say, all kinds of people had exaggerated expectations of him. Some were sure that the Roosevelt policies would be discontinued. Others were sure that they would be pushed with increasing effectiveness. Tariff reformers expected great reductions of duties. "Stand-patters" expected him to prove himself a conservative party-man and a careful friend of high protection. The predatory rich expected immunity from further trouble — the Government will now let business go on! On the other side the belligerent reformers hoped to see corporation managers put in prison. Such was the unthinking and absurd net-work of contradictory expectations. A rebound was sure to come.

Moreover, a large part of the public had come to look on the Presidency not as an executive office but as a centre of cosmic agitation. Many persons thought of Mr. Roosevelt during his last years in the White House, not as Mr. Roosevelt was, but as many newspapers and politicians represented him to be. During his last two years any man who knew him and watched him and knew what he was trying to do will recall what an amazing exaggeration of his aims and his activities and purposes and habits grew up in the public mind, and consequently what an amazing misconception of the Presidency. Even now the perfectly truthful statement that Mr. Roosevelt was a most conservative president and prevented, or at least postponed, spasms of popular violence, will seem incredible to many readers of this paragraph. And Congress, lacking courage to consider any vital subject, spread the delusion of a riotous President as an excuse for its own inactivity and lack of character.

When Mr. Taft came to the Presidency, therefore, a large part of the public had a distorted notion of the functions of the office; and they expected him to bring to pass by some sort of magic whatever they most wished to come to pass. This misconception explains in part the present wave of disappointment and criticism.

The prevalent criticism is unfair, too, because it is premature. The new Administration is just begun. The struggle last summer over the tariff, important as it was, was only a prelude. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that any attack on the long-entrenched tariff, with a Senate hostile to reduction, was a feat that required some courage.

The time of the real test of Mr. Taft's large Presidential qualities is yet to come; and fair criticism or even careful doubt will wait at least till after one session of Congress.

III

It is well to set events in their proper order and perspective. The President is an executive. He cannot make laws. He cannot do what the laws forbid. But he does stand as the representative of the whole people and it is his duty clearly to formulate and to insist on the policies and principles to which he was pledged by his election.

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So far Mr. Taft has done that. He has a well-reasoned programme, far-reaching, frank, and in some respects radical. He has explained most of its items with much patience and repetition. He has taken the people of every part of the country into his confidence.

He wishes to work out this whole programme in an orderly way. He cannot work it out except by the help of Congress. He has seen the futility of a feud between the White House and the Capitol; and during such a feud nothing can be done. He did not send obstructive Senators and Representatives to Congress — he finds them there; and the worst of them are of his own party. Nor can he remove them. He must work with them if he is to do anything.

He must work with them or fight them to a finish. But fighting will not remove them. Every Representative yet has two years to serve, and many Senators a longer period. Besides, Senators in many states have ceased to be easily removable even by an indignant public. The Senators of Special Privileges are especially secure in their seats. The President must at least try to work with these men to bring about the plans that he is pledged to.

Having made such a programme, Mr. Taft first submitted it to public discussion. Now he has presented a part of it to Congress. In a little while we shall be in a better position to make clear judgments and fair criticism. He is bound to do his utmost to secure the legislation that he asks for. Time will show his mettle for this kind of work.

As the great forces range themselves, the people have every reason not only to be patient in judging him, but to be well pleased with the main position that he has taken. For in the last analysis there is but one question before the country, however many forms it may take; and that is whether the people or the special interests shall have their way. That is the question that Mr. Roosevelt raised and did valiant work to answer. It presses harder now than ever. On the main counts, Mr. Taft stands precisely where Mr. Roosevelt stood. That surely is cause for congratulation, and not for criticism.

He has shown his strong qualities of conciliation, and such victories as can be won by conciliation he will win. When the time comes for other weapons — that will be soon enough to see how he uses them. It does not require courage to provoke a mutiny, but it does require courage to prevent it if possible and to meet it in the right way if it come. And the wise and fair part of public opinion is always the patient part of it.

WHAT IS POPULAR ENTHUSIASM WORTH?

AND yet the President is losing something of the large assets of the people's confidence with which he started. If he had struck precisely the right note — if he had not sometimes struck the wrong note — to rally public opinion, he would now have the strength of all the people's enthusiasm behind him. He made a speech at Winona, Wis., about the tariff that cut across the grain of his audience; he accepted Mr. Crane's resignation without explanation to the public from the State Department; he has had the long controversy about Conservation under his Administration. All these things may be only "bad politics," and not bad deeds in themselves. But they have kept the people wondering why he did them or permitted them, and asking whether he be a good judge of men and whether he may not be deceived.

It is a peculiar quality that some good men lack and that some bad men have — to keep the public enthusiastic. It is not always necessary that a great leader should have this quality, for public favor ebbs and flows and is unstable. Still a President is doubly armed who is right and at the same time commands the people's enthusiastic expectation of success. What the President is losing is just this confident general expectation of his success.

A VICTORIOUS MOVEMENT OR A REVOLT

THE most striking political fact of our time is the rise of the people to a more earnest interest in public affairs. There is — especially throughout the Middle West — a very direct and strong expression of the feeling that the public business ought to be public business and not the business of private or special interests.

This sort of revolt takes many forms. In city government it expresses itself in a greater directness of method — as in the commission form of government — and more concentrated responsibility. It takes the form also of the beautification of cities.

In some states — as in Wisconsin — this feeling leads to the regulation of water-power as well as of other public utilities and of an

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enormous broadening of public educational activities for the whole people.

It is this re-rising of the people for more direct influence on government that somewhat blindly feels its way to the practical abolition of the election of United States Senators by the legislatures, and to experiments with the referendum and similar political devices. It led to much crude work in framing the Oklahoma constitution. It caused the mistaken cry for a guarantee of bank deposits.

In another form it has become the insistent demand for tariff revision — even for further reductions now when the Administration had hoped that the subject was closed. The "Insurgent" Representatives and Senators are the true spokesmen of the population that they represent.

The popular strength of the Conservation idea is a part of the same philosophy — the welfare of the whole people and no more merely private exploitation.

All these and many similar popular demands are parts of the same movement. Nor is it a sporadic movement. It is steady, cumulative, insistent. Disregarded, it would become dangerous to many vested interests. Properly led, it will prove itself both a triumphant and a righteous impulse.

Now President Taft stands in his convictions and aims for the righteous wrath and the benignant purpose of this popular uprising against privilege. But it demands a more militant leadership than he has yet shown. It wishes and means to deal fairly even with its enemies; but it is by a line of battle rather than by judicial procedure that it will advance.

THE CONFUSION OF ISSUES

THERE is a defect in our political method and practice. Else the "Insurgent" masses would now be able to make a stronger and more direct expression of their opinions. There is no way to put before the people such definite questions as these:

Do you favor reductions in more schedules of the tariff? or

Do you favor the control by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the issues of stocks and bonds by interstate railroads?

When men voted for Mr. Taft they expressed in general a preference for him over Mr. Bryan, but that preference rested on one reason in one man's mind and on another reason in another man's mind.

The English have a better plan than ours to get the public will definitely expressed. They elect their legislature on a tolerably clear issue, whenever an issue arises, and the newly elected body assembles immediately with a mandate to do a particular thing. In America we elect Congressmen at stated intervals, after campaigns in which everything possible has been done to confuse and obscure issues, and after the election the old Congress goes right on legislating for another session, as if there had been no election. The system might have been invented expressly to thwart the people's will, and to insure popular misrepresentation by representatives.

It requires some boldness to assert that the people's will does triumph under such a system, and it can only be said that it triumphs in spite of it. On the whole, it does; ultimately it always does. It is profoundly true that ours is a government of public opinion, that the extra-legal, informal, spontaneous voice of the people is more powerful than their formally-uttered will. Yet we should gain time if we could take public opinion on definite subjects.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION

THE conviction of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey of violating the Sherman anti-Trust Law was expected, following similar decisions of the courts in the Northern Securities case and in the case against the American Tobacco Company. Yet, so quickly forgetful is the public, that the decision came with the force of a surprise. The unthinking received it as the falling of a severe judgment too long delayed and as the beginning of the end of the Trusts; and a part of the business world received it as an unwarranted governmental punishment of success and an interference with legitimate activity. Who is safe? they ask. Are not all corporations and even partnerships open to attack? What is to become of our business fabric?

Yet those who consider events in an orderly way see nothing revolutionary in the decision that this Trust has restrained trade, and nothing disastrous, but on the whole a reassuring tendency, if nothing more.

II

Go back a little way in our industrial development. Only recently has the corporation risen to great power. Then came the aggregation of corporations. Then the holding

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company whereby a few men, by holding a minority of the stocks of many corporations, may control them all. These have been very rapid steps in industrial organization; and they have caused the invention of new and powerful financial machinery. They are steps forward, too, in organization and in efficiency.

But, as with all other new machinery and all other long steps forward in efficiency, there have come dangers and abuses. In spite of the fears of some and of the hopes of others, the old natural law of competition cannot be abrogated in the commercial world; and its abridgment, except in a few peculiar cases, results in industrial wrong and danger. But the great aggregations of corporations, and particularly the device of the holding company, are easy to use in too great restraint of competition.

Here came the clash between the public interest and industrial efficiency, to say nothing of industrial greed; and something must be done. The law must in some way prevent abuses of these great, new, organizing forces. It was then that the Sherman anti-Trust Law was enacted.

Its intent clearly was to prevent the throttling of competition — in spite of the fact that there are cases in which competition was already abridged by natural causes and cases in which it can have no play. The law was a first rough effort to do a right thing — to give the people a weapon against the abuse of the power to stifle competition where it ought to have free play. It seemed so sweeping in its provisions that no serious effort was made for years to enforce it. Rigidly and universally enforced, it seemed likely to derange all modern business affairs. Yet some regulative power was plainly required.

Then came the effort to enforce this anti-Trust law. The Government won its case against the Northern Securities Company — a holding company. The concrete results were not great, but there were moral results. One moral result was to show that a law on the statute books must mean something — must be enforced. That was much. Another moral result was the assertion that the people through the law and the courts may say that the process at least of formal consolidation shall stop at a given point. If that fail, then further legislation may be considered. At any rate, the law, effective or not, must be respected. That was a gain.

III

In the Standard Oil case similarly the concrete results are not likely to be very great, even if the Supreme Court affirms the decision of the lower court, as it is expected that it will. The business of the company is not going to suffer. But it may be put to the trouble to find a new and lawful plan of organization, as it was once before put to the trouble to do.

Such a result may seem very small; and so it is in concrete ways. But it would be unfortunate if any great efficient industrial organization were hindered in its business. The real result again is a moral one — the assertion of the supremacy of the law, even of a defective law, and a reminder that there is an offense against the public welfare somewhere in the advancing suppression of competition.

One result, of course, will be the amendment, sooner or later, of the anti-Trust law. Another effort, even if it be another rough effort, will be made to express in fair and effective legal form the great principle that as a rule monopoly is injustice and that too strong a tendency to monopoly must be prevented in those activities that are not by their very nature monopolistic.

All these events, therefore, give one useful and wholesome reminder — that the Government (and through the Government the people) are supreme. Corporations are the creatures of government. In the interests of the people, they require regulation and restraint. And there was a time, yet easy to recall, when this doctrine was laughed at, a time when it was hoped or feared that the great trusts were in the last analysis superior to the law. *This* law surely was a dead letter.

The problem of orderly Government is to make laws effective. If they are crude laws, then they may be improved. But the first thing is to make it clear that no power nor aggregation of power, whether it be used with or without criminal intent, can be long used unlawfully.

This is a great lesson in the fundamental morals of free government; and we owe it to Theodore Roosevelt. Fortunately his successor is in accord with him.

And now that we have proved that the Sherman Law can be enforced, and have won the contention that governmental regulation of "Trusts" is both desirable and possible, this

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undiscriminating and sweeping law should be so amended as to permit the prosecution only of real offenders against legitimate competition. As it stands, it is a first rough drag-net effort.

OTHER "TRUSTS" THAN THE STANDARD OIL

THE American Tobacco Company, now under what one might call a suspended sentence, was convicted of being a trust in violation of the Sherman Law. The case is under appeal. The evidence showed that in the conduct of its retail business it had resorted to some of the tricks and menaces of commercial warfare. Its record seemed clearer than that of other trusts that have been haled before the court. Yet men who read the evidence with open minds formed a judgment against it for unfair conduct.

This company will have a chance to set itself right, and there seems little reason to think that it will be hindered in business, even though its outward form may have to be changed. It may be made very clear that the bounden duty of its officers and directors is to see that the "black-jack" be eliminated from its commercial weapons.

II

The suit against the American Ice Company in New York brought to light a mass of evidence which tends to show that it used in its business nearly every form of commercial oppression. Independent dealers were bought at the trust's prices. In some cases their names were still used to lead the public to believe that they remained independent. Some were driven out of business by overcharges for their supplies. The evidence seemed even to show that their ice fields on the Hudson had been deliberately broken up by tugs chartered by the trust.

It was a depressing array of evidence. This particular combination appears to have been especially sordid in its aims and vile in its practices.

III

The American Sugar Refining Company is in a criminal class by itself. It has been detected in some of the very lowest forms of crime. Either it or its hired men — there is no difference to the public mind — have been proven bribers of the coarsest order. They have been convicted of stealing from the Government by the use of false scales. They have conspired to ruin independent producers and marketers of sugar. Commercial thuggery has no blacker or lower record. In the factories it has violated sanitary laws. The slow murder of workmen is among its incidental crimes. Whether or not responsible officers of this company who had knowledge of these crimes serve terms in prison, they are already damned in public opinion. The people do not believe in commercial piracy, in privilege bought by bribery from legislators, in stealing, in lying, and in murder as assets on a commercial balance sheet. No matter what the courts may do, the verdict of public opinion is already written.

IV

It is little wonder, indeed, that many men of large business interests wear a worried look. They are harrassed not so much by the Government as they are hounded by public opinion. So long immune from the interference of law, many of the lesser and the greater trusts have undoubtedly fallen into ways of loose living. Now suddenly and perhaps without a chance for internal reform, some of them are haled into court, their evil deeds are paraded in the press, obloquy is heaped upon them, and their managers go forth with the brand of conviction upon them.

It is an unlovely spectacle, and some of the first generation of trust-builders who forgot that their newly found power did not make them omnipotent and did not release them from the old, old laws of fair conduct, may be justly driven from the business world; and the business world must see to it that their successors come soberly to their great responsibilities. It would be wholly unfair to infer from the proved crimes of the Ice Trust and the Sugar Trust that crime is inherent in the very nature of a Trust, as there is danger that a part of the public may infer. Yet the very great power that the Trust gives makes such crimes easier and justifies rigid laws of regulation.

The ultimate conclusion is that no corporation, however great, no "trust," however strong, should ever be allowed under its corporate form or its extensive organization to shift responsibility for its actions from individual shoulders. And enforceable laws must keep this responsibility visible.

We move, by all these events, toward greater orderliness and stricter responsibility. That

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much is clear. And we have definitely gained this: Governmental regulation is now conceded to be necessary. The remaining task is to devise regulation that is at once effective and fair.

WHO OWNS THE TRUSTS — THE RICH OR THE POOR?

IF the great corporations should be regulated or prosecuted or in any way hindered from making their usual profits, it is often asked, who would suffer most — the rich men who own large shares in them or the smaller stockholders? The general opinion seems to be that the loss would fall most heavily on the rich. Most of it would certainly be theirs, but the greatest hardship would probably fall on the small investors.

The American Tobacco Company is an extreme case. Ten men own most of it. Four-fifths are owned by men who have each more than $400,000 worth of the common stock. In the event of a loss of profits the bulk of the loss would fall upon the wealthy, not only in this company but in most others. But the rich seldom have all, or any considerable part, of their estates invested in any one class of stocks. They could meet the loss of every dollar that comes from the dividends on their industrial stock without curtailing a single luxury, to say nothing of a single comfort.

The real loss would be paid by smaller holders. Here is a partial list of the number of people who would be hit by the wholesale "smashing" of trusts:

Industrial Companies and Stockholders

Companies	*No. of Stockholders*
The American Sugar Refining Company	20,000
The Amalgamated Copper Company	18,000
The United States Steel Corporation	22,100
The American Telephone & Telegraph Company	24,100
The American Smelting & Refining Company	9,400
The Standard Oil Company	5,500
The General Electric Company	5,000
Total	104,100

The small investor gets into the habit of buying one or two stocks. He seldom varies from the particular stock that he becomes attached to. Year by year, he buys one, two, or ten shares of Sugar, or of Steel, or of Telephone. He does not know how to scatter his investments among several kinds of securities.

The industrial trust stocks are peculiarly attractive to the small investing public, partly because these companies are very big and the public knows their names well, and partly because they pay good dividends.

But, since there is no danger that the industrial trusts will suffer suspension of business, there is another frequently expressed opinion that is worth mention. You will hear it said often that they are, after all, not the property of rich men but really of many men of small means — that the strong, capable managers are really working for a large and widely scattered body of stockholders.

This is partly true, but only partly true. The stockholders are numerous and are scattered, and anybody may buy these stocks at the market price and thus share the benefits of strong, capable, rich management — when it is fair and profitable.

But ownership of a few shares of stock carries with it not the slightest chance of any voice in the management, and widely scattered small stockholders never come together. So far as control is concerned, it is in the hands of a few men in every company, even if they are the owners of only a minority of the stock.

The great industrial magnates, therefore, do work for the public. That is true. But the small investor has no voice, and he can least afford to lose the income on his investment, whenever times of loss come.

THE EVER-RISING COST OF LIVING

HERE are three sentences quoted from a single page of the *Wall Street Journal:*

"The increased cost [of shoes] to the retailer will naturally result in the consumer's paying more, and concerted action among the principal manufacturers is now under way for a uniform advance in specific lines."

"The business of the company is excellent, notwithstanding the frequent and large increases in the price of all rubber goods." —From an interview with the treasurer of the United States Rubber Company.

"The great demand at present for both hides and leather, at prices considerably in advance of what prevailed a year ago, has been given as the reason why shoes and harness and other articles made from leather will be increased in cost to the consumer."

On the same day that these items were printed, the United Cigar Stores pasted up in all its shops a little placard saying that conditions

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would presently force an advance in the price of Manila cigars.

During the same week, *Bradstreet's* summed up what had happened in the markets during the previous month. The summary showed advances in forty-three of the commodities that enter into daily consumption, stationary prices in forty, and slightly lessened prices in twenty-three. On the whole, the average cost of all these items climbed higher than they ever were before in times of peace, except during the summer of 1907 — just before the panic came.

Within the same week, authentic reports got abroad that all the big producers of copper in the United States had got together and intended to make an agreement to sell through one agency — a little billion-dollar pool to raise the price. The demand was somewhat quickened and the price rose slightly. Incidentally, the selling value of the stocks of the sixteen biggest copper companies rose from $485,794,000 to $579,150,000 — nearly $94,000,000 gain within a month. Nobody can say that it was a worthless rumor — this tale of a pool to raise prices.

The cost of most things seems to be going up, but the income from investments goes down as the cost of the stocks and bonds creeps up. Nor do weekly salaries and wages rise. The same manufacturers who announce the rise in the price of their products announce at the same time that the labor market is "steady" and wages are "unchanged and satisfactory." There are too many artificial causes at work somewhere.

An investigation into one important subject — the price of beef — made by the National Department of Agriculture gives some definite information. The conclusion reached is that the supply per capita, though large (182 pounds a year), is not as large as it used to be, and that it is steadily declining. Yet the Department reports that the price of beef has not risen faster than the price of steers in the Chicago market. The high cost of corn is thought to be the prime cause of the increased price of meat on the hoof. Neither the farmers nor the packers, therefore, seem to have used artificial means to raise the price.

But one cause of the rise is found in the retail trade. In fifty cities, the retail price bears the following relation to the wholesale price:

Relation of the Retail to the Wholesale Price of Beef

Cities in the	*Percentage of retail price above wholesale price*
North Atlantic States	31.4
South Atlantic States	38
North Central States	38
South Central States	54
Western States	39

In Shreveport, La., for example, the retail price is 68 per cent. higher than the wholesale price; in Boston it is 36 per cent.; in Wichita, Kans., 49 per cent., and 58 per cent. in Spokane, Wash. On the other hand, in New York the retail price is only 20 per cent. above the wholesale; and in Baltimore only 17 per cent.

Secretary Wilson's report explains that these high charges are caused by the multiplicity of small shops. The retail trade is necessarily expensive where the customers demand that the butcher send a man for orders and deliver goods at all times, perhaps by special trips. But the multiplicity of small shops makes the retailing unnecessarily expensive. When there are many small shops doing the business that one large one could do more efficiently, there are many more horses, wagons, boys, and clerks than there ought to be. They all cost money to maintain and the consumer pays the bill.

THE GOOD RESULTS OF RAILROAD PENSIONS

THE New York Central has joined the list of railroads that pay pensions to men past seventy years of age. The yearly pension, based upon the length of service, amounts to 1 per cent. per annum of the salary that a man received when he was retired, multiplied by the years of his service. For instance, if a man has worked for the road for fifty years, his pension will be 50 per cent. of the salary that he was getting when his seventieth birthday arrived.

Thus, what the German Government does by old-age insurance and the British Government has set out to do by the old-age pensions Act, our railroads and industrial companies are coming to do here. The Pennsylvania, the Santa Fé, the Baltimore & Ohio, and many other railroad companies now pay pensions to retired men. The cost to the roads is not relatively large, and it is far more than compensated in two ways.

In the first place, without a pension system,

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railroad managers properly hesitate to dismiss old employees who have spent the larger part of their lives in the service, and to leave them in poverty. They give them various jobs at smaller incomes, where old-age is not a fatal handicap. But nine out of ten of these jobs can be done much better by young men at smaller salaries; and the more old men that are kept in the service after they begin to decline in efficiency the poorer the service becomes.

Then, too, for the same reason, the advancement of capable men is slower and the spirit of the service becomes slacker.

A pension system, therefore, not only encourages loyalty and better work by making provision for old age directly dependent upon the length of service, but it also makes sure that beyond a certain limit no capable man will be held back from promotion by a dead-line of "retainers." The experience of the railroads that have tried such a plan shows that it is "enlightened philanthropy" of the best sort.

THE TRUE VIEW OF INCREASING DIVORCES

THE Government statistical experts have just issued two large volumes dealing with the marriage and divorce figures of the United States from 1867 to 1906, and their summary contains some rather startling facts.

In 1870 the number of divorces granted was 10,962; in 1900 the total had reached 55,700 — an increase of from 28 to 73 per 100,000 of the population. At this rate of increase, experts think they can foresee a time when one out of every sixteen marriages in this country, and possibly one out of every twelve, will be dissolved by the courts. The only country in the world which has a higher divorce rate is Japan, where divorce is about three times as frequent as here.

It is worthy of note, however, that we have the highest marriage rate of all countries in the world except West Australia, Hungary, and Saxony. The marriage rate is larger in the Southern States than in any other part of the Union, but the West is rapidly gaining.

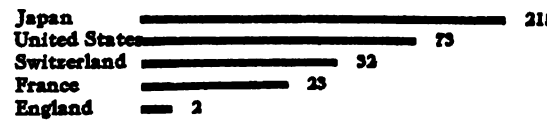
The most common ground for divorce is desertion, but desertion is often made a pretext; it is in fact only a symptom, for there is always some reason back of the desertion. Cruelty and adultery are next in the list of causes. Eighty-five per cent. of the applications for divorces are not contested, and three out of every four are granted.

The rising divorce rate, as shown by the statistics of the last few years, has caused many people to fear that the family life of the nation is declining. Dr. James P. Lichtenberger, Assistant Professor of Sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, has completed a painstaking investigation (under the direction of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University) of marriage and divorce in the United States for the last forty years, and his conclusions are optimistic.

The period during which the divorce rate has risen has been a period of social and industrial transition, and it was but natural that the family should be thrown out of adjustment. He thinks it no more surprising that there should have been disturbances in domestic circles than that there should be turmoil in industrial and religious circles.

He believes that divorces will become still easier to secure, and that an increasingly large percentage of people will be divorced. This process he explains as the nation's

Divorce Rate in Countries per 100,000 *Population*



"growing pains," and he thinks that no violent efforts should be put forth to check the activity of the divorce courts. "The reactionary attempt in our day to increase ecclesiastical and legal restraints . . . is misdirected energy and invites moral disaster. Arbitrarily to diminish the number of divorces, under existing conditions, would be to increase immorality and crime."

This investigator insists that his long inquiry has in no wise shaken his confidence in the stability of the American family. He says that there is no danger that romantic affection and all the finer sentiments associated with ideal married life will become less effective. In his summary, Professor Lichtenberger says:

"The higher education and more systematic development of women will result in the better training of the youth, but the home will continue to be the only school adequate for the development of strong personality and the attainment of life in all its highest manifestations. . . . The ultimate effect will be, not to increase divorces, but to make them more rare."

This is, no doubt, the true view to take of the subject; for every such subject must be

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studied over a considerable period in order to put it in its true relation to great social forces and to see it in proper perspective. This view of the subject gives no reason for despondency about the American family.

But there are gross and vulgar and shameful abuses of divorce laws that call for the force of the most indignant public opinion. For instance, the too easy escape from the responsibilities of matrimony that the laws of some of the Western states yet permit, and especially the abuses of the law that the rich are able to command in many states.

One such scandal filled the newspapers a little while ago. A very rich woman in New York brought suit for divorce against her husband. A referee was appointed, who took the evidence in secret; the husband sailed away on his yacht; the lawyers came before a court, submitted the report signed by the referee, and in five minutes the decree was granted. The name of neither party was mentioned in the courtroom, and the papers were immediately sealed.

A poor couple, as everybody knows, under the same conditions, would have to face the publicity that many rich couples — not this one, however — manage to avoid. The courts or the laws grant to the wealthy a protection that they do not afford to others.

SAVING BABIES AND KILLING MEN

THE leaders in medicine and in organized charity, and the leaders of public thought generally, are united in a determined effort to reduce the high rate of infant mortality. Different methods are tried in different places, all with a more or less gratifying success, but the fundamental idea of all is that the babies must be saved.

But while we are saving the babies, we are notoriously careless in killing able-bodied men by violence. We have long had an unenviable record for our railroad accidents and for violent deaths resulting from our industrial expansion in general. The recent mine disaster at Cherry, Ill., has again called attention to the fact that we kill nearly four times as many miners per thousand of the employed as any other country in the world. There is no real reason why the death-rate among miners in the United States should be anything like as large as it now is. In fact, conditions in this country are such that we should have the lowest death-rate of all.

Mine accidents can never be wholly prevented, for a great many of them are due to extreme carelessness by workmen — and there is no kind of insurance against carelessness. The Government, however, has a corps of scientific men, under the leadership of Dr. J. A. Holmes of the Technologic branch of the Geological Survey, who are actively investigating the causes of disaster and making specific recommendations to reduce their frequency. If the owners of that mine had equipped themselves with the simple apparatus recommended by the Geological Survey, the record of the fire might have been recorded in the local paper somewhat as follows:

"A small fire broke out yesterday in the Cherry mine, caused by the ignition of a pile of straw in the mule stable at the foot of the main shaft. As soon as the smoke was seen issuing from the mouth of the shaft, the two life-savers attached to the mine quickly strapped on their helmets and oxygen tanks and were lowered into the shaft, together with a hose. A small quantity of water was sufficient to extinguish the flames without damage to the property. There was some excitement among the miners at first, but no one was injured."

Instead of this result, more than three hundred men were entombed in the mine. Practically all lived for two days, and the twenty who were rescued had maintained life underground for a week. There was no explosion, as at Monongah, W. Va., nearly two years ago, when the lives of nearly four hundred men were snuffed out like a candle. There was no lack of bravery at Cherry, as was shown by the sacrifice of a number of useful lives in the futile effort to reach the entombed men. It was a simple case of inability to control a fire which might have been extinguished by a few pails of water, if it had been possible for a man to live in the atmosphere of that part of the mine. Three men from the Geological Survey — Messrs. Paul, Williams, and Rice — rendered heroic and useful service after they reached the scene, but the crucial moment for action had passed before they could get there.

One of the difficulties in reducing our great mortality among miners is the fact that each state must make its own mining laws. The branch of the Geological Survey in charge of Dr. Holmes may devise proper methods for the prevention of accidents and for the relief of imprisoned men, but it cannot force them upon the mine-owners. Six of the

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largest mining combinations in the country have already equipped themselves with safety devices, but there are any number of mines now employing large numbers of men which make no suitable provision for their rescue in the event of an accident. It is surprising how many serious disasters are required by an enlightened people before public sentiment forces the owners to protect the lives and families of those who go down into the pit.

THE CHIEF CAUSES OF DEATH

THE Government report upon the deaths in the United States is based upon reports from the seventeen states where registration is complete, and they contain 51 per cent. of the population. The figures may probably be multiplied by two in each case to make the compilations truly national.

In the list of causes of death, tuberculosis maintains its lead. The summary of the most important causes shows these figures:

Table of Causes of Death in 1908

Cause	*Number*
Tuberculosis	78,289
Pneumonia	61,259
Heart Disease	60,038
Violence	52,421
Intestinal Inflammation	52,213
Bright's Disease	44,036
Cancer	33,465
Apoplexy	32,467

Infant mortality is the saddest part of the story. The report shows a total of 200,000 deaths of infants, or about 400,000 for the whole country. The Government believes that 200,000 of these could be prevented. The comment concludes with this striking statement:

"There is apparently no reason why infants, if properly born (and this means simply the prevention of ante-natal disease and the improvement of the health and conditions of living of their parents), should die in early infancy or childhood except from the comparatively small proportion of accidents that are strictly unavoidable."

The lowest death-rate in the Union is in South Dakota, with a ratio of 10.1 deaths a year per thousand persons. The highest ratios are found, of course, in California, with 18.4 per thousand, and in Colorado, with 17 per thousand. Both states are health resorts, and their death-rolls are increased by the victims of tuberculosis who go there from other states.

THE HEALING CAMP ON THE ROOF

THE mechanical engineer of an office-building in New York caught a cold that lasted for a year. Finally he went to a clinic of the Board of Health. The examination showed that he had tuberculosis. At forty-two, with a wife and four children, he was confronted with this overwhelming misfortune.

His name was entered on a list and sent promptly to the visiting-nurse in charge of the district in which he lives. She visited his home and gave him a card admitting him to the nearest clinic, from which in turn he was recommended, if he cared to go, to the day camp on the roof of the Vanderbilt clinic. Admission is free, and he went. If his circumstances had required it, there are funds from which he could have received money for his car-fare.

At nine o'clock every morning he went to the roof camp. His weight was recorded and he received fresh milk and a raw egg. Then followed the morning registering of temperature and pulse, after which he went to his comfortable steamer-chair and his blankets (both marked with his own name) and settled down to a quiet time with the morning paper or a book. To those who do not read easily or do not care to read, sloyd-work is taught or basket-weaving and the making of fish-nets and hammocks; and competent teachers help the women in crocheting, sewing, and knitting. The children are taught almost as at school, and nearly every day some visitor to the camp finds time to read aloud to a group or otherwise to entertain them. Talks on the treatment itself are given to make the patients coöperate intelligently toward their own cures. At twelve o'clock a plain, wholesome dinner is served; in the afternoon more milk and eggs; and at five o'clock the camp closes, and the patients go home. They are of all ages. At one time there was a 16-month-old patient and a 60-year-old patient there together. All forms of tubercular cases are taken. As long as the people can make the trip they are free to come.

Once enrolled in the camp, they are not allowed to permit bad conditions at home to neutralize the effect of the work at the camp. Nurses visit their homes and, if necessary, physicians also. The lightest, airiest room in a home is given to the patient. Boxes for sputum, which can be burned, are given free. The linen and the eating utensils of the patient must be washed separately. Tickets are given

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for two quarts of fresh milk and three raw eggs a day. All the other members of the family receive, if they wish, special physical examination. If they are infected, they, too, will be treated at the camp. Thus this "camp" in the middle of the city gives free to the poor the food, rest, fresh air, and the skilled supervision that the rich must pay large sums for.

This day camp is one of the many wise agencies at work in the successful struggle against tuberculosis. The latest bulletin of the Bureau of the Census on mortality statistics shows that the deaths per 1,000 from all forms of tuberculosis in the registration area chosen for enumeration were 201 in 1904, 193 in 1905; 184 in 1906, 183 in 1907, and 174 in 1908.

A WONDERFUL COURT OF JUSTICE

THE Chicago Municipal Court, which has just completed its third year, is the most original, as it has fully proven itself to be the most valuable, idea in the recent history of the administration of justice. It is a court organized on a business plan; a corps of judges with a manager; a court with an executive officer, empowered to administer its affairs so that time and labor are economized. It consists of a bench of twenty-seven judges, working under the constant watchful superintendence of a chief-justice, who are less than twenty-four hours behind their docket.

This remarkable court handled last year more than 60,000 civil and more than 80,000 criminal cases. It sentences the law-breaker on the day his offense is committed, or the day after. It renders judgment in a suit within a few hours of the time of its filing. Specially empowered to make its own rules of practice and procedure, it cannot be reversed on technicalities by the Court of Appeals, and as a matter of fact, less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. of its findings have been reversed. It has established, simply by its own "general order," reforms that have immensely simplified and strengthened the processes of justice in Illinois.

For instance, it has begun the practice of "supplementary proceedings" to enforce its judgments; it has ruled that counsel must make final exceptions to the judge's instructions before they are given to the jury; it has abolished written pleas; it has invented a system of simple, business-like abbreviations to take the place of the old, ponderous "high-falutin"; it keeps its records in something like card-catalogues; it has abolished supernumerary officers and done away with red tape, so that a suit can be brought for $2. It has relieved the superior court and the county courts of half their civil business; and it has asserted its cleansing control over the police of the city, and it has decreased crime by 30 per cent.

So remarkable altogether are the achievements of the Chicago Municipal Court, so interesting and important is the plan on which it is organized, that THE WORLD'S WORK is making, and will publish forthwith, a thorough study of it.

ABOUT TRUTH

A HUNDRED or more persons have written protests against an article that appeared in this magazine two months ago — "The Confessions of a Successful Teacher." It set forth the low esteem in which the teacher is held and the deadening effects of the profession, as the writer had found it. Among these protestants is a man of wide knowledge and outlook in educational work, who writes:

"The article is false. Similar confessions could be made by any class of women, or men either. This is a time of readjustment. Few are adjusted. Conditions are changing. Teachers are not more ill-adjusted than others. The conditions described in the 'Confessions' are incidental, not inherent, and they are changing.

"More than that, many a woman under these same conditions would work happily because of a different temperament, and because possibly of different physical reasons — a better physical basis for cheerfulness.

"Every profession in this time of readjustment presents similar cases. Most physicians prefer that their sons should take up some other profession. So, too, most preachers. I can prove that there is now no career for statesmen but only for politicians; and so on with all. Seen through a certain kind of glasses, nothing is as good as it was in the days of the fathers. I am writing this on a train. Our forefathers, when they traveled, simply shot quail on toast for breakfast. I have just had in a dining car an egg that proves the decline of civilization."

The "Confessions," thus complained of, has the ring of a real experience. Truthful, too, is this comment in protest. But absolute truth — if there were such a thing in complicated human relations — is got at best by a study of various experiences of sincere persons. It is a natural impulse for a normal person to take a cheerful view of life. But to hold a brief for optimism — to be a professional optimist — is to pose; and, as soon as you pose, Truth goes

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out the door with her handmaid, Sincerity, and you are left in a false relation to your fellows.

THE UNITED STATES THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES

IMPORTANT recent books about the United States written by visitors from other countries or by foreigners resident here are —

"America at Home," by A. Maurice Low. (Scribner's, N. Y., $1.75.) The Washington correspondent of the *National Review* has long held a good position among foreign correspondents in this country. This book is a very high class of journalistic work.

"The Future in America. A Search After Realities," by H. G. Wells. (Harper's, N. Y., 1906.) Stimulating and suggestive. It is not a record of travel or facts or philosophy, but it is a sane discussion of various striking features of American life and character.

"Americans," by Alexander Francis. (Appleton, N. Y., 1909, $1.50.) Letters that appeared in the *London Times*. Free from the insular narrowness which has sometimes spoiled the work of British critics. Mr. Francis sees a danger to American institutions in the tendency to give too much power to governors, mayors, and commissioners. He thinks that socialism is not coming fastest where capital is most concentrated.

"As Others See Us," by John Graham Brooks. (Macmillan, N. Y., 1908, $1.75.) Tuckerman's "America and Her Commentators" was published in 1864, and forty-four years later John Graham Brooks goes over much the same ground. He has made an interesting and suggestive grouping of our national traits as recorded by writers, and to their comments has added some of his own. A record of books by English, French, and German travelers in the United States is added.

"The Land of Contrasts: A Briton's View of His American Kin," by J. F. Muirhead. (New edition, Lane, 1902, $1.25.) A record of personal impressions of the author while engaged for three years in preparing Baedeker's "Handbooks to the United States." In the future of America he has great hope. Speaking of equality and the solution of the social problem, he says: "It would be hard to determine where we are to look for (it) if not in the United States of America." A readable book by one intimately acquainted with both branches of the English race.

"America Revisited," by David Macrae. (John Smith & Son, Glasgow, 1908.) Interesting as the record of two visits, thirty years apart, by a Scotch minister; more interesting as a study of Scotch character than as a discovery of new features of typical America.

"Dollars and Democracy," by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. (Appleton, N. Y., 1904, $1.25.) This is a rather hasty record of things seen and done by an Englishman during a year's stay in the United States, chiefly in New York. Readable and not too serious.

"Three Visits to America," by Emily Faithful. (Fowler and Wells Co., N. Y., 1901, $1.50.) The result of the conscientious efforts of a woman of matured intelligence to understand our American life. She made three visits to America for the purpose of studying our society, our women, and our industries. She speaks candidly of our faults and our good qualities as she sees them.

"America To-day," by William Archer. (Scribner's, N. Y., 1899.) A series of letters and essays which originally appeared in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Pall Mall Magazine*, by a trained observer and a skilful writer.

"The United States in the Twentieth Century," by Pièrre Leroy-Beaulieu. (Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., 1906.) The French original appeared in 1904, and was thoroughly characteristic of the French economist. Few writers since Walter Bagehot have treated "the dismal science" in more attractive fashion.

"America and the Americans." Anonymous. (Scribner's, N. Y., 1897, $1.25.) A clear statement of the impressions made upon an educated Frenchman by our American life during two visits to our shores. A vein of prejudice runs through the book, and the author's judgments are not always just; but the book is interesting.

"*Au Pays du Dollar*," by Raymond Gros and François Bournaud. (Leon Vanier, Paris, 1908.) By two French newspaper men resident here for "several" years; as keen for the sensational as Max O'Rell, and without his power of lively expression. One wonders if the authors ever stopped to think what kind of a picture of French life would be made by an Englishman who should clip French pro-

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vincial newspapers and arrange his clippings in chapter form.

"In the Land of the Strenuous Life," by Felix Klein. (McClurg, Chicago, 1905, $2.00.) An admiring picture of American life as it appears to a French Catholic prelate. It is written for European readers and points out the merits rather than the defects which he sees. He calls Americans the "advance guard of humanity on the path of progress, of light, and liberty."

"The American Workman," by E. Lavasseur. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1900, $3.00.) In 1893 the *Academie des Sciences Morales et Politique* of Paris asked M. Levasseur to make a study of the condition of the laboring class in the United States. This book is the result of five months' investigation. It is a work of great industry and profound knowledge, worthy of a careful reading.

"American Traits," by Hugo Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston, 1901, $1.60.) Five papers on the character and culture of Americans, as seen by a German psychologist of world-wide repute. Chief emphasis is laid on the educational system in America, and the contrasts it presents to the German system.

"The Americans," by Hugo Münsterberg. (McClure, N. Y., 1904, $2.50.) After being in the United States for ten years, Professor Münsterberg attempts to dissipate German prejudices concerning this country. Writing in an expository style, he presents a vast amount of facts on nearly every phase of American life. These are in the main correct; but, owing to preconceived ideas of the character and progress of Americans, his deductions are not always logical. His spirit is optimistic and decidedly friendly to our institutions.

"As a Chinaman Saw Us." Passages from his letters to a friend at home. (Appleton, N. Y., 1904, $1.25.) The writer was educated in the United States, and gives an amusing and caustic account of American life as it appears to the Oriental.

LITTLE STORIES OF BUSINESS LIFE

MR. E. P. RIPLEY, President of the Santa Fé Railroad — a line of nearly 10,000 miles — finds time every day to wade through a mass of "literature" that would appal the stoutest-hearted reviewer in the land. It consists of clippings from the newspapers published along the railroad. For five years this mass of clippings has been piled up on his desk every day, and he really reads them.

His purpose, of course, is to find out what the people along the railroad want, what they think of things in general, how they regard the road, and, perhaps, what they think of the railroad's agents. Mr. Ripley thinks that some reforms may have been accomplished as a result, and he has surely demonstrated that he is a patient and industrious man.

II

Mr. Clark Williams, who was appointed by Governor Hughes to be superintendent of banking in New York and took office during the panic, has now been appointed Controller of the State. The office is higher, but the salary is lower. Still the new position gives him control over the appointment of a new Superintendent of Insurance — and that is important.

He is a comparatively young man who came from Canandaigua, N. Y., was trained in Wall Street — very near the heart of it, too — and knows the intricacies of banking and is an expert in financial practice. He gives up, for a time at least, a very lucrative career in the financial world to accept a salary as a public officer of $6,000 a year — about what he would have paid one of his best clerks in the Columbia Trust Company or the United States Mortgage & Trust Company.

His friends give him credit for a real desire to serve the state in a position where it most needs good service; and he can afford to do it because he has behind him a big estate in western New York. He is yet a young man, with complete Wall Street training, a clean and efficient record in the service of the people, with a private fortune, and with the friendship and confidence of the financial giants.

There are five great banking institutions in New York that are now eagerly looking for new presidents. Two, at least, would be willing to pay Mr. Williams from three to five times what he is making at Albany. But he is making an investment for the future.

A MANAGING EDITOR'S NEW YEAR LETTER TO A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR

MY DEAR SIR: On the long list of writers who have sent manuscripts to my desk during 1909, I note that yours is the most frequent name. I see also that all but one of your articles went back to you. This was hard luck, I

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know, but I congratulate you on your persistence and I should like to help you improve the record for 1910.

We should rather send you a check any day than return a manuscript. If you but knew how hungry we are for good "copy," and how eagerly all our editors go through their morning's mail in the hope of finding it, you would write — not more, but more to the point.

Every manuscript that comes into this office finds an outstretched, welcoming hand. There was never a time when a vigorous writer with a real story to tell had a better chance.

Your ill-luck is not due to the fact that you have not yet made a great name for yourself. Some of the best articles come from writers whose names the public never heard of before; and many articles are sent back to writers whose names frequently adorn the title-pages of other magazines. Moreover, it is no unusual occurrence for our own editors to decline their own articles, no matter how much labor they have cost.

Do you remember sending an article on "The Irrigation Canals of the Babylonians?" What possible chance was there for it in THE WORLD'S WORK, which is a magazine of present interest? If you had gathered all the big facts about the Gunnison tunnel — and been the first man to do so — your name would have been writ large on the stub of our cheque-book.

I remember another — "The Educati n of the Boy." What is the use of solving the world's problems, if you don't tell the answer in an interesting way? Your article was no more interesting nor convincing than a geometry without diagrams. If we had accepted it, only the proof-readers would have read it to the end.

Then there was your article on "The Hookworm Scourge and the Cure." You were sure that we would take that because the subject was new, and because of our steady campaign for better health and more efficient work. There were two good reasons why this went back to you in the next mail. First, our article on "The Cure for Two Million Sick," published in May, told all about the scourge and set the ball a-rolling. Second, only an expert investigator ought to discuss its medical treatment.

There was another reason why we declined your article on "The Out-door Treatment of Tuberculosis." We had two articles on that subject already on hand, and both were better than yours.

I remember that you thought us unfair because we would not print your reply to "The Confessions of a Successful Schoolteacher." You wished to annihilate it. Your article declared that the unknown writer had slandered a noble profession; you asserted that the great majority of teachers are neither disgusted with nor ashamed of their work; and you wished to record, for all time to come, that the business of teaching is one of the most dignified of all human occupations. But you didn't give specific facts to prove it — and you admitted that you had left this dignified profession after five years' experience. You wrote a vehement, general denial in criticism of a clear-cut, definite experience. Did you never read the Old Testament story of the impetuous warrior who slew two men better than himself?

You sent to us the other day an article on "The Political Crisis in Mexico," with seventeen photographs. The illustrations were good enough, but THE WORLD'S WORK is not a picture-book. The article was hopelessly bad. You had chosen a complicated subject, taken a partisan view, and reached conclusions after a three days' sojourn in Mexico City. Can you imagine an article on American politics written by a Mexican under the same conditions? Aside from that, can you imagine the average American reader getting wildly excited over *any* article about Mexico?

In addition to your article that was published, there were two others good enough to print — or could have been made so with a little carpenter-work. "Our National Waste" was full of big facts and you handled them in a large way. It was your misfortune, however, that we had already engaged the one great authority on Conservation to write three articles on the subject. As I wrote you, we could not take the edge off his articles by publishing yours in advance.

The other, "Our Governmental Expense Account," struck a similar snag. One of our ablest staff writers has been working for months on that very subject. For this ill-luck you are not to be blamed — nor are we.

If you really wish to write for THE WORLD'S WORK — and I hope that you do — let me suggest that you write to us in advance and ask if we are interested in the proposed subject. This will often save your time, labor, and postage — and it will also save us some work.

I want to caution you against a habit that will wreck you in the end if you don't curb it

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—that of stringing out indefinitely a single idea that is perfectly clear in your first statement of it. For instance, if you start out to show that black is the opposite of white, do not say:

"That color which is referred to by artists and all the rest of the world as black is essentially different from that which they call white. As a matter of fact, black is essentially different from white. Let me be more specific. If black were at the North Pole, white would of necessity be at the South Pole — that is to say, as far apart as it is possible for them to be. It is easy to be seen, in the light of these considerations, that every intelligent man should always make a careful differentiation between the two — that is to say, he should never confuse black with white."

We should like to have you write during 1910 at least one article so well that no one else would think of submitting another on that subject for two years. E. A. F.

WHAT I TRIED TO DO IN MY LATEST BOOK

I. MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S AIM IN "THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION"

THE human relationships set forth in "The Lords of High Decision" were in my mind before I thought of taking Pittsburg as the scene of the story. But the real beginning grew out of a feeling that had grown upon me through several years that in the processes and experiments of democracy lie many and great opportunities for the novelist.

I do not care greatly for problem or special-plea novels, as such, though there have been many striking and effective ones, as varied in subject and manner as "The Modern Instance" and "The Jungle." They are too prone to be mechanical, with the "purpose" sticking out disagreeably. But a great subject in itself does not make a great novel; the characters must be clean-cut and authentic or they will express nothing. They must be human beings, made to exist, to suffer, and to grow before the reader's eyes. It is an easy matter, comparatively speaking, to describe characters; the test of the author's quality lies in his ability to depict moral and spiritual change; nor is it enough to say that changes have taken place — the sense of change must be communicated fully to the reader's consciousness with such force that he is thoroughly convinced.

When I once had Pittsburg firmly in my mind, I sought a character who should express the city — not in caricature, but in the reality of a realism relieved by humor (if I know what humor is), and lifted by cheer and hope. I am only about half realist; the romantic aspects of life — the life that I see and touch — interest me immensely. It is held by some critics that fiction must be either one thing or another, but I prefer a "blend" of the realistic and the romantic. This may be a temperamental defect in me, but I am not ashamed of it. I know the rough, hard aspects of Pittsburg, but I see glowing above the Iron City not only romance but poetry.

And so, if any one cares to know how I came to write this story, Wayne Craighill stands for the city itself. He gropes his way toward the light, much as the city itself is doing; he is, as one of my other characters puts it, a man in search of his own soul; and, as he finds it through labor, so must the city, and so must our democracy in all its forms and expressions. Against him I set up his father — the familiar, smug, complacent reformer, self-deceived into believing that the rough edges of our difficult problems can be ground down smoothly by prayers and resolutions. I tried to illustrate, through my heroine, Jean Morley, the spirit of endeavor and achievement and the relationship that exists between us all, the dependence of one social class upon another. Those who do not care for this sort of symbolism may overlook it; and for such I can only hope that the story fulfills the first law of the novel, which is that it must entertain.

To illustrate democracy's weakness, strength, and needs through the medium of the novel seems to me the highest task that can engage the pen of Americans. I salute Mr. Winston

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Churchill, who in several notable instances and with growing power has addressed himself to phases of our political life; and Mr. William Allen White, whose "A Certain Rich Man" depicts so splendidly the social and political development of his own soil. Both are essentially American, animated by a high seriousness and sincerity, and both these writers are deeply informed and keen critics of life. Against such performances the transatlantic marriage, the vulgarity and banality of the fantastically prosperous, the tame Americanization of the Gallic triangle are like the dabblings of the timid swimmer in tepid backwater left by the tide, while the clear, brimming ocean thunders on the broad beaches beyond.

The twilight of the poets — now rapidly deepening into starless night — means simply (if I am entitled to an opinion) that poetry is not an adequate medium for those who would utter effectively the messages of democracy. Prose drama and the novel are far better adapted to the discussion of the problems that to-day engage mankind. In the poetic drama, however, as Mr. Cale Young Rice and Mr. Percy Mackaye essay it, lies hope for that teaching of idealism which must be always and inevitably the melodious accompaniment of the sturdy tramp of democracy. To the novel we must leave the holding up of the mirror that our diverse peoples may know each other, Mr. White's Kansas speaking to Mr. Churchill's New Hampshire, and Miss Johnston's cavalier catching step with Nicholas Worth's new "Southerner."

The critics of the far future, standing aghast before the huge pyramids of the fiction of to-day, will, I should say, of necessity restrict their attention to those novels and those alone which deal with life — the actual, vibrating life of this America, in those expressions which Walt Whitman found in democracy after seeking vainly in "paged fables" for its "Intentions":

> "It is in the present — it is this earth to-day,
> It is in Democracy — (the purport and aim of all the past),
> It is the life of one man or one woman to-day — the average man of to-day,
> It is in languages, social customs, literatures, arts,
> It is in the broad show of artificial things, ships, machinery, politics, creeds, modern improvements, and the interchange of nations,
> All for the modern — all for the average man of to-day."

It was in some such groping after the truth, as chanted in these lines, that I wrote "The Lords of High Decision."

II. MR. IRVING BACHELLER'S AIM IN "THE MASTER"

IN writing "The Master," I aimed:

To lead my readers, with the help of cheerful company and stirring episodes, to a clearer knowledge of the great evil of war, and to create new enthusiasm for the old truth that out of one blood God has created all peoples. In other words, to help along a feeling of brotherhood between man and man the world over.

To suggest what can be done with a child's mind under training which compels it to depend upon latent but neglected powers, and to feel its own way to the truth. To suggest, for instance, the deeper insight which may be imparted to the human eye by a patient training of its power of observation in childhood. So I planned a boy to whom no language is taught and who finds, therefore, a new inlet of knowledge. How would he manage to convey his own thoughts and interpret those of his master? He would manage it somehow, but *how?* What conclusion would he arrive at in time as to himself and the world in which he had found himself and the cause and purpose of both? For this experiment I invented that Isle of the Sky in the Wilderness. When this youth comes out among men with the purity and simplicity of childhood and a wisdom greater than that of his fellows, his work and the book begin. He sees clearly a truth to which ancient custom has blinded us, namely, that war is the greatest evil in the world.

In my hero I sought to show the power of high thinking over one's mind and body; in my villain the like power of low thinking.

I sought to show how a man would express himself in this modern world with a spirit like that of Jesus Christ in him.

All this I have sought to accomplish by holding my readers with certain novel characters and expedients:

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(1) The anonymous book, which compels the man who falsely claims its authorship to live up to its teaching; and this in time changes his character and breaks down the plan of his life.

(2) By a love between a young man and a young woman which is clearly indicated and well understood by both, but never expressed in words until it comes to its climax.

This, chiefly, is the task I set myself.

EIGHT PER CENT. ON YOUR MONEY

A SALESMAN for a New York bond house called on a retired farmer up the state last month to try to sell him a block of street-railway bonds. The bonds were a second-mortgage issue on a good road. They sold at a price that was conservative.

The old man listened to the long story with perfect composure. After a while he said:

"Young man, I guess your bonds are perfectly good. Now I have, in all, about $15,000 to live on. Tell me just how much money I could get out of your bonds every year if I bought them."

The salesman figured for a minute, then said:

"I make it $810."

The reply was staggering:

"I have to have $1,100; and it's hard going if I don't get $1,200. You see, it costs a lot more to live than it used to; and the youngest boy ain't quite ready for college yet."

The salesman saw the situation, so he switched the talk around to generalities. After a few minutes the old man got to like him well enough to ask his advice. Finally, he told him just how he managed to get $1,200 a year out of his $15,000. The list, as the salesman remembers it, is as follows:

A RETIRED FARMER'S INVESTMENT

Amount	*Investment*	*Income*
$3,000	Seattle Street Improvement bonds	$240
$4,000	Los Angeles Assessment bonds	320
$2,000	Mtge. on store in Lewiston, Ida.	200
$2,000	First mtge. on a farm in Arkansas	180
$2,500	Mortgage on a store in Florida	200
$1,000	Montana Irrigation Co. bond	75
$ 500	Cash in a banking-by-mail bank	20
	Total	$1,235

The Seattle bonds were bought this year; the Los Angeles bonds last year. The Florida mortgage is a renewal of half a mortgage made five years ago.

"How did you happen to get a collection like this?" asked the salesman.

"One of my boys is the cashier of a bank in the West," he said, "and another is an editor. Joe picks out my investments for me to get the big income; but I never buy unless they both recommend it."

"Joe" is the Western cashier. He has persuaded the old man that 8 per cent. on a mortgage or a bond in the Western country is as safe as 5 per cent. on a New York bond or mortgage. That is a well-fixed idea in the country where Joe works. It is not at all certain that, for all practical purposes, he is not right.

The salesman, who told me this story, referred to the investment as "a lot of junk." He tried to show the old man the trouble that he had bought into. He drew a picture of what would happen if the farmer down in Arkansas failed to pay the interest, and if the investor had to hire a lawyer, at long range, to collect that $180. He proved, to his own satisfaction, that 5 per cent. with certainty is better than 9 per cent. with possibilities of having to go after it with a sheriff. The reply was conclusive enough:

"I know that farm; and if I ever get a chance to get hold of it for $2,000 I'll take it quick enough!"

This story is told to illustrate the fact that there are some people in this country who think they can get 8 per cent. or more on their investments, as a steady income. Most of these people, however, are located west of the Missouri River, or south of it.

Now, it is natural to ask how far this method of buying is safe for the average man. If it is really sound, it ought to spread. If it is unsound, it is a good thing to find that out.

In general practice, it would lead to steady losses. To buy without discrimination — either assessment bonds from Western cities,

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or improved real-estate mortgages in border towns, or farm mortgages in the backward states — would be the height of foolishness. There are many farm mortgages that are little better than a gamble on next year's crop, and many mortgages on stores are the purest gambles. Under certain conditions, a mortgage of this sort is merely a lien on good luck or bad luck. The mortgage may be perfectly good this year; and next year the storekeeper may go into bankruptcy or the value of his store may shrink wonderfully on account of some very simple development in the way of competition.

As to assessment bonds on street improvements, they may be either very good or very bad. If they are put out to finance a street improvement plan in a "booming" suburb, they are as likely as not to prove worthless in the long run. If, on the contrary, they represent work on a business street in a solid city, they are perfectly good — but they seldom yield 8 per cent., even in Los Angeles and Seattle.

Irrigation bonds — so popular just now — are perfectly good if they are good at all. Their goodness or their badness depends on a multitude of factors. The personal honesty of the promoters and the bankers is a big factor. The excellence of the engineering estimates is another big factor. But the biggest of all is the business risk — the question whether or not, when all the work is done, the lands will be salable and the water rights a commercial asset. *That* depends on many things — the amount of competition, the business conditions of the country at the time, the general demand for lands of this sort. An irrigated tract, however excellent, will pay no dividends until it is sold and settled.

To buy any one of these classes of securities without the greatest care will lead a man into trouble sooner or later. The words "mortgage," "real estate," "bond," and "municipal" may be little more than lures to draw a man onward. In their first meaning they stand for everything that is solid, honest, clean, and respectable in the investment world. Yet each of them has been stretched to cover the outright gambling chance.

There are men, however, who are quite right to buy such securities as are held by the retired farmer up-state. They are men with special information at their hands, men whose positions entitle them to take a certain business risk with their money, or men whose business connections enable them to utilize special knowledge that the investors do not themselves possess. These classes include many thousands of men all over this country. They even include a few — but a very few — women. They do not include any trustees or custodians of other people's money.

The selection of such investments is a science in itself. It has not been brought to perfection in Wall Street — nor, indeed, in any of the Eastern business sections. The Wall Street banker of the better class will not undertake to find for any one an 8 per cent. investment, even if the intending buyer makes it clear that the purchase is to be considered a business risk, rather than a true conservative investment. In his letter of reply, the chances are that the banker will incorporate the two words "gamble" and "wild-cat," and the chances are that he will go further and intimate that the man who looks for 8 per cent. is a good bit of a fool.

THE WORLD'S WORK shares most of the opinions of the Wall Street bankers on this point; but it will not go so far as to say that all 8 per cent. investments are unsound. A man who has a large sum of money to invest can go to various parts of this country and invest it at 8 per cent. with almost perfect safety, provided he does not want it in such form that it can be readily converted again into cash. The man with a small sum of money to invest cannot do it.

The best thing he can do, if he has to get such a high return on his money, is to trust to the guidance of some old, well-established, reputable banking house, either East or West. If he finds a dealer who has placed high interest mortgages for many years and who can prove that none of those he has selected have ever defaulted, that is good enough. If he finds a reputable dealer in municipals who will tell him just what underlies the assessment bonds of any city, and who will risk his reputation on them, that, too, is a fairly good recommendation.

If irrigation bonds are offered to him by people of national reputation, and they tell him, succinctly, that they themselves know what they say to be true, and that they themselves are prepared to take an active part in the management of the affair and see to it that it is conducted on a business basis, most of the elements of danger are eliminated. C. M. K.

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HOW MUCH INSURANCE SHOULD I CARRY?

NEARLY all life insurance is secured in a haphazard manner. The average insurer does not arrange for his life-insurance protection upon the definite basis with which he secures fire insurance or the other commodities of his business or family life.

When a man seeks protection against fire loss, he wishes to reimburse himself for a definite sum in case his home or stock of goods should be burned. This definite loss is ascertained by valuing the merchandise to be insured.

He knows what his home is worth: it has cost a tangible, ascertainable sum; when he seeks fire insurance to reimburse him in case of loss, therefore, it is the actual money value of the property which he wishes to cover.

Life insurance should be secured upon the same basis. Every healthy man with a family is worth a definite sum to his family; the amount is the exact measure of the income which he provides for their maintenance.

While his value to the family cannot be measured with the same degree of exactness with which a piece of property may be appraised, a certain sum is ascertainable, and this sum can be insured as definitely as can the home or the business merchandise.

Let us assume that the head of a family has an income of $1,500 a year. For personal expenses and his share of the family expenses, let us suppose that he uses $600 annually. This leaves $900 per year that his family receives through his income, and it is his insurable value to his family. Thus it is seen that if the head of the family dies without insurance, his family is deprived of its income and there is an exact loss, each year, of the above definitely stated sum.

The man seeking insurance may now ask: "How am I to know just how much insurance I should carry to give my family yearly the exact sum they will need, the sum that I will provide should I live?"

This is ascertained by the mortality tables of the insurance companies. By "The American Experience Table of Mortality," the expectancy of the average life is ascertained. By this table, of a certain number living at a specified age a given number will be alive at the end of a specified number of years.

For instance: at age 25, the expectancy is thirty-nine years; at age 35, it is thirty-two years.

Let us assume that a man is thirty years of age, and wishes to insure to his family $900 yearly in case of his death. He must leave them a sum in cash which, at interest, may be drawn upon annually for thirty-five years for the $900 needed. Computation shows that $16,798, placed in bank at 4 per cent. interest, will yield just $900 per year for thirty-five years; consequently, $16,798 is the amount of insurance that should be carried by a man thirty years old, whose family will need $900 a year should he die.

The following table gives the expectancy of life at each age from twenty-five to sixty, and the present insurable value of a life producing an income of $1,000 per annum over personal expenses. If the net income is less or more than $1,000, the insurable value is for a proportionate amount:

Age	*Expectation*	*Insurable Value*	*Age*	*Expectation*	*Insurable Value*
25	39	$19,584	43	26	$15,982
26	38	19,687	44	25	15,622
27	37	19,142	45	25	15,622
28	37	19,142	46	24	15,247
29	36	18,908	47	23	14,856
30	35	18,664	48	22	14,451
31	35	18,664	49	22	14,451
32	34	18,411	50	21	14,029
33	33	18,147	51	20	13,590
34	33	18,147	52	19	13,134
35	32	17,873	53	19	13,134
36	31	17,588	54	18	12,659
37	30	17,292	55	17	12,165
38	30	17,292	56	17	12,165
39	29	16,983	57	16	11,652
40	28	16,663	58	15	11,118
41	27	16,392	59	15	11,118
42	27	16,392	60	14	10,563

Many men are not fully insured because they do not give as much thought to the cash outlay for a policy as they do to the face value of

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the policy. Young men think it out of their power to secure $5,000 or $10,000 worth of protection because the amount seems so large. The sum needed annually to pay for $5,000 is $100; or, looked upon as a weekly saving, $2.

When the man aged thirty learns that he should carry $16,798 of life insurance, his first question is: "Can I pay for that much?" The premium in a number of the leading companies for this amount is about $383, or $7.50 per week. This premium becomes smaller year by year if the dividends are withdrawn in cash. Whether a man take more or less than the above table suggests, it at least gives him a standard by which to judge, which most men have been without.

THE WAY TO HEALTH

The average man's working efficiency might be increased fifty per cent. The development of vitality is the keynote of the new world-wide movement for health. Its aim is to increase the power to live and work, rather than merely to cure or even to prevent disease. As a part of this movement, THE WORLD'S WORK *will publish from month to month the experiences of individuals in their search for health and power.*

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, author of "The Efficient Life" and of "Mind and Work," will select important and typical experiences from correspondence coming to him and will suggest constructive measures for more efficient living. Those desiring such suggestions should write fully to THE WORLD'S WORK *about their personal habits — hours of work, sleep, recreation, eating, clothing, temperament, and health experiences. Particular attention will be paid to communications in regard to children, and from those who feel that their power is beginning to wane through old age or from overwork.*

THE PACE OF BUSINESS MEN

BY

DR. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK

I DO not believe that modern business and professional men are working under such a pressure and at such a pace as necessarily to shorten their lives. While there is greater draft on the powers and vitality of men to-day, there is also increased ability to meet it.

The modern attitude toward the well-being and up-keep of the human machine may fairly be likened to the present-day attitude of great corporations toward their mechanical departments. Looking back fifty years into the early days of railroading, for instance, one sees an appalling disregard of the chief principles of economical management. Locomotives were allowed to rust away in the open air. When not in use they were drawn upon sidings, and comparatively little attention was paid to cleaning and oiling them. Repairs were made only when absolutely necessary.

Recently, however, there has developed an idea that the highest degree of railroad efficiency demands an everlasting oversight. Repairs must be made even before they become necessary. Bearings must be kept clean always. The best grade of oil means the highest service and the longest life for these bearings. Groomed like fine race-horses, the locomotives go forth for their daily trips at a speed that would have been the death of their ancient brothers.

The same improvement in the methods of the up-keep department of the human machine may be noted. It is true that scarcely a day goes by but what we read of men who have dropped from the ranks with shattered nerves. This is usually ascribed to overwork. We

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frequently hear of men who in despondency take their lives, and there is a constantly increasing percentage of the population in insane asylums. The sanitariums for the broken down are multiplying. I know also that many business men are going "the pace that kills," and the way they live accounts for the fact that their children have not inherited their vitality and power to work.

It is also undeniably true that no period of the world has seen so many men working so hard and so continuously at work which is so engrossing and which more and more, particularly for the world's leaders, involves less and less of muscular exercise, less of outdoor life and fresh air, and yearly more pressure upon the mind and the emotions.

But along with this increase has come an increasing appreciation of the need for an expert up-keep department. The human locomotive to-day moves along the rails of time at a speed which frightens those who see only the speed. The morbid, pessimistic phrase, "the pace that kills," has been seized upon by them as descriptive of the modern business life. That men do break down under the strain of their business activities is true, but when such breakdown occurs before the human machine has run its allotted time, the fault may usually be found in the up-keep department.

And yet there are many men who seriously overwork, even among those who lead otherwise well-ordered lives. This conviction has come to me through the daily observation of American men of affairs who carry large responsibilities successfully and without detriment to their health year after year, whose children are vigorous and have no less vitality than their parents. It is not my purpose in this article to defend the faith that is in me, so much as it is to account for what I believe to be the fact and at the same time to indicate the main lines of development which generally distinguish the men who succeed from those who fail, in living wholesomely and carrying on their work.

How, then, does it come about that the great mass of business men are able to work harder than they have ever worked before?

II

The modern pace in business and professional life is made by two things: increase of opportunity and increase of vitality. Newspapers bring to us the news and opportunities of the world, the achievements in scholarship as well as in business. The postal system and the telegraph, the stenographer and the telephone enable us to do business with a speed which was unknown to our grandparents. To telephone a business transaction eliminates the time involved in going to see the man, although it does not lessen the thinking involved. It is another case of shortening up the mechanical side of the process without shortening up the mental expenditure. The fact that men are living and working closer together also increases the opportunity for rapidity of social relations.

A little more than a hundred years ago, only about 4 per cent. of us here in America lived in cities. Now something over 30 per cent. of us live in cities; and if we take the more settled Eastern states, the figure runs up to something like 60 per cent. Modern facilities of transportation open markets far from the sources of supply and hence permit the building up of big businesses in a way that is relatively new.

The comparatively small amount of business which our grandfathers could do in a day could not have been increased much by merely increasing the speed with which they worked. They did not have the mechanical facilities for greatly increasing the output of their work.

III

Opportunity alone, however, would not increase a man's working power, and I am inclined to believe that our forefathers worked as hard in proportion to their ability as we work in proportion to ours. I believe that we have a far greater working power than our forefathers had, for our bodily machines are better taken care of. Up to recent times, the great bulk of human vitality and life was poured out in unnecessary disease, and the lives of most of the people of the world have, during all the centuries of human existence, been either lost or enfeebled by diseases which are now largely conquered.

In the single year of 1348 the bubonic plague attacked almost every town and village in England. Smallpox up to a century ago was responsible for the death of one-tenth of the population of the globe. Since 1793, in New Orleans alone, there have been 41,348 deaths due to yellow fever. In large areas of northern Michigan to-day, there are swampy areas where the malaria-carrying mosquito lives and breeds, with the result that physicians

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there say that the efficiency of most of the men and women is not over 50 per cent. of normal because of the malarial poison with which they are infected. Yet any community can now be rid of all malarial diseases and thus vastly increase its power to live and to work.

One of the most brilliant wars that human kind has ever been engaged in is that against tuberculosis, which now is responsible for the death of about one out of eleven of the total population and of more than one-third of all who die between the years of fifteen and thirty-five. It also saps vitality and reduces the level upon which people live.

We now know that tuberculosis in its early stages is curable and that it is entirely preventable with the measures already at hand. Those who have studied the subject most tell us that people now living will see the day when it will be as difficult to find cases of tuberculosis for study by medical students as to-day it is difficult to find cases of smallpox.

We do not forget, however, that pneumonia is increasing, one out of ten of all deaths in the United States being due to it. Cerebro-spinal meningitis is increasing. Cancer, syphilis, and diseases of the heart, arteries, and kidneys are increasing. But the great fact remains that the causes which have been responsible for the death of most of the people during most of the ages of the world are now removed from the civilized world, and all the vitality which was spent by these diseases is available in the prolongation of human life and in the increase of its breadth, power, and vividness.

This, then, is the first great reason why we have more vitality than the people of the world have ever had before. Our human engines are kept out of the repair-shop by the efficiency of the up-keep department and the full power is more readily available. We are now able to use our vitality for living instead of spending it in disease.

It is but four centuries since the average length of life in Europe was but twenty years; so many persons died in infancy and youth that the average length of human life was reduced to one score. To-day the average length of life here in America is forty-four for men and forty-six for women. In Sweden the duration of human life is now fifty for men and fifty-two for women. In four hundred years we have more than doubled the average length of life.

This, however, is not all of the story. We are using the increased vitality far more wisely and conservatively. We are expending the precious coin of life more judiciously. We are playing our game of high vital finance with closer regard for its rules than has ever before been done.

IV

In these days we are in the habit of railing at foolish disregard of the laws of health. When a city has an epidemic of typhoid fever due to the contamination of its water supply, the whole country is shocked at the terrible disregard by that community of its water supply. But this very railing at the disregard of health laws by the community is a new thing. It implies a new standard of living. When some prominent person dies there is likely to be considerable discussion as to the care of his health, and if he is taken away in middle life we are likely to say that it was due to some violation of the well-known laws of health. This, too, implies new standards and a new attitude toward personal health.

It is no longer the fashion to be proud of semi-invalidism and to discuss symptoms with one's friends. The time when the clinging invalid was the type of the refined woman has passed, and such a one now is obliged to apologize for her inability. The public interest in the subject of health is nowhere better indicated than on the advertising pages of the periodical press. Sometimes as much as 20 per cent. of the advertisements in a magazine is given to these topics. We find health foods, breakfast foods, brain foods, foods easy of digestion, and foods for children exploited with all the skill of the modern publicity man.

This new interest is shown also in the reading matter. In a recent examination of a dozen of the most popular magazines published in a single month, I found fourteen articles which related directly to the conservation of personal health in one form or another. This is the response of the editors to public demand.

Popular books on health have a vogue which they never have had before. Would it have been possible twenty-five years ago to arouse such a general interest in the chewing of food as has been aroused by Mr. Fletcher? He has succeeded in adding a word to the English vocabulary. It is not merely that he has an attractive manner of presentation; the public was ready to be interested in things of this kind.

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Heavy, regular drinking is not so common among professional and business men as it was a century ago, and the man who drinks heavily is now censured. The prohibitions which hedge about railroad men in their use of alcohol are detailed and rigorous, for it is now known that the man who drinks is more likely to be untrustworthy at times than the man who does not. This is also true of police and firemen.

Then, again, exercise is generally recognized by our business and professional men as an important agent in the up-keep department. I do not mean that they all take the exercise which they know is advantageous, but there is a general conviction that a man who does take exercise is better off than one who does not. Hence the extensive sale of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, chest-weights and various other athletic paraphernalia, and the enormous growth in outdoor activities for adults.

Hunting is pursued as a sport as it never has been. I have never yet been up the Hudson River, winter or summer, daytime or night, that I have not see men fishing from pier or bank. I cannot imagine that it is any economic need which drives these men to fishing or that it is any extensive expectation that they will really succeed in catching fish which will be worth while. I have, indeed, seen fish caught large enough to eat, but most of them are so small as to require careful scrutiny to distinguish between bait and fish. Most of them, however, never catch anything, but it is out-of-doors. The tremendous development in golf is another indication. The enormous development in the use of automobiles, motor boats, and the like, also adds to the extent of this movement.

There is a general recognition of the need of vacations, and employers provide them for their employees in a way that is entirely new in business. It is a common and a new custom for business men to take week-end vacations. The hours of business are decidedly shorter than they were a hundred years, or even a generation, ago. There are hundreds of thousands of men who are working on the eight-hour day.

The fresh-air movement which has gone on coincidently with our fight against tuberculosis has an important place in the maintenance department of life's transit system. Thousands of houses are being built with porches suitably screened so that people may sleep on them. Not merely those who have tuberculosis use these, but people in good health find outdoor sleeping beneficial. It has been discovered that fresh air helps to make life more vivid and more real.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the difference between the old and new in public sentiment more evident than in the changed attitude of the colleges toward matters of health. The pale, thin-chested scholar of the past has largely disappeared. He exists no longer, even as an ideal. We find in the cartoons representing college life, which so often faithfully reflect public opinion and practice, the college student represented as erect, vigorous, and wholesome. The college man or woman is expected to have good circulation, good digestion, good sleep, and to observe reasonable hours of work and exercise. His life is a far more balanced human life than the lives of students have ever been.

It is not alone the physical aspects of health in which we observe progress of better opinion and intelligence, but already on important matters of mental hygiene a large portion of the community has come to believe that certain mental states are to be more or less deliberately controlled. Many so-called "new movements" have aided in this so-called "new thought" mental healing. Christian Science, "don't worry" clubs, and the like have disseminated the information that mental and emotional states are directly related to health. The habit of cheerfulness is now generally regarded as associated with the habit of health.

Of equal significance are those matters which refer to the hygiene of the city. We are inclined now to classify cities, among other things, according to their care of streets. We provide sewerage systems by which the city may keep itself clean. Public baths are becoming common. New York City alone last year spent about $400,000 in this one direction. We insist that the water-supply for our cities shall not only be clean to look at, but that it shall be free from the germs of disease; and we spend countless thousands of dollars in seeing that this shall be brought about.

We are also taking care of our school children. The public information is reaching the point where we insist that the schoolroom shall be well lighted and clean, and it is becoming clear to American communities that to spend the money of the city in trying to teach a child to read who cannot see the printed page well enough to distinguish the letters is foolishness.

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More and more physicians are being asked for counsel with reference to living. I like to call this "biological engineering" or "constructive medicine." People go to the physician not merely to be cured of their diseases, not merely to be shown how they may avoid disease, but — more important often than either of these — to discover how they may so order their lives as to get the most out of modern conditions. Each man presents a different problem. I once knew of a man whose duties involved taking his sleep at irregular intervals. This was a case where he should have put the whole matter in detail before some wise physician who would have shown the man how to make the best of his difficulties. He would have shown him how to live in his own particular environment so as to get the most out of the game. It is the function of the physician from this standpoint to show each individual, with a specific study of his own personal characteristics and all the necessary complications in which he lives, how to live most effectively. The physician does not raise impossible standards. This is a new function for the medical profession which the public is only just beginning to appreciate.

V

We have done two great things. We have vastly increased our store of vitality and we are learning more wisely to expend the vitality that we have. We must no longer think, then, of our modern pace as "the pace that kills." We must think of it, rather, as the pace that arrives. It brings success, and success is the greatest tonic in the world. Success makes life vivid. The pain we have in the striving disappears in the pleasure of victory. Success is already a victory that can only be won legitimately — or won in accordance with the rules of the game.

There is a tendency among some with a superficial view to contend that the modern health movement is taking up too much valuable time and energy. Health and hygiene, they say, are becoming objects in life. This is no more true than that up-keep of equipment is the object, in itself, of a railroad.

This vivid pace of modern life can only be carried on successfully by most of us during the years of a long life by a rigid observance of the laws of life. The faster and more intense the life, the more exact must be the observance of its laws. The price of freedom is intelligent obedience.

Take, for example, such men as Weston, the pedestrian, who at the age of seventy is still able to maintain across the continent a pace which would kill any thoroughbred horse; the pugilist, "Bob" Fitzsimmons, who for nearly thirty years has been contending in the prize ring, is now preparing to contest for the championship of Australia; and the bicycle racer, "Nat" Butler, who has been for the last quarter of a century subjected to the tremendous strain of the race track, has contended in dozens of six-day races and at present, an old bald-headed man, is still one of the fastest men in the world.

To these men and to others like them, keeping always in fine physical condition has become not an incident but a fixed habit. When I see splendid careers, like those of Dr. Eliot, E. H. Harriman, Russell Sage, J. P. Morgan, Judson Harmon, Grover Cleveland, William M. Laffan, John Marshall Harlan, Nelson A. Miles, Theodore Roosevelt, and President Taft, I see victorious athletes who have kept the pace by obeying the laws.

The men who have fallen from their places of leadership just when the world most needed them and when they themselves had accumulated that experience and wisdom which qualified them for attainment far in advance of their accomplishment, have fallen because they did not play by the rules. The most interesting and richest part of life should be its years of old age, with the retention of vivid mental power, and behind them long years of successful experience. The supreme joy of seeing things done, achieved, completed, is theirs. The man who dies in his forties or fifties dies in the midst of the battle and before the hour of triumph.

The conclusion of it all is: play as hard as you like, but *play by the rules* — stay to the end of the game, take share in its sure victory and the plaudits of friends and public. Violate the rules and you will be out of the running and put off the track by the Great Umpire. To be obliged then to live on for years watching the great game, but physically unable to take part in it, is tragedy. It is like being taken prisoner by the enemy and being compelled impotently to watch the game on which one's all is staked. Go to the expert to learn the rules, and then play by them.

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OUR DEBT TO DR. WILEY

A PUBLIC SERVANT WHO IS A HARD FIGHTER FOR PURE FOOD AND IS GENERALLY ON THE WINNING SIDE

BY

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

WHEN Dr. H. W. Wiley entered the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture as its official head, twenty-six years ago, he had four assistants and a dish-washer, and they did their work in the cellar of the Agricultural Building. Now he has a staff of about 350, about 200 of them being chemists, and his laboratories are a credit to the Department. This long step in advance is in many respects the measure of the man.

Dr. Wiley is built on large lines. He is tall and massive of stature, with a big head firmly poised above a pair of titanic shoulders. His hair never stays in order, but masses itself forward on both sides of the forehead, giving him at times a somewhat uncouth appearance. The penetrating glance of his rather small eyes, the large and roughly modeled nose, and the severe lines of his mouth add to this impression.

As you watch him and listen to him, you are soon made to forget all surface appearances. The one thing that you feel more than anything else in his presence is the marvelous strength that dwells in him — but this strength is not of the kind that flares up a moment and is gone. You have before you a man who may master anything but the meaning of defeat. He has never acknowledged himself beaten nor given up a purpose once conceived. He is an able, level-headed man of common sense, who knows the world around him and the peculiarities of its inhabitants exceedingly well. He has never hesitated to reach out for whatever authority he deemed needful to his work. But he has never reached out for anything that was not essential to that work, and to this day he has remained a poor man.

Devotion to his work is another keynote of his character. Too much has been said about his qualities as a fighter — although there are few who surpass him in the zest and skill with which he gives battle. But first of all he must be classed as a worker — a man who loves his work for its own sake and for the sake of the results that it may bring. When he is found up to his ears in a fight — as he is most of the time — you may be sure that somebody has been trying to interfere with his work.

He hates all humbug and falsehood and deceit on their own account — he hates them with a hatred that never gives truce — but his attitude is never wholly negative. As behooves a man fully aware of life's limitations, he has carefully laid down a road for himself, and that road he follows undeviatingly, in order that he may gather to himself as much as possible of the truth pertaining to it.

This may strike the reader as the image of a very stern and cold man — a man with some virtues and no graces and so preoccupied with duty that he has not even time to fall in love. Such a conception of Dr. Wiley would be utterly false. One of the dominant notes in his mental make-up is an ever out-flowing humaneness and a deep love for his fellow-beings, both as individuals and as a race. Though his feelings rarely find tangible outlet in his speech, they color all his actions. While he has always been ready to incur enmity when higher considerations made this necessary, he has been much more ready to make friends; and where you find one man hating him, you will find ten willing to go through fire for him. His relations to his subordinates have been unusually happy in spite of the strict discipline which he knows how to maintain without harshness. To them he is and will always be "Old Borax," that being the substance which he administered daily for months to his first nauseated but faithful "poison squad." By most of his colleagues in the other branches of the service he is sincerely respected and much liked. And if he have enemies there, this may be explained by circumstances not at all derogatory to himself. Among his

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fellow-scientists he is looked up to and trusted, both for his personal qualities and for his scientific achievements.

Nor can he be called indifferent to life's gentler and more graceful aspects. His work is and will always be his main source of amusement, but he finds time for other things as well. Beauty in all its forms has a compelling power over him, and in particular he loves poetry and music. Every musical event of some importance finds him unfailingly in his favorite seat, provided he does not happen to have some serious investigation on his hands. He is also a poet in the lighter vein. For all his earnestness, his sense of humor is very vivid, and it goes beyond mere appreciation. For years he has been known as an after-dinner speaker of more than common cleverness, but back of his witty jests lies as a rule some grave truth. He is an insatiable reader and follows carefully every new movement in the world of thought or action.

Much of the animosity shown against him in some quarters — official as well as unofficial — and much of the misunderstanding to which he has been exposed may be traced to his scorn for all deviousness and useless conventionalities. At times his directness may even appear as rudeness to one not knowing him well. He has no desire to offend and he can be as diplomatic as anybody when occasion requires it. But when he has to do with persons who ought to understand, or when he feels that the truth is more needed than anything else, he is apt to throw diplomacy to the winds. More than once he has shown that he is not a man who cringes or compromises "for fear of his job," and at times this independence has undoubtedly stood in his way. All Washington is familiar with an incident that occurred some time before the selection of the Referee Board appointed to act as a final court of appeals on pure-food decisions. He was talking to President Roosevelt one day, when saccharin happened to be mentioned, and the President scorned the idea of its harmfulness. With customary directness, Dr. Wiley expressed his opinion of that substance — an opinion that he vented on another occasion in the following terms:

"The word 'saccharin' itself is a deception, and the person who invented it meant it to deceive. Saccharin has been a fraud from its inception. It is a fraud to-day, and it will be so until it is labeled exactly what it is."

While the old adjective "saccharin" has always meant "of, pertaining to, or possessing the qualities of sugar," the chemical substance for which the name of "saccharin" was devised has nothing whatever to do with sugar. It is derived from coal-tar and should be named "benzoic sulphinide," or something as forbidding, in accordance with the generally accepted nomenclature. All this and more Dr. Wiley told the President, who finally lost his temper and pulled a small bottle of saccharin tablets from his pocket. This he shook under the Chief Chemist's nose and said:

"My physician has been giving me saccharin for years, and anybody who says that it is dangerous is an idiot."

Not long afterward the Referee Board was appointed, with Professor Ira Remsen, the inventor of saccharin, at its head. Everybody took this as a direct slap at Dr. Wiley. When I mentioned the matter to him, he said that the incident was true as related, but added: "Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt stood by me when they tried to get me out of office."

Unlike most successful men, Dr. Wiley has never been an opportunist. All that he has accomplished has been planned years in advance. Through a period long enough to wear out most men's patience, he pursued unflinchingly his aims without any support of public opinion and unknown to all but a small circle of experts. It was only about seven years ago that his name began to appear in print with growing frequency and under circumstances that compelled widespread attention. This happened when he inaugurated his now world-famed experiments on living human beings, with the object of learning just what effects chemical preservatives have on our digestion. The picture of that little "poison squad" at Washington swallowing its daily doses of borax caught first the fancy of the press and then that of the public. In a few months a single sensational venture did what twenty-three preceding years of laborious and helpful toil had failed to accomplish. From that moment Dr. Wiley became to the people the pioneer, the first man in a new field.

A striking contrast to the many groundless slurs upon his scientific standing and proper qualification for his allotted task is furnished by what the leaders of European thought and research think of him. Expressions of confidence, of approval, of admiration, have come to him from all over the world. Many honors

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have been bestowed upon him by learned societies. Foreign governments have consulted him and decorated him for the services he rendered them. A still greater compliment may be seen in the decision of the French Government to reproduce the entire system of food inspection and of laboratory work established by Dr. Wiley in this country.

Perhaps the best proof that he knows what he is talking about may be drawn from the story of how he made his way to the advanced position he occupies to-day — the story of how a poor country lad, with nothing to favor or help him but his own natural gifts, overcame obstacles serious enough to scare back all but the most courageous.

He was born on an Indiana farm under circumstances that gave slight promise of his ever getting away from it except to take up a still harder and more precarious life in some city. But from the time the boy was able to think, his mind was set on studying, and study he did between chores — now at home and now again under such guidance as the usual country school could offer him. He was a tall, bony, underfed youngster of nineteen when he succeeded at last in getting into Hanover College. Once a week he walked out to the farm, returning with the next week's food supply on his back. For four years he had to live exclusively on cornmeal mush, boiled potatoes, bread, and sorghum molasses. And maybe his often expressed impatience with the advocates of an excessively low proteid diet can be traced to those early days of scarcely satisfied hunger. His sole cash expense in all that time at his first college consisted of fifty cents a week for a room. He never owned an overcoat. Yet he never thought of whining or pitying himself. From first to last he led his class both in studies and in athletics. When he graduated, he was considered one of the best Latin and Greek scholars that the college had ever turned out.

His desire then was to become a physician, which implied studying of a sort that could only be had for cash. What he needed he raised by tutoring, and for several years he taught and studied simultaneously at what is now Butler College, Indianapolis. When, in 1871, he received his M. D. degree, he had saved up enough to enable him to go on to Harvard University for a special course, his main subject being chemistry. There he studied under Agassiz, Peacock, and Asa Gray, carrying off a degree of B. S. in 1873. Right on its heels followed a call to fill the chair of chemistry at Butler College, and a year later his services in the same capacity were demanded by the Agricultural College of Indiana, which was then being reorganized into Purdue University. His habits were as rigorously simple as when he was a mere college boy, and once more he managed to save enough out of his meagre income to provide a long-cherished trip to Europe. There he resumed his study of chemistry, physiology, and pathology at the Berlin University under such renowned instructors as Virchow, von Helmholtz, and Hoffman. It was then that his attention first became directed toward the adulteration of food, and as the information he needed was not to be had at the University, he engaged in special studies on the outside under the direction of the head of the Berlin Board of Health, Dr. Zell.

On his return to Purdue, in 1879, he knew what he wanted to do, and ever since he has faithfully followed the route that he mapped out for himself at that early stage of his career. Thirty years ago, Dr. Wiley made up his mind about three things: (1) that one of the most serious menaces to the welfare of this nation was the steadily increasing adulteration of its food products; (2) that the interests profiting by such abuses were powerful enough to make the fight against them an uncommonly hard and hazardous proposition; and, (3) that this fight was what he cared to undertake more than anything else in this world. Nor did he waste any time dreaming about what he wanted to do. He took the first step right then and there; and as the result of a suggestion made to the Indiana State Board of Health, he received a grant of $50 for an investigation of the molasses put on the market in that state. His report appeared in 1881, under the title of "The Adulteration of Syrups in Indiana."

In a fortunate moment Dr. Wiley conceived the idea of turning temporarily from food for man to food for the soil. At once he got the full support of the farmers, who were already complaining bitterly about the kind of stuff palmed off on them under the name and guise of fertilizers. Dr. Wiley was made State Chemist, and entrusted with the special duty of examining and certifying all commercial fertilizers marketed within the state. At the same time the sale of fertilizers not certified by him was rendered illegal. Thus he got his chance to do what he really wanted;

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for while he kept his eyes open to the immediate grievance of the farmers, he began an investigation of the glucose and sorghum industries. And so successful was the work that he did in this line that in 1883 he was called to Washington as head of what was then the Division, and is now the Bureau, of Chemistry. He has now held that same position for twenty-six years, preferring it to all others, although his salary for a long time remained ridiculously inadequate for a man in such a responsible position.

Since his appointment in 1883, not a year has gone by when Dr. Wiley has not given much time and labor to the study of some phase of the general question of food adulteration. And during those years few, if any, factors have been more potent in arousing and instructing public opinion on that question than the contributions resulting from his investigations. To give him all the credit for what has been achieved so far would be far from just. Other able and determined men have been at work in every part of the country. In fact, up to a certain time much more was done by the various states than by the Federal Government toward putting an actual stop to adulteration and misrepresentation. And when, at last, the Pure Food and Drugs Act was forced upon Congress in 1906, the pressure producing that result came largely from the colleagues of Dr. Wiley, at work in state food departments and health boards and laboratories. But from first to last the entire agitation seemed to centre in him, and from him and his work it received its principal impetus. So much was this the case that one of the delegates to the Pure Food Congress at St. Louis, in 1904, declared that he had come mainly to hear the Chief Government Chemist speak, because, when he corresponded with the various state officials, they generally quoted what Dr. Wiley had to say. But his leadership was not brought home to the great mass of the people until the series of "poison squad" experiments began.

In regard to our ideas as to what is fit to be eaten by human beings and what is fit to be sold in shops and market-places, we have moved so rapidly ahead in a few years that we have almost forgotten the conditions which prevailed everywhere when Dr. Wiley first took office, and which largely continued even after he had begun his experiments. What they were, Dr. Wiley describes as follows:

"There was universal misbranding, universal exaggeration of qualities, and universal adulteration. Honest manufacturers were forced by fear of bankruptcy to follow the example set by the dishonest ones. Strawberry jam, for instance, was made of glucose, with artificial coloring, ethereal salt for flavoring, and a few seeds of hay to imitate the berry seeds. What was true of foods was also true of beverages and drugs. And the misstatements on the labels concerned not only the contents but also the place of manufacture and the identity of the manufacturer. In those days there was nothing in the market but 'Maine' canned corn and 'New York' full-cream cheese. All whiskey was either 'Maryland Rye' or 'Kentucky Bourbon,' although most of it came from Peoria, Ill., and was made from Indian corn. At the same time, every conceivable kind of chemical was added as a preservative."

"And the general result of that state of affairs?" I asked.

"Why, universal dyspepsia, of course," he replied. "And also an enormous increase of kidney diseases. All the preservatives have a cumulative effect, and all of them attack the kidneys — that is, all of them but sulphate of copper, which commonly kills before it has time to get at the kidneys."

Experiments on living human subjects had been tried in a small way before, but no one previous to Dr. Wiley had dared to plan them on such a scale or been able to carry them out under such strict conditions. The first of the five groups of experiments began in December, 1902, and the last one came to an end just two years later. But the tabulation and analysis of the results obtained occupied nearly five years more, so that the report on the final experiment did not appear in print until December, 1908. There had undoubtedly been other, and wholly unnecessary, causes for the delay in the publication of the benzoate and formaldehyde reports, but with that matter we are not concerned here.

Twelve young volunteers from among the clerical force of the Agricultural Department took part in each of the experiments, and some of those groups remained under constant observation for months at a stretch. While an experiment was under way, Dr. Wiley stayed at his office every day from seven o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night, in order that he might personally supervise the feeding and "drugging" of the men. The

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subjects undertook to eat and drink nothing but what was given them at the Bureau of Chemistry, where a special dining-room, with adjoining kitchen, had been prepared for their use. And as a rule they stuck scrupulously to their promise. In the beginning it happened now and then that Dr. Wiley, after looking over the records of the preceding day, would send for this or that member of the squad, and ask him:

"What did you eat yesterday that I did not give you?"

Whereupon the surprised offender would confess that he had been to a party the night before, and "just been made to eat a piece of cake." After the same offense had led to the same result a few times, the volunteers made up their minds that "there was no way of fooling Old Borax." And nothing more occurred to endanger the reliability of the experiments. Thus Dr. Wiley was able to make exact conclusions as to the effect on the human system of such preservatives as borax, boracic acid, salicylic acid, salicylates, sulphurous acid, sulphites, benzoic acid, benzoates, and formaldehyde.

The general results at which he arrived are best summed up in his own words to the Pure Food Congress at St. Louis: "The principle which seems to come out of my investigations is this one — add nothing to foods that you cannot demonstrate to be helpful. The old cry of 'add anything which is not harmful' must be held false doctrine." And the opinion then and many times since expressed by Dr. Wiley is the opinion held to-day by the greater number of experts in his own field. Against him may be quoted the resolution adopted by the last convention of the Association of State and National Food and Dairy Departments in support of the Referee Board's defense of benzoate of soda. This resolution was rushed through at the beginning of the convention by a vote of 57 to 42. The states of Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, having nine votes together, declared the whole proceeding illegal, and refused to vote on that account. They made it clearly known, however, that they were against the resolution. The majority of six votes thus left in favor of the resolution was furnished by the delegations from the Department of Agriculture and the District of Columbia, controlled by Secretary Wilson, and casting three votes each. It seems, therefore, safe to presume that the matter may be taken up again, and perhaps with a different result.

But even if there be a division of opinion among the chemists, there is none whatever within the medical profession. At its last annual meeting, the American Medical Association, representing about 200,000 physicians, resolved with practical unanimity in favor of Dr. Wiley and against the use of any kind of preservative in foods. The same stand has been taken by the American Homeopathic Institute, with some 25,000 members, and by several state organizations. Nor is it without some weight that Dr. Wiley's conclusions have been endorsed on practical grounds by such organizations as the National Canners' Association and the National Association of Master Bakers, or that the leading newspapers of the country, with very few exceptions, have spoken and are speaking in his support.

Of course, the fight for and against pure food is still on; and the way in which the defenders of preservatives direct their attacks almost wholly against Dr Wiley serves better than anything else to show how closely he is identified with it. But whatever new aspects it may assume hereafter, the main battle of that fight was won with the enactment of the Pure Food and Drugs Act — a victory that was by no means traceable to Dr. Wiley alone, but which was largely made possible through his work, his many years of relentless agitation, and especially his experiments on the various "poison squads." Nor is it likely that the nation will ever suffer that act to be annulled or even impaired. What it has already accomplished was recently summarized by Dr. Wiley as follows: "It has stopped ninety per cent. of the misbranding; it has put a stop to fifty per cent. of the drugging of foods; and it has enabled honest manufacturers to discard what they knew to be dishonest practices."

Just now the situation is complicated and confused by the report of the Referee Board appointed by order of President Roosevelt, under circumstances that made it practically supersede the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, of which the Chief Chemist is the head. This report has caused the Government to reverse its former prohibitive ruling against such preservatives as benzoate of soda, sulphurous acid, saccharin, and sulphate of copper. Not only are those substances — and especially the benzoates — being used freely once more, but manufacturers employing them find an excuse

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in the new Government ruling for printing on their labels: "Our goods have been prepared according to the Pure Food Law rulings," or some corresponding statement of a wholly misleading tendency. But this temporary setback has not at all discouraged Dr. Wiley.

"I have always believed that sooner or later the campaign must result in victory, and I feel the same way to-day," he told me. "I do not believe wrong interpretation of the law, however honestly it be made, is going to succeed in giving protection to the very evils which the law was enacted to prevent."

In the meantime, Dr. Wiley is preparing to give active support to the campaign against short-weight, which is now being waged in several states. He is against anything that implies or favors dishonesty. As far back as 1898 he defined his attitude by saying that he did not object to the use of cotton oil or sunflower oil for salad dressing, but what he did object to was paying forty cents for a bottle of such oil when he was thinking that he was buying olive oil.

Dr. Wiley confesses openly that he hopes for the day when the standards now being set for foods and drugs shall be applied to anything and everything forming a part of our great interstate commerce — when, instead of "food and drugs," we shall place the single word "merchandise" in all laws and regulations calling for purity, square measure, and honest labeling. And he once said: "From the present trend of court decisions I have reason to believe that it will not be long before people who misrepresent the quality or the benefits of their merchandise by printing false advertisements or circulars — even though that merchandise be labeled within the letter of the present law — will be prosecuted under the provisions of that law."

Here we find indication of a programme that will certainly keep Dr. Wiley working and fighting for a long time to come. "I have never stopped fighting, no matter how often defeated," he says; "I have never become discouraged, and I was never inclined to give up any fight."

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

VII

LIFE AMONG "THE SQUATTERS"

BY

ALEXANDER IRVINE

MY NEXT work was in a city of the second-class, beyond the Mississippi River. I had been invited as a pulpit supply by one of its largest churches; but when I arrived I found the membership in a wrangle over the pastor who had just left, and on whose recommendation I was to fill the pulpit. I arrived in the city on a Sunday morning, and went direct from my hotel to the church where I was to preach. I stood for a few minutes in the vestibule, and what I heard led me to go straight out again and never return.

My first impression of the city was that it contained more vital democracy than any city I had ever been in. It takes an Old World proletarian a long time to outgrow a sense of subserviency. As a missionary and almoner of the rich in New York, this sense was very strong in me. In the West I felt this vital democracy so keenly, and saw the vision of political independence so clearly, that my very blood seemed to change. Politically, I was born again.

While studying the social conditions of the city, I took a residence on the banks of the river, among the squatters. There were about fifteen hundred people living in "shacks" on this "No Man's Land." My residence was a "shack," for which I paid $3 a month. It was at the bottom of a big clay bank, and not far from where the city dumped its garbage. There was neither church nor chapel in this neglected district, and the people were mostly foreigners; but the children all spoke English.

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During the early part of my stay in that "shack." I entered my first great period of doubting — doubt as to the moral order of the universe, doubt on the question of God. I had gone through some great soul struggles, but this was the greatest. It was for a time the eclipse of my soul. For weeks I lived behind closed doors, shut in with my soul.

But the community around me called in a thousand ways for help, for guidance, for instruction, and I opened the door of my "shack" and invited the children in. I organized a Sunday School, and taught them ethics and religion. I got up little entertainments for them. I procured a stereopticon, gave them lectures on my experience in Egypt, and lectures on art, biography, and history.

I had a peculiar method of advertising these lectures. I informed the little crippled boy on the corner. He whispered the information to a section of the huts, at the farthest end of which another golden-haired courier informed another section; so that by the time the lecture was scheduled to begin, my audience was ready. Most of them slid down the clay bank in front of my door. Later, I went out through the surrounding towns and cities lecturing, and raised money for a chapel, and we called it "The Chapel of the Carpenter."

I never knew the meaning of the incarnation until I lived on "The Bottoms" with the squatters. I talked of great characters of history; I reviewed great books. I traveled with these children over the great highways of history, science, and art; and very soon we had a strong Sunday School, and helpers came from the city — but the door of my own soul was still shut. It seemed to me that my soul was dead. I was without hope for myself; everything around me was dark. Sometimes I locked the door and tried to pray, but no words came; not a ray of light penetrated the darkness. My mind and intellect became duller and duller.

It was at this time that I came across the writings of Schopenhauer — and he suggested to me a method of relief. I may be doing him an injustice, but it was his philosophy that made me reason that as I did not ask to come into life, and had no option, I had a right to go out of it. There was nothing spasmodic in the development of my thought along this line — it was cold, calm reasoning; I had determined to go out of life. So, with the same calm deliberation that I cooked my breakfast, I destroyed every vestige of my correspondence; and, one night, I went to the river to end it all.

I was sitting on the end of a log, when a man who had been working twelve hours in a packing-house came out to smoke after his supper. He had not washed himself. His bloody shirt stuck to his skin; he was haggard and pale. We dropped naturally into conversation, and I asked him what life meant to him.

"The kids," he said, "that's what it means to me. I work like one of the things I kill every day. I kill hundreds of them, thousands of them, every day. I go home and eat like one of them, and sleep like one of them, and go back to hog it again like one of them."

"Do you get tired?"

"Tired? Tired as hell!"

"I mean — tired of life?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I ain't livin' the best kind of a life, but what I have is better than none. I don't know what's beyond — if there is any life or none at all; but something in me makes me stick to this one. Besides, if there is any chance for a better life here, he must be a damned coward that would go out of it and leave it undone. Good night."

I saw him retreat to his shack among the tall weeds. I heard the door close. I fancied him lying down in a heap in the corner and going to sleep. He was a better philosopher than I was, and he had called me a coward, but he had not altered my determination. I began to sweat, for I felt that it must be a superhuman effort to quit. It was like the action of a fever on my body, and I became very nervous; but I was determined to meet the crisis, and go.

A sudden change in affairs was created by an unearthly scream — the scream of a woman. I looked around suddenly and discovered that the only two-story shack on "The Bottoms" was in a blaze, and the thought occurred to me that I might be of some help and accomplish my purpose at the same time.

In a moment I was beside the burning hut. It appeared that a lamp had exploded upstairs, and that three small children were hemmed in. That was the cause of the scream.

A plank that reached to the upstairs window was lying at the wood-pile. I pushed it against the house and climbed like a cat into the burning bedroom. By this time the neighbors had collected, and I helped the woman and lowered the three children down, one by

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one, and then deliberately groped for the stairs to get hemmed in, the smoke suffocating me as I did so. By the time I found the stairs my hair was singed and my arms were burned, but I was gradually losing consciousness; and before I reached the bottom, I fell, suffocated with the smoke. In that last moment of consciousness, my whole life came up in review. I had no regrets. I had played a part, and it was over.

When I came back to consciousness, I was lying on my cot in the hut, the neighbors crowding my little bedroom and standing outside in scores. While I was convalescing, one of the newspapers that had most severely criticized my interference in politics gave me a pass to Colorado and return; and in the mountains of Colorado the door of my soul opened again, and I saw the world beautiful — and opportunities that were golden for helpfulness and service awaiting my touch. So I returned to my hut with the sense of God more fully developed in me than it had ever been.

They had a system in that city that I was very much ashamed of — that I thought all men ought to be ashamed of — the segregation of "the social evil." I discovered that the city fined these poor creatures of the streets, and that these fines (amounting to thousands of dollars every year) went into the public school fund. It could truly be said, therefore, that the more debauched society became, the more efficiently it could educate its children.

These houses in the red-light district were built to imitate castles on the Rhine, and were owned by church people and politicians. Everybody winked at this condition. One minister of the town uttered a loud protest and took his children out of the public schools, but he had to leave the city. The Christians would not stand for such a protest. The newspapers would not touch it; trustees would not touch it; the great political parties would not touch it.

I joined the Knights of Labor in that city, an organization then in its prime of strength, but they would not touch it. I joined the People's Party, in the hope that there I might do something about it. One of the leading members of that party importuned me to nominate him as presiding officer of the city convention. "On one condition," I told him; "that you appoint me chairman of the committee on resolutions." And the compact was made.

Five men were on that committee, and when I asked them to put in a resolution condemning the education of children from this fund, they refused. I could persuade only one of the four to indorse my resolution. The minority report signed by two of us condemned this remnant of Sodom, and our minority report swept the convention almost unanimously. Even the three men on the resolution committee who had refused to sign it voted for it in convention. I am aware that it does not matter from what fund or funds the public school system is supported. I am aware, also, that one of the things that we can do is to make that kind of thing cover up its head.

What I suffered for that resolution can never be recorded.

My period of mental depression was followed by a period of poverty — of destitution, rather. I was physically unable to work with my hands, and I had not yet tried to earn money by my pen. I was often so reduced by hunger that I could scarcely walk. At such times one feels more than grateful for friendships. Into my life at that time came a few choice souls, whose fellowship acted as a dynamic to my life.

It was when things were at their worst that George D. Herron found me. The almost Jewish cast of features — the strange, wonderful voice — the prophetic atmosphere of the man forced me to express the belief that I had never met a human being who seemed to me so like Christ. Then came George A. Gates, the president of Iowa College, where Dr. Herron was a professor. About the same time came Elia W. Peattie and Ida Doolittle Fleming. Mrs. Fleming and her husband helped me organize a Congregational church; this, when organized, was a means of support. These souls — so brave, so true — were like angels of God to me, and I owe much to them.

The church was in a growing section of the city, but I could not be persuaded to live there. I lived where I thought my life was most serviceable — on "The Bottoms."

This period was not one of total rejection by any means; powerful influences were at work to render my labor void, but they were offset for a time by the finer influences of life. I gave a series of addresses in Tabor College, Iowa, and they were the beginning of an awakening among the students. After the last word of the last address, the student about whom the president and faculty were most con-

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MR. IRVINE AND ONE OF HIS PICNIC PARTIES

cerned, walked up the aisle and expressed a desire to lead a new life.

"Do it now," I suggested.

"Right here?"

"Yes; right where you stand."

The president and faculty gathered around him, making a circle; he stood in the midst,and in that way, with prayer and dedication from the lips of the young man and his friends, one of the most useful lives in the American ministry began.

This young man became an ascetic. I gave him to read the Life of Francis of Assissi, and he went to the extreme in emulation, and on graduating read his thesis for his Bachelor's degree without collar or necktie.

I was in New Haven when he came there to take his Divinity degree in Yale. He came without either collar or tie, but after days of prayer and fasting he was "led" to enter the University as others entered it. He is now pastor of the First Congregational Church in Rockford, Ill.; his name is Frank M. Sheldon. Nine men have gone by a similar route into the ministry, but Mr. Sheldon is the only one of them who has kept touch with the modern demands on religious leadership.

Birthdays have meant nothing whatever to me, but I made my thirty-second an occasion for a party on "The Bottoms." I could accommodate only seven guests. Two were favorite boys, and the others were selected

MR. IRVINE AS A BRITISH SOLDIER

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because of their great need. My hut was the centre of a mud-puddle that January morning. I got a long plank and laid it from my door-step to the edge of the clay bank. I took the precaution not to announce the affair, even to the guests, but a grocer's boy who had been sent by a friend with some oranges lost his way, and his inquiry after me created such a sensation that when he found me he was accompanied by about fifty children.

Old Mrs. Belgarde, my nearest neighbor, had whispered across the fence to her neighbor that something was sure to happen, for she had noticed me making unusual preparations that day. I think that the origin of the party idea came with my first birthday gift — I mean the first I had ever received; it was a copy of Thomas à Kempis, given me by a friend. (I gave it later to a man who was to die by judicial process in the county jail that month.)

When the hour arrived a crowd of two hundred youngsters stood in the mud outside. On the top of the clay bank stood parents, crossing themselves, and praying quietly that their offspring would be lucky enough to get in.

I had taught these children some simple rules of order; when I opened the door I rang a little bell. There was absolute silence. They had been actually tearing each other's clothing to rags for a position near the door.

I told them that I was so poor that I had scarcely enough food for myself; that the little that I had I was going to share with seven of my special friends. Of course, they all considered themselves included in that characterization. "Dear little friends," I said, "I never had a birthday party before, and now you are going to spoil this one."

MR. IRVINE WORKING AS A LUMBERMAN IN THE SOUTH

Up to this time the crowd didn't know who the guests were. I proceeded to call the names. As those called made a move, there was a violent fight for the door; some of them I had to drag out of the clutches of the unsuccessful. Only six of the seven were there. There was a howl from a hundred throats to take the place of the absent one. "No," I said sternly, "he'll come, all right."

A roar of discontent went up, and chaos reigned. I couldn't make myself heard. I rang the bell and again calmed them. I was at a loss to know what to say.

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"Dear little folks," I said, "I thought you loved me!"

"Do, too!" whined a dozen voices.

"Then, if you do, go away, and some day I will have a party for every child on 'The Bottoms.'"

That quieted the youthful mob, and they departed — that is, the majority departed. Some stayed and bombarded the doors and windows with stones. There were few stones to be found, and as it didn't occur to them to use the same stones twice, they used mud and plastered the front of the hut with it. This form of expression' however, did not disturb us much.

I sent three of my guests into the back-yard to wash and comb their hair. They returned for inspection, but didn't pass. The hair refused to comply on such short notice. I put the finishing touches on each of their toilets, and we sat down to supper.

The oldest boy, Fritz, was half-past twelve, and the youngest, Ano, had just struck ten. Ano was a cripple, and both legs were twisted out of shape; he hobbled about on crutches. Jake was eleven, and had spent two years in a reformatory, where he had learned to chew tobacco and swear.

Eddy was also eleven, but the oldest of all in point of wits. I had a claim on Eddy; one day he was amusing himself by jerking a cat, whose tail was tied to the end of a string, in and out of Frau Belgarde's well. She was stealthily approaching him with a piece of fence-rail when I arrived and prevented some broken bones. Kaiser was nearly twelve; he, too, had been in a reform school. He liked it, and would have been glad to stay as long as they wanted him, for he had three meals a day — and he had never had such "luck" outside. Whitey was a little Swedish boy whose mother worked in a cigar factory. Kaiser had a "dug-out," and they spent more nights together in it than they spent in their huts.

MR. IRVINE (next to the team) AND THE WHIPPING-BOSS OF A CONVICT CAMP

Fritz, the oldest boy, began his career in the open by stealing his father's revolver; jumping on the first grocery wagon that he found available, he left town. Of course, he was brought back and "sent up" for a year. Franz, the absent one, was Ano's brother, and the toughest boy in the community.

These brief outlines describe the guests of my birthday party. "When ye make a feast, call the poor," was stretched a little to cover

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this aggregation — stretched as to the character of those invited.

A blessing was asked by the host and repeated by the guests. Of things to eat there was enough and to spare. After dinner each was to contribute something to the entertainment.

"Beginning here to my left with Whitey," I said, "I want each boy to tell us what he would like to be when he becomes a man."

MR. IRVINE IN HIS "SHACK" AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Whitey without hesitation said: "A organ man with a monkey."

"Why?"

"'Cause."

Eddy said that he would like to be a butcher, and as a reason gave: "Plenty ov beef t' eat."

Kaiser preferred to be a Reformatory boss.

Ano, the cripple, said that he would like to be a minister; when pressed for a reason, he said: "That what m' father says — dey ain't got notin' t' do!"

In the midst of this social quiz a loud voice was heard outside. Then — "Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!" and the timbers of the hut shivered; the guests made a rush to the back door. I was there first, and found Franz, the missing guest, his arms smeared with blood; his ragged jacket was covered with hair of some sort, and in his hand was a bloody stiletto. He rushed past me into the hut, got to the table, and exclaimed: "Gee whiz, der ain't a —— scrap left!"

"Look here, Franz," I said, "I want to know what you've been up to."

"Ye do, hey — ye look skeered, too, don't yer — hey?"

"Never mind how I look; tell me at once what you've been up to!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "D'ye tink I kilt some ol' sucker for 'is money — hey? Ha, ha! Well, I hain't, see? I've bin skinnin' a dead hoss an' brot ye d' skin for a birf-day present, see?"

The skin was lying in a bloody heap outside the back door.

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I arranged Franz for dinner and the party was complete.

I told some stories; then we played games, and at ten o'clock they went home.

The moment the front door was opened, about forty children, each with a lighted candle in hand, sang a verse of my favorite hymn — "Lead, Kindly Light." They knew but one verse, but that they sang twice. It was a weird performance, and moved me almost to tears. After the song they came down the clay bank and shook hands, wishing me all sorts of things.

I tried to speak, but my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I was positively scared.

The old fellow walked up to the tree, pouring out as he walked a volley of oaths.

I recovered my equilibrium, sprang over the fence, crept up behind, and jumped on him, knocking him down and instantly disarming him.

I went inside with them and sat between them until they seemed to have forgotten what had happened. Then I put them to bed, put the light out, and went home.

I examined the revolver and found it empty.

MR. IRVINE (seated, with straw hat) AND ONE OF HIS CAMPS FOR BOYS NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Two nights afterward I had a different kind of a party. A bullet came crashing through the boards of my hut about midnight; rushing to the door, I saw the flashes of other shots in a neighbor's garden. I went to the high board-fence and saw one of my neighbors — a German — emptying a revolver at his wife, who was dodging behind a tree.

My first impulse was to jump the fence and save the woman; my second thought was that the man, being evidently half-drunk, might turn and pour into me what was intended for his wife. The first law of nature prevailed.

Next morning I went back and told the old man that I would volunteer to give him some lessons in target practice — and that the reason I knocked him down was because he was such a poor shot.

This old couple became my staunchest supporters in the work of the chapel.

I interested the students of Tabor College in the people of that out-of-the-way community; and before I built "The Chapel of the Carpenter" (which still stands there) I organized a college settlement, which was manned by the students of the college.

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The small church, the chapel on "The Bottoms," the work of the college students, and the increasing circle of converts and friends made the work attractive to me, but I had entered the political field in order to protest against, and possibly remedy, something civic that savored of Sodom — and for a minister that was an unpardonable sin. The "interests" determined to cripple me or destroy my work. This they did successfully by the medium of a subsidized press and by other means, fair and foul. It was a case of a city against one man — a rich city against a poor man, and the man went down to defeat — apparent defeat, anyway. I packed my belongings and left.

As I crossed the bridge which spans the river, I looked on the little squatter colony on "The Bottoms," and as my work there passed in review, for the second time in my life I was stricken with homesickness, and I was guilty of what my manhood might have been ashamed of — tears.

The experiences of 1894, 1895, and 1896, gave me a distaste, really a disgust, with public life. I felt that I would never enter a large city again. I sought retirement in a country parish. This was secured for me by a friend, then president of Tabor College, Reverend Richard Cecil Hughes. It was in a small town in Iowa — Avoca, in Pottawattamie County — and I determined to stay but a year there.

In 1897 I was in Cleveland, Ohio, in charge of an institution called "The Friendly Inn." It was a very good name, if the place had either been an inn or friendly. My inability to make it either forced me to leave it before I had been there many months.

MR. IRVINE (front row, centre) AND THE DEACONS OF THE NEW HAVEN CHURCH

It was in Cleveland that I first joined a labor union. I was a member of what was called a Federal Labor Union, and was elected as its representative to the central body of the union movement.

Early in 1898 I was in Springfield, Mass., delivering a series of addresses to a Bible School there. My money ran out and, not

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being in receipt of any remuneration and not caring to make my condition known, I was forced for the first time in my life to become a candidate for a church. There were two vacant pulpits, and I went after both of them. Meantime, I boarded with a few Bible students who had "plenty of nothing but gospel."

They lived on seventy-five cents a week. Living was largely a matter of Scripture texts, hope, and imagination. I used to breakfast through my eyes at the beautiful lotus pond in the park. We lunched usually on soup that was a constant reminder of the soul of Tomlinson, of Berkeley Square. Quantitatively speaking, supper was the biggest meal of the day — it was a respite also for our imaginations.

The day of my candidacy arrived. I was prepared to play the most despicable of all ecclesiastical tricks — make an impression. I prepared the hymn, almost memorized the Scripture reading, and prepared my favorite sermon. My personal appearance had never been so well attended to.

The hour arrived. The little souls sat back in their seats to take my measure. It was their inning. I had been duly looked up in the year-book, and my calibre gauged by the amount of money paid me in previous pastorates.

The "service" began. My address to the Almighty was prepared — part of the game is to make believe that it is purely extemporaneous. Every move, intonation, and gesture is noted and has its bearing on the final result.

I was saying to the ecclesiastical jury: "Look here, you dumb heads, wake up! I'm the thing you need here!" Sermon time came, and with it a wave of disgust that swept over my soul.

MR. IRVINE AT WORK ON BROOK FARM, NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Good friends," I began, "I am not a candidate for the pastorate here. I was a few minutes ago, but am not now. Instead of doing the work of an infinite God and letting Him take care of the results, I have been trying to please you. If the Almighty will forgive me for such meanness, I swear to Him that I will never do it again."

Then I preached. This brutal plainness created a sensation, and several tried to dissuade me, but I had made up my mind.

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MR. ELIHU VEDDER, OF ROME

Whose "Reminiscences" are chapters out of one of the most interesting lives of our time

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"ROME"
A panel for Bowdoin College

Painted in 1894
Photograph by
Prof. C. C. Hutchins

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN PAINTER

I

ART EDUCATION FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY

ELIHU VEDDER

[NOTE.—*Mr. Vedder's Reminiscences, four chapters of which will be published in this magazine, are an important contribution to the art history of this country — but far more important: they have the merit of being vivacious and interesting. His work that is best known to a wide public is, perhaps, the collection of imaginative scenes to illustrate the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and a number of panels in the Library of Congress. Mr. Vedder has put into his sketchy reminiscences the same qualities that make him one of the most companionable of our time, and one of the best story-tellers.* — THE EDITORS.]

WHEN I came upon the scene — in the City of New York, in Varick Street, on February 26, 1836 — the old Dutch days, the Colonial period, and the Revolution were legends of the fireside; but they were far more vivid than the War of 1812, or than the Mexican War subsequently became. The romance of those days was still in the air; it was a beautiful Indian summer preceding the appearance of the brown-stone front and that cyclone of jig-sawing which swept over the land shortly after, leaving scarcely a house untouched.

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MR. VEDDER'S FATHER

"My mother went to church, but I know that wherever a fish was to be found, my father went fishing"

THE GENTLE MOTHER

"It had always been my mother's wish that I should be a great artist, and for her sake I wish it could have been so"

In Chambers Street, where it joins the end of the Bowery, there is, or was, a block of houses running to a sharp point — a precursor of the celebrated "Flatiron" uptown. In this house, with the last rooms like a section of pie, as I used to think, my father had his office, and we one of our temporary homes. We had staying with us at that time a dear old fellow — a Mr. Humphrey. I was very fond of him, and we were great friends. His room was in the attic and I was sent up one morning to call him to breakfast. I found him crouched on the floor, his head leaning against the wall. I thought him asleep, his face was so peaceful; I tried to awaken him, but could not. He was dead.

GRANDFATHER — DUTCHMAN AND WHIG

"He believed that he was already damned or saved, so never bothered about it"

Years after, I painted a picture called "The Dead Alchemist"; in it you can see just how he looked.

From Chambers Street we moved uptown to Grand Street. This "uptown" may cause a smile, but it was not so very far uptown after all, for I once went way uptown — as far as the Bull's Head Tavern — and saw the hay scales and the farmers and their loads of hay. *That* was uptown, if you please, as far up as the Cooper Institute, and the hay must have come all the way from the neighborhood of Central Park.

My father, before he left for Cuba, used to take me walking with him, usually down to the foot of Canal Street, and I think it must have been on Sundays, from the perfect quiet of that spot. Beyond, over the noble river, stretched the green and peaceful shores of Hoboken and New Jersey. Did he go fishing

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THE SCHOOLBOY WHO STAYED AT THE FOOT OF THE CLASS

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on Sunday? I seem to remember something of the sort. My mother went to church, but I know that wherever a fish was to be found, my father went fishing. I know I went to Sunday school, for there I met Emmaline — a beautiful, regularly featured, pale, clear-complexioned girl, giving signs of early stoutness. I thought she looked like the mother of Washington. It was she who always sang, accompanying herself upon a melodeon, "Home Again, Home Again, from a Foreign Shore," whenever I, as a matter of fact, came home again. At first it was adoration and I wondered how my friend, her brother, could treat such a peerless creature with such rude familiarity. As a little boy I regarded her with secret and respectful admiration; as a bigger boy, as one to flirt with; as a youth, one who faded from my ken, previously marrying a railroad man. I do not think she even pined; and *I* was an artist!

Many days of my childhood were passed in Schenectady, and they were all romance and adventure, heightened by my equally romantic voyage to Cuba — that great interlude which at once set me above and apart from the stay-at-homes. It was to me a beautiful place, and full of interest: the Mohawk River, the Canal, the awe-inspiring College, and my relatives were the principal features. One other — the school — was the only fly in the ointment of my youthful happiness.

Schenectady was still Dutch. The houses had stoops on which the peaceful pipe sent up its fumes in the quiet evening, when the boys brought from their distant pastures the slow-moving cows, to be placidly milked in the backyard.

"THE DEAD ALCHEMIST"

"Years after, I painted a picture; in it you can see just how he looked"

I had the kindest-hearted and best mother that ever lived. Yet, when I once rushed to her for comfort and help, having fallen and hurt my knee, I was met by the heartless question: "Have you torn your trousers?" That was enough. I said nothing. I at once made up my mind, and went behind the barn to perfect my plan. I would leave, steal away

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in the night. I would make up a bundle — such a little bundle — and I, a little boy with my little bundle, would go on foot all alone to some distant seaport, and there, telling my story to some kind captain, would beg him to take me with him as a sailor-boy, no matter how hard and rude the life might be. The thought brought tears to my eyes; but, getting hungry, I returned to the house and found that they had never missed me.

In those far-off days, I can remember no one as being very rich or very poor. There was no absolute poverty, and, above all, there was no absolute vulgarity. In the same family you found clergymen and blacksmiths. There was no profanity, at least not among my people, and no funny stories — except those in the Bible. Everything in the Bible was all right then. I suppose the fun of childhood consists in action, not in thought; but, thinking things over now, I see that there were a great many funny things about, but no funny men.

In those early days no Christian home was complete without a Hell. This I could hear daily dinned into my companions, but my mother — God bless her! — being a Universalist, spared my life this nightmare.

A BROOKLYN SKETCH USED IN PAINTING "THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE"

The day came when, with my little trunk and a few bundles and many parting injunctions, I was put on the stage which, leaving Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, went to Jamaica, Long Island. It was a school of its time. Learn your lesson by memory and you stood at the head of your class; failing in that, no

"THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE"

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"A SKETCH MADE IN THE SKETCH CLUB AT NIGHT"

matter how clever you were otherwise, you stood at the foot. I was clever otherwise, but was always being kept in and always stood at the foot of the class. But when school hours were over I was as good as the rest — indeed, was a favorite with one gentle teacher, he of the hazel-colored eyes with little specks in them. He used to take me with him in his walks, and really taught me something. I remember him with pleasure and gratitude.

There was in Jamaica an old painter whose studio I soon became familiar with. His studio was fairyland. He loaned me Allan Cunningham's "Lives of English Artists," and as he was always chewing tobacco and had his mouth full of amber-colored liquid, I thought it must be the magilp or "gumption" frequently mentioned in the Life of Reynolds.

Our morals were strictly seen to, for one of the regulations of the school was that each boy must go to church twice on Sundays — once to a church selected by his parents, while the other was left to his discretion. My father must have been somewhat puzzled to decide which church I was to attend, but he settled on the Dutch Reformed: the "Dutch," corroborated by "Reformed," must have decided him. We boys always went into the gallery, and in that of the Dutch Reformed

"TWENTY-FOUR WAYS OF BEING IDLE IN PISA"

From Mr. Vedder's sketch-book

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A SKETCH

"Drawn after many rides with the pretty widow in the 'Bois' — very romantic"

I had much pleasant sleep. Not so at the Episcopal Church, which was unanimously selected by the outsiders as the second string to their bow, for there the varied ceremonial, the getting up and sitting down, kept us from sleeping and afforded us much amusement, quite apart from the service. Sunday-school had its moments of relaxation. It was at this time that I propounded certain questions that have remained unanswered to this day.

A SKETCH

"A Madonna of Darkness. There must be an idea in it somewhere, but I've forgotten what it is"

I started out by saying: "You tell me that God knows everything that has been, is, and is to be?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, if I should make a little cart with wheels which I could wind up and which would run along the ground when I let go of it, and I should wind it up and say to it: 'If you run when I let go, I will smash you' — what would you think of me?"

"My child, you are too young to understand such things; when you get older, all that will be explained."

A SKETCH

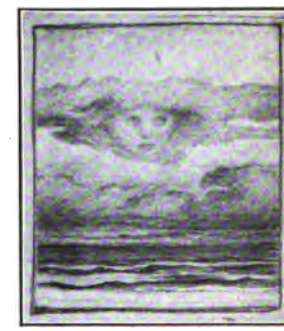
"Must have been thinking of some pleasant subject by Gérôme when I made this"

I am still waiting for the explanation — still too young, perhaps.

I was now sent to take lessons from an old-fashioned drawing-master. He set me the task of copying a few poor old pencil-drawings, and I at once rebelled. Then, seeing advertisements of beautiful work to be done at home in black lacquer and mother-of-pearl, I tried that, driven to it by the idea that money must be at the root of all professions. These people supplied all the material and no doubt waxed rich while their poor dupes waxed poorer through their failures; or, if they succeeded, then their work was bought from them for a mere song. This attempt filled the house with dirt and evil odors, and must have gone over the land like a pest. The iridescence of the mother-of-pearl was as beautiful as the result was hideous, so I gave it up.

A SKETCH

"This must be a reminiscence of 'The Lost Mind'— painted during the Civil War"

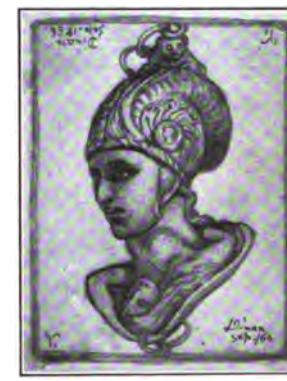


A SKETCH

"A mixture of Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break' with memory of those left behind in America"

It had always been my mother's wish that I should be an artist, a great artist, and for her sake I wish it could have been so. For my own part, I am perfectly content to be just what I am, and finally to occupy the little niche that posterity may assign to me; although I beg leave to have my doubts about posterity, having felt but little need of its kind offices, yet nourishing at the same time a little hope that it will think kindly of me. I think it wise to assume that it will, and so get all the comfort that idea gives during my lifetime.

My mother's wish, then, that I should be an artist, and my father's desire that I should make money, led to a compromise, and I was put with an architect. I don't



A SKETCH

"This is a design for an ornament. It is good looked at right side up or upside down"

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wish it understood that I consider architecture a compromise, for I have always held it to be one of the noblest of the arts.

In Chambers Street, nearly opposite our old home, there hung out from a house a small sign. It was black, with the façade of a Grecian temple in white and in high relief projecting from its dusty surface. This drawings for the engravers, the engraver being then the better man. When the friendly architects had found out how unsuited I was to their profession, it was decided that I should be sent to Mr. Matteson, who had been very successful in his drawings for "Brother Jonathan." But I am sure that before that event I passed some of my happiest days in the

"THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX"

One of Mr. Vedder's best-known paintings. It is in the Boston Art Museum

marked the business abode of Shugg and Beers, Architects. It was just like Dickens, and I remember that Mr. Beers's nose was a little red. All became very fond of me, and I kept the office lively with my pranks, but they all decided that I ought to be an artist — for it never entered their innocent heads that an architect could be both. They merely made the drawings for builders — just as I afterward found that artists merely made

school of good Mr. Parsons, in Moriches, on the south side of Long Island; for the well-meant but misdirected efforts of my father to give me an education were persistent. Perhaps he really did not know what else to do with me — a thing which explains much schooling.

Parsons was wise as well as good. I was a permanent boarder, and there were some six other lads coming as day scholars. I

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said he was wise, for he came to a wise conclusion with regard to me: half-work and half-play he thought indicated in my case, with a fair amount of gallivanting in the evening after dinner. Short lessons, well-learned, during the morning; gun or boat all the afternoon; girl in the evening. I enjoyed this programme immensely, and happenings began to happen. I made good progress both in studies and amusements.

I don't think I did much in the way of art at Moriches. From my not finding it among my things, I think a meagre little picture I made of Mr. Parsons's house must have been given to him. It was a square wooden house — square, from the lazy habit of those days of putting a try-square on every timber and sawing it off, which dictated the pitch of every roof from Maine to Florida, no matter what the climate or rainfall. It had a new picket-fence painted white, stretching along the straight board sidewalk. In the picture I painted every picket.

I was eventually sent to Sherbourne, N. Y., and entered the studio of T. H. Matteson, now best known as the painter of "The Spirit of '76." What followed offers as good an example of the pranks of Providence as you will find outside of a museum — but I suppose that is the way the Tangled Skein is made up.

Matteson was remarkable for being a self-made man who had made a good job of it. Somewhat stately and precise in manner, but kindly and with a fine sense of humor, he had turned out a gentleman in spite of very adverse circumstances.

He wore a steeple-crowned hat and a short mantle, and was not averse to being called "the Pilgrim Painter." One of his favorite subjects was the Pilgrim, either departing or arriving — arriving invariably on a different part of the coast, and always in wretched weather. In spite of this, prayers of thankfulness were always ascending, thus giving a vivid idea of what they must have left behind.

He had made something out of his illustrations and was now painting portraits, and must have been, with his large family, in very straitened circumstances; yet he never complained nor allowed it to be seen. He also made something out of the lessons he gave us, for we amounted to five or six pupils. I tell all this, to leave a little record of a man I loved, respected, and admired. He was a man of talent ruined by circumstances and his surroundings. Had he gone to Paris and stayed there, he would undoubtedly have made his mark.

When I went sketching in Sherbourne, I sought for lofty granite peaks catching the last rays of the sun, for hills convent-crowned, or castles on abrupt cliffs frowning down on peaceful abbeys below, reflected in the tranquil stream — for the picturesque mill and its mossy wheel, for thatched cottages and the simple milkmaid, or the peasant playing on his rustic pipe.

When more seriously inclined, I sought the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault to hear the tones of the organ; or, if on speculation or contemplation bent, the quiet cloister. Did I find these things? Not much!

The rocks were of disintegrating slate, the hills rounded and covered with monotonous green — no convents, no castles, no abbeys, no mills. The cottages were shingled; the milkmaid wore a sunbonnet and chewed gum; the peasant played on a tobacco-pipe; the fretted vault was of pine; the organ, a melodeon; the cloister — a pig-pen. One who ought to have been a rustic addressed me thus:

"Say, do you know what they take you for around here? I was talking with Mis' Jenks daown to the bridge un' she says: 'There's been a young chap raound lately, with a tin box, perchin' on fences and things; hain't been to the house yet, but daresay he'll come; I kinder think he must be a pill-peddler.' "

The winding up of my career at Sherbourne was almost disastrous. I must make one rushing sentence of it. Sitting up late with the girls; sitting up later at the tavern; skating on the Canal, or dragging melodeons on sleighs through the snow to serenade the girls; breaking the ice in my pitcher in the morning and pouring the ice-water over myself to harden my muscles — and this after working all day in a close, over-heated studio — gave me a fearful cold, and it was decided that I should go at once to my father, in Cuba.

This must have been in 1856, for I find in my list of sales that my copy of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," made from an engraving at Matteson's, had been sent on to Matanzas and sold at a raffle — I imagine the only way of disposing of it. By the way, someone said that the color was the same as the original picture. This person must have had a good memory for color, or perhaps he only said so. At this time I painted a picture of a ship, a splendid "clipper," taken from one of those pictures

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that used to hang on the walls of the offices downtown.

My first order was from an old schoolmaster, Brinkerhoff, and I find that this sale swelled my income until it amounted for the year to the sum of $50. Thus encouraged, my father kept on with my artistic education. I also painted a portrait of my friend Ben, in which I thought I had succeeded in the shadow cast by a broad-brimmed hat on his honest features. And, in my way, I studied hard, and also commenced a diary, in which I gave a long account of how my work was interrupted by a stye on my eyelid. It is lucky that I discontinued it; for, commencing so young, it would not only have rivaled Pepys's but gone him several volumes better—or worse.

But be that as it may, on my return to New York I frequented the old Düsseldorf Gallery in Broadway, and noticed how well adapted it was to the carrying out of a combined scheme of flirtation and study. The Gallery had been named the "Lovers' Tryst," from the fact that an indifferent public left "the banquet-hall deserted," or almost so, and that the pictures on projecting screens made secluded spots of which fond lovers soon availed themselves. Thus, when I took to trysting there, as the consequence of making the acquaintance of a very pretty girl, I found that I was not the "first who ever burst into that silent sea." I may note that this trysting serves to explain why I was not more influenced by the Düsseldorf School, and also shows how I neglected my opportunities — I mean artistic opportunities.

With a new gold watch, a new trunk, and a pocket well supplied with money, my friend Ben and I started for Havre, en route for Paris. Rhodes, a former student with me at Matteson's, left by the same steamer and we three became inseparable. We sailed in June, 1856, on the *Barcelona*, with a screw-propeller and a tendency to roll that was exasperating to a weak stomach.

In Paris we took an entresol in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette and set up housekeeping, from motives of economy. We found that the dear little old woman we had hired to take care of the rooms was an excellent cook, and we had dinners "mighty merry," and even invited guests. But the pace became too fast for our funds. I then remembered my father's injunction about taking care; thinking it unsafe to go about with a new gold watch, I placed it for safe keeping in the hands of my "aunt," as they say in Paris. We then moved up to Mont Martre near by, up by the windmills, and afterward to the Latin Quarter.

But while water was running under the bridges of Paris, grass was not growing under our feet, for we at once found out that in the Atelier Picot more *grand prix de Rome* had been won than in any other, so we went there and were admitted. The instruction consisted in a little old man with a decoration coming twice a week and saying to each one of us, "*pas mal, pas mal*," and going away again. But we got instruction from the older students, got it hot and heavy and administered in the most sarcastic way.

Who can tell of the workings of Fate? Had I fallen in with some of the American students of Couture, I might have gone there and gotten over a faithful but fiddling little way of drawing which hangs around me yet, or I might have said in later years with a most talented friend of mine: "I wish to God I could get rid of that cut-and-dried Beaux-arts style."

Picot's Atelier was an old and renowned one. As to the manners and customs, "they had no manners and the customs were beastly." When some gentleman called for an interview with Monsieur Picot, he was received by the students with the most exquisite politeness, and told to be seated; after a great amount of consultation, he was invited to follow a student into the presence — and was shown into anything but the presence of the master. In the meantime a dab of Prussian blue was placed in his hat, where it would come in contact with his forehead. Of course, the victim left amid howls of derision, and the Prussian blue then kept up the merry tale.

This Prussian blue is the most subtle and invading color on the palette. It is like those articles marked "made in Germany," which go everywhere. It was the cause of the ruder manifestations of French "esprit" being abandoned in the Atelier Picot. This is the tradition: A new student one day was stripped, tied to a ladder, painted all over with Prussian blue, and then set out in the street, leaning against a wall. One can easily imagine how the police went into the matter, and one acquainted with Prussian blue can imagine how they came out. The whole quarter must have been tinged with blue.

In all the mischief of the studio there were three leading spirits. One, Le Roux, was

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about as handsome a figure of a man as I have ever seen. Another was De Coursey. He was the mischief-maker, and Cousin was an able third. On Saturday afternoon, late, there took place the main "shindy" of the week. All the chairs and stools were piled up into a pyramid as high as could be constructed; then all retired to the door and a stool was hurled at the pile and the door shut, and we stood listening to hear the awful row as everything came down with a crash.

It was also the custom, just before this, to roll up our blouses into hard balls and commence pelting each other, seeking to catch the unwary. I was drawing from a cast of the torso of the Laocoön, all encumbered with drawing-board, chair and stool in front, when I got a hard ball on the back of my neck. I looked around, and there was Cousin scowling at me. Of course, I sent back the ball, when he jumped at me and commenced kicking at me. After freeing myself from the hampering chairs and my arm from its sling, I watched for a good chance and planted a blow on his nose. The blood spurted like a fountain and seemed to bring things to a standstill. My blood also, though not out, was up; walking to the stove, I picked up the poker and said to the assembly: "See here, play is play. I will do just what you do, but if any fellow kicks at me I will kill him with this! Now translate that, will you?" This polite request was addressed to a student who understood English.

Now Cousin was the most quarrelsome man there, but he was also a first-rate fellow. After explanations, we made up and all repaired to a neighboring café, where we sealed a bond of eternal friendship in a bowl of punch.

Years afterward Cousin came to my studio in the Via Margutta and, after an affectionate embrace, he asked me if I did not want to buy all his sketching outfit, for he said no Frenchman ought to be painting while a Prussian was on the soil of France — and off he went to the war. He had just come up from Capri, and I was told that there also he had received his usual blow on the nose in some row at Pagano's. The handsome Le Roux had both legs shot off in the war, and I have lost sight of the third of the trio.

But the Latin Quarter? The grisette was still alive in my day, and I believe (much as things have changed) is now as lively as ever. You will find all about her in "Trilby." One little drawing that I made may have been a Trilby, only her name was Clara. It is long ago, a dream which I will leave "undeveloped." Rhodes was a kind of Svengali. He was also the rich one of the party. I have forgotton to say that Ben, having a few words more of French than the rest of us, did the translating and became at once a proficient in Latin-Quarter French.

Fate, the stupidity of drawing from casts, the roving instinct, and the opportunity — and Rhodes's need of a companion — drew me to Italy. It is impossible not to ask what would have happened had I stayed in Paris — and it remains always a question without an answer.

We decided to walk from Nice to Genoa. Our trunks were sent to Rome and we felt that gypsy-like freedom of the knapsack and the stout staff. From Nice commences the happy hunting-ground of Murray, and I leave him in possession; we had the chance of seeing Nature when she seemed least to expect us, at all hours of the day and night, and it was delightful; and so was Rome — the long hours in the Colosseum by moonlight, and especially the twilights passed on the great piers of the Baths of Caracalla. The fallen masonry formed such great heaps that the door of the staircase by which we ascended is now halfway up one of these piers. The levels above were one mass of flowers, and the mosaic pavement up there could have been gathered by the bushel. But ever was this feeling — see all you can, for you will never see it again! And now to think of the long years I have spent here! It just shows what puppets we are, and yet I don't deny the guardian angel.

From Rome I went to Florence, and stayed there about a month; then on to Venice, where I remained about the same length of time; then I returned to Florence where I lived for four years, with the exception of excursions to Pisa, Lucca, Volterra, San Gemignano, and Siena.

At Venice I absorbed color like a sponge, for I started as a colorist, strange as it may seem to some. Yet I wondered at a talented young French artist making a splendid copy of Carpaccio, now one of my favorites. I loved the color but thought the treatment so odd.

So much art burst into my unprepared mind that the resulting confusion has lasted me for the rest of my life, and if I give a confused impression of that period, I can assure the reader it does not equal the confusion of my recollections. I studied by myself, and some-

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times wish I hadn't, for my pictures always have to me a home-made air which I don't like. They lack the air of a period or school, and this — I say it seriously — seems to me a great defect. I believe that all my defects have arisen from my trying to cure them.

I commenced with a great love of color and a strong sense of the solidity of form, but drawing killed the color and atmosphere weakened the form and reduced me to what I am. I loved landscape, but was eternally urged to paint the figure; thus my landscape was spoiled by the time devoted to figure, and the figure suffered by my constant flirting with landscape. What I felt strongly I could strongly express in the sketch, but the finished picture killed the feeling — and then in addition all became sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought. I was accused of having imagination. I never said I had imagination, but they thought I thought it, and people are mistrustful of imagination, some going so far as to deny its very existence — or, at least to resent its intrusion in art, especially when I intrude it.

I could copy nature beautifully, and how often I have wished that I had dedicated myself to the painting of cabbages! I mean, painting them splendidly, with all the witchery of light and shade and color, until the picture should contain all the pictorial elements needed in a "Descent from the Cross" or a "Transfiguration," so that no gallery would be complete without a cabbage by Vedder.

Like all beginners, I was intensely interested in processes of painting. I believe I then saw more clearly how the old masters painted than I do now. One thing I settled on — that style should spring entirely from the subject, be appropriate to it and the time at your disposal, whether you were taking it by assault or by siege; and my idea of the aim of art was — first have an idea, and then from your experiences and the nature about you get the material to clothe it.

I have just found this truthful and touching saying in a little "Life of Leighton," by Alice Corkran: "With every picture I complete, I follow the funeral of my ideal."

It may be of interest to some people to trace the evolution of a painting as it grows in the artist's mind. The following account of how "The Dead Abel" and "The Plague in Florence" were painted is a good illustration:

In Matanzas, where I spent many youthful days, was a long stretch of beach ending in a jungle. This was one of my favorite walks; the cocoanut trees grew along it, some with their roots in the salt waves. On this beach were to be found beautiful shells; and the prismatic-hued Portuguese men-of-war, like rainbow-colored bladders, were thrown up during the great gales.

This beach was the place where the unbaptized were thrown out. The buzzards loved the spot. There had been the usual yellow fever or cholera, and there you would see the half-burned bedding; on lifting rude boards in the hollow beneath, the entire skeleton. This memory served as the first step.

Much later on, I read how the great Horace Vernet used to occupy any spare moment in sketching something in a small book he carried for that purpose. The thing sketched was anything that attracted his eye — a water-pipe, a chimney, a wheelbarrow, or anything. Thinking this a good idea, I at once set up my little book. We were building a house in Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, and the first sketch in the book was of a hole in the ground, with a ladder half out of it. Please remember the ladder and the hole.

Later still, I painted a sky over the houses in the Piazza dell' Independenza in Florence; it was a yellowish, sickly looking sunset; please put this aside for future reference.

Now I had been reading Ruskin. In one of his word-pictures he showed how much more effective a suggestion of horror is than the horror itself, and instanced the stream of blood flowing over the pavement in a "Massacre of the Innocents."

Then came the time when I was painting "The Dead Abel." Wanting to make a study of an arm, I picked up a sketch of the sunset; this had a bare space of the proper color in the foreground on which to paint it. No sooner had I painted in this arm lying stretched on the ground than I foresaw the picture. I put in the half-burned rags, and the hole, with the ladder turned into a bier, and a few monks in the background bringing in a body; adding a few golden tresses of hair escaping from the half-covered head and lying in the dust — and there was the picture itself. All it needed was some well-known Florentine campanile, and it had its title also—"The Plague in Florence."

[The second article by Mr. Vedder will be "Florentine Years in Retrospect."]

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THE LITERATURE OF "NEW THOUGHTERS"

BY

FRANCES MAULE BJÖRKMAN

CHEER up, dearie; don't take yourself so seriously. Get busy. Forget your troubles in useful work. Get interested in what you have to do. Play. Play pretend, like when we were children. Don't sit staring out of the top of your hole. Take a good look *at* the hole and see what you can do to get out of it."

This is a specimen of a new literature that has grown up in this country within the last few years. The public knows next to nothing about it because its books are not, as a rule, issued by the regular publishing houses nor offered for sale at the regular book-stores, nor are its periodicals usually found on ordinary news-stands.

Yet its own peculiar publishers are doing a thriving business. Their books sell almost as well as fiction. Their periodicals reach nearly two millions of people. They have six substantial magazines, with circulations ranging from ten to thirty thousand, and with from five to fifteen pages of advertising each. There are a dozen others with circulations of from four to six thousand, and new ones are coming into existence every little while.

This is the literature of self-help, of mind cure, soul development, or whatever you care to call the tendency that finds its expression in the various New Thought and Christian Science cults. Most of it is of a character to repel persons of critical taste. Its language is crude. It makes assertions in regard to scientific matters that cannot be proved —or, at least, have not been proved. It is mixed up with spiritism, astrology, mind-reading, vegetarianism, reincarnation, and all sorts of other "crank" doctrines and fads — and with a few actual "fakes." The very names of its publications are enough to make sophisticated persons smile, and some of the advertising carried by its magazines makes honest people cast them aside in disgust.

And yet, *it goes* — and not merely with the ignorant and credulous. In fact, the intelligent common-school-educated middle class furnishes most of its patrons.

A few years ago Mr. Christian D. Larson, a "metaphysical healer" and lecturer in Cincinnati, started a little magazine containing some twenty pages of reading matter. He not only edited and published it, but he wrote it all — including the advertisements, which at that time were chiefly of his own books: "Poise and Power," "Mastery of Self," "The Hidden Secret," "The Great Within," etc. He called it *Eternal Progress*.

Eternal Progress was devoted to "ATTAINMENT," and particularly in accordance with the motto on its title-page — to attainment of "the greatest joy of all joys, the joy of going on." It preached a gospel of success through self-development. In each number Mr. Larson declared again and again that "he who would achieve greatness must first become great;" "the secret of greater and greater success lies in the development of greater and greater ability." He exhorts his followers to "concentrate subjectively upon the finer forces of their natures," and to call "into action" all the power, energy, and ability latent within them. Every mind, declared Mr. Larson, contains possibilities of greatness, and exact methods for developing these possibilities for practical use in real life were taught in a department called "The School of Genius."

Eternal Progress progressed — slowly at first, then rapidly. To-day Mr. Larson is president of a Chicago company which publishes three periodicals and deals in "metaphysical literature" in general. *Eternal Progress* has become *The Progress Magazine*, a 100-page monthly concerned no longer with the progress of individuals alone but with the advance of the whole world. A new magazine, *The Cosmic World*, has been established to impart instruction for the development of soul

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and the cosmic consciousness. And last month a third, *Opportunity*, made its appearance.

Opportunity is devoted exclusively to pointing out openings for ability. According to its announcements, it will give reliable information in regard to the best chances for success in all walks of life in every part of this country — and in other countries. It will tell where doctors, lawyers, teachers, are most needed and best paid; what sort of material is in demand by newspapers, magazines, publishers, and play-producers, and what is paid for it; what inventions are wanted and how the inventor can get the most out of them; what Civil Service positions are open and how one must go to work to get one.

The Nautilus is the creation and exclusive property of Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, although Mrs. Towne's husband is associated with her in its editorial and business management. Eleven years ago Mrs. Towne, then Mrs. Joseph Holt Struble, with $30 borrowed capital, and a promise of $30 more monthly for six months if she should need it, began publishing a four-page pamphlet in her own home in Portland, Oregon. At that time Mr. William E. Towne was doing a small business in New Thought literature in Holyoke, Massachusetts. He wrote to the editor of the new periodical for advertising rates, and a correspondence sprang up between the two.

Two years later Mrs. Struble, whose marriage had not proved happy, took her two children and her magazine and started for Holyoke, stopping just long enough at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to get a divorce. As soon as she reached Holyoke, she married Mr. Towne, and the two started in business together. The partnership prospered, and *The Nautilus* which had already begun to attract attention, grew rapidly. To-day it has a circulation of 31,000 and is a business success. In addition to the magazine, the Townes publish Mrs. Towne's books and pamphlets, of which "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" is well up toward its hundredth thousand. Mrs. Towne estimates that she has reached more than two and a half million readers in the last three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne are known to *The Nautilus* circle as "William" and "Elizabeth," and Mrs. Towne talks to her readers as if they were members of her family.

To a correspondent signing himself "A Weakling" she replies: "The trouble with you and with all other weaklings is that you sit still and let the thought-power evaporate through your skulls — and run off your tongues — instead of directing it down through the nerves and muscles of your bodies where it is needed and will do some good. But this is hard work. It's so much easier to sit around and let thought run over at the top in imagination and chatter — so much easier to sit around and lament one's weakness. There's no excuse for a weak body. Persistent use will develop any unmaimed body. Go in to win, and stick to it."

Upon every form of self-pity Mrs. Towne turns an implacable face. "Misunderstood" and "sensitive" souls writing to her for sympathy get instead a vigorous scolding. Work — use of faculty — is her sovereign remedy for all ills.

"Get your thought into action to-day," she says, "or it may spoil to-morrow and spoil you the day after."

Mrs. Towne got her idea for the name of the magazine from Holmes's poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," the last stanza of which appears on the first page of every issue:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

"The nautilus," says Mrs. Towne, "is a first-class evolutionist. He has a very small beginning and believes in no end of growth. He is not a mush of concession like the jelly-fish around him. He builds himself a nice little shell, just large enough, and retires into it when danger is near. He doesn't fight and he doesn't run away. He rests secure in his own 'armor of good.' In the meantime he grows. He's bright enough to know when he is growing, so he evolves from within himself a new and larger home to live in. When he is ready to move, he moves, but he doesn't straightway scorn his old abiding-place. Oh, no. He has built his new and larger mansion on to the front of the old one, and when he moves into the new he puts up a nice little partition with an air chamber within, and behold, the old shell acts as a buoy and helps him to rise in the world!" This epitomizes very well *The Nautilus* philosophy.

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Mrs. Towne is not an uneducated woman, as her off-hand style of writing sometimes leads people to think, but she is a self-educated woman. When she was fourteen she left school to be married, but a strong intellectual curiosity drove her to read all the books that she could lay her hands on. The libraries of three ministers were at her disposal, and for several years she studied religious literature — especially the Bible and Bible commentaries. Later she got hold of Helmholtz and Huxley, and began to take an interest in science. Since then she has procured whatever knowledge she has needed for her work, but has kept clear of academic training.

In only one of her books has she attempted any abstract metaphysical speculation and that is in her first, "The Constitution of Man." Since then she has devoted herself to work of a strictly practical character, as the titles of her books indicate. Here are a few of them: "How to Grow Success;" "How to Train Parents and Children;" "Practical Methods for Self-Development;" "The Life Power and How to Use It."

Among the regular contributors to *The Nautilus* are Edwin Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Grace MacGowan Cooke, and Florence Morse Kingsley. Its advertising often covers as many as twenty pages — but on this point *The Nautilus* is sensitive. Like most of the other New Thought periodicals, it prints the alluring promises of an endless variety of "food scientists," "drugless healers," "mechano-therapists," "beauty-culturists," "esoteric centres," "psychics," "cures," and correspondence courses. Unlike the others, however, it prints in every issue a guarantee to make good the loss sustained by any subscriber through advertising matter contained in its pages.

New Thought has been a financial success for a number of years and has recently been enlarged and strengthened by a consolidation with *Weltmer's Magazine of Suggestive Therapeutics*, a fairly successful publication, devoted chiefly to propagating the ideas of "Professor" S. A. Weltmer, head of an institute of suggestive therapeutics at Nevada, Missouri, and of Ernest Weltmer, a student of mental telepathy. Both the Weltmers have joined the staff of *New Thought*. "Professor" Weltmer is giving a course of lessons in health and success, and Ernest Weltmer is conducting a class in mental telepathy.

Every Thursday the members of the class concentrate their minds during the day upon thoughts of health, happiness, and prosperity, and in the evening between 9:00 and 9:30 they place themselves in a receptive state to receive a message sent out to them by "Professor" Weltmer. Results are reported to Ernest Weltmer, and published in the following issue of the magazine. According to the August number, many persons have received a general sense of benefit but as yet none have got the exact words of the message. But this, says Mr. Weltmer, must not be regarded as indicative of possibilities, as the class is still unorganized and uninstructed. The experiments, he states emphatically and in large print, are absolutely free in every branch and detail, their sole objects being to benefit the members of the class and to collect reliable data for scientific deductions.

The consolidation has established new and artistically furnished offices in Chicago, where New Thought literature is on sale and where the woman member of the editorial staff, Louise Radford Wells, holds informal receptions to New Thought people every Thursday afternoon.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes for *New Thought*, as well as for *The Nautilus*; and Professor Horatio W. Dresser, an assistant in philosophy at Harvard University, who enjoys the reputation of being the most scholarly of the New Thought writers, is a regular contributor.

Unity, of Kansas City, is a small magazine with a large following. It is one of the oldest of the self-help brand of periodicals, having been established more than twenty years ago. It is described by its editor, Charles Fillmore, as a "magazine of Pentecostal power, a veritable Pool of Bethesda that spiritualizes and heals its readers." It is more religious in character than the others of its class and is largely devoted to interpreting the Scriptures from the point of view of the mind-healing philosophy.

It is published by the Unity Tract Society, which also issues *Wee Wisdom*, a magazine for children, a leaflet called "The Signs that Follow," and numbers of books and tracts. The company owns a fine, modern building with auditorium and classrooms where meetings, classes, and healing clinics are held daily. Most of the work is supported by free-will offerings.

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Readers of the magazine form "The Society of Silent Unity," now nearly nineteen years old. This Society has more than 16,000 members. Every day at noon and every evening at nine o'clock they go apart for a few moments and meditate on the "class thought" sent out by the magazine each month. The "Thought" for the noon meditation in a recent number was: "They shall prosper that love Thee;" for the evening meditation: "In God I live and move and have my being." Each member goes by his own local time, "the Spirit adjusting all geographical differences." No fees for membership are exacted, but members are asked to make voluntary contributions to defray expenses. Every month the magazine prints testimonials as to the value of this practice. A recent issue contained a letter taking out a subscription for one hundred years. An editorial note said that a check was enclosed.

Another old and established periodical is the *Metaphysical Magazine*, edited and published by Edmund Leander Whipple, of New York. The price of this magazine is more than twice that of any other of its kind. Its articles are not designed to make a popular appeal. Primarily, the theory rather than the practice of mind-healing interests Mr. Whipple, and consequently his audience is limited. It is faithful, however, and the magazine continues to go to a select circle of readers year after year.

The *Psycho-Occult Digest*, of Dayton, Ohio, successor to the *Suggester and Thinker*, the *Psychic Digest* and the *Occult Review of Reviews*, is not so imposing as its name. It is edited by a physician, Dr. Robert Sheerin, and most of its contributors write "M. D." after their names. It is described by its editor as "a popular magazine devoted to investigation of practical psychology, suggestive therapeutics, and New Thought; as well as to research into occult and psychic phenomena, hypnotism, telepathy, spiritism, dreams, and visions."

Smaller magazines, devoted wholly to mind-healing or concerned largely with it, are scattered all over the country. Some of them are: *The Washington News Letter*, the organ of the Evangelical Christian Science Church and advertised as "an exponent of Christology," published by Oliver C. Sabin, of Washington, D. C.; *Practical Ideals*, Dr. J. W. Winkley, Boston; *The Optimist*, the Optimist Company, New York; *The Magazine of Mysteries*, Charles E. Ellis, New York; *The Stellar Ray*, Henry Clay Hodges, Detroit, Michigan; *The Business Philosopher*, A. F. Sheldon, Libertyville, Illinois; *The World's Advanced Thought*, Lucy A. Mallory, Portland, Oregon; *The New Age Magazine*, Frederick P. Fairfield, Boston; and *Das Wort*, a German periodical published by H. H. Schroeder, in St. Louis.

In Denver, long a centre of mind-cure propaganda in general, and the home of the Divine Science movement, in particular, there are no less than five of these publications. One of them, *The Christian*, is in its sixteenth year. It enjoys a somewhat unusual reputation, considering its small size, on account of the forceful style of its editor and publisher, Thomas J. Shelton. Here is a sample of Mr. Shelton's writing taken from the cover of the last number of his magazine:

"Friendship! Make friends with mammon. Money is a great friend. It all belongs to you. Make friends with it. Hold no enmity, and you will have no enemies. Antagonizing thought hurts. Above all, make friends in your mind. Shake hands with your thoughts. Call all your thoughts good. Don't array one thought against another. Have no war in your mind. Eternal friendship with everything! Shake, Old Universe! Let all of us shake hands with God."

The Swastika, edited by McIvor Tyndall, deals with all sorts of mystical, occult, and psychic matters, as well as with mind-healing. It boasts of having among its contributors Yono Simado, "the only Japanese philosophical writer in this country;" Saint Nihal Sing, "the famous young Hindu journalist and traveler;" and Yanoske Isoda, a Buddhist priest. *The Swastika* is young, but it is growing fast. *The Balance* has passed through various vicissitudes, but has now been reorganized and placed upon a new basis, of which the editors have great hopes. It is advertised as "a journal devoted to higher ideals, monistic philosophy, and advanced thought." *Power* and *The Science Quarterly* are the organs of the Divine Science Church.

The Christian Science Publishing Society, of Boston, officially created as such by the Christian Science Church, publishes (in addition to the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health," and other Christian Science books, pamphlets, and tracts) five periodicals, one of which is a daily paper.

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The Christian Science Monitor is said to have more than half a million subscribers. Its plant is one of the most perfect in the world. Its contents are a rebuke to the secular journals, for *The Monitor* prints the news — prints it all and in good style — but free from those details of murders, accidents, crimes, and scandals that so often carry harmful suggestions to susceptible or youthful minds. A great many Bostonians who are not Christian Scientists take *The Monitor* because they think it more fit to go into their homes than any other Boston daily.

The Christian Science Journal is a monthly magazine containing, in addition to regular articles, a list of the Christian Science churches, reading-rooms, practitioners, and nurses throughout the world. A weekly, *The Christian Science Sentinel*, gives news of the movement and testimonials of healing. *The Quarterly* contains the lesson-sermons read at the services in the Christian Science churches for every Sunday in the year. *Der Herold Der Christian Science*, a monthly, presents in German a selected assortment of all these features.

Of the books on self-help, those of Horatio W. Dresser and Henry Wood most nearly approach accepted standards of philosophic writing. Mr. Dresser has been for many years an assistant in philosophy at Harvard, and his works — some twenty in all — are written in the current philosophic language. His interest in the mind-healing movement is, in a sense, hereditary, his father and mother having both been patients and pupils of Phineas Parker Quimby, the first man to practice mind-healing in this country. Mr. Wood, who, to quote his obituaries, "ceased recently to live in the body," was also a Bostonian. He helped to organize the Metaphysical Club of Boston fifteen years ago and he wrote a number of books that are regarded as among the classics of the movement.

But for every one who reads Mr. Wood or Mr. Dresser, there are at least ten who read Ralph Waldo Trine and Floyd B. Wilson. These writers are usually recommended to beginners in New Thought because their works are free from just those qualities which make the books of Mr. Wood and Mr. Dresser so highly esteemed. They are "practical." They talk very little of the theory but a great deal of the application. Mr. Trine has written several books, but the one that has made his reputation, "In Tune with the Infinite," remains the most popular. It has run through several editions and is still in great demand. Of Mr. Wilson's books, "Paths to Power" is perhaps the most popular, although "Man Limitless," "Through Silence to Realization," and "The Discovery of the Soul" are also "good sellers."

Charles Brodie Patterson, a lecturer and healer of some twenty-five years' experience in New York, has half a dozen full-sized volumes to his credit, one of which, "The Will to be Well," is now in its fifth edition. William W. Atkinson, expounder of science in terms of New Thought, recently brought out an imposing volume entitled "Mind Power, or the Law of Dynamic Mentation," containing 400 pages.

The popular self-help ideas have recently shown a tendency to escape from the bounds of their own distinctive publications and to invade general literature. For the last year or two, Elbert Hubbard has been preaching them in *The Philistine*. They are body and bones of the philosophy which Benjamin Fay Mills and his staff of distinguished rebels are exploiting in *Fellowship*. Orison Swett Marden — who, by the way, is the author of a number of out-and-out New Thought books — presents them in considerable detail in his editorials in *Success*. A New York evening paper prints a daily sermon based upon them. And last season they were even preached from the stage.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," is an undisguised "preachment" on the transforming power of faith and optimism. "The Third Degree," by Charles Klein, himself a thoroughgoing Christian Scientist, and Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour," both treat of the ability of the mind to influence material conditions. Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," reflects in a general way the ideas of the new literature and turns, moreover, upon one of its typical phrases, "You'll always get what you want if you only want hard enough."

"Religion and Medicine," the book written by Dr. Elwood Worcester, Dr. Samuel McComb, and Dr. Isador H. Coriat, to explain the work of the healing clinic at Emmanuel Church, is said by its publishers to have sold better than any of their books except fiction.

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AMERICAN BUILDERS IN CANADA

THE BIG RAILROADS OF THE DOMINION RULED BY MEN FROM ILLINOIS AND WISCONSIN—THREE AMERICANS WHO WERE BORN POOR BUT HAVE WON TITLES AND MILLIONS ACROSS THE BORDER

BY

C. M. KEYS

ONE day in 1881, the general superintendent of the Milwaukee Railroad told his associates that he was going to quit. He added that he intended to go North and take a job as general manager of the Canadian Pacific. Most of his friends told him that he was crazy; that his two years' work on the Milwaukee had placed him in line for swift promotion, and that he was about to throw away realities for the sake of a dream.

The Milwaukee was a giant in those days, as it is to-day, the difference being that there were not so many other giants in the land at that time. The Canadian Pacific, on the other hand, was a sickly infant. Its assets, so far as human mind could figure, consisted of a large "pull" at Ottawa, an elastic but treacherous capital account, and a few hundred miles of new railroad that earned nothing except a floating debt. Its liabilities were a group of capitalists full of foolhardy notions, an expensive ambition to build a line of road through the pathless and profitless prairies of Northwestern Canada, and an ever-increasing debt as its new rails went down.

But Van Horne had made his bed and he was determined to lie on it, no matter how uncomfortable it might prove to be. He packed up his goods and chattels in the winter of 1881, and moved from Chicago to Montreal. History does not record that it took a special freight train to move his effects. It had been fairly hard-sledding from the beginning of his railroad career, and he had no career before he began his life on the rail.

He was fourteen when he got his first railroad job, in 1857, as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central at Chicago. He was pretty nearly twice that age before they made him superintendent of telegraphs on the old Alton, and the catalogue of the things that he did between those years is a long one—the simple story of a young man who "made good," and was pushed along slowly from step to step. It was only nine years later, and the man was in his prime, when they called him over the border to be the general manager of a road under construction.

Once a reporter followed the trail of Van Horne, cornered him, and demanded that he produce the story of his life. The gist of his reply is recorded thus:

"I don't believe in autobiographies. I think Mark Twain is a good judge of the fitness of things, of the time that should elapse, as it were, between funeral and flowers. He has just finished writing 'Leaves from the Life of Adam.'"

So the tale of the making of the man has not been very well told, as yet; and one may presume that it can be summarized in the statement that he dodged both the lock-up and the Hall of Fame with entire success during the twenty-two years of hard work on the railroads of the Middle West. It is on record that when he was a youngster, working at odd jobs on the Michigan Central, he was badly scared by a general order to cut down expenses. He reasoned that he might be one of the expenses that would be cut down; so he went to work from that time on to master every job that lay within his reach, from telegraph operator to division clerk.

And so he went to the North, equipped for anything from handling gangs of half-breed trackmen to making transportation policies in conference with George Stephen, Donald Smith, and Robert Angus — the pioneers of the new Transcontinental.

From 1881 to 1885, he was the man with the steam shovel from the Ottawa to the Pacific Coast. Once in a while he came back to Montreal to cheer the drooping spirits of his chiefs.

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When the road ran out of money in 1884 — only one of many times — and despairing proposition followed desperate appeal from the Montreal offices to the House at Ottawa so fast that track of them was hardly kept, he left his "standing army" of ten thousand men — who were laying rails on the prairies and fighting winter snows in the Rockies — to come back and tell President Stephen to brace up and make one more attempt.

Things looked bad. In November, 1883, a desperate scheme to give fictitious value to the stock of the company had been put through. The Government, yielding to the melancholy coaxing of the railroad, had agreed to ensure the payment of a dividend on the stock, and the payment had been made. But the stock went down lower than it was before, and the stockholders got together in January to hold a sort of ante-mortem inquest and see what could be done.

The nerve of some of the pioneers was breaking under the strain. The press of the country was divided. Half of it spent days and nights devising awful pictures of what was going to happen to the Canadian Pacific. They talked of jails and penitentiaries for the promoters. They talked of ten-foot snow-levels on the Manitoba prairies, of avalanches in the mountains, of rusting rails — of ruin, blue, black, and lurid — that dogged the armies of the builders across the plains and through the mountain passes.

Even the directors talked of stopping work for a two-year period, and letting the storm blow past. The new general manager was not the only man who stood against the storm; but he was the most stubborn of the lot. He raged when they talked of calling off the construction forces. He laughed at the pictures of ruin and of poverty that purported to describe the countries of the North. He knew what the Northwest was, and he pledged his word over and over again that the road would earn money from the day of its opening through the flat lands.

Perhaps it was because of his never-failing smile in the face of circumstances that they made him vice-president in 1885. Two years later, he stood behind Strathcona, in a pass of the Rockies, and watched him drive the golden spike that made the lines of steel a railroad.

The years had aged him little. They had turned Strathcona from a black-bearded frontiersman to a white-haired old man, but they had not made Van Horne any thinner than he was when he left the easy comfort of the Milwaukee for the strenuous battle of the North — and he was never a very thin man.

He loves a fight, this Illinois-Canadian, and thrives on battle. It was a fixed habit of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific engineers to race into Montreal, and the trains came in very often side by side across the city limits at a pace that startled. In time, the city took action and raised a protest that reached the president's office.

As a result, a group of passenger engineers and conductors came up before Van Horne for admonishment. He told them the law and the city's remarks. He told them that two warnings on that score meant trouble for the men in charge of the train. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added:

"But there won't be any warnings at all if the Grand Trunk crews make you look silly!"

It is hard to vouch for the tales that find currency concerning any man of size, but the phrase sounds something like Van Horne. He has a short, crisp, incisive way of using illustrations that makes his few public utterances good reading. During the same period of his life he went out to Winnipeg on a trip of inspection. There was an active agitation going on for a reduction in the rates on wheat. A crowd of reporters carried his car by storm, and asked him whether he intended to reduce those rates.

"Boys," he said, "I am general manager of this road, and I like the position. If I did anything so foolish as to reduce those rates, the directors would take this position away from me, and make me station agent at Gravel River. Have you ever seen Gravel River?"

Time went on, and the fight for life on the Canadian Pacific gave way to routine, more or less. The arms of the infant grew stronger. They reached across the border to take the Soo Line from the willing hands of its owners, and to gather up the melancholy fragment known as the "South Shore Road." Fleets came into being on the Great Lakes and on the Pacific. The credit of the company waxed great, so that the purses of the English middle classes opened of their own accord whenever more money was wanted. Respect for the new giant grew not only in its own country but across the line as well.

It culminated in the late 'nineties, when the Hill, Huntington, and other American lines

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made a pool on traffic out of San Francisco. They left the Canadian Pacific out. It was a mistake. There was war. At the end of it, the transcontinental pool was the flattest thing in the history of railroading in this country; and an ancient Scotchman, called David McNicoll, of the Canadian Pacific, was one of the most highly respected traffic managers on the continent.

But the peace that followed was too much for President Van Horne. He had been president for eleven years, had become a Canadian citizen, had received knighthood from the hands of Queen Victoria for exemplary service to the Empire — and he wanted what he was pleased to call a rest.

So they made him chairman of the board. He became known throughout the world as a retired capitalist, more or less. He began to collect pictures. Rumor says that he also began to paint them; but this he denies with that quizzical, glinting smile. He began to collect orchids, sending companies of men into the forests of Asia, Africa, and South America. He indulged a hobby for curios and another for farming. He made a stock ranch at Selkirk, and found joy in winning prizes at all the fairs of the Northwest. Incidentally, he never forgot "the great American game," and he stands in Canada on his reputation as a poker-player par excellence.

These things kept him quiet for a while; but there is presently an end of patience when a man has built a railroad through the Rocky Mountains. Easy prosperity soon palled. Somebody told him about Cuba and Mexico, and he went there, perhaps from curiosity. He did not stay very long, but a good deal of his money is there yet. It went into the Cuba Company on the island, and into light and power plants in Mexico. Some say that the Cuba venture was largely an investment in experience; but others maintain that it not only has paid but has made much money for its restless proprietor. Of these things, the end is not in sight.

Sir William Van Horne is a very rich man, though probably not comparable with the giants even of Canada. Probably most of his money came out of the rise in the value of Canadian Pacific stock. Some of it, undoubtedly, grew with the West, for there is hardly a Canadian Pacific director who has not, at times, owned large blocks of farm lands in the opening country.

There is a Railroad Commission in Canada, and its task is very much like that of the Interstate Commerce Commission in this country, plus the railroad commissions of all the states of the Union. One of the members — and he has a lot to say — is the chairman of the Canadian Pacific, Sir William Van Horne. They say that he is a good Commissioner; that seems peculiar to an American citizen. Yet there are some who think that perhaps if the regulation of railroads in this country was in the hands of such men as J. J. Hill, E. P. Ripley, and W. H. Truesdale, the railroads would be as well regulated as they are in Canada. All the clean Americans are not on the payroll of the Canadian Pacific.

There is, however, another. His name is Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and he holds now the position that Van Horne held for so many years, the presidency of the Canadian Pacific. When he was known to a limited world as Tom O'Shaughnessy, he was one of the shining lights of the younger set of the Ninth Ward of Milwaukee. His father was an honorable employee of the city — wielding a policeman's club. The boy passed through the public school, and then he went to work. It was on the Milwaukee road, and the job was a humble one in the purchasing department. He worked along slowly for ten years, and at the end of that time he was general storekeeper for the same railroad. That was the position he held in 1882. Two years before, he had married a girl of his youth, Elizabeth Bridget Nagley. Fate seemed to have marked him as a man who would work very hard and do fairly well in the business of making a living.

Then a curious thing happened. Van Horne had gone the winter before to Montreal to work for the Canadian people. He ran out of raw material, and came to the Milwaukee to look for it. He wanted a purchasing agent, so he went to the purchasing department. He had one of the biggest purchasing positions in the world to fill, for the railroad that is building is buying all the time, and much depends on the buyer. He picked out Shaughnessy. He made him a proposition. It was accepted. Shaughnessy went to Montreal in October, 1882, as purchasing agent of the Canadian Pacific.

Through the long battle fought by Van Horne for the making of the road, the Irish-American from Milwaukee stood solidly beside his chief. Van Horne conceived the broad

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outlines of a big plan. Shaughnessy worked out the details. Van Horne and his battalions built a road; Shaughnessy learned to know it foot by foot. As a master of detail, as an executive genius down to the smallest and most intricate minutiæ of railroad operation, he fitted into and filled out the genius of his chief. The two became one. In the years when Van Horne was president and Shaughnessy assistant to the president, the two were the head of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

From the fragmentary facts here written one might assume that the president of the Canadian Pacific is merely an echo of his predecessor, the chairman of the board. It is very far from being true. It never was true, even in the years when he was assistant general manager, assistant to the president, and assistant president, with Sir William in the various title rôles.

The two men are distinctly unlike. Sir William is big, stout, congenial, and jolly. His smile is contagious. Sir Thomas is slight of build, aquiline of feature, cold and forbidding at casual acquaintance, mechanical of speech and manner — a man immersed in business. As a reporter I found something in common between him and Mr. Harriman. Sir William Van Horne, on the contrary, is more like Mr. James J. Hill.

When Sir Thomas became president of the Canadian Pacific, he went right on with the Van Horne policies. Only, he does not care for war. The very centre of his policy is assimilation, not conquest. There have been no spectacular raids by the Canadian Pacific. Before a step is taken, every result is weighed, every detail worked out with mathematical precision, every pro and con considered. Then an order goes out; it is carried into effect. The results flow forth just as planned. In his day, the result has not yet been a traffic war. Treaties, compromises, adjustments—these take the place of pitched battles, contests for traffic, rival railroad-building on a profitless basis.

His life work is the filling of the West with people. He recognized that as the one reason for the existence of the Canadian Pacific. He went about it systematically. One could not imagine anything haphazard in his methods. The Canadian Pacific has covered the world with its advertising. Its agents are all over Europe, wherever men till the fields for small gain. Its net spreads across the steppes of Russia as perfectly as it covers the city of London. Its literature — sane, conservative, and fairly accurate — is translated into every tongue spoken in the agricultural regions of the continent.

It is likely that there has never been in the history of the world so complete a machine for colonization. Bureaus of information are maintained at the expense of this railroad at central points throughout the world. Lines of communication are open at all times for the transportation of men coming to see the land. Accommodation by land and sea is always at the command of the immigrant to Canada.

Land they can get, if they want it. The Canadian Pacific, the biggest land-owner in the world, sees to that. They have to pay for most of it nowadays, for the era of free land is going fast. They do it, however, on the instalment plan. The railroad sells them land and lets them pay for it out of the proceeds of the crops; they pay 6 per cent. on all the debt.

Nowadays, the chief at Montreal does not handle the details of all the multifarious business that goes on under the charter of the railroad. If he did, he would be the busiest man on earth; for this road is a trust of a strange sort. It runs a railroad or two. It conducts chains of the biggest hotels in Canada, and runs them well. It runs an express company, a slaughter-house, a telegraph system, half a dozen fleets, car and engine-building plants, some of the biggest coal-mining concerns in the country, and a dozen other activities more or less closely connected with the usual business of a railroad.

The actual carrying on of all this business is given into the hands of men chosen by the president. He frames up the project, starts it going, and demands from the men who take its authority the best results possible. They may make mistakes. One is passed without more than comment; two bring a cold and uncomfortable conversation; three are fatal. There never have been very many sinecures in the organization of the Canadian Pacific; but to-day there are none. In this respect, the Canadian Pacific is a duplicate of the so-called Harriman system in this country.

The president works pretty hard, just as he always has. In Canada, they credit Sir Thomas with having made quite a bit of money in recent years. His fortune, however, is not reckoned as swollen. There are probably half a dozen of his directors who have more money and

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more property; but yet he is comfortable. He has dealt in Western farm lands, and a favorite amusement seems to be the buying and selling of city property in Montreal — not a bad way to make money if one happens to know the game. He knows it.

People who know him best say that the president of the Canadian Pacific could not read a stock-ticker if he had a chance to see it. So far as one may judge, he does not know much more than the meaning of a margin account, and speculation in the stocks of his own road would seem a capital offense. No doubt he owns some of the stock, and no doubt it cost him much less than its price to-day; but that is hardly speculation.

There is not so much red tape about the Canadian Pacific as there is about most things in Canada, but the president's office is no open house, for all that. Reporters do not make free in it, as they do in so many American offices of the same rank. The president is not a great "mixer," though democratic enough with people he knows. His replies to questions, like his orders to his secretary, are short and specific. His interviews are short and infrequent. He is pretty well buried in business, and the amenities of gossip occupy a most unimportant place in his philosophy.

In the same city where these two titled sons of the Middle West now have their homes and sway their railroad kingdom, there lives another native-born American. Like Van Horne, he came from Illinois. Rock Island was his birthplace. He used to be a stenographer on the lines that fell to the hand of the late Jay Gould, and he stuck to them consistently until, at last, they made him general manager of the Wabash. That was the place he held when the English, seeing what the Canadian Pacific had gotten in Van Horne and Shaughnessy, decided to secure an American official for the old Grand Trunk.

His name is Charles Melville Hays. His mission in life is to rescue moribund railroads. When he was general manager of the Wabash, it was one of the sickest collections of junk that ever passed as a railroad. He almost cured it. When they took him over into Canada, the Grand Trunk Railway was a melancholy imitation of a transportation agent. In a little more than four years he almost put it on its feet. Then Edwin Hawley and the Huntington people invited him to come over and run the Southern Pacific, then rapidly going to pieces. He came. That was his first railroad presidency. It happened in 1901.

The same year he resigned. He did not know, when he came back, that he was going to be somebody's hired man. He thought that he was going to be president. When he found out his mistake, he wired a resignation. He left the next summer, with the three years' pay that his contract called for. Mr. L. F. Loree did much the same thing, in 1904, with the Rock Island.

The English called him back to the old Grand Trunk. They had seen a great light. They used to run the Grand Trunk from London and the results showed it. The fact that it was alive at all spoke whole volumes for the excellence of the country it traversed. It was loaded with sons, sons-in-law, uncles, nephews, cousins, and aunts of the British aristocracy. If its titled stockholders and directors gathered no dividends, they at least got rid of a good many expensive relatives.

The new general manager had started right in at the beginning to clean out the débris; but some of it had been there a long time, and it stuck. Some of it is there yet, but only the best of it. Long since, the offices ceased to be a dumping-ground for British impedimenta.

The change came with Hays. The first three years that he worked for the Grand Trunk were hard. He spent a lot of time in London, trying to tell the people of the Grand Trunk that they had to spend money or the Canadian Pacific would wreck their road by competition. He did persuade them before he left the road to go to the Southern Pacific, to double-track the line from Montreal to Chicago. That work was under way when he came back in 1901. It was followed by the outpouring of millions for new cars and engines, other millions for more double-track down to Buffalo, yet more money for bridges that could carry the bigger trains, and then more money for yet bigger trains.

The man was insatiable. He wanted a mile-a-minute schedule from Boston to Chicago. He nearly got it. He rebuilt every main line on the system from Portland to Chicago, re-equipped the whole road, and set standards of train service, both passenger and freight, that the cautious yet daring Canadian Pacific has not tried to exceed. He went to the limit. Perhaps, at times, he went over it.

The discipline and the physical condition of the old railroad fretted him, but they were

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things that could be remedied. He went at them, and remedied them. But there was a more serious matter, and it took a good many years of thought and a whole lot of courage before anything could be done about it.

The road was truncated. It began at the Atlantic Coast, ran all over Ontario like a cobweb, reached the Chicago markets on a long, thin line of track through a fairly good country — and there it ended. It was cut off from the growing country of Canada. It had no line to the West. It used to carry a limited amount of traffic up to the Georgian Bay ports and to North Bay, and lose it to the tramp steamers of the Lakes and to the Canadian Pacific. Hays saw the end of the old Grand Trunk unless it did something radical.

The thing that it did was staggering. Hays went to Ottawa, and talked about a new railroad across the continent, closely connected with the old Grand Trunk. He wanted to know what the Liberal Government would do that would stand alongside the Canadian Pacific, built under the Conservative Government régime. It took persuasion, and a good substantial lobby had to be overcome; but the end was accomplished.

The Liberal Government went to the people on a platform that called for a new railroad from Atlantic to Pacific. The people said: "Go ahead." The Government made a contract to build the eastern line from Moncton to Winnipeg; and the Grand Trunk contracted to build the rest of the line. Nobody knows to this day what it is going to cost, but everybody knows by this time that it will cost more than twice the original estimates on which the election was won.

That does not matter much. From Hays' point of view, the important thing is the railroad. He is going to have it pretty soon. It runs north of the Canadian Pacific, out in the provinces, and in Ontario it traverses a region of unknown and untouched resources. The Government publications concerning it read like a miner's prospectus. The truth can only be guessed. It may be that the ambition of Mr. Hays, a plain American citizen from Illinois, has plunged Canada into excesses; and it may not be. It is one of to-morrow's stories.

This American in Canada has grown very big indeed. He was a private figure until the Grand Trunk Pacific became a public issue; and since then he has been one of the most striking figures in the whole realm of national life in Canada. Personally, it has changed him not at all. He is still a plain Democrat, ready-handed, pleasant to meet, straightforward in talk, strong in conviction. He is not picturesque, and he has few activities outside the running of his railroad. That keeps him busy, particularly since he has his thousands at work on the new lines.

They say that before many years go by, if all is well, there will be a new American knight in Canada; but to date Mr. Hays has gathered neither titles nor millions. He does not seem to care very much about either. He seems to be content if the showing of his railroad is better year by year, and if he gets just what he wants, whether it is permission to lay a few hundred miles of double track or a few thousand miles of single track across the continent. His personal friendships are amazing. His hold over his stockholders and directors is beyond explanation. Men who know him best put it down to the mere magnetism of the man; but the basis of it seems to be hard work and perfect knowledge. When he goes into a crowded Grand Trunk meeting in London, he can answer every question asked. He knows the road as Shaughnessy knows the Canadian Pacific Railroad, or better.

These are strong men, these three exiles. They have few equals in the railroad world on either side of the border. As executive officers they have no superiors anywhere. The only other railroad men in Canada who stand on anything like an equal footing with them are Mr. William McKenzie and Mr. D. D. Mann, of the Canadian Northern — both Canadians.

There is a tariff wall between Canada and the United States, but railroad brains pass free across the border. The long list of big railroad men on American railroads who came from Canada is always headed with the names of Mr. James J. Hill and the late S. R. Callaway, who left the presidency of the New York Central to take the presidency of the American Locomotive Company. There are hundreds of others. One is found running the telegraph department of the Isthmus of Panama, and another running the signal department of the Great Northern; and in between, geographically speaking, they are scattered like beads on a string. On the whole, in the merry game of reciprocity, it is probably a safe guess that the United States has gained in the commerce of railroad brains across the Canadian border.

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HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

THIRD ARTICLE

A LOST OPPORTUNITY ON THE PACIFIC

HOW THE UNITED STATES BEGAN TO CAPTURE THE TRADE OF THE ORIENT—HOW IT WAS LOST—WHAT CAN BE DONE TO RECAPTURE IT

BY

JAMES J. HILL

THE history of our trade with the Orient is a tale of lost opportunity. Yet so much more popular are facts that tickle our pride than those hinting of neglect or mistake that comparatively few people to-day appreciate what this opportunity was, and to what extent and why we have lost it.

The trade with the Orient is the oldest and most prized among men. Its origin and its value go back to the dawn of history. It built up many cities of an older world that are now heaps of ruins. For a time Byzantium enjoyed it, and to some extent by virtue of that fact became the capital of the East. Later on Venice, the city of merchant princes, was built upon the same commercial foundation, and for years that was the gateway through which Eastern traffic entered Europe. When the Portuguese and the Spaniards sent their ships around the Cape of Good Hope, they took possession of this trade and transferred it from the backs of camels to their galleons. From them it passed under the control of the Hanseatic League, to the great free cities and free merchants of Europe.

Early in the last century Great Britain, following a far-seeing policy inaugurated by her ablest statesmen, took possession of this trade and has retained the lion's share of it to the present time. Her conquest of India gave her a foothold; her occupation of it a better understanding of the Orientals, their needs and methods; and because, through her enterprise and the breadth of her interests, she was able to furnish the most abundant and cheapest means of transportation to and from the Orient, she has held her own until recently against all comers. The richness, the stability, the profitableness of this traffic have appealed to all nations. Might not the United States in its turn become first a sharer and afterward, perhaps, the director of this coveted commerce?

From the time when a northern trans-continental railroad line was completed, this became a possibility. Across the Pacific Ocean, nearer by several hundred miles than it had ever been brought before, lay the trade empire that had been in communication with the rest of the world for so long by caravans across forbidding deserts, by long and dangerous voyages around the Cape of Good Hope or, in later days, by the still costly and tedious Suez route. The teas and silks, the rice and matting of China, of Japan and India, are marketed all over the world. They will continue to be bought and sold and transported; and millions of people in those countries will, as they progress, buy ever more and more largely in other markets. This oldest branch of trade seemed also to promise the greatest modern expansion. The short and direct route across the north Pacific from Puget Sound to Japan and China would save both time and cost in transportation.

THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY FOR US

Conditions were favorable for a new commercial epoch in the relations of the Orient to the outside world. Not only might its people find advantage in dealing more largely with us than with other nations, but a large part of the vast stream of their commerce might be deflected at its origin, so as to turn eastward across the Pacific instead of westward across Asia or through the Indian Ocean. If this

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THE UNREWARDED PROGRESS OF HALF A CENTURY OF AMERICAN SHIPBUILDERS

The *Minnesota*, of 28,000 tons — the largest freighter in the world — in comparison with the *Dashing Wave*, once a famous clipper ship. In the days of the *Dashing Wave* the American flag was seen in all the ports of the world. Now, chiefly through hampering legislation, American shipping is declining on the Pacific

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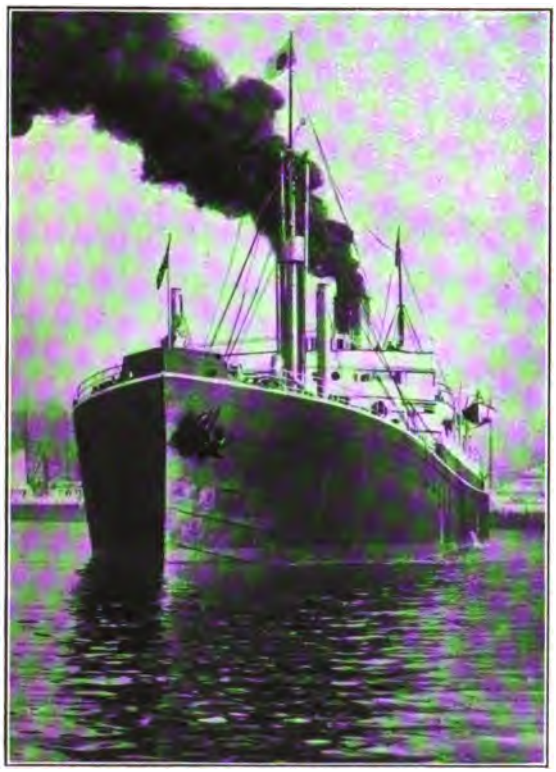
should prove feasible, the United States would gain an advantage not easily to be overestimated; would realize a dream that has held the minds of men since the time of Alexander the Great. It was the strategic moment, the opening of that doorway of opportunity for which men and nations wait.

To reverse one of the great currents of traffic, to secure markets among people little accustomed to trade with us, to get the complicated machinery for such a development into place and working order required study,



AN AMERICAN SHIP DRIVEN FROM THE PACIFIC

Unable to compete with foreign vessels in carrying American goods out of American ports, the *Shawmut* and her sister-ship, the *Tremont*, were sold to the Government. They are now the *Colon* and the *Christobal*

preparation, the most careful adjustment of means to ends.

A study of the lumber trade revealed the first favorable opening. When the railways reached Puget Sound (the Great Northern was completed through to the Coast in 1893. From that time the extension of American trade with the Orient was pushed vigorously in all directions), they found there the largest supply of standing timber in the world. For this there was at that time but a limited market. It reached the outer world only in

A JAPANESE LINER

There are two Japanese steamship companies subsidized by their government which maintain a regular service from Seattle to the Orient

A BRITISH TRAMP

One of the many which make a profit carrying American goods from our Pacific ports free from rate regulation and other restrictions

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SEATTLE HARBOR BEFORE THE RAILROADS OPENED THE ORIENTAL TRADE

There were no steamer docks and the commerce — mostly lumber — was carried in sailing vessels

the small quantities that sailing vessels carried up and down the coast or to foreign ports. The freight rate to the East, where alone it could be sold extensively, where the demand for it was greatest, was ninety cents per hundred pounds. This was prohibitive. The question was how to make a rate low enough to bring this lumber to the prairie country and the Mississippi valley. It could be done only by securing an ample and steady volume of traffic in both directions, so that neither eastbound nor westbound cars should be hauled empty. Low rates can be made only if cars moving in each direction are loaded.

At that time the westbound business was heavier than the eastbound, and empty cars

SEATTLE HARBOR, WITH THREE FOREIGN SHIPS IN THE FOREGROUND

Besides the tramps, practically all of which are foreign, the following foreign lines operate from Seattle: Japanese: Nippon-Yusen-Kaisha, and Osaka-Shoshen-Kaisha; English: Blue Funnel Line, and Bank Line; German: Kosmos Line, and the line of Grace Brothers, who usually charter Norwegian and English ships. The *Minnesota*, of the Great Northern Steamship Company, is the only American liner that comes to Seattle

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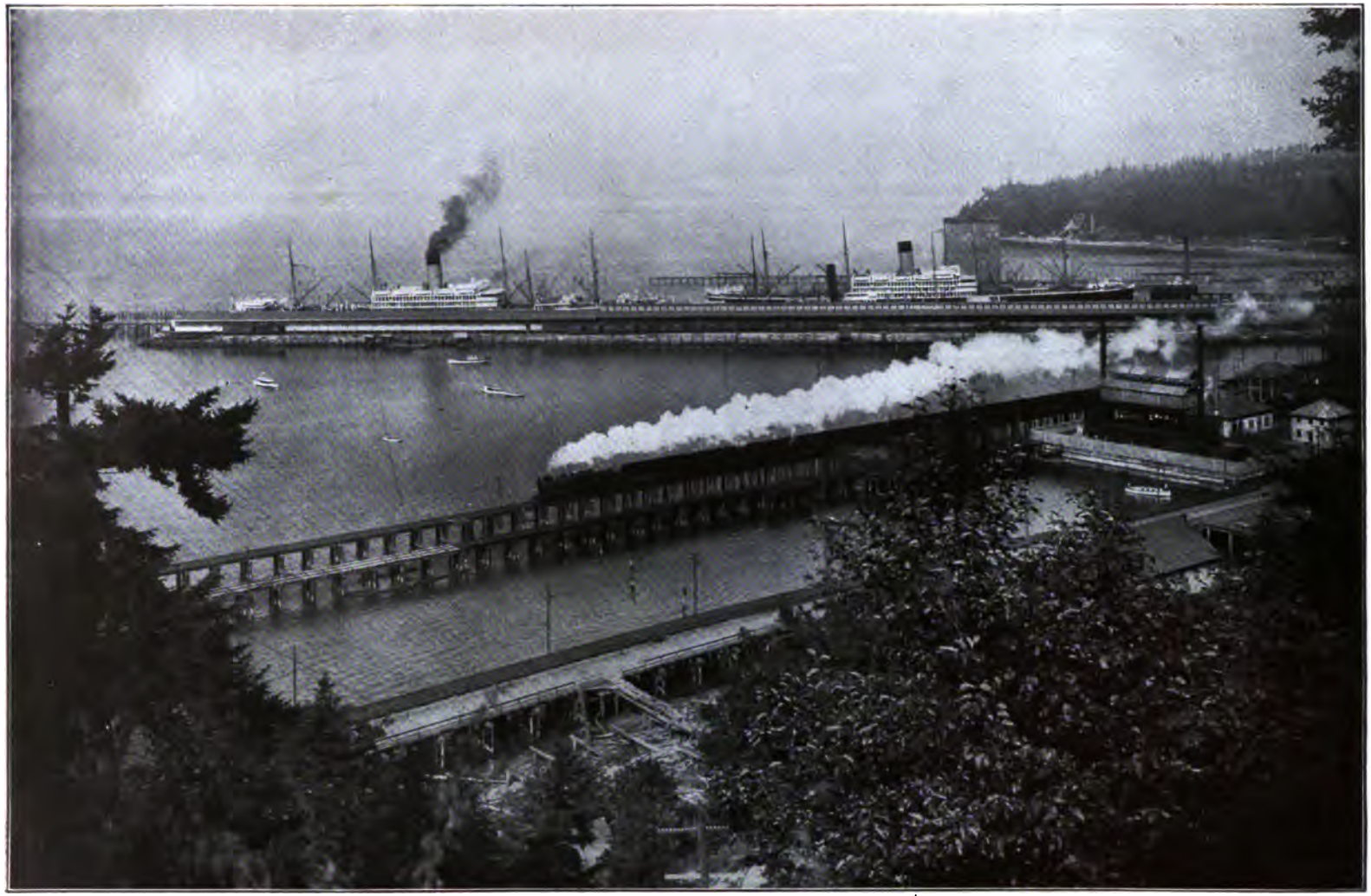
were coming east, on which lumber might be carried. When the lumber business should be developed into a heavy traffic, then the balance would turn in the other direction. Then westbound business would have to be increased again, else empty cars would be traveling nearly two thousand miles to the Pacific Coast. While the local development of the coast country was sure to be great, it would not supply sufficient volume of business at that time to equalize traffic. A market for our products in the Orient, if it could be built up, would not only do this but would be of the utmost value to every interest in this country.

What material was there out of which to create such a trade? Japan is small and densely populated and cannot feed its own inhabitants. There we might find customers for our foodstuffs. Russia even at that time, when her power on the Pacific seemed secure and was enlarging, would scarcely be a large buyer. China is a marvelously rich country, both for agriculture and in mineral resources. The Chinese are intelligent, good farmers, imitative, industrious, and painstaking as only a people so gifted and so patient can be. They are also good traders. We must look for our market to the men who live in the most densely populated portions, along the sea. India was at once too distant and too poor to furnish a demand worth considering. But the Japanese and Chinese could be made customers for our flour in increasing quantity. A people once accustomed to the wheat loaf are slow to give it up. And the dense population would make consumption large. Both countries bought their cotton goods mostly from Europe. We might divide that trade or capture it. It was clear that, on the first close contact with the modern world, these races, with their cheap labor and their lively industrial skill, would soon begin to manufacture for themselves. They might get their machinery from us; they would come to us for a portion of their raw cotton. Until their manufacturing industry should be well developed, they would depend upon us to a considerable extent for their iron and steel.

The total purchases outside of their own countries made by all the people living on the borders of the Pacific, including Oceania, amount to a billion and three quarters annually. Great Britain handles nearly one-fourth of this entire business. Although nearly all consists of commodities that the United States could furnish, we get about one-twentieth of it. Although our foreign trade is mostly done with the markets of Europe, we sell fewer manufactures there than the republics of South America buy from Europe. On the other side of the account are exports of silk, tea, matting, and other Oriental products; not only the large quantities consumed in this country, coming to us by the Suez Canal and paying toll to the foreign importer and the foreign carrier; but the very supply of Europe itself, which we

THE "MIIKE MARU" — THE FIRST JAPANESE LINER INTO SEATTLE

Which arrived in August, 1896. In the decade between 1893 (when the Great Northern Railroad was completed to the Coast) and 1903 the Puget Sound exports increased from $5,085,958 to $32,410,369 — nearly 540 per cent.



THE LARGEST FREIGHT CARRIERS IN THE WORLD — AT THE GREAT NORTHERN'S PACIFIC TERMINALS

The *Minnesota* and the *Dakota* were built as a part of a great campaign to capture the trade of the Orient for the United States—a campaign unsuccessful chiefly because of the navigation laws and the rate regulations of the Government. By 1905 our exports to China had reached $53,453,385. By 1908 they had sunk to $22,343,385

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COTTON FOR THE ORIENT VIA PUGET SOUND

For the twelve months ending June, 1909, the United States sold Japan $10,614,249 worth of raw cotton, a large amount of which went across the continent over the northern route via St. Paul and Seattle

LOADING 8,800 TONS OF FLOUR ON THE "MINNESOTA"

Last year the United States exported $1,030,188 worth of flour to Japan, and $3,534,950 to Hongkong. It is estimated that the Oriental trade raised the price of American wheat from five to seven cents a bushel

might be in position, with a low freight rate and an established trade, to bring over the Pacific, portage across the continent, and deliver at European ports, thus wresting from the other half of the world a portion of the traffic that has been the prize of centuries.

TEA FROM JAPAN

In the year ending June, 1909, the United States paid Japan $9,000,554 for tea — almost as much as we received from Japan for raw cotton

JAPANESE SILK AT SEATTLE

Almost $50,000,000 worth of silk — both raw and manufactured — was imported by the United States from Japan from June, 1908, to June, 1909

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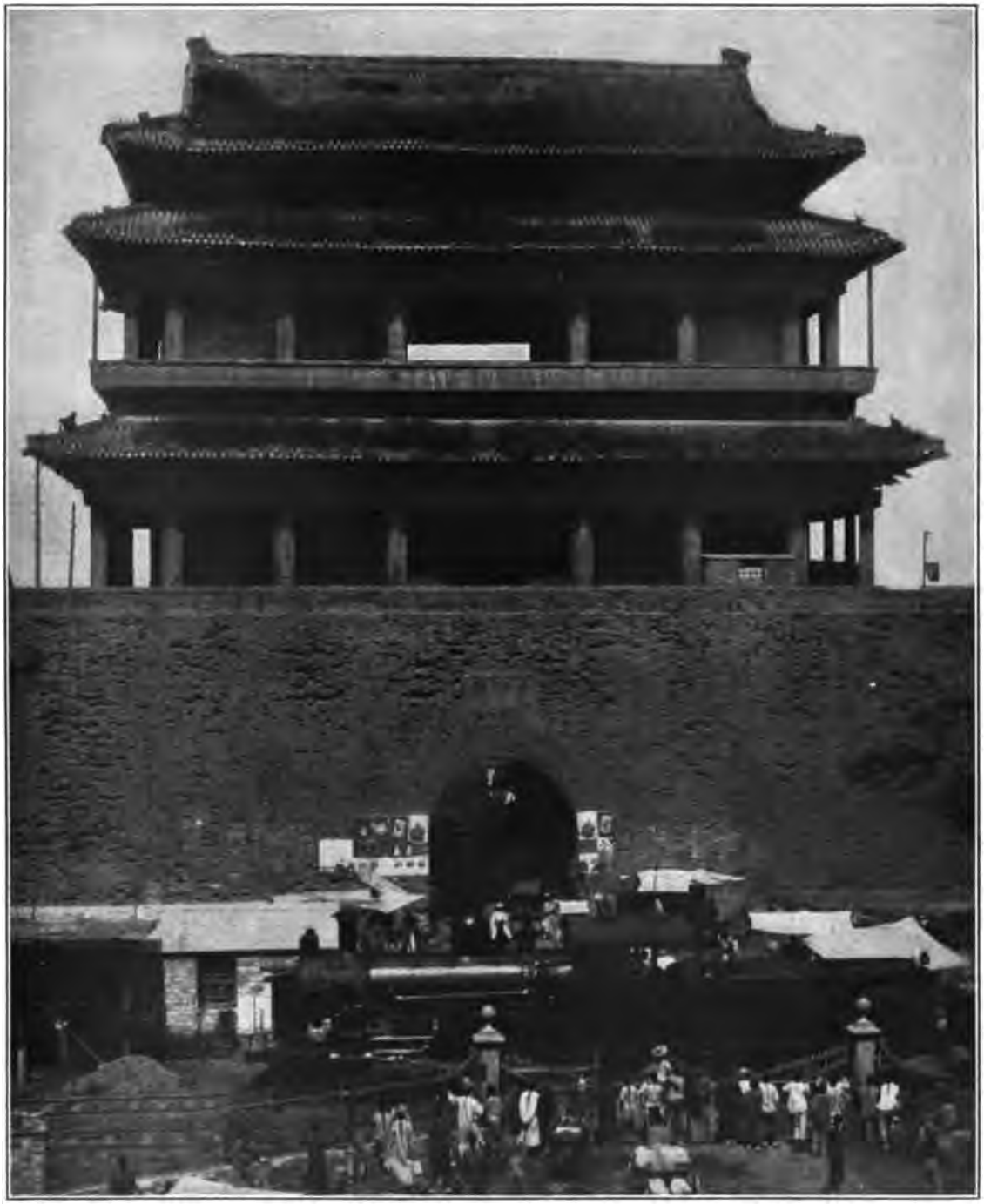
The best route, the traffic machinery to operate it, the market with its demand expanding in both directions — these were the conditions that opened to this country fifteen years ago such a commercial possibility as has rarely presented itself to any nation in history.



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CHINA AS A MARKET FOR AMERICAN GOODS

An American locomotive at the walls of Peking. In 1908–9 eight locomotives from the United States were sold in China and five in Japan. The Baldwin Locomotive Works alone, however, have supplied the Imperial Railways of Japan with more than 160 locomotives in the last five years

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OREGON PINE IN CHINA

Part of the $420,000 worth of American lumber and wood manufactured which China (including Hong Kong) imported last year

A SIGN OF ORIENTAL AWAKENING

An automobile in Perak (Federated Malay states) owned by a Chinaman. The East is beginning to demand highly manufactured articles

Costly wars have been waged and provinces desolated for advantages not half so attractive or so real.

So the effort was made to turn this conception into a business fact. For several years before that, the Orient as a market was

THE ORIENT A MARKET FOR AMERICAN PRODUCTS

China imported $8,000,000 worth of American cotton cloth between June, 1908, and June, 1909

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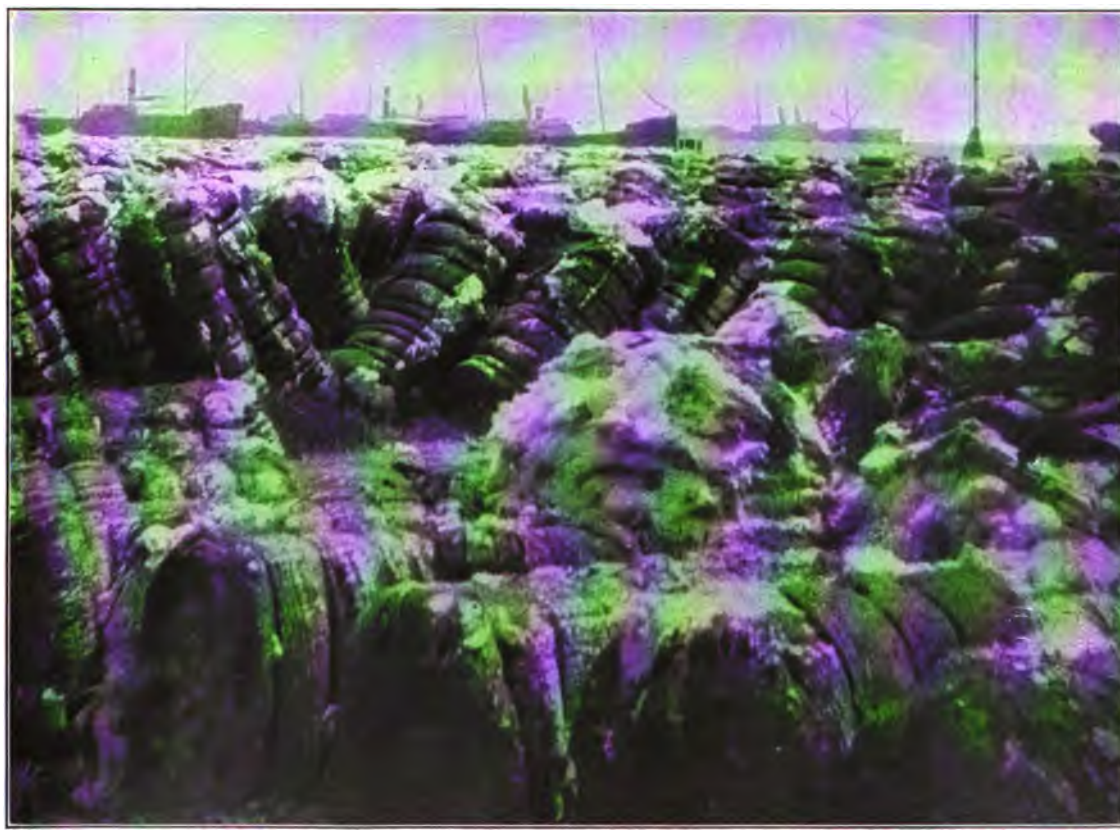
A CIGARETTE STAND OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN COMPANY AT MUKDEN

In the fiscal year ending June, 1909, the United States exported $947,725 worth of cigarettes to China



AMERICAN COTTON IN THE ORIENT

The two big items of our exports to China are cheap cotton-cloth and oil; and to Japan, raw cotton and oil — more the products of our natural resources than of our skill as manufacturers

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JAPANESE, TO WHOM WE MIGHT SELL FOOD

Japan is small, and so thickly populated that it cannot feed its people. Including Hokkaido, with its sparse population, Japan has 317 people per square mile. The picture shows two families at work on their rice fields, which are often no larger than a quarter of an acre

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CHINESE, TO WHOM WE MIGHT SELL CLOTHES

There are more than 400,000,000 people in China proper. Minister Wu once estimated that if his people wore clothes as we do, and every Chinaman should add an inch to his shirt-tail, the increase would consume the cotton crop of the South for one year

carefully and thoroughly studied. At different times agents of the railroads investigated on the ground every trade possibility of the farther shore of the Pacific. They lived among the people, they learned the market, they obtained manifests of every ship leaving for foreign ports, they inquired into economic conditions, they mixed with merchants, they laid the foundation for an intelligent, practical creation of commerce between the Orient and the United States.

CHINA AS AN INDUSTRIAL COMPETITOR

The Han-yang Iron Works across the Yang-tse-Kiang from Hankow, China. The ore comes from Ta-yeh, sixty miles distant, where a German expert estimates there are 100,000,000 tons available. The coal supply of all North China is estimated at 605,000,000 tons. The Han-yang works turn out about 300 steel rails a day

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THE OLD WAY IN MANCHURIA

Chinese carts similar to the Red River carts used in St. Paul in the 'fifties

To build up any large trade with India was found impracticable. The land tax kept the people too poor to buy. The Government could not remit the land tax without destroying its own means of support. And the English grip on the market had accustomed the people to buy from their masters. But reports covering international trade conditions in Japan, China, and the whole coast district of Eastern Asia confirmed the belief that here was a market of immense value and that it might be made ours.

The first steps had to be taken and the whole burden assumed by the railroads. The birth and the growth of our commerce with the Orient would depend absolutely upon a favorable transportation rate. Having to meet the competition of the world, we must sell more

THE NEW WAY IN MANCHURIA

The Mukden-Antung Railway. The locomotive is American and the first car has American trucks and couplers

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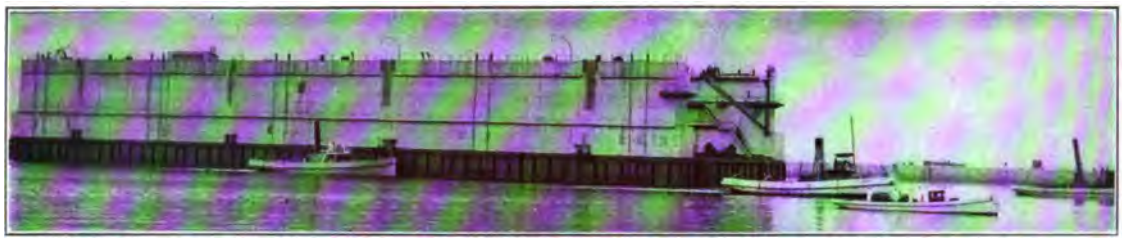

THE INDUSTRIAL AWAKENING IN CHINA

A floating dry-dock at Tsing-tau, where the Germans have begun developments

cheaply and deliver more satisfactorily than the rest of the world. For this, such rates must be named as were unknown in transportation experience up to that time. This was done. The plan by which three great railroad systems, reaching directly the markets in this country most interested in both the imports and the exports of the Orient, should work together for the public benefit was maturing.

The lumber business of the Pacific Coast made possible the naming of a rate that should open to us the closed doors of the trans-Pacific East. The details then worked out have not lost their interest as part of our economic history, although the splendid possibility they revealed has gone.

At the beginning the key to the situation was the lumber rate. There were 400,000,000,000 feet of standing timber on the Pacific Coast. It could not pay the ninety-cent freight rate to the East at that time, when lumber prices were but a fraction of what they are now. The railroads could not afford to haul empty cars west to carry that lumber east. It costs, roughly, $160 to haul a car 2,000 miles across the continent. But they could afford to carry lumber temporarily at a low rate rather than bring cars back empty. And if in this way the lumber business could be developed, it, in

CHINA AS A MANUFACTURING COMPETITOR

A silk-winding establishment. There are about 45 of these in China (including the foreign concessions) and about 20 cotton mills, besides flour and rice mills, which are being built in the large centres

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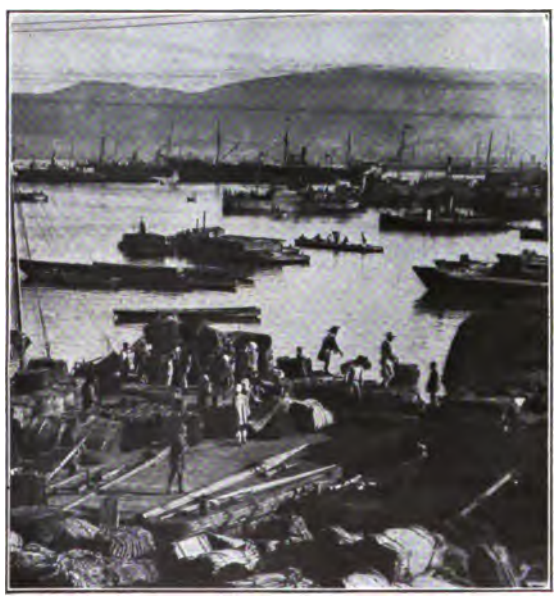
FREIGHT STEAMERS IN THE HARBOR OF YOKOHAMA

The greatest port in Japan. Next after it comes Kobe, Shimonoseki, and Moji

turn, would make possible later a low westbound rate, on which trade with the Orient could be built up.

The lumbermen of the Pacific Northwest said that while the ninety-cent rate shut them out of the Eastern market, they could pay sixty-five cents and do business there. Market conditions at that time seemed, however, to require a rate of not to exceed fifty cents. The railroads offered a forty-cent rate on fir and fifty cents on cedar, and those rates went into effect. In 1900 the state of Washington produced 1,428,205,000 feet of lumber; only six years later its product was 4,305,053,000 feet, with a total value of $62,162,840. In the year 1906 Washington produced 61.5 per cent. of all the shingles produced in the United States. And the average mill value of Douglas fir, the principal lumber product of the Puget Sound forests, rose from $8.67 per thousand feet in 1899 to $14.20 in 1906.

Before the state of Washington had direct



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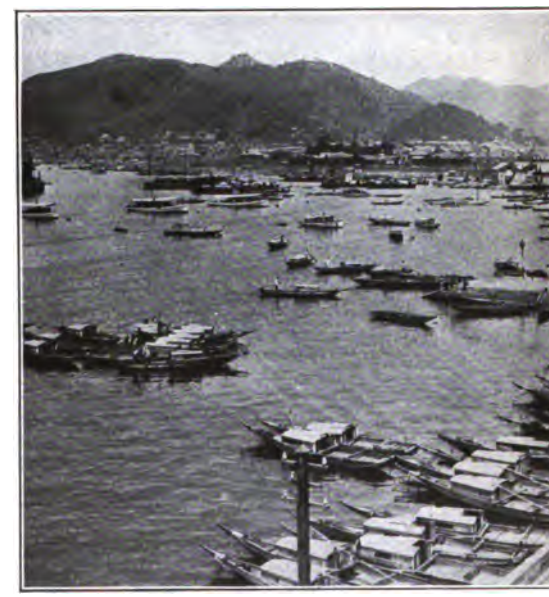
TRADE AT HAKODATE

One of the smaller Japanese ports, on Hokkaido, the most northerly island and the least populous part of the Empire. It has a population of about 60,000



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IN THE HARBOR OF NAGASAKI

On the island of Sa Kiado. It is one of the great ports that Japan has developed. Its shipping amounted to 2,712,052 tons in 1907

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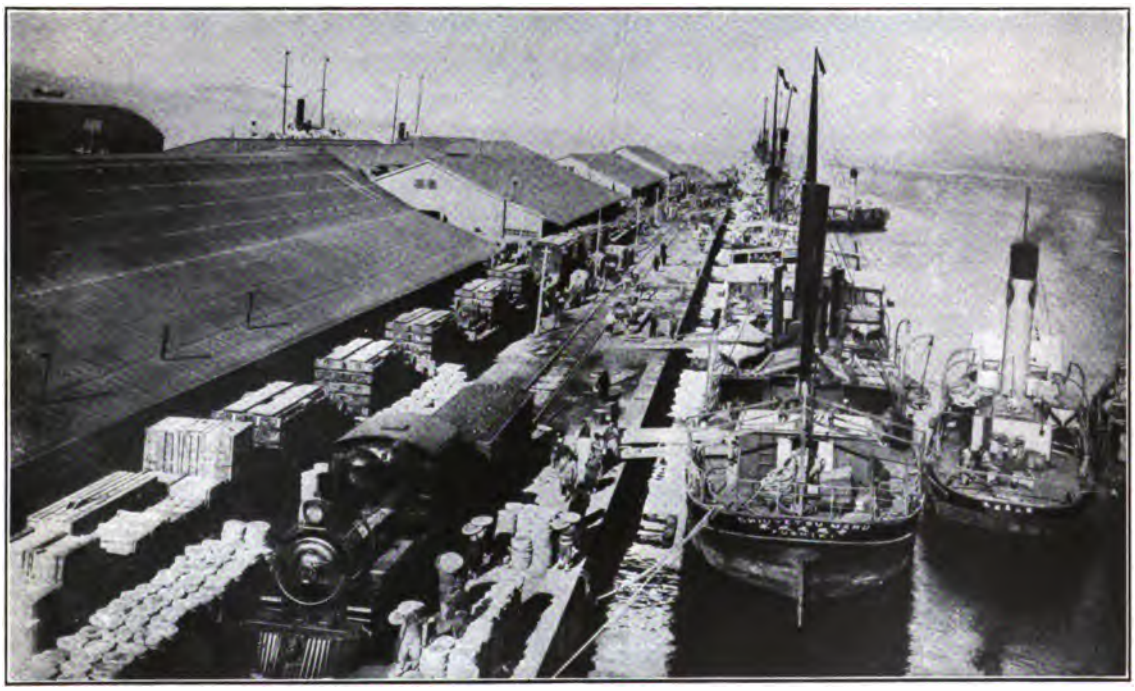
rail connections with the East, one could not give cedar logs away. They used to let them run out into the sea to get rid of them. Because low rates gave value to them, the price has gone up to the present figure. These rates added literally billions of dollars to the North Pacific states. Resources were developed, the people of the interior eastward had a more abundant supply of better lumber at lower prices than ever before, and there was an unprecedented growth of population and prosperity upon the Pacific.

The next and expected result was that the demand for this lumber grew until more cars wedge for the trade of the Orient was driven home. A low rate on cotton took it from the lower Mississippi valley, Alabama and Texas, and carried it 3,000 miles to Seattle for shipment. In one year the number of bales of cotton piece-goods carried to Puget Sound increased from 13,070 to 64,542, and the number of pounds of raw cotton from 13,230,000 to 41,230,000. More and more manufactured articles and other freight took the overland route from the East to the Orient. More and more inroads were made upon the trade of competing countries. More and more staples from all parts of the United States began to



OPENING MANCHURIA TO TRADE — THE DOCKS AT DALNY

of it were coming east than there were cars loaded with freight going west. To equalize the traffic movement again, more westbound tonnage was needed. It was found. Three cars of cotton were sent to Japan as an experiment, the railroads agreeing to take all the risks and bear all the expenses. A delegation from Japan passed through this country on its way to conclude a purchase of steel rails in Europe. The railroads guaranteed that the order would be duplicated at the price in this country. It could be done only by making a freight rate that would get the business; but it was done, and another entering move westward. In nails, wire, machinery and other articles of that sort, a good business was built up in Japan and China.

Of course it all had to be done just as all other markets have been created or conquered since commerce began; that is, by making prices and rates that would beat all competitors. The mills of Minneapolis and those of Seattle and Spokane began to ship flour to Australia and to China and Japan. To make rates low enough for this, and to keep them low, steamships able to carry more cheaply than any steamships had ever done were needed.

In 1896 the Japanese Steamship Company

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put on regular steamers to connect with the Puget Sound terminals. But if the Oriental trade was to expand as it clearly might and should, this arrangement would not answer. The mechanism of transportation must be as complete on sea as it already was on land. Somebody had to build ships that would carry at bottom figures. Most of the ships then on the Pacific were from 2,500 to 7,000 tons. To keep rates low the *Minnesota* and the *Dakota*, the greatest carriers in the world, were built. These were ships of 28,000 tons, constructed as the advance guard of a fleet that should handle commerce as it developed. American trade with the Orient should be wholly under American control. No accident and no foreign power should be able to interfere with the low rate and the adequate service on which its fate must always depend.

AT CANTON — A LIGHTER OF THE PACIFIC MAIL S. S. LINE from San Francisco, which "carries air" half the time owing to the competition of the subsidized Japanese lines

The business increased. The market was opened, the opportunity accepted, our trade with the Orient, no longer a dream, became a splendid fact, as the statistics show. In the ten years between 1893 when the Great Northern reached the coast, and 1903, the exports of the Puget Sound customs district increased from $5,085,958 to $32,410,367, or nearly 540 per cent. In those years our exports to Europe increased 50 per cent., to North America 80 per cent., to South America a little over 30 per cent., and to all Asia over 170 per cent. To Japan alone the increase was from $3,000,000 to $21,000,000, or 600 per cent.; to China, from $4,000,000 to $19,000,000; to Hongkong, from $4,000,000 to $8,000,000; and to the three, from $11,000,000 to $48,000,000, or over 300 per cent. At this rate it seemed that the bulk of the trade of the Orient was ours for the taking.

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LANDING AMERICAN OIL AT CHIFU

In the year ending June, 1909, the Chinese bought from the United States $8,499,270 worth of oil — next to cotton cloth their largest American import

The advantages of such a market are greater than appear upon the surface. Our people are so disproportionately interested in the progress of manufacturing industry that, when new markets are mentioned, they think at once as a rule of places where our manufactures may be sold. But as about three-fourths of our trade with the rest of the world consists of agricultural products and raw materials, additional customers for these are most to be desired. For every new draft upon our surplus of them

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SHANGHAI, AT THE MOUTH OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG the Mississippi of China, navigable for steamers for 1,000 miles. It is the main artery of trade between the interior of the Empire and the coast

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enhances the price, and thus increases the reward of those engaged in adding to the real wealth of the country.

Now a new market including from five hundred millions of people upward was worth considering. We could not export a large range of commodities to the Orient. A people whose labor is so cheap cannot afford many luxuries. Labor is so expensive in the United States that the Germans and the Belgians undersell our manufactured goods. But because this country can produce cotton, grain, iron ore, and coal cheaper than others, there are some things that, with low freight rates, we could lay down in Japan and China for less money than any other country can. If the Chinese should spend only one cent per day per capita, it would amount to $4,000,000 a day, or nearly $1,500,000,000 a year. We could not spare food enough to sell them that much.

Most direct and perceptible was the benefit from opening such a market to the cultivators of the soil in this country; to the men who raise wheat and cotton and such other agricultural products as the Orient might absorb. Every additional bushel of wheat sold abroad tends to raise the price of the whole crop. The law of supply and demand is universal. The price of wheat is governed by it, and fluctuates according to the rise or fall of the visible supply, which is the world's surplus. Cut that down and the price goes up.

Every bushel of wheat, every bale of cotton sold in the East is taken out of the market; is no longer here to compete in our shipments to Liverpool and Antwerp and other European ports. The farmers in New York and Ohio, in North Dakota and Washington must all be benefited; because the surplus is reduced by just so much, and the market price of the

THE HARBOR OF HONGKONG

This British colony in China does almost five times as much business with China as the United States. England does about twice as much, and India almost as much, in spite of the fact that the principal imports into China are particularly American products, such as cotton cloth, oil, and various manufactured articles

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remainder is affected exactly as if that much less had been produced originally. A good authority computed the enhanced price of American wheat on account of actual shipments made to the Orient at from five to seven cents a bushel in this country. On a yield of 650,000,000 bushels this would be a clear gain of at least $32,500,000 in the national wealth; a gain bestowed where it would do most good — in the pockets of the farmers of the country. And the same is true of cotton and of other commodities furnished by us to the Orient.

Such was the opportunity created by the labors of years; such the value to the people of this country of constructive work in the field of Oriental trade. As we have followed the flow of that tide, we are now to watch its ebb. Destruction followed swiftly upon construction. Before considering the causes of the change, it will be well to examine the following table of commercial movements. The two sides of the wave, its advance and retreat, may be traced there mathematically. The figures are from the official publications of the United States:

	EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO		IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED STATES FROM
	JAPAN		
1890	$5,232,643	1890	$21,103,324
1896	7,689,685	1896	25,537,038
1905	51,719,683	1905	51,821,629
1907	38,770,027	1907	68,910,594
1908	41,432,327	1908	68,107,545
	CHINESE EMPIRE		
1890	$2,946,209	1890	$16,260,471
1896	6,921,933	1896	22,023,004
1905	53,453,385	1905	27,884,578
1907	25,704,532	1907	33,436,542
1908	22,343,671	1908	26,020,922
	ALL ASIA		
1890	$19,696,820	1890	$67,506,833
1896	25,630,029	1896	89,592,318
1905	128,504,610	1905	161,982,991
1907	92,703,664	1907	212,475,427
1908	101,784,846	1908	181,167,616
	ALL EUROPE		
1890	$683,735,795	1890	$449,987,266
1896	673,043,753	1896	418,639,121
1905	1,020,972,641	1905	540,773,092
1907	1,298,452,389	1907	747,291,253
1908	1,283,600,155	1908	608,014,147

II

AFTER this development was well under way, the future depended almost entirely upon the attitude of the Government and the people. The railroads and the ships, the customers and the freight, were ready. This country had to give to the Japanese and the Chinese wheat flour so cheap that they would use it instead of rice. It had to compete with the combined enterprise of all the other countries of the world, where production is often much cheaper than it is in the United States. Profits had to be cut to the bone.

The thing could be done; but only if those who were doing it were not hampered in dealing with that distant trade, so different in all its conditions from domestic commerce. From the beginning there were obstacles at home to be overcome, and these grew steadily in number and in difficulty. Results may be found in the preceding table. Our exports to Asia in 1890 were less than 3 per cent. of those to Europe. By 1905 they had risen to over 12 per cent. In the next three years they dropped to less than 8 per cent. It is a sharply defined trade movement.

THE RESTRAINT BY THE GOVERNMENT

A direct restraint was the limitation by law of the rate-making power as applied to foreign trade. Over commerce on the high seas neither Congress nor the Interstate Commerce Commission has any direct authority. But their indirect control can be made complete and decisive. A through rate is made, say, from Chicago to Yokohama. That through rate is the affair of nobody but the transportation system that gives it and the merchant who gets it. Formerly the rate made was such as would get the business; because this was new trade, which it was desired to secure for the producers of the United States; and often to avoid hauling empty cars. If exceptionally low rates had to be given on a line of business or a heavy consignment, to take it away from the British or German or Belgian competitor, they were given.

It was possible to make them because heavy

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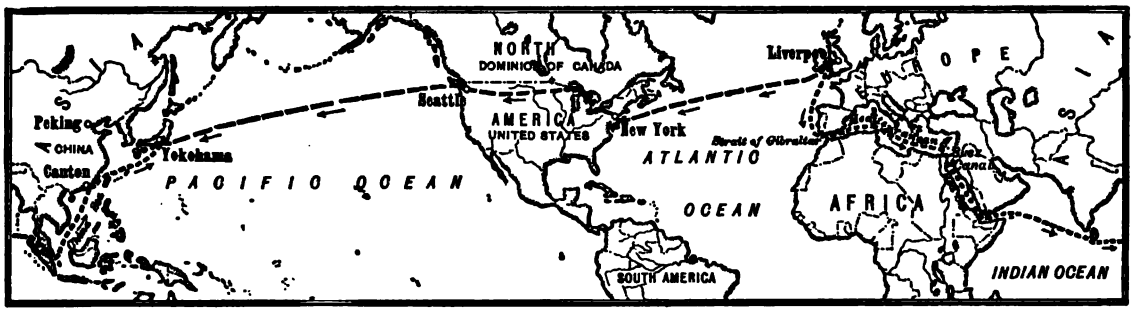

HOW THE UNITED STATES MIGHT HAVE CARRIED THE WORLD'S ORIENTAL TRADE

The route across this country would have given us control of the trade which Europe has fought over since Marco Polo. It had hopes of success against the Suez route until the rate regulation interfered with it

shipments to the Orient usually meant cars loaded to their capacity and an uninterrupted long haul. These conditions are favorable to a low cost of transportation. Then the railroad companies and the steamship company adjusted the matter between them. Each bore its proportion of the sacrifice. Each helped the other to get the business; and all of them helped the country by creating it and keeping it for the country. Whatever may be true of local traffic or against domestic competitors, this method is indispensable against the outside world if we are to compete for foreign trade. For our trade rivals abroad are unhampered.

But the making of low rates to secure foreign business was stopped. It was decided that the portion of a through rate which applies to transportation within this country — that is, the portion covering the distance from the point of origin of foreign-bound freight to its port of shipment — is subject to regulation just the same as commerce wholly within the United States. The railroad and the steamship could no longer act as partners. For the rate to the seaboard must be published, so that everybody could know it. It could not be raised, under the old law, without ten days' notice, or lowered without three. Under the Hepburn Act it can neither be raised nor lowered without thirty days' notice, except by special order of the Interstate Commerce Commission for each case. This is equivalent to a prohibition of any change that will help to get business.

THE GREAT NORTHERN'S COTTON ROUTE TO ASIA

A special rate was made to get this traffic to fill the cars that came East loaded with lumber

SECONDARY CAUSES OF TRADE DECLINE

There are secondary causes contributing materially to impede or impair the growth of our trade with the Orient. The advance in the price of wheat of late years has checked exports. The New York Produce Exchange reports the average price of No. 2 red winter wheat in that market for 1894 as 61.1 cents, and as 96.3 cents in 1907. It has been well above a dollar during 1909, and sold as high as $1.50 in New York after all speculative support of the market had ceased. Where it could once be bought for 50 cents a bushel in the interior of the state of Washington, it now brings a dollar. An advance of 50 per cent., 100 per cent., perhaps 150 per cent., in domestic prices cuts sharply into the export trade. It is especially effective in those markets where, as in China and Japan, earning power and purchasing power are limited by a low wage-scale and a correspondingly forced low cost of subsistence, to which the price of the necessaries of life must conform. Such a change as has occurred in prices makes wheat flour a luxury in many parts of the Orient.

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The American ship-owner is discouraged because he cannot earn a reasonable profit. The American merchant marine alone among the commercial nations of the earth is unsubsidized, yet competes with foreign vessels government-paid under one disguise or another. So far, for some reason, it has been found impossible to give proper Federal encouragement to cargo-carriers — which the people approve and would like to see done — without opening the treasury wide to the demands of concerns operating swift passenger steamers and contributing little or nothing to the growth of foreign trade. This the people properly refuse to sanction. So the actual carriers of our products to the Orient and elsewhere fare like Mother Hubbard's dog.

THE MANY GOVERNMENTAL REQUIREMENTS

Then the American who has put his money into vessels to be sailed under the flag of his country and wishes to help his enterprise by earning the small compensation provided for carrying the United States mails can qualify for this only by having his ships built by the high-priced labor and out of the high-priced materials of this country; officered by American citizens; and on each departure from the home port for the first two years he must prove that one-fourth of his crew are American citizens, for the next three years it must be one-third, and thereafter at least one-half. His competitors may man their vessels with cheap Mongolian labor. He must make lower rates than they and pay higher wages.

The sharpness of such competition is felt especially in the Asiatic trade. As it affects transportation, so it reacts upon the American merchant and the American producer. Not without comprehending the situation has a recent critic of our policies said: "We may build the inter-ocean passage, but unless we turn our eyes to the West and reach out for what waits the trade-seeker there, it will only aid in keeping the supremacy of the Pacific in the hands of the foreigners, and we will maintain it for the benefit of other nations."

These impediments to American enterprise are reinforced by circumstances unfortunately such as to anger and alienate the very people with whom we must enlarge our trade if we do business with the Orient at all. The Chinese and Japanese are proud, ancient, and honorable races. They have played great parts in history. In many respects they are our equals. Chinese residents in the United States have suffered personal indignities, and sometimes loss of life, until the matter became a national scandal.

Without regard to the policy of restricting immigration, it may be said that the enforcement of existing laws on the subject and the suggestion of others have been attended by incidents highly offensive to the two nations commanding practically the entire Oriental trade in which this country can hope to have a considerable share. Resentment has extended in one instance to a practical national boycott for a time upon American goods. Everywhere it has produced antagonism to our people and unwillingness to enlarge any sort of relation to them; a condition so unfavorable to the growth of commerce that it can be overcome only after a lapse of time without repetition of the offense.

All of these causes combined to produce the results shown in the table of trade statistics which is printed on page 12499 of this article and exhibiting trade decline. An even stronger impression of the same fact is gained from a study of the reports of foreign commerce by customs districts, contained in the tables of the Federal bureau of statistics. Our trade with the Orient was formerly done largely through the ports of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and San Francisco. These cover the two trade routes across the Pacific from our Western coast. The first two are included in the customs district of Puget Sound. In 1890 the Oriental trade through that district was a negligible quantity. Our exports from it that year were but $3,326,145. In 1908, with transcontinental service perfected and rail and ocean facilities increased, they had risen to $44,032,767, an increase of 1,223 per cent. The big jump was from $5,805,193 in 1895 to $33,788,821 in 1902, before the Russo-Japanese War and hence free from its stimulating influence.

This marks a period in which Puget Sound itself changed from a wilderness to a great commercial centre. Coming down later, the total exports from that district in 1908 are found to be less than they were in 1906, and substantially the same as in 1905. There has been no growth in these three years. Since our carriers have been handicapped, much of the trade with the Orient has gone to the steamships of other countries, using the Suez route.

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The moral of these figures is reinforced by the record in the same time of the import business, measuring our purchases from the Orient. The imports into the Puget Sound customs district in 1890 were only $305,289, while in 1908 they had grown to $22,208,814, an increase of 7,174 per cent. The increase in imports in these eighteen years is nearly six times as great as the increase in exports. At San Francisco, where there has been no such sudden local development and no advantage of a short ocean route, the figures are in another way even more significant. Our total exports from that port in 1890 were nearly $37,000,000, and in 1908 only $28,000,000; a falling off of about 25 per cent. Our total imports through San Francisco were just half a million dollars less, in a total of over $48,000,000, in 1908 than they were in 1890. After eighteen years we are only marking time.

JAPAN PROFITING BY OUR MISTAKE

This check or setback occurred at a time when enlargement would have been greatest had trade been permitted to flow freely. These are the years when the Orient has called most liberally upon the outside world. The awakening so long foretold is here. Japan, since her successful war with Russia, has taken her place among the great nations of the world. She has organized her industry with the same scientific attention to details that she gave to her military operations. She has her own shipyards, in which her ocean carriers are built. She has her own factories, in which almost every manufactured commodity obtained heretofore from Europe or the United States is made by her own artisans, working for wages that would not be accepted here. She is preparing and hoping to dominate the Oriental markets and to invade those of the rest of the world.

THE CHINESE AWAKENING

Following her example, the Chinese empire has rubbed her sleepy eyes, and a similar transformation is going on there. The great productive fields of Manchuria are like our own in many respects. A German expert says that the iron ore deposits of the Tayeh district, sixty miles from Hankow, average from 58 to 68 per cent. and contain more than 100,000,000 tons of available ore. Twenty miles away there is good coking coal. He thinks that the total ore supply of China is not much less than that of the United States. The coal supply of North China is estimated at 605,000,000,000 tons.

All these resources are in the possession of a people who believe that they should be enjoyed according to the law of conservation rather than under the rule of waste. All are to be developed under initiative not only caught from Japan but learned in these years of humiliation and disaster from the nations that have scorned China and done with her as they pleased.

The Chinese are one of the strongest races in the world; intelligent, industrious, frugal, and brave. They have several thousand years of history behind them. Both China and Japan have inventive as well as imitative ability. Gunpowder and the mariner's compass were ancient in China when the white race thought it had discovered them. Such men, endowed with such resources as are still untouched in the Orient, working under a wage scale with which the Western world cannot possibly compete, not only do not promise to furnish us with a profitable future market for manufactures, but they will eventually become competitors such as we have never had to meet.

THE ORIENT AS AN INDUSTRIAL COMPETITOR

The markets of Europe, our own markets, may, not long hence, be full of goods made in the Orient, for sale at prices so low that no tariff endurable by our own people would keep them out. Then we will begin to study the Oriental trade problem from the other end; perhaps with a humbler and more disciplined mind.

For the present we can sell some flour in China and Japan, until the Manchurian uplands shall be turned into wheat fields. Then China can grow wheat at a cost of seventy cents a bushel in silver, which is about equal to thirty cents in gold in this country. They can do as well in other industries, as soon as their resources are developed; and upon this every effort is being concentrated.

We sell them considerable raw cotton, which is taken and mixed with the Indian fibre to make a smoother and better fabric than they get from outside. At the present rate of growth in cotton manufacturing in the Orient, and with wages in China at from ten to twenty cents a day, the Far East will presently clothe itself and begin to think of entering the high-priced markets of the West in its turn. We have only

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wheat, flour, lumber, raw cotton, some cotton goods, and certain lines of iron manufactures and machinery to sell across the Pacific.

The trade in these, owing to the facts set forth in this article, has not been extended or made permanent. It was experimental. It is still hand-to-mouth and of uncertain future. There was much activity during and after the war with Russia, but it has slackened. Our export of flour to all the countries of Asia in 1908 was less than in 1904, and very little greater than in 1903. It has grown 27 per cent. in seven years. The eyes of the Orient are fixed not on the United States but on the whole world. They are the eyes of men who have suffered, have learned, have become conscious of their own powers and propose to make the future recompense them for the past.

Of one other factor in the situation, perhaps as dangerous as any, our country remains strangely unconscious. Probably only the few persons actually engaged in attempts to compete with Oriental industry understand the effect of the difference in the exchanges between two countries having different monetary standards in value or in use or in both. It makes the Orient a sharp competitor.

A LITTLE-KNOWN CHINESE MENACE

As soon as capital is supplied to develop her native resources, she will furnish her own raw materials for manufacture, buying them in her own markets on the silver basis and selling them abroad on the gold basis. This will enable her, as long as her own people are content to accept these low silver prices for material and labor, to cut our prices in two. Bar silver sells at about fifty-two cents per ounce in New York. On this basis the silver in a dollar is worth about forty-five cents. The Chinese manufacturer who can pay his workmen their low wage with silver worth its face, and sell his product for gold that is convertible into silver at twice its face, has an advantage which we cannot ignore or escape.

Twenty years ago Japan felt for us something of the fine loyalty, the reverence that admires without analyzing which the bright boy feels toward an elder brother. At an even later date China regarded us as the least uncivilized of the nations that looted her ancient capital and despoiled her immemorial temples for the decoration of modern drawing-rooms. In both we might have laid the foundations of a future commercial connection so deep and sure that they could not be disturbed. To-day the favoring moment has passed. To-day the instruments by which that trade must be done are either broken or impaired, while much of the trade itself has gone elsewhere, and more is being destroyed by the rise of native industries to which both offended race-feeling and the economic incentive give impetus.

To-day the United States is in the Orient where it is in all the other markets of the earth: face to face with a world-wide competition, with an interest growing but slowly or actually declining, with a high cost of production and with the prospect that its customers are only waiting the time, near at hand, when they can become its competitors. The situation is more momentous for this than for any other country, because control of the Pacific touches our future and unites our fortunes with those of the other nations that live upon its shores.

WHAT WE CAN AND SHOULD DO NOW

The outlook is not hopeless, but it is not encouraging. The country needs to rid itself of the illusion that its Oriental trade is to be one of the big elements in its future prosperity—a conception still lingering grotesquely in many minds, along with the idea that we are powerful competitors of other nations in the world's markets for manufactured goods—and settle down to saving such of it as can be saved. There are still possibilities if all the transportation forces, all the people, the Federal Government, and the laws should unite to protect, to encourage this traffic, and to liberate it from the bondage against which it has almost ceased to struggle.

The constructive and the destructive epochs in the life of this portion of our foreign commerce are as interesting and as instructive as many volumes of political history or political economy. If there should come a keener vision to our people and their leaders, out of mistake and failure there might yet, perhaps, be wrought something of moment to the future of our nation and its destiny on land and sea.

[Mr. Hill's next article deals with one of the fundamental problems which vex the public mind—how to control the great combinations of capital. Mr. Hill shows the futility of trying to maintain an artificial competition where the economics of the situation favors combination; he discusses the cost of competition and explains the benefits and evils of consolidation.]

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MY BUSINESS LIFE

II

A FACTORY WITHOUT STRIFE—A TOWN WITHOUT CRIME—A BUSINESS THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS TO STOCKHOLDERS, WORKERS, AND CUSTOMERS

BY

N. O. NELSON

FOLLOWING the restoration of prosperity in 1879, prices and the cost of living rose faster than wages. Labor was in demand, unions started up, and strikes were frequent and violent. By 1886 the Knights of Labor were full of the enthusiasm of conquest; they were fighting for supremacy; united labor was to rule the world. Terrence Powderly was the Plumed Knight; Martin Irons was his lieutenant in the railroad world. Since the wild-fire strike of 1877, when riot and destruction swept from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, the Knights had pushed their membership up into the millions, and believed themselves invincible.

When four men were discharged from the railroad shops of the Gould system, a general strike was summarily ordered. Traffic stopped; more than half the railroads serving the trade territory of St. Louis stood idle. Martin Irons was in the saddle: in picturesque orders, he announced that no locomotive would leave its stable until the four men were reinstated and none but Knights employed on the Gould road.

A little old man, crippled and sick, directed the Gould roads from a room in the Equitable Building in St. Louis. He was Napoleonic in looks and temper. Iron's pronunciamentoes were met by H. M. Hoxie's orders that the roads would run and the men would work as he directed, or not at all. He was responsible to the owners and to the public, and divided authority had no standing in his office.

When the strike was beginning to weaken, a delegation called on Mr. Hoxie and he let them stand. There was no diplomatic invitation to seats. As the strike dragged on and trade was falling off and factories were closing and the public was loudly impatient, a committee of three respectables, of which I was one, was appointed by a citizens' meeting. We reported our credentials and business to Mr. Hoxie, with a request for an appointment. The answer came that he could not confer on the subject.

Here was food for reflection — capital and labor at war, the public hungry and helpless, an irresistible body ramming an immovable body, the business world approving Mr. Hoxie's defense against anarchy, the wage-labor world backing Mr. Irons and Mr. Powderly as the heroic knights defending men against the tyranny of capital. How much sheer buncombe and class pride there was in both of these claims I did not then know so well as I do now, after twenty-three years of additional history.

But the conclusion was unavoidable that there was in the employment system an irresistible conflict between the position of Hoxie on the one hand and Irons on the other. I knew that corporation capital and authoritative management to direct it were necessary. I believed that the mass of wage-earners would not get living wages without organization and committees to negotiate, and without strikes as the final argument.

We had the capitalist system, and I knew that it would stay — not forever, but for all of my time. Labor organizations, demands, and strikes had always been and were going to be. The conflict of interest was inherent in the hiring system; clashes were inevitable.

About this time, in Sedley Taylor's book on profit-sharing, I came across an account of two Frenchmen owning successful businesses; they had taken their employees into partnership, first in the profits and then in the ownership and control. The first of these was Edmond Leclaire, a house-painter in Paris, who had introduced profit-sharing in 1840. He retired in 1870, and the business has ever since been owned by the workmen. In 1904,

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the pay-roll numbered 1,500 men. M. Godin, an iron founder of Guise, France, had adopted the plan about 1870, and at the time I am writing of it was working successfully. It has immensely increased since. These concerns were half a century old; they had survived revolutions and business upheavals; they were large and prosperous. Profit-sharing had apparently made them more prosperous; they had tested and proved the theory. It seemed to me a rational method of creating a mutual interest, retaining expert management, approximating justice, and preserving peace. Yet I did not conceive it to be an easily applied panacea, for I had seen a wave of coöperation as a protest against capitalism sweep over the country like a cyclone, leaving only wreckage behind. Evidently, good management was as necessary in coöperation as under capitalism.

PROFIT-SHARING WITH EMPLOYEES

However, I decided to adopt it. In March, 1886, I put into the pay envelopes of the 200 employees a printed slip, reading as follows:

"Beginning with January 1st, this year, we propose to divide the profits made in our business upon the following basis:

"After allowing 7 per cent. interest on actual capital invested, the remainder will be divided equally upon the total amount of wages paid and capital employed. Each employee will get his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him for the year.

"This will apply to persons who have served the company six months or over within the year, and who have not been discharged for good cause."

A month later, I called the employees together and restated the plan. It was so simple that little explanation was necessary.

There were no pyrotechnics, no excitement, no suspicion. I neither knew nor cared how much weight the men attached to it. I made no estimate of increased profits from more or better work. The newspapers took notice and the writers formulated results — mostly good ones. My business friends prophesied indifference and interference.

We had none of the sensational incidents which we read about in other cases. It is told of Leclaire that when he announced his plan, the men freely expressed their incredulity, but when at the end of the year he dramatically threw a bag of $4,300 in coin on the table as the men's share, they stood amazed and converted. M. Leclaire, being sensible enough to be a successful contractor, presumably did nothing so silly, nor were the workmen so childish as to think that their employer was trifling with them when he had nothing to gain and his reputation to lose.

Some orthodox business men said that it was foolish to give away money. Some labor theorists said that if the men earned it, raise their wages; if they did not earn it, it was charity and was not wanted. But this was talk; it gave me no concern. The social theorists said all men would want to work for us, that none would quit. They also were mistaken; they were talking about straw-men. I was discreetly non-committal in my expectation, and, therefore, not disappointed.

Affairs went on as before, perhaps better. What difference or improvement resulted I never tried to make out. No one can tell in practice how much of the dividend is made good by better work. You cannot measure a slight change by looking at the bookkeeper or salesman or machinist at work, nor can he suddenly change his speed or attention. You cannot tell by the year's profits, because other elements enter into them; you cannot tell by men's words, because they don't talk; and if called out by asking, politeness is a screen in business as well as in society. You may reason that self-interest will impel men to work with more industry and care when the gain is partly their own. But you are in danger of over-estimating the promptness of this influence. The influence has to make itself felt in minds schooled to opposition. By tradition and inoculation, sometimes by experience, the employer is looked on as the enemy. Shall his victims be cajoled into more work because he parades as a friend? This attitude is persistently fostered alike by Union and Socialist leaders. When we remember the disparity between the work and income of the proprietor and that of the worker, the wide gulf between them, the class attitude and suspicion should give us no wonder.

Up to the panic year, 1893, the dividends on wages were from 8 to 10 per cent.; through the following years of depression they were five, four, and nothing. On the restoration of good times, a dividend of 4 per cent. was paid on all the suspended years. Contrary to the fears of the critics and friends, no employee had at any time criticised, interfered, or complained of the size or cessation of dividend.

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Beginning with 1889, the dividends were paid only in stock. When an employee severed his connection, we cashed his stock — until I found that men were quitting in order to get the cash. I then stopped cashing it, except in cases of need or permanent departure.

During the panic of 1893, money was scarce and customers slow. We could continue running the factories full, if we could be liberal in waiting for payment. I laid the case before a meeting of the employees and suggested a cut in wages of 25 per cent., which would be refunded when future profits justified. The meeting approved the proposal unanimously. Four months later, the full rate was restored and the reduction made good.

In 1894, the proportion allowed to wages was doubled.

On December 1, 1904, the plan was further changed to its present terms. The customers were taken into the scheme. Capital other than mine was to have 6 per cent. interest, but no further part in the profit. The dividend to employees was based on the wages earned within the year, counting all who were employed at the close of the year, regardless of length of service. We have no season force; there are as many at one time as another.

PROFIT-SHARING WITH CUSTOMERS

The dividend to customers is based on the gross profit, the difference between first cost and selling price. Some goods command a much larger profit than others. Basing the dividend on sales would, in a large proportion of the goods, reduce them below cost. The gross profit is figured on each item, footed for each bill, and posted to the customer's account. The customer's dividend is thereby based on his contribution to the aggregate profit. To this gross profit account is added 50 per cent., and on this amount, combined with the wages fund, an equal dividend is declared and paid in stock. Or, stated another way, the customer receives one and a half times the rate of dividend allowed capital, and the employee double the rate on his wages.

In the last four years, the dividends on wages have been successively 15, 25, 30, and 20 per cent.; and on gross profits, 25, 40, 45, and 30 per cent.

For convenience sake, we exclude customers who have bought less than $100 during the year; and governments, railroads, and wholesale houses which have bought at a reduction in prices equaling the dividend. The following table shows the movement for three complete years under the present plan, and the year preceding:

A COMPARISON OF FOUR YEARS

	Before the customers were taken into the profit-sharing plan	*After the customers were taken into the profit-sharing plan*		
	1904	1905	1906	1907
Sales	$1,622,725	$2,007,341	$2,353,981	$3,116,387
Expenses, Interest and Losses	181,633	188,317	214,824	219,914
Net Profits	135,398	156,854	230,506	357,519
Dividend on Employees' Wages	(50% for a period of years.	15%	25%	30%
Dividend on Customers' Gross Profit	(Not begun.)	25%	45%	45%
Factory Production and House Construction	737,967	919,688	1,033,812	1,418,003

Thus the sales and the manufacturing practically doubled in three years; the net profits increased 160 per cent.; the expense rate fell from above 11 per cent. to 7 per cent.; and the rate of net profit rose from 8 per cent. to 11½ per cent.

In the twenty-three years no change has come in my original confidence in the plan, nor in my opinion of the irrepressible conflict between private capital and hired labor. The conviction has grown upon me that the captain of industry having the direction of capital is a public functionary charged with social as well as financial responsibility; that he has no exclusive right to a monopoly of his ability nor to the property that he creates. Allowing for the process of education necessary to bring men who are bred to fighting for wages and conditions into an appreciation of profit and ownership and self-employment, the employees have responded as well as I expected.

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Enthusiastic but inexperienced admirers have assumed that the system would make every employee satisfied and happy; that it would eliminate strikes; that every one would voluntarily do his utmost to increase the profits, and that it would relieve me of care and anxiety. No such roseate results are to be expected from any class when self-interest or class interests are affected.

We have had strikes, but only in obedience to national union rules or district union demands, in which some portion of our force were under obligation or influence to join. On two occasions it was the union rule limiting the number of apprentices to one for every eight journeymen.

About the time that I started profit-sharing, there was a renewed interest in labor questions and much writing on the subject. Professor N. P. Gilman published an excellent history of "Profit-sharing Between Employer and Employed." General Francis A. Walker, author of a good text-book on Political Economy, wrote much in support of profit-sharing and coöperation. Reverend Edward Everett Hale, for whose name and work any praise is inadequate, wrote "Back to Back," and "How They Lived at Hampton," showing that a partnership between capital-management and labor could benefit all. Bemis, Ely, Wright, and other economic professors wrote on the subject. The air was full of it. The Granger rage for coöperative stores "to beat the robber middle-man" had died out, but profit-sharing became popular and I had many imitators.

Professor Gilman called a meeting in New York to form a profit-sharing association and propaganda. Of those present I remember Professor Gilman, Alfred Dolge, one of the Cuttings, President Calloway of the "Clover Leaf" railroad, and General Walker. There was not enough material for an association, and no other meeting was called.

From that time to this, many profit-sharing experiments have been made, some lasting only a trial year, some still continuing. Among the oldest and largest is that of Proctor & Gamble, of Ivorydale, near Cincinnati; and among the recent ones, that of the Crane Company, of Chicago. The United States Steel Company has a plan of selling stock on easy terms to employees; and while there is merit in the plan, it is not profit-sharing. Genuine and practical profit-sharing must be a division with labor, not capital; it must rest on wages and not on investment. Employees will not deprive themselves of spending money, much less tie it up in permanent investments. They can learn to work more loyally when they know that it benefits them; they can become interested in owning stock which pays them a cash dividend and which increases each year. As provision for old age or disability, they can come to understand the good-will and good sense in a genuine partnership between capital management and labor. This is profit-sharing, and nothing less is.

PROFIT-SHARING SUCCESSFUL IN EUROPE

Several trips that I took abroad during this period increased my knowledge of and belief in coöperation. In 1886, I took my family to Europe and visited Godin's extensive profit-sharing iron works and Familistere at Guise, France. This was an assuring object lesson. Everything about the life of the 1,200 employees was provided for — well-built and well-kept living quarters, day nursery, kindergarten, school, store, park, pension for old age and sickness, and a growing ownership in the works. The capital and control has long since passed entirely into the hands of the employees, of which there are now 1,800.

I went again in 1888, and formed the acquaintance of a few of the English coöperators and of Charles Robert, the head and front of profit-sharing in France. From that time I became fully alive to the coöperative movement, read its literature, and corresponded with its exponents. They took a kindly interest in my New World experiment, and gave me every encouragement.

In 1895 there was called in London a meeting of delegates from coöperative and profit-sharing associations the world over, with the aim of forming an international alliance, and I went. It proved entirely successful; there was a full attendance; the permanent chairman was Earl Grey, now Governor-General of Canada, then fresh from the Governorship of South Africa. An alliance was formed, which has since met biennially and has done much to keep coöperation on the right lines and spread it to the corners of the earth. One of its results is that there are now "wholesale societies" in eleven countries, counting our own, and these have recently formed an alliance for joint foreign buying and interchange trade.

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At that meeting I made the acquaintance of several of the original coöperators, those who took an active part in the earliest beginning, and had been continuously in service. Most prominent of these were George Jacob Holyoake and John Malcolm Ludlow. They belonged to the Old-Guard Intellectuals, who served the cause with life-long devotion. Frederick Denison Maurice died early; Canon Kingsley fell out of line; but Judge Thomas Hughes (who wrote "Tom Brown at Rugby"), E. Van Sittart Neale, Ludlow, and Holyoake lived to see their favorite child grown to lusty manhood. Ludlow alone remains, living quietly in Kensington, London. Being a barrister, he attended to getting acts passed to suit the new plan of business, and he became Registrar of the Friendly Societies Bureau. I hear from him occasionally. Holyoake was preëminently the Grand Old Man of coöperation. He died in 1906, in his eighty-ninth year, venerated and mourned by the British nation and by coöperators everywhere. Holyoake was the historian of the movement. He and I had corresponded long before the international meeting, and he received me most cordially. He was then seventy-eight, frail in body, but vigorous and alert in mind. His voice had always been peculiarly light, and was now piping but penetrating. He was preëminently the leading spirit in formulating the policy of the meeting, ably supported by Earl Grey, Edward Owen Greening, Greenwood, and Secretary Gray. Holyoake sent me his new books, warmly inscribed, and a large signed portrait. Shortly before his death, he declared that of all the reforms he had fostered, coöperation was by far the most important.

FOUNDING A COÖPERATIVE VILLAGE

After I had got well into profit-sharing and had looked into the faces at our annual meetings, it began to dawn on me that homes and social facilities were more important than dividends and stock. I had long known the slums. I had carried tens of thousands of withered babies and children and mothers on the fresh-air boat excursions. I knew how hopeless was the task of raising the living conditions of the city majority. I knew how unorganized the employees were for social intercourse. I conducted lecture courses and made a library and game room in our large office, but it was an imposition and not a favor to ask men to come a long way to an indoor evening. It looked foolish to be so well organized for working and entirely unorganized for living. It looked sensible and practicable to combine business and living with all the modern conveniences. The idea was compelling; the country with plenty of room and air was a heritage; the city was an incubus. To me it was clear, but I called the employees together and asked if they wanted it. They were unanimous for it, but it was like voting — a cheap and thoughtless concurrence.

Then I looked around the suburbs of St. Louis for land; I inspected many tracts in Missouri and in Illinois. One suitable tract ten miles from St. Louis I offered to buy, but a stiff price was held out for, because the neighbors were averse to a "factory town"; and I do not blame them, as factory towns go. I looked about New England at pleasing towns and villages, Dr. Hale going with me on one of these tours.

At last a tract of 125 acres of rich, high, gently rolling land, adjoining Edwardsville, Ill., eighteen miles from St. Louis, was offered by the people of Edwardsville, and I took it.

I named it Leclaire, in honor of the pioneer French profit-sharer, and because the name was short, sweet, and euphonious. It was second choice — Holyoake, after the Grand Old Man of coöperation, being first, but there was already more than one Holyoke in Illinois. Hale would have come next, except that the name differs from its distinguished owner in being only four letters long, while he was six feet four, or thereabouts.

In June, 1890, we took an excursion train out to view the foundations for the factories and club-house. The whole 125 acres was in good wheat, because it is good land. We insisted on the best land and natural facilities. We got also the best of railroad facilities. President Calloway, of the Clover Leaf Route, gave me everything that I asked for. He believed in the idea, and said lots of good things about Leclaire afterward.

Very soon after the village was started he brought his directors to visit Leclaire. Among them were Colonel Robert Ingersoll, Mr. Armour, and Mr. Havemeyer. They all took great interest in the "free and equal" little burgh, and it led to a close personal acquaintance with Mr. Calloway and Colonel Ingersoll. Even after he became president of the New York Central, Mr. Calloway continued his interest in Leclaire, and we met often.

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The Clover Leaf railroad has passed through two receivers' hands and has had different owners, but they have all respected the extremely favorable agreement then made, and they have all shown a hearty interest in Leclaire and its plan. I have always found railroad owners and managers fair and liberal, if you give them a chance. I always find better results from offering inducements than from making demands. When General Manager Houlahan came along, with a wit as Irish as his name, we found that we had both helped construct the Burlington system — he as water-boy and I with our farm team on the grading.

At Leclaire we started at one and the same time the factory buildings, the club-house, the bowling alley, the baseball grounds, and a few houses to live in.

We made the factories within and without as commodious, healthy, and attractive as we knew how, for men and boys spend most of their lives in and about them. What the home is to the family the shop is to the bread-winner. Its good condition and appearance are educational, economical, and pleasurable.

A FACTORY WITHOUT LABOR CONFLICTS

The Leclaire factories have never shut down. They are of brick, substantial, vine-clad, well lighted, on the best models, and equipped with automatic sprinklers and the highest standard of fire protection. Insurance costs us eight cents per hundred dollars, and we are free from any danger of interruption of work by fire.

We have always favored shorter working days, not, however, under the delusion that eight hours will produce as much as ten, or that shorter days will not raise the cost of living, other things being equal. In 1886 an effort was made by the brass-workers throughout the country to cut the ten-hour day to eight. To encourage the movement, and before any demand was made, we adopted the eight-hour day. At the end of four months it was evident that the movement had failed, and by the free concurrence of our force we went back to ten. Later we again reduced the hours to eight, but few other factories followed our example.

In 1903 we adopted a nine-hour day in all our factories — except in one which does piece-work — and though a large portion of competing manufacturers work ten, we shall never lengthen, but rather shorten the day. As the output and profit now affect only the profit-sharers and not the capital, we shall in due time leave it to the men to say whether they want shorter days and greater speed or less income.

I encouraged our marble workers to organize a union and join the new National Union. Marble workers in some places were underpaid. I wanted them all up to our standard. I gave the time to one of our men to go off as an organizer. After a little, their union rule of one apprentice to eight journeymen was brought up; I said: "No, our boys must learn a trade; the union is not fit authority to decide who shall learn a trade or who may work." They struck, and the shop stood idle. We sat around on the grass and talked about it and the weather. I told them that Leclaire was made to give everybody a first-class chance to work. The sons of the Leclairites must have a full show. At the end of two weeks the men went back to work, and there were no hard feelings.

I once offered to turn over one of the departments to the men employed in it, to manage for themselves and have all of the profits. There happened to be a new man in the engine-room. He was an ardent unionist; he knew nothing about Leclaire or coöperation or me. He got up an agitation against the programme, incited a strike, and I immediately called it off. I am for peace and for freedom all the time.

When we moved the first factory to Leclaire, many of the men dropped out, and others came back after a short trial. There was the newness of everything, the family ties and the city attractions to call them back. It took time to overcome these social habits and ties, but they have been entirely outgrown.

GIVING THE WORKINGMAN A CHANCE

People are naturally good and tasteful if they have a chance. Two things water-log people — apartness and dependence. When a man's nearest neighbor is ten miles away, or half a mile away, he does not feel much pride in his surroundings. If he rents a house or a farm from somebody else, he feels like an alien. No man will fight for his boarding-house or improve his rented farm or house. It was an uphill job to get the men to understand that there was no boss in Leclaire. It dawned on them by degrees that when they had paid a week's or a month's instalment on their home, it was theirs — their own castle. No king or boss could touch them, or wanted to.

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We have had our little backsets, but they are only fly-specks. The workmen didn't want homes as much as I had guessed. They were used to renting; they were afraid of a boss; they wanted to spend all of their money. A half-dozen took hold at once; little by little others came around; last year we were called upon to build for twenty-eight. Few, if any, home-takers ever had money to pay in advance on their homes. They were apparently dead broke. But no one has ever defaulted in his payments, barring an occasional month or two on account of sickness.

They have planted flowers, and they cut their grass. Few of them had ever before planted anything, or had a yard or owned a house. But they wanted to have their place as neat and pretty as their neighbors'; the social spirit infected them. If this did not always break out at once, we gave it time. It was surer than vaccination. The women and children did it mostly; they have made Leclaire beautiful. Every visitor in these eighteen years from all parts of the world has remarked on how well everybody's place is kept. The company keeps the public grounds; the people keep their own. There has never been any conflict, but full harmony between the two.

A HARMONIOUS, WORKING DEMOCRACY

The people got what they wanted; they have paid for it without a murmur; the largest families on laborers' wages have paid as regularly and apparently have lived as well as any. We do not select; we have all occupations — laborers, mechanics, clerks, and miners. We have nearly all nationalities, some of them recent immigrants. We have the illiterate and the highly educated; the man with laborer's day-wage and the highly paid mechanic and salaried man; and we have every religion and sect, and some with no religion. If a man applies for a lot, we sell it to him, and let him build for himself. If he is an employee, we build for him upon agreed monthly or weekly payments. We draw no lines; if in social finish or in morals he is thought to be below our level, it is our opportunity to give him the chance to learn. We do not, therefore, start with superior material; we exercise no repression or guardianship; and yet we have no crime, no disorderly conduct; but, on the contrary, superior behavior.

Leclaire has grown to be a town of six hundred without any town government. The Nelson Company, as the representative of all, does the public work and charges it to general expense — a single-tax on the profits. Whenever the people prefer to have a town organization, they can incorporate, go into politics, and pay their own expenses. I have never heard of a suggestion to incorporate. The people are free, the company is theirs; it can attend to the public affairs more economically and thoroughly than any other body.

The cities and towns of this country average forty arrests in a year per thousand inhabitants. By this average, Leclaire should have had about 240 arrests. It has had none. This remarkable exemption means something very important. I do not know of any other social phenomenon of so great significance. It must be accounted for, and it can be. It is not due to exceptional people, by selection or occupation or nationality or education or income or religion.

The explanation clearly lies in the commonplace factors which prevail in Leclaire, but not in other towns: steady employment at congenial work, a sufficient living income, a home on the land, attractive surroundings, social opportunities and attachments, relative equality, no saloons, no restrictions or force, partnership in the factory. Under these circumstances is there any reason to expect any one to assault or rob or disturb the neighbors he lives and works with, whose sons and daughters are the friends and associates of his own? The results seem to me to be the legitimate offspring from the conditions.

COÖPERATION GOOD FOR CITIES ALSO

It is no far stretch to believe that the same conditions on a large scale would have the same consequences. Multiply zero by a hundred, and it is zero still. I am averse to big things, big crowds, big cities. I would not have Leclaire grow to ten times its present size, unless it were to test and prove the theory. I think that it would still need no rules, no policemen, no prison.

Some of Leclaire's six or seven hundred inhabitants are Edwardsville merchants, some retired farmers, some railroad people and some coal miners. Everybody is welcome on equal terms. All of the Nelson Company employees do not live in Leclaire. They do not have to. Many of them were brought up in Edwardsville, adjoining. Some have preferred to locate

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outside of Leclaire. There is no rule about who may or may not live in Leclaire.

There is a tradition that young people dislike the country and long for the city life and lights. It is not so in Leclaire. But two of our grown-up boys have gone away, and these with social regret. None of the girls have gone. Neither young people nor old people will prefer the cities when the conditions are right in the country.

Along with the main principles of coöperation we have tried many accessory schemes in Leclaire. Some have worked; others have not. We once had a school or college in which the pupils were to get an education and at the same time learn a trade. They worked half of the day and studied half of the day. They could continue this programme as long as they wanted to — as long as they lived — a good plan for a lifetime. The majority of the pupils came from a distance. To the surprise of the faculty and myself, we found that with practically no exception they came to get an education in order to get rid of work. As this was exactly what we wanted to prevent, and as there are plenty of institutions for that purpose, we gave it up.

I do not doubt that the practical educator who knows just how could in time so interest boys that they would want both learning and a trade, and follow the trade. Oddly enough, the several educators whom I attempted to engage, while enamored of the plan, always projected an academic course leading to intellectual vocations. I am persuaded that industrialism and agriculture should be introduced into the elementary and high schools, and the school years lengthened in order that all of the youth shall become efficient in their future vocation, individually and socially. The hand, the head, and the heart must be educated together.

Leclaire has a coöperative store owned by members living in Leclaire and Edwardsville. The shares are $25, which can be paid in cash or by the dividends received on purchases. A member holds only one share; he has a vote whether he has paid in part or in full. He receives 6 per cent. per annum on the amount paid up, and he receives his share of the profit in proportion to his trade. Non-members are free to trade, and they receive half dividend. The dividends on purchases are usually 6 or 8 per cent., and are paid quarterly. Some amount is first taken out for reserve. Buying is all for cash, and the selling is for cash, except that some deliveries are unpaid until the next call. There is never exceeding one week's sales outstanding. There are 130 stockholders, and sales of about $22,000 a year. This store is on the standard Rochdale coöperative plan in its entirety, a rare thing to find among the hundreds in the United States. Debts, credit, no dividend to non-members, high interest, and low dividends are their besetting sins.

LECLAIRE MAKES ITS OWN FUN

We believe in amusement and recreation, and therefore made at the start baseball grounds, a bowling alley, a club room; and the next year a rowing, fishing, and skating lake. They have all been "wanted." Whenever we introduce anything into Leclaire that we find is not wanted, we drop it.

Our baseball team has visiting nines from the surrounding towns and St. Louis weekly throughout the summers. They play to audiences of about 1,000, sitting on our hall chairs and on the blue-grass, or standing in lines reaching from the home-plate to first and third bases. They play a gentleman's game, for the fun of playing, not for the greed of winning by hook or crook.

In the older times we had lecture courses. But by degrees the intellectuals of Edwardsville came more and our people came less. The two classes will not mix, especially when they are not acquainted. They do not associate in the daily social life, neither will they in social events or in the church. Of late years, we have fewer lectures and more family parties and dances and children's affairs. The women and young folks attend lectures and musicales well; the men do not.

Leclaire is fully established, because all the people in it want it. They would resist as treason any attempt to change it. The employees and customers concerned in the Nelson Company feel a pride in it; they approve of it; they will never allow it to be disrupted. There is a right-minded side to everybody. That right-minded side is appealed to in all who live in Leclaire, or are connected with the Company, or who see it as outsiders. And its history and its present life prove that a business run under a coöperative system can support in peace, plenty, and comfort its employee-owners in competition with the capitalistic world around it.

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A BUSINESS LESSON FROM ANTWERP

SPECIAL COURTS FOR COMMERCIAL CASES, WITH BUSINESS MEN AS JUDGES —EXCHANGES WITH OPEN DOORS, CONSOLIDATED UNDER ONE ROOF

BY

HARRY TUCK SHERMAN

AMONG the most useful institutions in Belgium are the chambers of arbitration, for whose establishment the Antwerp Chamber of Commerce is responsible. Commercial litigation is dealt with by a special court known as the "Tribunal de Commerce," the judges of which are chosen from among the leading business men of the locality. This relieves the civil courts of many hundreds of cases annually. Moreover, to prevent the hearing of a grain claim (for instance) by a steel merchant sitting as judge, auxiliary arbitration chambers were founded. There are now seventeen of them.

Practice and experience show that the awards of these chambers give the greatest satisfaction to the trade at large. The arbitrators invariably begin by an attempt to conciliate the parties, but if arbitration becomes necessary the case is usually settled in three or four days, whereas the ordinary courts might allow it to drag along for as many years.

The King determines the number of judges and deputy judges required for each court. Any merchant or retired merchant twenty-five years of age or over, who has carried on his business in a reputable manner for a period of five years, is eligible for election as judge or deputy judge. The president and vice-president must be twenty-seven years of age, at least, and must be chosen from among the judges or ex-judges. Merchants and traders who are municipal voters and who pay a license of at least $4 have the right to vote for the judges. After election, the judges receive their appointment from the King and assume their duties, their term lasting two years. The commercial court cannot give judgment unless three judges, including the president, are sitting. Deputy judges sit only in the absence of the judges.

No one may plead before the commercial court on behalf of a litigant unless he be specially authorized to do so by the court. Those who may represent litigants are attorneys-at-law, solicitors, or persons specially designated by the court in each case.

In the event of the judges considering themselves incompetent in any special detail relating to a case, experts are appointed by the court and their decision is accepted by the judges. The right of appeal to the higher courts exists.

The Tribunaux de Commerce have jurisdiction over all conflicts relating to transactions considered as commercial acts by the law; over conflicts arising between partners or between directors of a company and their associates; conflicts relating to transportation, notably by state railway or by post, and over all matters in bankruptcy.

Experience has shown that far greater satisfaction is felt at the decisions given by the judges of these courts than by those rendered by the judges of the civil tribunals, for the reason that the commercial judges have a far greater knowledge of the matters brought before them than their colleagues in the other courts.

Intimately connected with the Antwerp Chamber of Commerce is the Bourse, the heart of the business city, where all the trade and financial interests are concentrated for two hours during the middle of the day. The present building was erected at a cost of nearly $300,000. This is the property of the city of Antwerp and access to it is free to the public, except during the hours when the floor of the exchange is occupied.

Quite unlike our own exchanges, there is no membership. Strangers and the general public have access to the floor on the payment of one franc. This spirit of commercial liberty is traditional; every registered merchant or broker and every professional man has the right of transacting his business on the floor of the exchange during official hours.

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Instead of paying a franc, he may take an annual subscription, which varies according to the nature of his business. Trades and professions pay a fixed amount in the form of a license, and on this license the exchange-tax is calculated, varying from $2 to $10. All heads of commercial houses or workmen's corporations may obtain annual admission cards for their employees for $1 per annum. Free service cards are delivered to functionaries, municipal employees, and newspapermen. Private individuals whose interests demand their attendance pay an annual subscription of $3.

This is the absolute concentration of business interests — the crystalization each day, for a period of two hours, of all the business and professional interests of the place. Every branch of business assembles under the same roof at the same time, an invaluable economy of time and a great saving of energy.

The only rules of the Bourse are the police regulations which the municipality may see fit to issue. There is nothing to provide for the exclusion of a merchant save the necessary measures for the preservation of order. If by reason of his commercial dealings his presence becomes obnoxious, he is generally advised, in a friendly way, not to attend until his situation has been cleared up.

For convenience and security in the handling of stocks, bonds, and cash, the city has a small wing connecting with the Bourse for the use of bankers, stock-brokers, and exchange agents. Here, as in the Bourse itself, there are no restrictions as to membership. The subscriptions are $40 for bankers, $20 for stock and exchange brokers, $10 for bankers' agents, and $1 for their clerks.

The floor of the Antwerp Exchange consists of a pit about ninety by sixty feet, surrounded by a slightly raised platform. Above this platform is a stone gallery around which are the offices of the Chamber of Commerce, the two courts of the Tribunal of Commerce, the arbitration chambers, the offices of the clerk of the Tribunal of Commerce, and the Government telegraph office.

This again is another concentration, which enables the busy man to accomplish as much in two hours as he would in an entire day, if the institutions were scattered and a different exchange established in a different part of the city for every branch of trade.

MEN IN ACTION

MR. JOHN D. SPRECKELS is the eldest son of the late sugar king, Claus Spreckels, of San Francisco. His ambition in life is to make of San Diego one of the great seaports of the world.

San Diego is in the southwesternmost corner of the state. One of the most important dates in its history is the day when young Spreckels sailed into its beautiful harbor on his yacht and was struck with its possibilities. Being a man of business, he was impressed with the absence of shipping in the magnificent bay. He considered the climate and felt that it would make possible a horticultural development of great magnitude. Only money and enterprise were needed to make a commercial community spring up on the shores of the bay, and he started with characteristic energy to carry out the dreams that had been dreamed by the people of that region for decades.

Ancient horse-cars crept along the streets; they were converted into electric cars. There was a scarcity of water even for drinking purposes; Mr. Spreckels sent his engineers into the mountains and they built the Otay dam, which impounds enough water to last San Diego for three years, even if no rain should fall during that period. All the coal, pig iron, cement and fire-brick used there had been imported from abroad, via San Francisco; Mr. Spreckels began bringing them direct from England. He put on a line of sailing vessels to bring coal from Australia. The old way of handling coal was to dump it on the wharves, shovel it into carts, and then dump it again where it was wanted. He built bunkers with a capacity of 13,000 tons, and reduced the problem of handling to the simplest terms.

Next, Mr. Spreckels acquired an interest in the Coronado Beach Hotel and gradually became the sole owner. Meanwhile, he bought city property and ranch after ranch. His

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holdings grew rapidly, and his faith in the future of the city never wavered.

Finally, it seemed imperative that an outlet directly to the East be opened for the products of the county, as well as to admit the goods seeking admission from the East. The people believed that a direct line was essential for their prosperity. Mr. Spreckels and his brother Adolph organized the San Diego and Arizona Railroad, which was surveyed as straight as the mountainous character of the country would permit, through the rich Imperial valley almost directly eastward to Yuma, 200 miles. Part of the road is already in use, and a large force is at work on the rest.

The two brothers have already spent about $2,000,000 in building the road, and it will cost them more than $6,000,000 before it is completed. Mr. Spreckels admits that he is not building it to operate. He says that he is no railroad man, and he hopes that some one will buy it; but if not, then he may run it himself. A man who managed his father's business for years, and who runs steamship and sailing-ship lines, hotels, street-car lines, great ranches, and sugar-beet factories, to say nothing of two metropolitan newspapers (the San Francisco *Call* and the San Diego *Union*), will probably be able to manage a railroad if necessity requires it.

San Diego, under his stimulus, has doubled its size in the last four years; "and," says Mr. Spreckels, "we shall double it again in three years more." After that will come the international exposition in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal.

MR. JOHN F. STEVENS was recently appointed President of the Oregon Trunk Line Railroad, a little road that is to be built from the Columbia River down into the heart of the neglected country.

The task looks small for a man who served as chief engineer of the whole Great Northern system, and was called to the gigantic task of building the Panama Canal. But, in truth, it is no small nor unimportant task. It puts Mr. Stevens in the front as the new hope and salvation of Oregon.

For to-day, as yesterday, Mr. Stevens is a "Jim Hill man." His new appointment means that the long railroad deadlock in Oregon is to be broken, and that the huge unpeopled area of that state, which is as big as New York, is to get a real railroad. It is to be no little spur-line built to be sold, but it is to be a new railroad, built to operate, designed to make those millions of acres of land worth money, and to bring Oregon into the list of great wheat states.

The task is a big one, and the man also is big. His experience carried him into the front with the men that built the early transcontinentals in Texas, in Colorado, in Washington, in Canada. His régime in Panama was short; and he has never told just why he left. Lately he has been on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, with Mr. E. H. McHenry as chief engineer. It was hard to guess just why he was there; but the spirit of these northern people is hard to analyze. Mellen, of the Northern Pacific; McHenry, also of the old Northern Pacific and then of the Canadian Pacific; and Stevens, of the Great Northern and the same Canadian Pacific — they flocked together in a tame country to do what could be done. But the call of the mountains is strong; and Stevens answered it at the first hint of work to do.

ON MAY 9, 1901, there was a panic in Wall Street, on account of the fight between the Hill-Morgan group and the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb group of financiers for control of the Northern Pacific. In the midst of the fight, a cable message went across the Atlantic Ocean, offering to pay Lord Strathcona a huge sum of money — said to be $8,000,000 — for his stock in the Northern Pacific. The gist of the reply was:

"I promised not to sell it."

The promise had been given years before. It was made to Mr. James J. Hill. There was no written contract; and it was even said that there was no definite promise. It was simply an understanding between the two men. On account of it, the Scotch-Canadian baron refused a cash profit of close on $7,000,000, to be made out-of-hand.

On the same day, the late John S. Kennedy, a Wall Street banker then in Europe, received the same offer. In his case, the report is, the sum was $6,000,000, and the profit would have been $5,000,000. The offer was refused without the least hesitation.

Mr. Kennedy came back to New York in June, and it was he that proposed the formation of the Northern Securities Company, to safeguard the Northern Pacific and Great Northern from such raids in the future..

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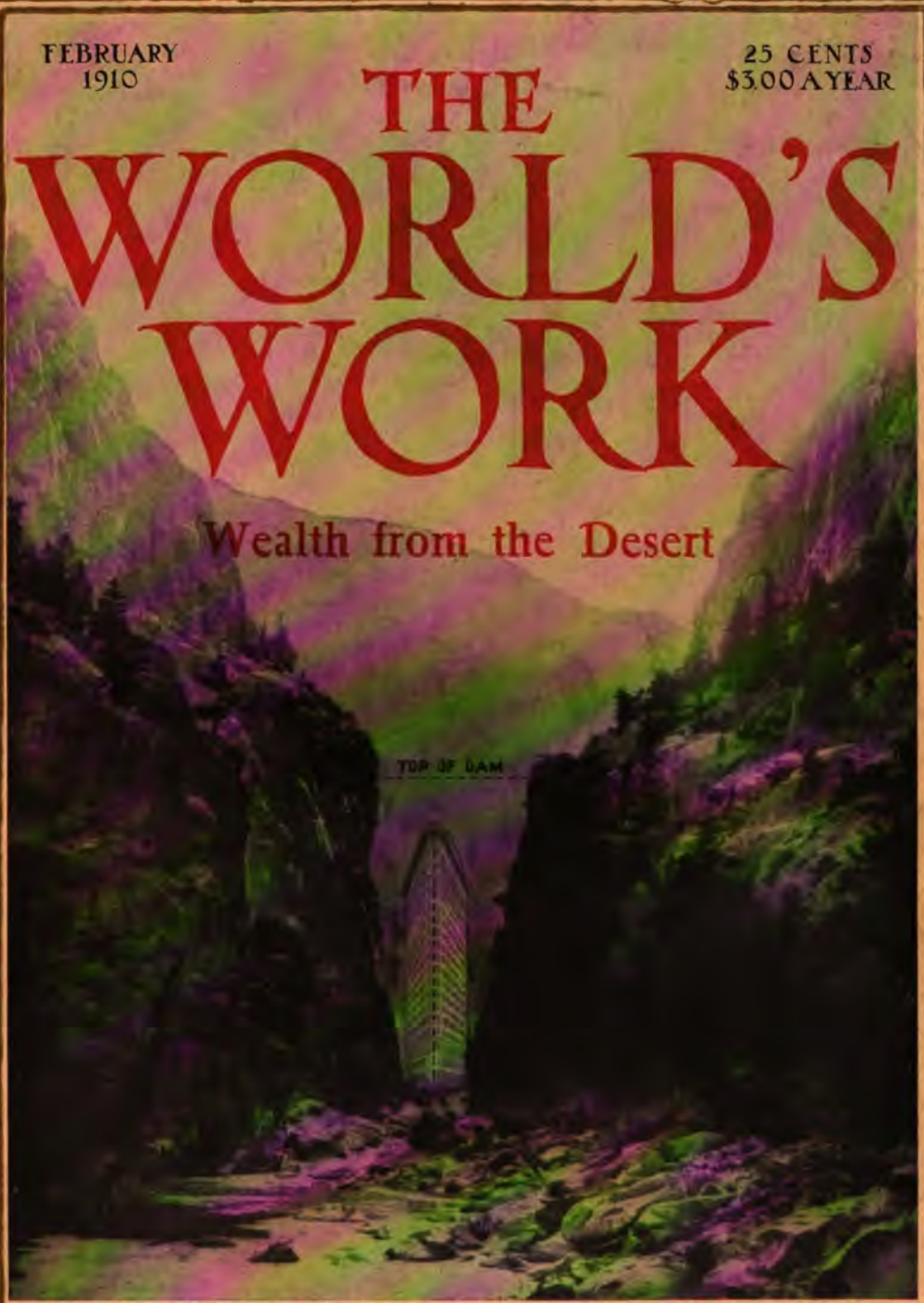

The Flatiron Building in New York compared in height with the Shoshone Irrigation Dam in Wyoming

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WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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DELIVERING SPEECHES IN WASHINGTON TO A DINNER PARTY IN NEW YORK

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, IN WASHINGTON, ADDRESSING THE DIRECTORS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE NEW YORK "TIMES" IN NEW YORK; EACH GUEST HAD A TELEPHONE BESIDE HIS PLATE. FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, PROFESSOR WILLIS MOORE, ADMIRAL CHESTER, COMMANDER PEARY, CAPTAIN BARTLETT, AMBASSADOR BRYCE, MR. GILBERT GROSVENOR, GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD, MR. C. T. CLAGGETT, MR. O. R. GRAHAM)

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THE
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FEBRUARY, 1910

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 4

The March of Events

WE are at full-sail again on a sea of prosperity. Building is going on in every part of the country. Land-values are rising. The railroads have long trains and no idle cars. Go where you will, the hotels are full and new ones are going up. The semi-annual payments of dividends are exceedingly large. Farmers, manufacturers, and traders all tell the same story.

A note of warning at such a time sounds like croaking. Yet men whose memories go backward any reasonable distance, and who prefer to look present conditions squarely in the face, cannot be wholly content. For the cost of living goes up and up. The pressure of prices from below is ever harder. At the same time we are traveling at a pace fixed by the expectation of indefinite prosperity ahead of us.

Our mood takes color from our hopes. Our country is indefinitely rich, we say; and we shall be indefinitely prosperous. We must keep going forward.

This experience and this mood are justified. There are good reasons for them, if we keep a good sense of proportion. But our thought and our habits can easily outrun our productivity. Take the productive workers, one by one, and consider how very little more any given man can produce this year over his production of last year or the year before. Do we go forward by leaps and bounds in the real work that counts toward making wealth? We go forward by leaps and bounds chiefly in those large collective ways that may deceive us — by the increase of land values, by the free use and extension of credit, by those intangible, collective methods of progress which rest quite as much on the mood of people as on their concrete productivity.

Meantime we have the worst and most dangerous system of currency and banking that can be found anywhere in civilization. Meantime, too, we have a system of indirect taxation whose burdens we cannot measure. Meantime, too, for military pensions alone every American family pays, on the average, $10 per year; and this, with our army and navy expense, makes us heavily burdened while we pity the encamped and navy-ridden nations of the Old World. And these things we forget.

Disquieting, too, is the ever-increasing push of the people for the regulation of corporations. There is a fundamental righteousness in this push; but, if the predatory monopolies are not steadily brought to fair-dealing, ever in the background will lie organized and angry discontent and possibly the fury of a mob. On the other hand, however gradual the regaining of the people's rights in industry, the very assertion of them is disquieting to business—a little further in the future, if not immediately. Consequently nothing is certain, for any long period, in political action as it may touch the prosperity of industry.

While the tide is coming in, then, and most winds are favorable — this is a time to be as prudent as you are bold in business, as honest in corporate activity as you are in your private life, and as sincere in politics as you are in your personal affairs. The final test is the test of character; and our public character is nothing but the aggregate of personal character.

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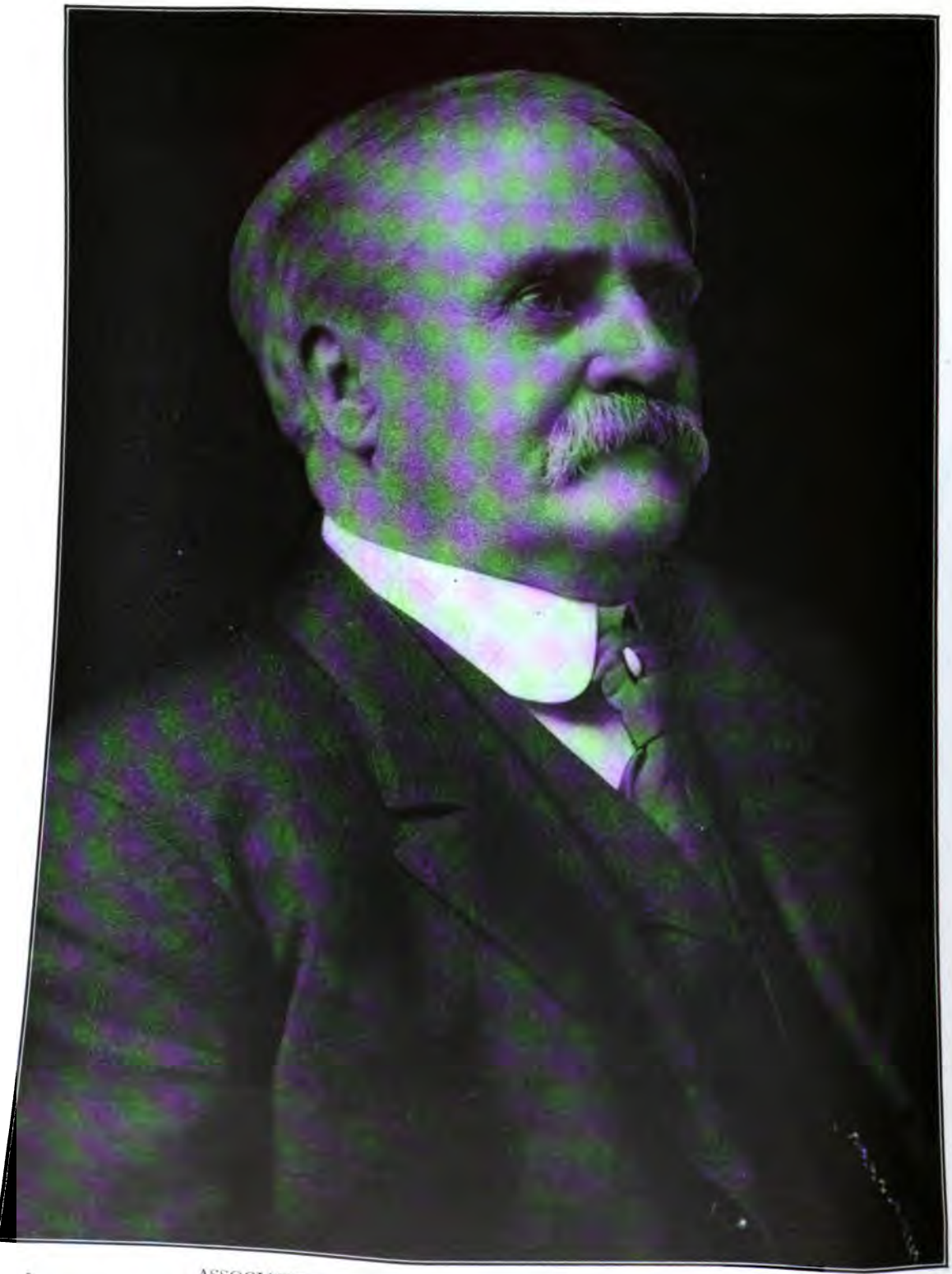

ASSOCIATE-JUSTICE HORACE H. LURTON, OF TENNESSEE

WHO, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SIX, HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE SUPREME COURT

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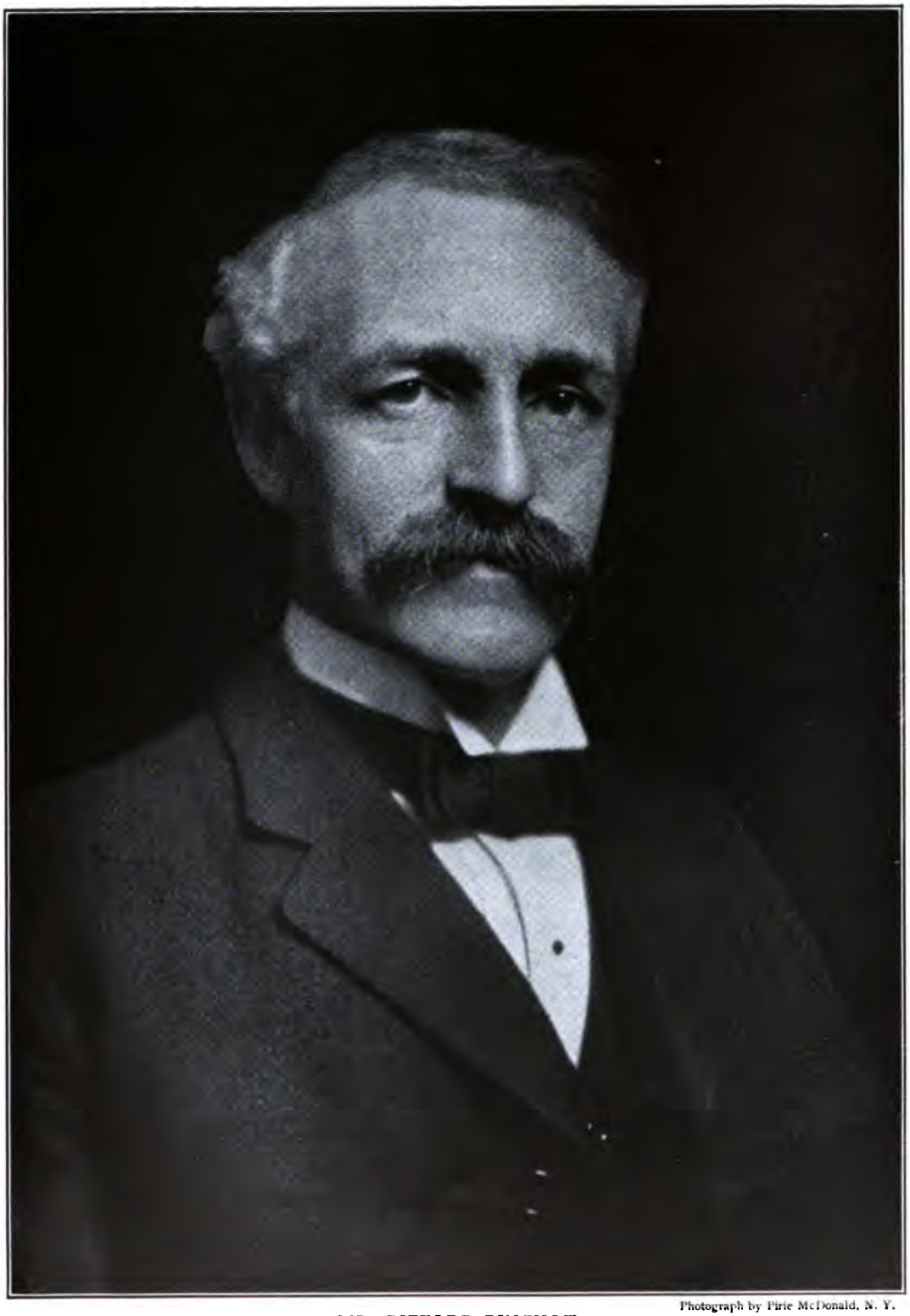

Photograph by Pirie McDonald, N. Y.

MR. GIFFORD PINCHOT

REMOVED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM THE POST OF CHIEF FORESTER, WHOSE GREAT CAUSE WILL WIN WHATEVER THE RESULT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION NOW IN PROGRESS

[See "The Conservation Inquiry," page 12532]

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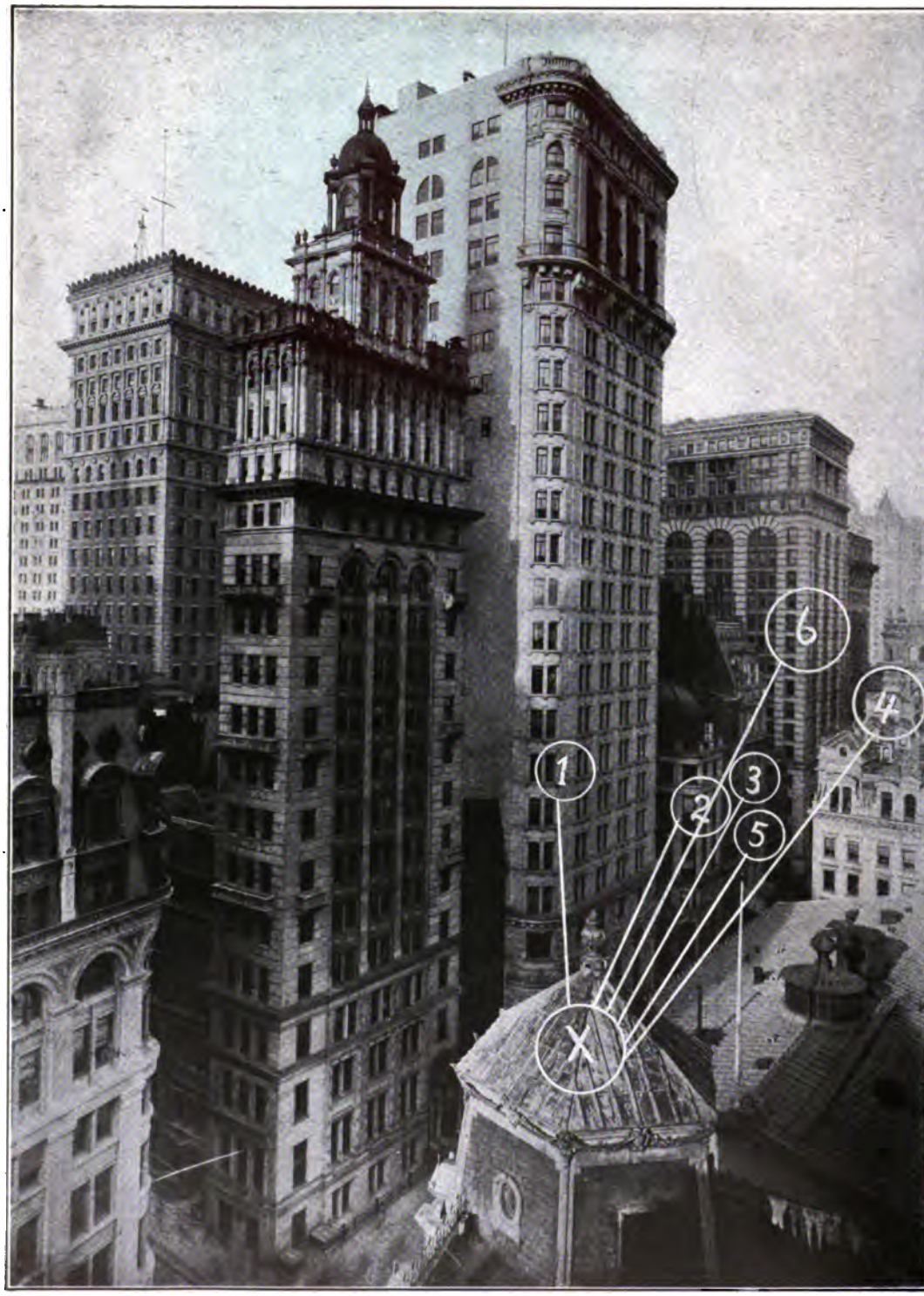

Photograph by Brown Bros., N. Y.

THE HEART OF THE BANKING WORLD

THE CUPOLA IN THE FOREGROUND IS ON MR. J. P. MORGAN'S OFFICE. THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN NOVEMBER, 1907. SINCE THAT TIME, THE MORGAN INFLUENCE HAS REACHED THE FOLLOWING GREAT FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS: (1) HANOVER NATIONAL, (2) MERCANTILE TRUST, (3) EQUITABLE TRUST, (4) GUARANTY TRUST, (5) EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE, (6) BANK OF COMMERCE

[*See "The Building of a Money Trust," page 12618*]

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MR. EDWIN HAWLEY, "THE STORMY PETREL" OF THE RAILROAD WORLD

"THERE HAS HARDLY BEEN A CONFLICT IN THE LAST TEN YEARS IN WHICH ED HAWLEY FAILED TO RIDE WITH THE FOREMOST"

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THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER TO CHINA

MR. W. J. CALHOUN, THE CHICAGO LAWYER WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MR. CHARLES R. CRANE

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KING ALBERT, NEPHEW AND SUCCESSOR TO LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM

THE YOUNG KING WHO HAS PROMISED THAT THE BELGIAN RULE IN THE CONGO SHALL BE HUMANE AND PROGRESSIVE

[See "After Leopold—What?" page 1539]

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THE NEW HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE GERMAN NAVY

ADMIRAL VON HOLZENDORFF, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AS THE HEAD OF GERMANY'S RAPIDLY INCREASING FLEET

[See "England and Germany: Will They Fight," page 1271]

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THE NEW "FIRST SEA-LORD" OF THE BRITISH NAVY

ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR K. WILSON, WHO SUCCEEDED ADMIRAL JOHN FISHER. HE HAS HAD ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE CRIMEA, CHINA, EGYPT, AND SOUDAN

[*See "England and Germany: Will They Fight," page 12571*]

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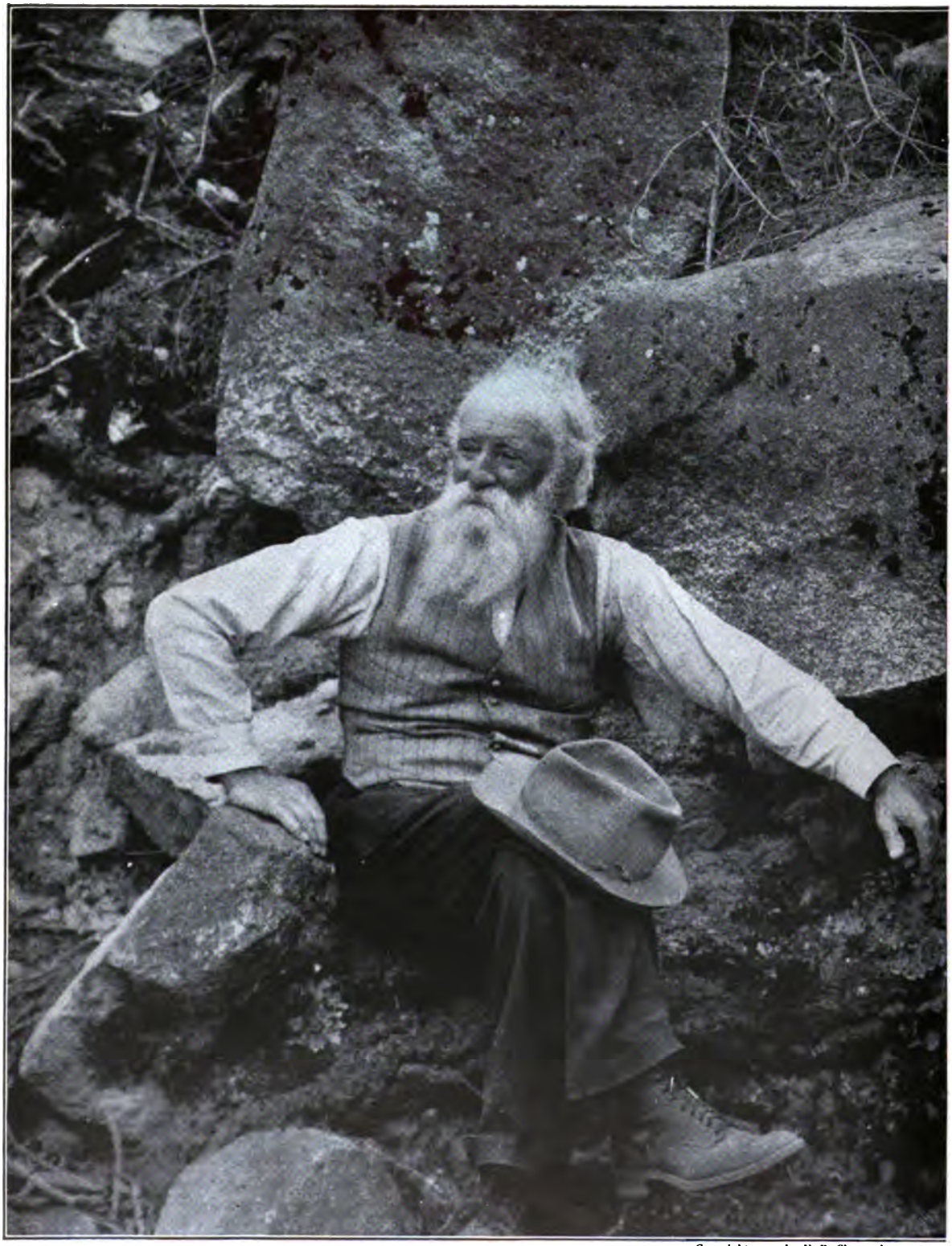

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JOHN BURROUGHS AND
NEITHER MAN NOR THE SCENERY

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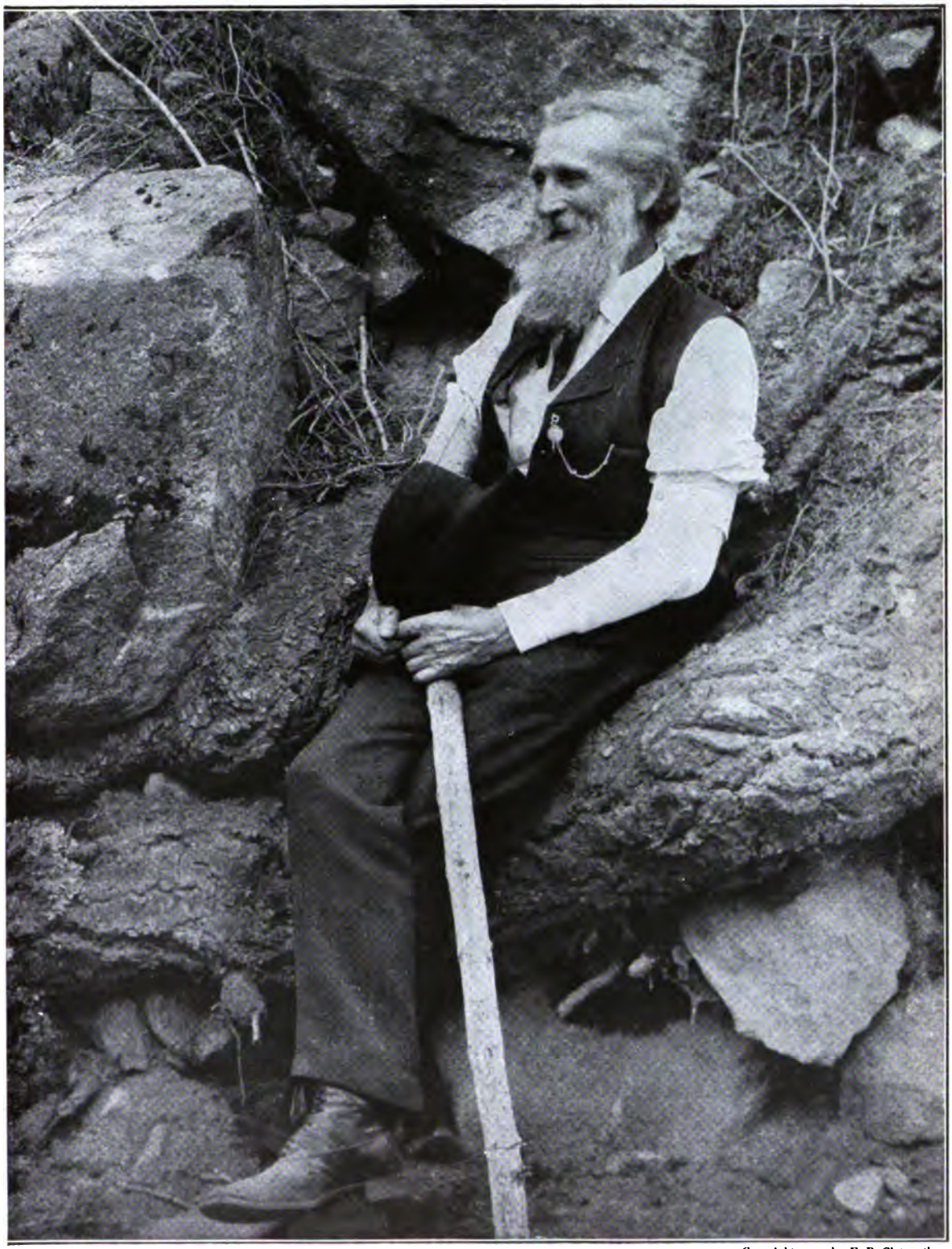

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JOHN MUIR IN THE YOSEMITE
EVER HAD BETTER COMPANIONSHIP

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"LINCOLN, THE RAIL-SPLITTER"

STATUE BY MR. CHARLES J. MULLIGAN, EXHIBITED AT THE CHICAGO OUTDOOR SCULPTURE EXHIBIT

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CLEVELAND, ROOSEVELT, TAFT

IT IS interesting to compare the struggles of the three Presidents of our time who saw clearly the encroachments of Privilege on political power and strove to push it back. Cleveland made a breach in the wall; but, because of a lack of the real quality of popular leadership or because of the lack of a party that had courage, what he achieved was quickly undone. Roosevelt, having unusual qualities of popular leadership, either lacked the power of patient coöperation or encountered an opposition with which coöperation meant only surrender. He formulated and organized revolt, but he did not entrench it behind enactments. Taft, judicial, patient, hoping to avoid both these misfortunes, is trying to hold his party intact behind him and thus to force Congressional action. It is an interesting situation.

If Mr. Taft develop the rare quality of vigorous leadership, he will achieve a brilliant success by putting on the statute-books laws that fix the Roosevelt agitations and convert them into continuous forces. Or, that failing, a leader among the "Insurgents" may win. More dramatic still, if the well-entrenched "Standpatters" should prevent advance by any Republican faction, the Democrats will have such an opportunity as they have not had for more than half a century. Yet never since the party was born were leaders so few or feeble.

The only thing that is certain is that the control of the Government by the state of mind which Mr. Aldrich represents in one end of the Capitol and Mr. Cannon in the other end, does at last seem doomed.

THE PLAYERS OF THE POLITICAL GAME

THESE are the players of the political game at Washington — the "Standpatters" who control the Republican majority in Congress; the Republican "Insurgents;" the Democratic minority; and the President.

The Standpatters are the most skilful, the best organized, the longest in power. In the fight that is before them now, for their lives and for the Interests that they serve, they are cunning enough to yield — to take a corporation tax, for instance, in order to avoid an income tax. They are the best masters of the game, the most unscrupulous, and now the hardest pressed. Except during brief periods under Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt, they have been dominant in our national life as long as most men can remember. They have that state of mind which has driven the people to revolt for two or three political generations. They provoked the Granger anti-railroad legislation, the Cleveland tariff revision, the free silver craze; they drove the Democrats to such desperation as made Mr. Bryan's leadership possible. They forced Mr. Roosevelt, in his stand for a square deal, into ineffectual, open warfare. They have continually provoked revolt; but, except at short intervals, they have held their power for several political generations by yielding just in time to prevent revolt from becoming successful. This long dominance has culminated in the vulgar and brutal tyranny of Speaker Cannon in the House (and what a depth of cynical brutality that is!) and in the practically complete triumph of the Senate in revising the tariff upward in the face of the President's promise to revise it downward.

The Republican Insurgents have the future in their hands, if they have the courage to seize it. They have the people behind them as no other group in Congress has. They are bold — at home. Some of them are courageous at Washington. But the wish and the necessity of their holding and securing committee-appointments, their personal entanglements, their relations to their dominant associates in all the routine work of Congress, party loyalty — all the forces of intimate association with their enemies and masters — make open and continuous revolt exceedingly difficult. They, therefore, may or may not prove equal to their opportunity. So long as they are content merely to skirmish, they will be whipped. So long as they compromise, they will be absorbed. Only that born and belligerent radical, Senator La Follette, has shown himself incapable of any compromise.

The Democratic minority, having lost its sincerity about tariff reform and hopelessly lacking leaders, are mere insincere watchers of the game, expecting to profit by the quarrel of their enemies rather than by any positive work of their own. Even if they should win a majority in the House, in this negative way, they would have no secure power nor would the public welfare gain. They lack leaders. They lack aims.

All these are playing the game — two groups without sincerity and the other with a yet hesitating courage. And the only sincere influence is the President's. He is, and he feels

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himself to be, the direct representative of the whole people. He has made out a large programme, and he has made compromises to secure the coöperation of Congress.

President Roosevelt, partly by Mr. Taft's help, did the same thing. But Congress would not coöperate with him. He tried to force it and in the main he failed. He thoroughly aroused public sentiment, but he fell short of writing his most important proposals on the statute-book. President Taft dislikes public agitation. He wishes quietly to work out great concrete results — by good management to reduce to laws the Roosevelt agitations.

The decisive question for him is whether the Tyrants are sufficiently scared to accept his compromises.

THE CONSERVATION INQUIRY

WHATEVER may come from the Congressional inquiry into the conduct of the Land Office and the Forestry Bureau, as a result of the so-called Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, the cause of Conservation will be strengthened by it. Few things in life, full of uncertainties, are as uncertain as the findings of a Congressional investigation; but, if this investigation be held in the open, few things are so certain as the final verdict of public opinion.

Justly or unjustly, the Secretary of the Interior is under suspicion in a large part of public opinion of having tried to serve special interests, rather than the public welfare, in land claims and coal claims; and there was no frank and honorable course for Mr. Ballinger or the Administration to pursue but to demand an investigation. Justly or unjustly, the Forestry Bureau is under suspicion in a part of public opinion of having permitted its zeal for the public welfare to outrun the technical letter of insufficient laws, till better laws could be enacted. But it can have nothing to fear from a fearless investigation, for all its acts have necessarily been done in broad daylight; and, if it has made mistakes, they have been mistakes in behalf of the public and not in behalf of any personal or corporate interest.

The suspicions that are held of the Secretary of the Interior and the suspicions that are held of the Bureau of Forestry differ in this important respect — that one is suspected of serving private and corporate interests too zealously and the other of too zealously serving the public. And, whatever standard of judgment the investigating committee may set up, the public standard of judgment will be the standard set by the Forestry Bureau — that the public welfare must come before any private or corporate interest. There will be no slipping back from this judgment.

And the setting-up and firm-fixing of this standard of judgment is, perhaps, the greatest single achievement of our public life during the last decade. It can be said of Gifford Pinchot, as of no other man living, that he has changed the thought of the dominant part of our whole people on our most fundamental problem and set up a new standard of judgment.

It is a misfortune for Mr. Taft's administration that in its very beginning such a controversy should distract time and thought that ought to be given to other large subjects that he has set out to further; but in no event can the main matter suffer; for the investigation will so focus public attention on Conservation as to hasten the enactment of laws that will enable the public to hold fast to all that it has won by the agitation of the subject. The important fact is that no party and not even any man of influence now stands openly for putting obstacles in the way of Conservation. And, if the Congressional committee be not entirely frank and fair, higher waves of insurgency will rise than have yet flowed in.

Of greater importance than the inquiry or than the official fate of any public officer is the situation that confronts Congress itself and the Administration. If adequate laws for the wise use and preservation of our great natural resources be not enacted at this session, no explanation will ward off severe condemnation.

FOR FAIR PLAY IN POSTAL RATES

THE Postmaster-General (and the President following him) recommends to Congress that the postal rate on magazines be increased in order to lessen the deficit of the postal service. This is a proposal that a magazine of serious aim is itself somewhat embarrassed in discussing, lest it be thought to make merely a plea for its own profit. Yet the truth is, very few magazines yield a profit worth being embarrassed about. And there is a very much larger aspect of the subject.

The Postmaster-General proposes to increase the postal rate on magazines, but not on

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newspapers; and the argument that he makes rests on a calculation that is obviously erroneous. He says, for example, that the average distance over which magazines are carried is about 1000 miles and that it costs the Government nine cents a pound to do this service. The *Outlook* has very aptly pointed out that the passenger rate from New York to Chicago (about 1,000 miles) is just nine cents a pound for a man weighing 200 pounds. If the Postmaster-General's figures are correct, therefore, the railroads receive as much for carrying magazines as for carrying heavy passengers.

There are several ways in which the deficit might be reduced by a businesslike conduct of the service, without raising the rate for magazines.

Congressmen and the Government Departments, under businesslike methods, could pay postage on letters and documents and produce and products of all sorts, all of which are now franked and go free.

The rural free delivery carriers could be permitted to carry parcels — in a word, we could have a parcel-post.

But the railroad influence in Congress is strong; Congress will not give up its franking privilege; and the express companies defeat the movement for a parcel-post.

Congressmen depend much also on the newspapers. Hence a proposal to increase the postal rate on them would fail. No such proposal is even made.

Thus the line of apparently least resistance is to separate the magazines from the newspapers in postal classification and to increase the magazine rate.

No magazine that is trying to serve its readers and regards itself as an educational influence will raise objection to a reasonable increase of postal rates, *provided the magazines as a class are not discriminated against.* If they are singled out by Departmental or Congressional cowardice and made to pay an increase while Congress and the Departments continue to use (and to abuse) the franking privilege, and newspapers (especially the "organs" of rural Congressmen and postmasters) continue to be carried free or at one cent a pound — then the sense of fairness, which is the dominant trait of the American people, will be much offended and justly.

So far as this magazine is concerned, of course it has no favors to ask. Although its readers now get the benefit of the present low postal-rate in the price they pay for it, if the Government causes an increase in this postal-rate there will be no complaint, provided Congressmen themselves also pay postage on *their* voluminous magazine, *The Congressional Record*, and other things, and provided periodical postage is increased all around. But if the magazines are to be singled out — that is not fairness, but plain cowardice and craven fear of railroads and express companies.

Against such unfair treatment, any magazine with spirit will protest; and we think that its readers also will protest.

CARIBBEAN AMERICA

THE rights of the Nicaragua affair in its latest aspects (the Nicaragua affair being more or less a perpetual thing) are difficult to make out. Zelaya, Madriz, Estrada, and the other illustrious and aspiring sons of the Central American "Republic," belong to an order of patriots whose thought and manners are not ours.

What is clear is that the continuous turmoil in which they are keeping the Caribbean countries ought to be terminated. The unfortunate people of these lands are entitled to settled government. The other nations on the continent are entitled to freedom from the annoyance and the danger to which the Caribbean anarchy exposes them. The rule of Zelaya has been a bloody tyranny marked by every species of robbery, vice, and cruelty, which remain the only arts practiced by the transplanted Spaniard. An incident — a double murder — happened to call him to the attention of the people of the United States. The rule of his successor is likely to be of the same nature.

The Washington Government understands how full of danger the situation is. Venezuela and Hayti have long been acknowledged to be the threatening elements in our foreign relations — skeletons in our closet. It was perhaps the chief regret with which Mr. Roosevelt retired from the Presidency that he had not been able to pull public sentiment up to the point of supporting him in interfering, particularly in the island of San Domingo. Secretary Root had no purpose more at heart than the confederation of Central America. Mr. Root's plan was to have Mexico appear as the patron of order in the disturbed territory. He felt the desirability of gaining the confi-

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dence of the better element of Latin-Americans, prone to childlike jealousy of their big neighbor.

II

There is, of course, no question of land-grabbing. The United States wants no more territory — certainly at present wants none with a large Negro population. It has refused the offer of the Dominicans to come under its rule. It has refused the request of a confederation of Central America to be admitted to the Union.

But the practical difficulties are very grave. A country like Nicaragua ought not to be dealt with as a full-grown, rational member of the family of nations; and yet it must be so dealt with lest we be misjudged. It is unreasonable to expect reasonableness from a Central American government. As for war, it would be as ridiculous as for a prize-fighter to strip for a battle with a baby. There is no need of a conflict with a turbulent population numerically about equal to that of Cleveland, Ohio.

We must work out peace and stability through diplomacy. But the task is hard because it is not how to deal occasionally with a knave like Simon of Hayti, an assassin like Caceres of San Domingo, or a tyrant like Zelaya of Nicaragua, but how to reform Caribbean America so that it will not be ruled by knaves, assassins, and tyrants. All the while, too, we must make sure that other parts of Latin America have no reason to suspect us of revolutionary or unfriendly aims.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IN THE COUNTRY

A MAN who went out on December 1st and bought one pound each of the ninety-six commodities that enter into the cost of living paid for his collection $9.12. On the same date a year before, he would have paid $8.21. The increase is more than 10 per cent. At the depth of the late panic, he would have gotten the same supply for $7.72. At the highest point since the Civil War — March, 1907 — he would have paid for this material $9.13, or one cent more than in December.

As a matter of fact, the real living expenses of the man were higher in December than in March, 1907. Breadstuffs, provisions, live stock, and miscellaneous items all showed increases of 10 to 25 per cent. The prices of clothing were not advanced, but the grades most used were higher. Big reductions in chemicals, metals, and other substances that are not of direct importance to the housewife or the laborer tended to bring down the average.

Here are a few vital figures, the comparison being made with March, 1907, because that date was the highest general average in half a century. If comparison be made with 1896, the result is simply startling.

COMPARATIVE COST OF HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

	Dec., 1909	March, 1907	July, 1896
Flour, per barrel	$5.30	$3.35	$3.25
Beef, per pound	.09	.08	.055
Milk, per quart	.105	.04	.03
Eggs, per dozen	.36	.29	.125
Ham, per pound	.145	.14	.10
Butter, per pound	.34	.335	.15
Sugar, per pound	.0515	.046	.049
Potatoes, 180 pounds	1.50	1.50	.75
Peas, per bushel	2.30	1.50	1.05
Wool, Boston, per pound	.35	.32	.16
Cotton prints, per yard	.04	.045	.024
Tobacco, per pound	.175	.14	.11

These are but a few of the staple supplies of life. It is a good time to get down to hard thinking and figure on what can be done to stop the steady upward climb. The country is barely out of a panic, in which men suffered very severely. The occurence of such a price level so short a time after an industrial panic is a new phenomenon. And it is not a favorable sign. It points to a conclusion that the arrested panic of 1907 did not do its destined work.

II

The causes of such a strange condition are best left to the economists. The huge flow of gold from the mines of the world, the extravagance of the living scale, the desertion of the farms for other modes of life, the sudden expansion of credit after a squeeze, the sharp demand for labor at high prices with the consequent increase in cost of production, the high prices for corn and wheat and cotton abroad, the tariff — all these and many other minor causes contribute to make a condition that has called for comment from the President and from the most humble of the people.

III

In a city near New York, the officers of a charity bureau found it necessary, late in the

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year, to ask for light work that could be done at home by women. The making of children's clothes, dressing of dolls, mending, fancy-work, and kindred pursuits were the lines in which a field for endeavor was sought.

The line of industry, heralded from such a quarter, led to questions. It developed that the work was sought for women of what one might call the salaried class, wives of young men working as clerks in a big insurance company, of stenographers in the courts, of clerks of all sorts.

The fact might as well be stated flatly. The cost of living toward the close of the year — and it is no better but probably worse to-day — overran the limit of the average man. The margin between the point where ends meet and where they overlap is slight at best in such households. The rise of prices all along the line wiped out that margin; and women had to step into the breach and earn their Christmas funds. It is a grim commentary upon this short era of prosperity.

IV

This is a minor result. The larger results are grimmer in the passing, and more pregnant for to-morrow. Many thousands of railroad switchmen have been on strike in the Northwest, making demands that mean, if they are even partially successful, an inevitable rise in railroad rates. The men must have advances, or they cannot live. Somewhere, something has to go. The Pennsylvania Railroad, perhaps the most far-seeing of the corporations in its dealings with its army of men, settled a dispute that looked like a series of strikes. The settlement meant larger cost of running that railroad.

In Pittsburg, the centre of the steel trade, a huge strike was threatened. Here, the corporation had made many of its strongest employees stockholders, under the profit-sharing plan, and felt strong enough to hold its position. At best, such a safeguard against labor trouble is hardly in line with the established principles of economics. It means the subjugation of the interests of the weaker and poorer members of the laboring body to the self-interest of the stronger.

In New York, where the making of clothes has its centre, 40,000 girls went on strike for various reasons, many of them sentimental. The result of the strike will probably be the bettering of conditions; and almost certainly the raising of the cost of production of shirt-waists for women — not so trifling a matter as it seems at first glance.

These are but the larger incidents. The smaller — of the same general kind — spread from coast to coast. The facts are grim enough.

V

The following commentary on the conditions is quoted from *The Wall Street Journal*, which printed it as a solemn warning to the financial interests of the country:

"High prices for commodities are at the root of the labor unrest. They are grinding the citizen of the middle or professional class as he was never bruised before. The problem underlies the whole political and financial situation of the day, persistent, subtle, all-pervading, beyond measure menacing; and our administrators, not only in Washington, but in our great industries, even talk of a further increase as if there were no limit. Past history has shown us where such an edifice of prices has toppled over, bringing with its ruin the collapse of other structures. A little more pressure of the kind and there can be no question that the protective duties of this country will be cut to the bone, if the Congressional election of 1910 can do it. Prices must come down, and a compulsory reduction in the cost of the necessaries of life is likely to be imposed upon the large and even beneficent corporations, as a demand which can be enforced by the public will under the powers which the Sherman Anti-Trust Law apparently gives. This is no over-statement of the case, but a plain warning of which every interest in the country may well take heed."

Meantime, a little incident in New York financial circles has its significance. The Bowery Savings Bank is the biggest and the strongest savings bank in the United States. It has more than $100,000,000 deposits, mostly drawn from the savings of the people of the East Side. This bank, and one or two others, reduced the rate of interest payable to depositors from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent. The reason is that prices of bonds, mortgages, and other standard investments have gone so high that the bank cannot earn 4 per cent. net on its deposits.

It is time to take thought for to-morrow. It is not time to throw away the safeguards of business caution and plunge blindly into excesses, either in the markets, in commerce, or in manufacturing. Something has to stop. What will it be?

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IS AMERICA CHANGING THE PHYSICAL TYPES OF MEN?

IN all physical studies of the human family, one fact seemed secure above all others — that the race is clearly divided into broad-headed and long-headed persons. This law seemed stable. Complexion, stature, color of eyes and hair, shape of nostril, might vary, but the child of long-headed parents was sure to be born with a long head, and a broad-headed child with a broad head. But the Immigration Commission's agents report that the American-born child of broad-headed immigrants has a narrower head than its parents, while the American-born child of immigrants of a long-headed race has a broader head than its parents. Measurements of 26,000 New York persons seem to Professor Boas, the anthropologist, to indicate that the American environment tends rapidly to develop a distinctly new type.

It is truly astonishing that the first generation of races transplanted to a new land should show such a change in this stable particular of the shape of the skull. That climate in the course of centuries works its mysterious will on immigrant stocks is well known. It has been predicted by anthropologists that the long-headed blonds who originally conquered North America will not be able to maintain themselves here, and disquieting evidence has been offered of the decline of the North-of-Europe stock transplanted to this country. It has also been recognized that among children of unmixed blood, conditions here seem favorable to the tall, gaunt, black type, of which Abraham Lincoln is often referred to as a sample. Attention has often been called to the likeness of men of this type to the American Indian. The results of racial intermarriage, which takes place here on a scale such as has never elsewhere been known, is often discussed.

But it has not been imagined that, independent of intermarriage, and so soon after arrival, such an astonishing transformation as Professor Boas's investigations indicate could take place here, or on any soil to which immigration has ever moved.

Perhaps a similar change is taking place in Europe also; perhaps the old division into long-heads and broad-heads is not so hard and fixed as the scientific men have supposed; and perhaps a surprising change *is* taking place in our climate. But we shall need more information before we are safe in reaching any revolutionary conclusion.

LEARNING TO BE GOOD — FOR SOMETHING

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON has recently completed a tour of the principal cities of Tennessee — the fourth Southern state which he has covered in an effort to see how the Negroes were prospering. In one of his speeches, which were listened to by both whites and blacks, and which were widely and cordially published in the Southern press, he said:

"Everything, it seems to me, to tear the races apart, to create friction and unrest, has occurred that can occur; and I believe that we have gotten to the point now where both races have made up their minds that in the future we are going to live together in a higher degree of mutual helpfulness and peace and friendship than ever in the past.

"In every portion of the South, I find that when one goes into a community in nine cases out of ten the relations between the individual Negro and the individual white man are closer than they are in any other part of the country. Every Negro has a white friend; every white man has a Negro on whom he can depend."

This is an honest opinion of the man most qualified to judge. He has seen the past, understands the present, and is helping to shape the future.

He reminds the many who have a less cheerful view of the situation that:

"We of both races in the South have suffered much by reason of the fact that the worst that occurs in the South is spread speedily in all parts of the world, while the best things which are constantly occurring in each community are seldom known outside of that community."

And after enumerating some of the schemes for the solving of the Negro question, he ridicules those who indulge in this "problem" by describing the failure of the many schemes for solving it, and adds:

"But still they go on solving the Negro problem, and I suppose the Negro has stood more tests and more solutions than any other man that is known."

His own method for improving the condition of the Negro is illustrated by his story of the Negroes of the old régime — who were taught only that they must be good. "Nowadays," he adds, "they are taught to be more than good — to be good for something."

THE FOLLY OF BEING MERELY RICH

WHEN Mr. John S. Kennedy died, a Western correspondent who sends syndicated copy to newspapers wrote a little article about him and sent it out to his eleven papers. Six of the editors printed it. One

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of the five wrote a note to the correspondent, in the course of which he said:

"I know who John S. Kennedy was, dimly; but there are not more than a dozen men in this county who ever heard of him."

The value of Mr. Kennedy's estate was more than $60,000,000; and in his own world few names were better known. The pity of it is that from the time he first acquired wealth to the day he died, his money had been devoted to the uses of the empire-builder. He stands among the big half-dozen in the making of the great Northwest, so far as money-interest is concerned.

To one who reads the papers carefully, it is increasingly evident that millionaires are far too common nowadays to attract much attention from the world merely on account of their wealth. They must do more than make money. Mr. Lockhart, who died in Pittsburg a few years ago worth about $80,000,000, was a retired capitalist. He had been well enough known in his day, and in his own circle — but who in the big outside knows anything of Mr. Lockhart? Much smaller fortunes made men national wonders twenty years ago. To-day men whose fortunes run into eight figures die, excite a momentary wonder — and then the public forgets.

Mr. Harriman will not be forgotten so soon — but it is not the extent of his fortune that has left his memory a monument. Mr. Leeds, whose fortune reached over $45,000,000, created little tangible proof of his existence — and so he passes.

Here, in New York, fortunes of seven and eight figures come to light each month — usually following an obituary notice. A merchant whose death was scarcely heralded last spring turns out to have left more than $6,000,000. Another man, unknown to fame, leaves $4,000,000 to charity. A quarter of that sum, given to the same cause in his lifetime, would have made his name known across the continent.

Fame has strange vagaries. It follows hard endeavor, bizarre employment, recklessness, courage, integrity beyond the usual — but seldom does it light upon hoarded gold.

THE AIRSHIP AND INTERNATIONAL UNITY

WHEN a practical man of affairs like Secretary Knox utters it, the idea ceases to appear visionary. It is Secretary Knox who says that the airship must be taken account of as a factor making for international unity. "There can be no doubt," says the Secretary of State, "that the airship will before long be used as a means of communication. It is likewise free from doubt that its use will bring the nations much closer together." The Secretary foresees the necessity of international conferences to regulate the new traffic, and comments that "the trend of the times is toward international unity, which at the same time preserves national organization."

There has been too little reflection on the future which the aeroplane has made possible. We refuse to think how vast a new world will be opened when aerial travel becomes common; how vast must be the changes which it will introduce in our habits, ideas, and institutions. When man becomes an inhabitant of a third dimension, life will be a thing enlarged, widened, and enriched beyond all present conception — life will be a cube where it is now a square. Imagination seems too faint-hearted to allow itself to contemplate the time in which the abode of man shall not be alone the surface of the earth. Yet that time is at hand.

If the imagination does venture into it, it is checked and bewildered by a thousand problems.

What, for instance, is to become of national boundaries? Will walls or fences be extended upward to the limit of air? How can frontiers be guarded, else? How can duties be collected? How can customs tariffs be maintained? Will nations divide the earth's atmosphere, as they have divided its surface? Will, perhaps, new aerial nations be born, owning no foot of earth or sea? Shall we have veritable lands of the sky, and patriotic hymns singing of cloudland hills, as now we have of rocks and rills? Or will mankind realize its unity, and political divisions dwindle to mere arrangements of convenience?

An international conference to make aerial rules of the road has already been held; it was unofficial, and Secretary Knox did not count it. Official international bodies duly authorized to deal with the problems of super-surface traffic will very soon become necessary. Recent revelations concerning our own custom-houses show how hard it is to maintain a tariff when would-be smugglers move on the surface only; the problem of maintaining it when airships are plying will inevitably press for solution, if, indeed, it can be solved. It is

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time that we understood that the aeroplane is about to bring in a new and strange order.

IN FIFTY YEARS

THERE ought to be no reluctance of imagination. No dream should be too bold to be dreamed by inhabitants of a world which has passed through the marvels of the last half-century. Lord Avebury, writing for the New York *Times* the other day, remarked: "Though not eighty, I am older than any railway company in the world, any gas company, any steamboat company, any telegraph, telephone, or electric light company."

One need only ponder these words — and pondering is required before it is possible to realize that they can be true — to get a sense of the world of yesterday. No electric light, no telephone — any man of forty can remember that he lived in that world, but nobody can quite remember what it was like. Fifty years ago all Africa, except its coast, was a blank on the map; Asia was a dwelling-place of mystery; Japan was unborn; United Italy had no existence, and the German Empire was still a dream. Transportation was primitive; business was done on the basis of the country store; the feats of modern engineering were unattempted; electricity was an interesting toy; machinery had only begun its revolutionizing services. Ex-President Eliot's saying — that the world has been practically remade in the last half-century — is a moderate and truthful statement.

Great as has been the material transformation, the revolution in thought has been more complete. The great word of Darwin was spoken only fifty years ago; in science, history, philosophy, all is new since then. Telescopic photography, the spectroscope, the spectro-heliograph, have given new magnitude and meaning to the wonders of the sky, watched tornadoes tear the atmosphere of the sun, found the terrestrial elements in far-off stars, and demonstrated the integrity of the universe, while investigations following the discovery of radium have revealed every atom of which the universe is composed as itself a marvelous structure fashioned in the play of myriads of corpuscles. Astronomy on the one hand, chemistry and physics on the other, have made a new heaven and a new earth. A new era began for medicine with the recognition of bacteria. A hundred new materials, and new methods of obtaining old ones, have been found by commercial chemistry. To-day we gather medicines, dyes, and perfumes from coal tar, and fertilizer from the air. There is a certain zest, almost a spice of humor, in the surprises daily afforded by the progress of discovery and invention; they tease the imagination, daring it to try to match them. Whatever may be the wonders of another fifty years, those that have marked the past half-century must always remain so striking that men will say of us, as we say of an earlier renaissance, "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive."

WHY ENGLAND LOVES ITS LORDS

THERE is a delightful thrill in the possibility of so revolutionary a proceeding as the abolition of the British House of Lords. American newspaper correspondents in London have risen splendidly to their opportunity in making the most of that possibility. In sober fact, it does not exist. Had the Lords in November boldly rejected the radical budget sent them by the Commons, a wave of popular indignation might have swamped their House. By taking the ground merely that they must give the people themselves the right to pass on a measure so unusual, the Lords gained an immense tactical advantage; they robbed the attack on them of half its force. Whatever be the result of the election, the destruction of the hereditary House is really out of the question; its reform is possible.

The fact is, the English like lords too well to do much to them unless it is absolutely necessary. It is no great harm to give them a fright now and then; there has not been a decade since 1830 in which the peers' chamber was not threatened. But threatened men live long. The people are to-day pretty clearly minded to take their land away from them (the peers own one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom), but the nation has always been slow in responding to heated appeals to deprive the peers of their part in the business of governing. It is not much of a part, as it is. Yet, after a fashion, the House of Lords does serve the purpose of a Second Chamber. No intelligent man in England wants to see the fortunes of the kingdom and empire committed to a single, all-powerful House, and no responsible man has as yet proposed a substitute for the House of Lords.

There is a view of this body, not familiar in America, which regards it less as an assembly of aristocrats than as a group of naturally

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selected leaders, a group of men of proven efficiency. Less than one-fourth of the peers were nobles in 1800. A look over their House on any night in which business is being transacted would do very little to give the impression that it is a hereditary Chamber. Prominent among its members would be observed such men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Brassey, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Curzon, Lord Roberts, Lord Cromer, and Lord Kitchener.

It is really not to be held against a scientist, a soldier, a colonial administrator, or a newspaper proprietor, that he has been given a "handle to his name"; his knowledge and ability are just as valuable to his country as they were before. The English way of recognizing ability is to give its possessor a title and a seat in Parliament. If that were the American way, we should have a Senate which would include men like Theodore Roosevelt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Wilbur and Orville Wright, James J. Hill, ex-President Eliot, Admiral Dewey. It would not be an ideal Senate, but it would have a lot of good material in it and be not utterly unserviceable to the country.

It has been said, with some reason, that the British House of Lords is the most democratic body in the world, and said again that there is no assemblage in the world where one could go for expert advice on any subject, from the shoeing of a horse to the conduct of a campaign or the behavior of radium corpuscles, with greater certainty of getting it.

These things might be borne in mind as the cabled "Sunday stories" tell of the approaching abolition of the House of Lords. The weakness of the lords' position in the present campaign is that they have stepped directly into the path of the social revolution with which the English people are determined to proceed. If the people win easily, the Liberal party, returned to power, is much more likely to create a hundred or so new Liberal peers, thus capturing the House, than it is to abolish it.

AFTER LEOPOLD — WHAT?

LEOPOLD of Belgium — and of the Congo — was not so black as he was painted, chiefly because the man who did most of the painting made his living by the vividness with which he daubed on the colors. The irregularities of the King's private life were known all over the world — not necessarily because he was more profligate than some other monarchs, but because he made no effort to conceal them; because, also, every act of his private and public life was eagerly watched by hired press-agents.

There are many things that might be said if one cared to take the trouble to champion the cause of Leopold. He did not make the fabulous sums that have been repeatedly mentioned — and the revenues that did come to him came in the same way that dividends come to other great builders. He did what no other European power has done in Africa: he prohibited the sale of rum to the natives of his domain. An examination of the annual reports of the British African colonies for any year will show that a very large part of their revenue comes from the importation of rum and gin.

That there were instances of cruelty and other abuses of power in the Congo, that there were serious errors in judgment, that there were incompetent and culpable men in charge of important posts — all this was to be expected. Besides, very few people realize the strain that must be continually borne by every official who sits at his post in that blazing zone.

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King Albert, the new ruler, lacks the ability of his uncle — for Leopold was, perhaps, the intellectual and financial giant among the crowned heads of Europe — but the young man is evidently in earnest in his determination to give the Congo a progressive administration. After all, he has none of the autocratic power possessed by Leopold, for when the old King gave to his little country the richest colony in Africa, that act placed its administration in the hands of Parliament, and removed the possibility of another dictator.

If we consider the Leopold régime as a closed incident, there are several reasons for believing that the welfare of the Congo natives is as secure in the hands of the Belgian Government as it would be under any other European power.

For the rule of the Congo rests with the people, not with the new king or any other man. The administration in the field is in the hands of a Governor-General, who is responsible to a Colonial Secretary, who is responsible to the Belgian Parliament. Moreover, the press of the mother country is free and vigilant.

Then, the Belgians are a people to be trusted.

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They rank high among the European leaders of intellectual and social progress; they would quickly rise against any inhuman acts of their government; they are jealous of their national honor, which they have kept free from the taint of international trickery.

They are, moreover, as familiar with conditions in the Congo as we are with the Philippines and our other possessions. In the prolonged debates over annexation, the vexatious problem was threshed out in Parliament and in the newspapers, in minute detail. The Governor-General (Baron von Wahis) has spent years at his trying post; the new king made a personal investigation of the colony last spring; and the Colonial Secretary has gone through the Congo from one end to another.

The new administration, which has been in force since November 1, 1908, is based upon one of the most humane and enlightened laws that controls the destiny of any African division except Liberia. It has the endorsement of all the Belgian people except the extreme Socialists, who antagonize anything that is supported by organized society. A formal and dignified protest against the criticism of the English was signed last November by the burgomasters of the cities, the heads of the universities, the presidents of the scientific societies, the representatives of the department of justice, and the official heads of the churches. The names of the Catholic Cardinal, the president of the Protestant Synod, and the Jewish Grand Rabbi are side by side. They ask for fairness in criticism on the simple ground that Belgium is a nation that prides itself on its love of justice and can therefore be trusted.

WHAT EVERY BUYER OF IRRIGATION BONDS SHOULD KNOW

HUNDREDS of letters come to this office asking the opinion of THE WORLD'S WORK concerning the soundness and integrity of irrigation bonds of various classes. The letters probably arise from the fact that the advertisements of many firms offering these bonds appear in the magazine every month.

When the question refers by name to a specific issue of bonds, we can usually give a specific answer; but many of the questions are general, and ask for a general opinion. Such a general opinion is not capable of being expressed.

One may say that the bonds of the Government, of the states, and of the larger cities are absolutely sound. One cannot say the same in a general statement concerning any other class of securities. This magazine has failed of its object if it has not made it quite plain that a man, to be safe, must learn how to select investments, and not take them blindly on the strength of their names. The phrase "railroad bond" may mean the acme of safety, or the limit of speculative risk; and "farm mortgage" may mean perfect security, or it may mean a quick journey to the courts to collect the first year's interest.

So, too, with irrigation bonds. The issues offered in this magazine's advertising pages are not guaranteed by the publishers. We cannot examine every project for ourselves. We might send a man out West to look over them all. His report, if he were an engineer, would be valuable from that point of view. If he were a skilled lawyer, versed in the weird intricacies of irrigation, his report would give us assurance that the bonds were legally issued and secured. If he were a soil analyst, we might be certain that the new lands would be productive after the water began to flow in the ditches. If he were a practical farmer or a fruit-grower, we might be more certain of the slopes, the exposures, and the other factors that enter into that phase of the problem.

Unless every one of these factors and many others are carefully considered, no buyer of irrigation bonds has any proper safeguard in his investment. We cannot do this work. The buyer cannot do it for himself. The cost of a legal, engineering, agricultural, and climatic survey is prohibitive, so far as the individual is concerned.

The one thing that we, or the buyer, can do

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is to take such offerings only from people whose names and reputations ensure that every precaution has been taken. If you are offered bonds of this class by a banker of whom you never heard, find out about him before you buy. Here are some cardinal questions that need answering:

How long has he been in business?

How many issues of this sort has he sold?

Have any of them defaulted?

What other classes of bonds does he deal in?

Who is his engineer?

Who is his lawyer?

Of what exchange is he a member?

If of none, with what banks does he do business?

All references should be carefully looked into before buying such bonds from a stranger. In all your dealings, remember that you are not buying the credit obligations of a standard railroad, a great industrial, a well-known city, or any other debtor with whom you are familiar. You are thinking of becoming a creditor of a district, a corporation, or a county of which, probably, you never heard before; and on the advice of a firm with whom, perhaps, you are not acquainted at all.

Our advice, then, would be to get acquainted with the firm at least, and to be perfectly certain that the acquaintance is based on facts and not on gilded fictions, before you spend a dollar on irrigation bonds or any other class of securities except standard issues.

This article is not an essay about irrigation bonds. If you want to know about them in general and in particular, the dealers in them issue booklets telling the cardinal facts about them as a class and as individual investments. I would merely touch upon a few points not usually detailed at great length in the literature that is sent out by the banking houses.

Concerning irrigation bonds issued by municipal districts, whose interest and principal are collected and paid by counties, there is not much to say. They are very nearly like regular municipal bonds. The questions that a man should ask about them are the same that he should ask about municipal bonds issued by towns, counties, or townships of which he never heard before. The literature will answer most of the questions. Here are a few that it may not answer:

How many people now live in this district?

How many individual farms have been sold in it?

How long will it be before they raise crops?

What percentage of the irrigated land is already sold to individual settlers?

What percentage is held in large tracts by speculators?

What has been the income and expense of the whole county for the last five years?

What debt has the county that comes ahead of these bonds?

Has this county ever defaulted or delayed payment of its obligations?

If the answers are satisfactory, and you have learned that the men who make them are honest and of good standing, you can buy the bonds with assurance.

"Carey Act" bonds may be very excellent, or they may be worthless. It depends, in the long run, mostly on whether or not the lands are settled by bona-fide farmers.

One day last summer I stood on the rear platform of a transcontinental train, talking to a Montana rancher. He was a college man. He was dressed in high-boots, corduroy pants, a flannel shirt, and a sombrero.

"That's our ditch," he said, pointing to a line that ran along the hillside. We followed it for some miles. He told me that he and five partners were bringing in some thousand acres of valley land.

"I've been through it all," he added, "and I guess I've made all the mistakes there are. This one is a go."

"What are some of the mistakes?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "about ninety-nine out of a hundred of these things are mistakes. The worst is not knowing your land. The next worst is not knowing your water. If you miss those two, you trip over your titles. When you've got all those right, you run out of money and get closed up by the sheriff. If you dodge him, you run into a squeeze, and the settlers won't buy the land from you. If they do, half of them get homesick, or die, or the wife won't stay — and they lie down on their contracts and give you the selling job over again. Anyhow, a bona-fide buyer is a scarce article in most of these regions, for there ain't any restaurants, nor theatres, nor such. They're lucky if there's a train once a day. That's why this project is located on the main line of the N. P. If they get lonesome they can watch the through trains go by. Anyhow, it's a case of hard bucking all the way."

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The last sentence was later explained by the fact that in other years this particular rancher had been coach of the Purdue University football team, and others.

These remarks apply with equal force to the bonds or stocks issued by corporations under the Carey Act and without its help. The Carey Act, let it be stated, does not guarantee the bonds. It makes no obligation behind the bonds, either of Federal Government, state, county, township, or village. All that the Carey Act ensures is that certain state authorities, more or less competent, have made an examination, more or less thorough, into the reliability of the corporation issuing the bonds, and the state has then set aside the land. The state has also made certain provisions intended to guard the settlers, not the bond-holders. The bonds, whether Carey Act or private, stand upon the value of the property.

In the long run, they depend upon the ability of the corporation and the state to sell these irrigated lands to responsible buyers; and to collect from the buyers the amounts that they are pledged to pay for the lands and for the water rights supplied by the corporation.

At the present time, this does not seem to be a risk. There seem to be uncounted thousands of farmers all over this country who want those acres. Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Oregon call to their borders as many men as are needed to fill the vacant lands, once the water is supplied to make them bloom. Therefore, to-day, the risk of the irrigation bond is minimized in the public mind.

I met a cautious individual in the far West, a banking man of wide experience. He came to the hotel in the middle of the night, because he did not want to be seen talking to an Eastern visitor who asked very many questions. He was one of the few prominent men in that section of the country who applied to all questions the careful financial inquisitiveness of the East and of Europe.

"How about these Carey Act propositions?" I asked him, after we had talked over the fruit-land situation.

"The best of them are the best things in the West," he said, "and the worst of them are the worst things we have. I have been in seven of them. I am out of all but one."

"What's the matter with them?"

"When these hard-headed Easterners start them, they are usually all right unless the hard-headed Easterners are crooked. If they are straight, they count on making their money out of selling the lands and paying off the bonds they put out, taking the rest of the proceeds as profits. If they are crooked, they count on making their profits out of the bonds that they may be able to issue. That's a regular dead-fall."

"Are there many like that?"

"There are ten like that to one of the others. Most of the little ones and some of the big ones are like that. They don't care whether the land will grow anything or not. They start out with a blare of trumpets, announce that a third or a quarter of the land is already sold to settlers (their own dummies or mere fools who have put down ten dollars on a whole farm) — and the rest is easy. They sell their securities mostly in the newspapers. I know one case where one of the heads of the concern, a young college fellow, peddled the bonds himself all over New England and sold a hundred thousand dollars worth in four months."

"What happened?"

"I think they are still selling bonds." He looked at me to see how much I knew. "You don't think it's time for an explosion yet, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Why, every bit of land that's thrown open in this country could be sold five times over. Wait till the colonist trains are running west empty. The explosions will be so close together that it will look as if the whole West has gone to glory!"

The man who said these things was not an Eastern misanthrope, with sour milk in his veins. He was a man of experience. He told me that he bought a Palouse farm in 1894 for $110 cash — a farm whose present owner drives an automobile and spends the winters in California. Little grass grows under this man's feet. He is a wealthy man — perhaps because he applies strange methods to the testing of Western values.

The burden of proof rests squarely on the shoulders of the men who would sell to the conservative Eastern buyer the irrigation bonds of the West. He must prove, beyond mere phrases and idle comparisons, that what he sells is the upper stratum of this great mass of securities based on the undeveloped equities of the West. The responsibility of the banking houses that have introduced these bonds here

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in the East and that to-day are selling them in millions is the greatest responsibility of its kind with which my experience has brought me in contact.

It was paralleled, before my day, many times. The firms that scattered the mill stocks of New England into every strong box of those states assumed it — and with glorious results. The buyers reaped rich profits, sure incomes, and solid comfort. The bankers gained glory and high position. It was paralleled, again, by the firms that sowed the farm mortgages, real-estate mortgages, and industrial stocks of Kansas and Minnesota in the savings banks of the East in the late 'eighties and the early 'nineties. Read the report of the banking superintendent of New Hampshire for 1896 to learn the sequel.

The responsible banker, valuing his credit and the name and honor of his house far beyond quick profits, goes very far indeed before he sells irrigation bonds, or any new class of securities, to his old customers.

If he has gone far enough, investigated with sufficient care, paid high enough fees to get the best legal opinions, stood the test of the district courts, hired real farming, analytical, and engineering experts to make reports upon which his judgment may be formed, he can offer for sale a security that will net well up to 6 per cent., and that will surely stand the test of time.

In my opinion, irrigation bonds of corporations, under Carey Act, Desert Land Act, or private, should not be bought by any Eastern investor unless they are based on a "going concern"; secured by at least 125 per cent. (better 150 per cent.) of valid, bona-fide water-contracts signed by settlers; safeguarded by provisions that make it certain they will be retired or balanced by cash in the hands of a good trustee before any of the revenue from the lands is used for any other purpose; and thoroughly attested as to legality and general bona-fides. Too many of them are mere construction bonds, relying upon work and property not yet accomplished or tangible.

The cream of this crop of irrigation bonds is the cream of the West. But be sure, when you pay the price for cream, that you do not get skim milk. C. M. K.

SWAPPING HORSES FOR INSURANCE

TWO neighboring farmers owned each a gray mare. The mares were valuable animals, of good blood and endurance, and much alike. The first farmer insured his beast. The second did not. The uninsured mare became sick, and finally died. Early the next morning the two neighbors met, and in talking over the misfortune devised a plan to make the most of it. They swapped animals. The first farmer, who had insured, hauled the dead beast over to his farm, and then loaned to his neighbor the well mare. Then he wrote to the insurance company that his mare was dead. After a cursory examination the company paid the claim. The farmers divided the money, and the live horse was returned to its owner.

This explains one of the reasons why there is but one legal reserve live-stock insurance company in the United States that has been in business as long as ten years. During that time there have been many attempts to start such companies, but only the one has lasted.

The last report of the New York State superintendent also shows that three assessment associations for insuring live-stock were insolvent. The failure of these would recall to many people's minds the defects of assessment insurance of other kinds. The mutual fire-insurance companies (with several exceptions in the mill districts in Massachusetts), the assessment societies issuing accident insurance (with some exceptions of traveling men's associations) and assessment life-insurance societies are all less stable than the companies doing the same business on the legal reserve plan under the supervision of the state.

But the analogy does not hold in this case. The three associations which failed in New York state were all in cities — one in Buffalo, one in Brooklyn, and one in New York. Their members did not know what animals were insured, or much of anything about these societies. People did not take policies in these associations with any knowledge of the risks

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accepted or the conduct of the business. They bought the insurance as a commodity. This left these associations open to the worst evils of the assessment system — a lack of regulation by the state and no scrutiny by their members. In the cities this would almost necessarily be true.

In the country, however, conditions are different. A farmers' coöperative society, with a relatively small number of members, can conduct a live-stock insurance business on a much safer basis. Every member knows practically all the animals that are insured. Killing the animals for their insurance, "swapping gray mares," or any other chicanery at the expense of the association would be difficult. The investigation and scrutiny, which would be expensive for a company at a distance, would be automatic in an association covering only a limited farming community.

Among the farmers of this country there are now about 2,000 coöperative associations, whose chief object is insurance of various kinds. In Europe, also, such associations are of long standing and success. For example, ten years ago there were 185 local societies in Baden, all affiliated with the Central Cattle Re-insurance Association. The local societies averaged approximately 90 members, and insured about 340 cattle. Besides the indemnification for loss, the societies tend to prevent loss. Farmers who are known to ill-feed, or overwork their animals are refused insurance, and few men are content to be long branded in that way. When an insured animal is ill, the owner must immediately notify the society's veterinary, and this leads to better and more prompt attention than is usual, and the consequent diminished loss.

The cost of this assessment insurance, both here and abroad, is low, for the expenses of management are small; and, as has been explained, the chance of fraud is small. For the farmer, the local association is at present both the safest and cheapest organization in which to insure.

For the horse-owner in the city, the insurance question is more difficult. The city assessment associations have not been safe. The one American stock company of any stability does not reach all the states of the Union, and the largest amount it ever received in premiums during one year was $183,903.

Some of the larger horse-owners in the cities have found another institution which will insure their animals. Though American companies are few, there are American agents a plenty who handle business for the old London Lloyd's, which will insure almost anything from dogs to diamonds. For example, one of the largest retail coal dealers in New York has all his teams so insured. The rate varies from 2 to 7 per cent. This does not, however, offer any facilities for people who own only one or two horses, unless they are very valuable, for it is hardly worth while for the agents to place less than $1,000 worth of insurance in Lloyd's.

WHAT I TRIED TO DO IN MY LATEST BOOK

I. WHY I WROTE "FROM MY YOUTH UP"

BY

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I WROTE "From My Youth Up" at the solicitation of several charming women much younger than myself. One and all of the friends who stood on the same plane with me, so far as age is concerned, shook their heads and said: "You would better not." My family seemed equally reluctant to have me venture into print with a book about myself, and I felt uncertain whose advice to take. The idea once having entered my mind could not easily be thrust out into the cold. I have never been noted for caution, and have always liked to take a risk, and little by little the suggestions of women still in the heyday of youth prevailed

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above those of the less enthusiastic and more conservative circle of lifelong acquaintance. One does not feel old in proportion to the number of her birthdays, and I know myself still to be rather more deeply in sympathy with young girls and young mothers than with women past the meridian.

Although my experience in some aspects has been uneventful, in others it has touched many sides of life. I have lived through and been part of one of the most stirring and fateful periods of our country's history. I have been familiar with, and have had intimate personal knowledge of home life in widely separated sections of the land. During the Civil War there were those very near and dear to me under Federal and Confederate flags alike. I have kept house with a retinue and have lived with the utmost simplicity in four little rooms. If anybody may claim to have known all sorts and conditions of men and women, and to have had friendly relations with people of opposite caste, creed, and color, I may modestly make that claim. My education was that given to young girls in the 'fifties. It was in marked contrast to the education young women are receiving now, but I am inclined to think that, as a practical preparation for life, it may bear comparison with twentieth-century methods.

I began "From My Youth Up" with the enjoyment of a child who steps into a playroom. The dear days came back to me, and the dear faces and voices. I hardly thought of myself, except as of one small person around whom moved father and mother, brother and sister, teachers and schoolmates, friends and comrades. Life was wholly beautiful and wholly sweet. If any one wants a good time, I advise her to write the story of her childhood. Fortunately, few children have anything but happiness to remember.

As I proceeded I began to see that I might be helpful to my potential readers, and when I reached the hour at which I seriously took up literary pursuits I knew that my pages would make a special appeal to the ever-increasing number of people who desire to try their fortunes in the writing field. I have almost written myself out in confidential letters to the girl who aspires to be famous, to the wife who wants to earn money by her pen, and to the man at the parting of the ways who is sure that his stories surpass in merit the majority of those which editors accept. Having myself been both editor and contributor, it occurred to me as I went on that such people as these might gain useful information should they read the straightforward story of what I have been doing for rather more than thirty years. From my youth up I have had more joy than sorrow, more pleasure than pain, more ease than hardship, and if my little book is optimistic, it is because optimism has been the dominant note of all my years.

To recapitulate briefly, I aimed in writing "From My Youth Up" to tell the story of my girlhood, my training, and environment, to give some recollections of the Civil War and of the Reconstruction period in the South, and later to set forth in realistic fashion the story of an active literary life, which continues without interruption to the present time.

II. WHY I WROTE "A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST"

BY

MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER

I AM a creature so saturate with earth, water, and air that if I do not periodically work some of it out of my system in ink, my nearest and dearest cannot live with me. When such a time overtakes me, I write as the birds sing, because I must, and usually from the same source of inspiration. So my first book was one stretch of river bank and swamp that I knew, one bird, and one old man with whom I was sufficiently intimate to record his true picture. Then, like Grandfather Squeers, I felt that I had "the hang of it now and could do it ag'in." So I wrote another book. I put in a little more swamp, several birds, and a few people I knew I could portray faithfully.

It was then the mail-box business began. First, a wealthy club woman of a great city wrote me that she had read one of my books to a company of tired clerks, while they lunched

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at their noon rest-hour, and it had brought to them a few minutes of country so real that they begged for more. A nurse wrote from a hospital ward, for a man who always had lived in and loved the open and now from spinal trouble never would walk again, that my pictures of swamp and forest were so true he had lost himself for an hour in them, and would I please send his address to my publishers, so that he might be informed when I wrote again. The warden of a state reform school wrote that 1,500 sin-besmirched little souls in his care, shut for punishment from their natural inheritance of field and wood, were reading my books to rags because they scented freedom and found comfort in them, and would I send him word when the next one was finished? And the dignified and scholarly Orren Root, sitting with his feet on the fender in the library of his beloved "Hemlocks," read one of my books one night, and the next day wrote me:

"I have a severe cold this morning, because I got my feet very wet last night walking the trail with 'Freckles,' but I am willing to risk pneumonia any time for another book like that."

I have such letters in heaps, from every class and condition of people, all the way from northern Canada to the lowest tip of Africa, all asking for more of the outdoors, as I see it, because my descriptions are absolutely real to them, and my characters recognized as transcriptions from life.

So I wrote "A Girl of the Limberlost," to carry to workers inside city walls, to hospital cots, to those behind prison bars, and to scholars in their libraries, my story of earth and sky. Incidentally, I put in all the insects, flowers, vines and trees, birds, and animals that I know, and such human beings as I grow well enough acquainted with in my work in the woods, that I feel able to record a faithful study of their loves, pains, joys, temptations, and triumphs.

This reduces my formula for a book to simplicity itself — an outdoor setting of land in which I have lived until, as Mary Austin expresses it, I know "the procession of the year." Then I people such a location with the men and women who live there, and on my pages write down their story of joy and sorrow commingled as living among them I know it to be. This is the secret of any appeal that my work may make. I am nothing but a machine of transmission. If it be truth that my work does not conform to the ordinary standards of fiction-writing, it is probably because very little of what I write is fiction, and people know it.

I live in the country and work in the woods, so no other location is possible for my backgrounds, and only the people with whom I come in daily contact there are suitable for my actors. Naturally, there come times when other locations and people are forced upon me, but I decline to admit that I have a working knowledge of them. And I want to say for such people as I put into books, that in the plain, old-fashioned country homes where I have lived, I have known such wealth of loving consideration, such fidelity between husband and wife, such obedience in children, such constancy to purpose, such whole-souled love for friends and neighbors, such absence of jealousy, pettiness, and rivalry, as my city critics do not know is in existence. I know that they do not know these things exist, else they would not question my chronicles of them. But much can be forgiven a critic when he attempts to criticise a life that he never lived, and a love that he never knew.

I never could write a historical novel, because I want my history embellished with anything on earth save fiction. I could not write of society, because I know just enough about it to know that the more I know, the less I wish that I knew. I have read a few "problem" novels and they appeal to me as a wandering over nasty, lawless subjects and situations of the most ancient type, under new names. There is nothing remaining for me but the woods, and the people I meet there.

So for my boys behind bars, first of all, for my working girls, for my scholars, and friends of leisure, I "aimed" to conjure up part of a swamp that I once knew, and set its flowers blooming, its birds singing, its wonderful creatures of night a-wing. And then I tried to tell the simple story of a girl in calico and cow-hide, who struggled until she reached the things that she craved, even as I once struggled; of a woman who suffered many deaths for sins that she never committed, and found peace at last; of a man who had everything in life, yet kept himself clean, even as many men I know to-day, because they are too refined and proud to stoop to common, contaminating sin; of a man and woman who might have been anyone's Aunt Margaret and Uncle Wesley; of a little child that I fed, and doctored, and

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quoted *literally* in nine-tenths of his sayings and doings; and a couple of young people who found the best in themselves through suffering, as most of us suffer and find our better selves sooner or later; and sunshine at the end, as please God it shall come to all of us who work and do the best we know.

My critics say that these methods never can produce literature; yet it is in my memory that the scenes of real masterpieces are lands intimately known, and the characters are people who are daily familiar with the authors. It is my belief that no great book ever was written any other way, and that no literature truly characteristic of a nation is possible by any other method. As to whether my work is or ever will be literature, I never bother my head. Time, the hearts of my readers, and the files of my publishers will find me my ultimate place. In the meantime, I shall have had the joy of my work, for to me it is joy unspeakable to make a swimming-hole splash, squirrels bark, and nuts rattle down inside reform-school walls, or to set a bird singing, leaves rustling, and a cricket chirping beside hospital cots. As for my "aim," Cale Young Rice recently put it into verse for me. He did not know that he did it for me, but I did the instant that I saw it:

"I ask no more
Than to restore
To simple, homely things their former joy."

THE WAY TO HEALTH

The average man's working efficiency might be increased fifty per cent. The development of vitality is the keynote of the new world-wide movement for health. Its aim is to increase the power to live and work, rather than merely to cure or even to prevent disease. As a part of this movement, THE WORLD'S WORK *will publish from month to month the experiences of individuals in their search for health and power.*

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, author of "The Efficient Life" and of "Mind and Work," will select important and typical experiences from correspondence coming to him and will suggest constructive measures for more efficient living. Those desiring such suggestions should write fully to THE WORLD'S WORK *about their personal habits — hours of work, sleep, recreation, eating, clothing, temperament, and health experiences. Particular attention will be paid to communications in regard to children, and from those who feel that their power is beginning to wane through old age or from overwork.*

SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I GOT WELL"

IN MY boarding house in El Paso there were more than a score of persons who undoubtedly had tuberculosis in one stage or another, yet the life which they led was a studied effort to deny even a suspicion of such a thing. Most of them had left home because their doctor had told them that they had "weak lungs." I recall one fine fellow who was apparently strong and rugged, but who was in fact "very far advanced." He had left the East in fairly good health, to "rough it" in Arizona on the advice of his doctor. He had "roughed it" for a year and the result was, as he expressed it, that he had "shot himself to pieces." He roundly cursed that doctor for starting him on the road to certain ruin. Later, I came to know that his experience was typical of thousands of persons who come to the land-of-the-well country. Another young fellow, who came to the sanatorium in a

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happy, cheerful mood, explained to us that his home doctor had told him that he had a "slight touch" of bronchitis, and that a few weeks in the Southwest would fix him up. But when his examination came it was found that he had tuberculosis of both lungs, as well as that even more dreaded thing, tuberculosis of the throat.

I could give many more examples, if there were space, of the false hopes created, and the failure on the part of doctors to make clear the situation, for my own experience is full of just such things. And in each case the cost is very great — for when the patient has learned the truth it is usually too late.

I have come to believe that doctors, as a class, do not take their patients into their confidence; they do not advise and instruct them as they should. I do not wish to criticize the methods of physicians, except in so far as they enshroud their treatment and advice in mystery, and in so far as they fail sufficiently to explain matters to their patients.

The patient himself is not by any means entirely free from blame, for it is undoubtedly true that the average patient does not show a desire to know and to understand; and it is quite true, as the doctors insist, that many do not have the capacity to understand these matters even if they were explained. Still I cannot help but feel that I should have understood something at least, in those early days when I was trying so hard to know, and no doctor would tell me. And I am quite sure that the average patient would understand and profit very much if given the opportunity. The doctor should be more helpful by way of intimate advice, more confidential; and the patient should be more willing to learn.

The trouble lies largely in the patient's overestimating the doctor's power, and in the doctor's willingness to have it so; and if either is to be more severely condemned it is the doctor, for he knows, while the patient does not. In the factors which will ultimately decide whether a patient is to get well or not, his own recuperative capacity may constitute nine points, while the doctor and the medicine that he gives constitute the other part. But the average patient is still inclined to reverse the proportions and to trust himself blindly to his doctor, firm in the belief that the "medicine" will in some mysterious way work his cure. And the average doctor rather aids in the delusion than otherwise.

It seems to me there rests a heavy duty on the medical profession in the matter, and perhaps it is not presumptuous for a layman to say that it is his conviction that the duty is not carried out as it should be. I have seen and felt in my own experience in the Southwest the sad results which follow the improper advice of home doctors, and of some of these things I have already spoken. But I know also the situation from the standpoint of the people who never "go West," but who remain in their own homes to chase the cure. It is not very long ago that I was living in a "back-home" country, and I well remember the condition of "consumptives," as we called them. The misery and helplessness of it all were so vivid in my mind that I resolved, when I learned of my own affliction, never to go back home until I was a well man.

I know how the "back-home" consumptives were treated then, and I am sure that they are still being treated in the same way in a hundred thousand cases. The doctor called twice a week: or, as the last stages of the disease approached, every day. He prescribed some "stomach bitters" or cough syrup, and though he knew in his heart he could do nothing to relieve or help, yet he had not the courage or the integrity to say so. The patient would grow weaker and weaker until the despairing family would send for another physician, recommended perhaps by a visiting relative, in the hope that he might do some little good. The new doctor could do nothing more than his predecessor, and so the vicious circle would go on until the patient died — for they always did die — and the family was left with its burden of woe and a mortgage on the farm to pay the doctors' bills.

The pitfalls and difficulties which beset such a patient are legion. He is after quick results and has, like the rest of mankind, great faith in the taking of medicines. He is willing to "dope" himself with barrels of somebody's "Consumption Cure," or "Catarrh Cure"; he will smoke mullen-leaves by the hour and consume all sorts of syrups and drugs; he will suck for months at various sorts of "inhalers" — for all of these are "cures" which I, myself, have seen tried. But the reason that he does this is because some doctor has advised him to do it — or, if not, then because he has not been advised not to do it; and the result is the same in the end.

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The moral of all this is — that those doctors who know should enlighten and instruct their patients; and those who do not know should admit the fact, for the love that they bear their fellow-men.

My own experience with doctors will probably illustrate better than I can express in any other way the points I have been trying to make, for it includes consultation with several of the best specialists in New York and Philadelphia, as well as a considerable acquaintance, both personal and professional, with the doctors of El Paso, Silver City, and Denver.

After I had learned positively, by means of the microscope, that I had tuberculosis, my home doctor advised consultation with some of the famous men in and about New York. I was anxious to learn as much as possible of my condition, and I did as he advised. The first two visits were unsatisfactory in the results, so far as I was concerned, so I went to several others. I wanted to know something of the disease and how it could be cured — but that is just what they did not tell me.

The first doctor proceeded to strip me and examine and diagnose my case in a way which then seemed strange and mystifying, but which afterward became familiar by repetition. He sounded my ribs with his knuckles and listened to my breathing with his ear pressed against my chest and back. For fifteen minutes or more he examined and tested me with every device and appliance known to the profession, but during the whole time he did not speak to me except to ask suggestive questions as to my age, my family history, my previous habits, occupations, etc. At the end of the examination he dictated a short note, which he sealed and gave to me for my doctor. To me personally he said nothing — except to tell me the amount of his fee. I afterward saw the note. It contained his thanks for being permitted to examine the case; as for the patient, "he undoubtedly had tuberculosis, and he advised Arizona or Colorado."

The other doctors were more communicative, but they did not tell me anything of what I really wanted to know. They assured me that I had the disease, but each located it in a different part of my lungs, some of them differing even as to the lung involved — but they did not explain to me the nature of the disease, nor the principles according to which it must be cured. I became dissatisfied and discouraged after I had visited four doctors and they had all treated me as a specimen to be examined rather than as a person in search of information and help.

I gave up the search, in no way better qualified to begin the actual hunt for health than I had been in the beginning. I went to El Paso, and after a time I went to one of the best-known doctors there. The result was the same as before, and I finally gave up, as many persons do — believing that the doctors were doing me no good.

The methods of the doctor at the sanatorium where I was cured were directly contrary to what I had known before. At the first examination he marked out with a lead pencil on my chest the locality involved, explained fully the nature and condition of my case, told me what I might expect in the way of cure, how long it would probably take, and finally outlined minutely the routine that I should follow every day. Of course, living at the sanatorium gave greater opportunity for observation by the doctor and for consultation with him, but it is with the attitude I am concerned and not with the opportunity.

The doctor was continually explaining the characteristics of the disease and its proper treatment, and in a short space of time the patients became "near-doctors" themselves. We learned the anatomy of the lungs, the methods of contracting the disease, the way in which it attacks the body, the results of an autopsy at various stages of the disease, the character of the tubercle bacillus. We were even allowed to examine it under the microscope; we learned the recuperative agencies of the body, how it sets about working its own cure, the theory of toxins, the liability of relapse, the danger of "reactions," the signs of approaching cure, the importance of temperature, the futility of medicines — these and a thousand other similar matters.

The doctor took us completely into his confidence and never did anything without making clear to us what he was doing, what he expected the result to be, and why he expected it. And he had an appreciative audience, for every person realized that his salvation might depend on his own better understanding of these matters. In short, we learned from our doctor that we must work our own cure and that he could only help in incidental matters. And we respected and admired him the more, and knew that he was the greater doctor for his banishment of mystery.

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THE TROUBLE WITH THE TEACHER

[NOTE.—*"The Confessions of a Successful Teacher," in the November* WORLD'S WORK, *called forth much comment and scores of manuscripts from teachers who insisted that the profession had been misrepresented. Most of the manuscripts really proved the contention of the article that they criticized; we publish here the article which seemed most fairly to represent the protestants, because it is almost the only one that had the quality of enthusiasm and inspiration. It is followed by Mr. McAndrew's statement of the case from the standpoint of a man (the other articles having been written by women teachers) and of a school principal.*—THE EDITORS.]

THE PROTEST OF A CONTENTED TEACHER

BY

ONE WHO LOVES HER WORK

TEACHERS take their temperaments and their qualities into their profession; they do not find them there. The teacher who from the start hates his task is a misfit. There is no excuse for remaining at it when so many avenues of escape are open. This is true to-day of women as well as of men. It was not true fifty years ago, when "not to be at all, or else to be a teacher, was the alternative presented to aspiring young women of intellectual proclivities."

For myself (since the intimate narrative of personal experience is desired), had a thousand callings been open to me, I should have gravitated unerringly to teaching. It claimed me early. At eighteen I interrupted my collége course to try my ''prentice hand' on an ungraded country school. On graduating, I sought and found a position in the Latin-preparatory department of a high school in a New England city. There I made myself useful and was rapidly advanced. After four years of service, I applied for the principalship of a public school in a great Western city, passed the tests, and became the only woman master at that time in the county. To-day, half the masters in that city are women, with salaries the same as the men's. Later I engaged in private school work, and became associate principal of a large school for girls. I have since had my own school and made my conditions.

I may add that I have had offers from normal schools and colleges; also opportunities to write editorially on educational subjects for a great daily newspaper, and have thus kept up with the march of events. I have attended many institutes, my maiden speech having been made to one of men only. I could amplify this portion of my confidence, but I wish only to make clear the fact that I have not been shut up to teaching as a necessity, accepted it as a grinding lot, or had a narrow range of activity. In the interests of truth let me add that Cœlebs in search of a wife has not passed me by; nor have I observed that teachers as a class are immune from temptation to matrimony.

I have had scores of teachers under me whose calibre and temper I have had to gauge, and seldom have I found one who hated her work; never one who was ashamed of her vocation. I have known many teachers, especially in the West, men and women of size (measured not alone by their hat-bands), who are capable of bettering themselves financially, yet have stuck to their work because they love it. They are an honor to their profession.

Such teachers are the true measure of their calling, as "the highest is the measure of the man." What could have induced Emma Willard, or Mary Lyon, or Arnold of Rugby, or Edward Rowland Sill, or William T. Harris, or Julia Richman, or Ella F. Young to leave the post of teacher for a more lucrative or conspicuous one? Ashamed of a profession adorned by such names — a roll headed by the Great Teacher?

This is doubtless buncombe to the teacher who confessedly "hates her work." Perhaps

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she has missed some reasons for loving it. For instance —

Companionship with the aspiring and the industrious builders of a nation and a race may have been denied her. From the pursuit of wealth these toilers are debarred. Except in the private school managed as a business enterprise, there is no lure of gold. What unjaundiced eye could look into the faces of such a representative body of teachers as the National Educational Association, without the estimate: "Attitude high, ideals noble, cause just"? Earnest purpose and unselfish motive actuate the majority and carry their own reward. Moral qualities are self-perpetuating. Like produces like — teacher in pupil. To direct the life energy of a child, to transform its character, to shape its growth, is no unrewarding task.

The supreme reason, then, for loving one's work is the kind of investment it offers in human lives — an investment that bears interest in human values, precious and priceless. Let me illustrate this with extracts from letters written me by my pupils:

"When I first got into your classes I didn't try to do anything; so high were your standards, they seemed impossible to me, until I found that you were interested in me; then I tried to make the best of myself for your sake. I read books and did things continually that I cared nothing for, without expecting to care, or to be that sort of girl. How great was my surprise to find after a while that all unconsciously, by contact with the best things and influenced by you, I *was* that kind of girl; and never through the whole course of my life could I be satisfied with anything lower than your standards, which were the highest. You were very patient with me, but would never stop for laggards, and I tugged on after you, breathless, but not daring to pause, lest I lose you by the way. . . . You compelled us to think for ourselves, aroused our consciences, and made us feel spiritual values. All your work was infused with spiritual quality."

Another pupil, who is now dean of a college, writes:

"Even after twenty years, I cannot write coolly of your teaching, because it was the most powerful factor in my life. Absolute integrity in work and one's very best were what you expected, and every girl felt a great moral demand upon her to transcend her old ideals. Yet we never felt driven to work, but rather, self-impelled."

Another noble woman, whose mother told me that I had formed the character of her girls, wrote me thus:

"You know you are as firmly homed in my heart as the memories and all that is sacred in the past. In fact, you are the living spirit of my past. To talk to you is to speak with my heart, overflowing with memories of my girlhood. . . . The present I know not how to tell you of. The days are crowded with work, yet full of happiness and peace, and I believe always marked by progress upward."

From a beautiful but self-willed girl, who had required "heroic encouragement" to scholarly habits, and who had one day slipped into my hand this line: "The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors," there came to me after her death this verse, penciled on a bit of slate:

"This wandering brook that winds upon its way
In shade and sunshine on this August day,
Sings to my heart a tender song of thee.
The murmuring music holds an undertone of pain;
There is a tinge of sadness in the soft refrain;
Yet e'en the pain that creepeth now to me
From this brook-music cries: 'She still loves thee.'"

I have culled these extracts in a sincere endeavor to indicate the blessings that crown a teacher's career. There were others "in disguise." Very early my tendency to sarcasm drew a rebuke from a brave girl, who left on my desk this couplet:

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen."

I swallowed and digested this bitter pill, but the remedial process was a slower one. I must have "hacked and hewed" that day in the Virgil class when I said to a bright but indolent boy: "Frank, I'd like to explode a torpedo under you." Ten years later, Frank, in the dignity of an Episcopal surplice, told me that my brusque remark had made an epoch in his life, arousing his dormant energy. I had forgotten it. Indeed, so far as I have traced the effect of my work, it has been the chance word, the unstudied act, the unconscious ideal, that have been most effective for good or ill.

Who shall write the Epic of the Schoolroom? My four years in the high school were a fraction of an Iliad, as to my inner life. At their close, I told my favorite class my decision not to return. To my surprise, not a word was spoken; but, as if a cloud had darkened the sky, the air became showery with tears. I kept a brave face until a fine boy of sixteen, ruddy and wholesome as an apple, taking his turn at "good-bye," "up and kissed me on the

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lips." Then I, too, laughed and cried. That dear class gave me a surprise party, and looked their prettiest in a group picture framed for my wall; but so big that, like the Vicar's family portrait, the house would not contain it.

As to the joys and rewards of my country school, how they shine, as looking backward I see the frozen pond and the snowy road, the chestnut woods and the maple grove, and recall the fragrant excursions with my country lads and lasses! This outdoor comradeship rendered discipline in the schoolroom a negligible quantity, while the reading circle about the evening lamp aroused mentality.

And that *bête noire* of the unhappy teacher — the Principal or the School Board? There are all kinds. Again I draw upon a varied experience. My first master let me severely alone until he found that I could do without him. He had met me with this challenge: "The less I hear about the discipline of this room, the better." Every atom of my will leaped to conquer, and I did not fail. The same master touched the quick of my pride by asking me dryly if I was taught thus and so (referring to minor faults) by my alma mater. He left no hiding-places for my weakness, and for that and more I bless his memory. Another principal rarely blamed, but never praised, and not until he invited me back to the highest position in the school did I learn his estimate of my work. Another, in my volatile days, lifted me to the seventh heaven by saying that my girls in Latin recited as well as the boys at Exeter!

I have had masters, I have been a master; and I have had the friendship both of superiors and subordinates. I challenge any one to show a nobler list, or a stronger "tie that binds."

How could a true woman fail to honor a calling that gives to the deep mother-heart of the childless a blessed outlet, and satisfies her affectional nature with the enduring love of children? Any laurel that I might have won in any other calling fades before this, conferred by a brilliant but wayward pupil, grown to manhood:

"She is the only person who ever made me wish that I were a woman."

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE WITH THE SCHOOL-TEACHER?

BY

WILLIAM McANDREW

(PRINCIPAL, THE WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY)

SOMEBODY wrote for the November WORLD'S WORK a startlingly frank confession, saying that a teacher is a nobody, condemned to uninteresting labor, hating her occupation, and despising her associates. The educational magazines are publishing letters of school people protesting against it. Some say the statements are false; some, that they are true; others, that whether so or not they should not be published. But Winship, the editor of *The Journal of Education*, regrets that "as things are now, the teacher is liable to a large extent to be a mere machine." Carolyn Shipman, in *The Educational Review*, defending teachers, deplores the fact that "more than half of them do not like their work, while many of them hate it." Bardeen, editor of *The School Bulletin*, publishes a book on "Teaching as a Business" which *The Sun* calls "the saddest, truest thing about us ever crystallized into print." Lang, of *The School Journal*, offers in every issue a "cheer-up" department for teachers, and so on. No defender of things as they are seems to be able to establish a permanent belief that the teacher's lot is a happy one. I think that I have contracted every kind of teacher's unhappiness there is and cured myself; I think that I shall have many of these attacks again and survive. May I qualify as an unhappiness expert and testify?

A large number of teachers are low-spirited and hate the job.

What difference does it make? This: Every community is putting more money into education than into any other public work. If any teachers are downhearted, the schools are like boilers with rusted flues; it is impossible to keep up enough steam. The children are placed five hours a day in association with women selected as examples in disposition, conduct, and intelligence. If any of these women are unhappy and therefore unattractive, unsympathetic, uninteresting, and repellent, it is a matter of the gravest public concern.

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It is as if physicians in a hospital were afflicted with contagious diseases.

Who is to blame? The public, the heads of school systems, and we teachers ourselves.

WHERE THE PUBLIC GETS THE BEST SCHOOLS

The public might treat the teachers better. It tells them in ceremonial addresses that they are performing the highest kind of work on earth — and it tells them on the payrolls that they are doing the cheapest public service known. It ridicules them in literature, on the stage, and in the newspapers. Every cartoon picturing a schoolma'am shows her to be "a fright." The town is cheating itself out of a good part of its school taxes by failing to take off its hat to the girl behind the desk. The happiness of a teacher is like the sweetness of the water supply. There is no other public servant whose state of mind matters very much.

THE HEAD MAN'S OPPORTUNITY

How the heads of school systems paralyze education by perpetuating the unhappiness of teachers I can demonstrate, for I have employed all the pompous nonsense of school administration as principal and superintendent myself, and have observed some of the less self-important men in high places helping to make teaching seem enjoyable. The superintendent's greatest difficulty in the way of creating happiness of service seems to be himself. He is a new thing yet, invented scarcely fifty years ago, and has not discovered that there is anything the matter with him. He has patterned himself upon the man of affairs, the captain of industry, the manager of great business concerns.

This perfection of the machine, I think, has impaired education. The head man loses the human side. The question of how it feels to be a public school-teacher receiving directions and corrections does not find room in the director's brain. Individuals can not count much with him: he thinks in masses. He is no shirk. He spares neither himself nor others, but the more he gives of himself to this kind of service, the less of gratitude and more of criticism he gets from the public, the press, and his own paid people. The trouble seems not lack of brains, but lack of heart.

THE TEACHER'S DUTY TO BE CHEERFUL

The next accessible agent for the recovery of joy is my lady herself. It is not quite honest to draw pay for service and to go into a room full of children when you hate the work of helping them. A sour-faced teacher has no right to impose herself on children who are prevented by law from escaping.

Some forget that happiness does not come of itself, like the gas man with his bill. A teacher must go and get it. It is wicked to spend so much time and energy putting red marks on answer papers if one has no leisure left for fun. Paper-teaching has had its day; now we have learned that the fresh and recreated teacher who marks fewer papers, does more work in the six hours than the ten-hour drudge who has no magnetism in her. There is a peculiar kind of busy laziness that the teacher has. It consists in over-tiring herself with abundance of detail work which serves as an excuse for not performing her higher duty of realizing herself. She neglects the pursuit of happiness on an unproved plea that she has no time for it.

My lady needs society. Let her seek it. Every community large enough to afford a school has more variety in social life than any teacher can exhaust. If she is pretty, or can make herself so, she is sure of more welcomes than she can use. If she fails on this road there are manners — "woman's specialty." She can make herself wanted almost anywhere unless she starts by despising the people who are ready at hand to amuse, entertain, and benefit her. Every teacher has a calling list of forty families ready made for her.

THE TEACHER'S NEGLECT OF MARRIAGE

A common cause of the school-woman's unhappiness comes of her neglect to get on the path to matrimony. When ninety-nine one-hundredths of literature place the experience of love, marriage, and rearing of children in the highest ranks of human happiness, is a teacher not herself to blame if she neglects the ordinary provisions for adding these good things to her list? It is a subject of common remark how many teachers have missed the boat, but when you come to investigate you find they did not even take the trouble to go down to the dock. Husbands, homes, and households, like other happinesses, must be prospected for. Balls and dances notably increase marriages, so the sociologists demonstrate. They also record that men in search of mates do not visit school-rooms.

If a teacher can bring herself to say, "I will enjoy my life," she has more than average opportunity for happiness even under our

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absurd system. We make our mistake in quarrelling with our place because we do not find in it some rewards that we have always known are not to be found in it. There is no money in it, we all know that; no prominence, or fame, or power of command. There is a lack of many other things that men and women run after. But we always knew that. Yet there is clothing, food and lodging, certainty of employment somewhere, accessibility to books, the largest amount of free time in any employment, and there is service to the commonwealth.

One has to estimate the value of one's life as it will appear from the latter end of it. When it comes to epitaphs we claim first choice. Nobody who can look back as a teacher upon a succession of acts which were helping others ahead can call it an unhappy career. Its material prevents teaching from ever losing interest. It would be hard to find a man or woman who didn't have an instinctive love of children. Instead of dying out, this pleasure grows stronger as we grow older. If I should feel a fit of unhappiness coming over me I should go into a class-room full of children and watch them and talk with them. It freshens the nerves, and rejuvenates the spirits as a landscape does or a play or a piece of music. I have had these periods of hating my job and of despising teachers and all that—but it was long ago, before I worked for a railroad, or a newspaper, or a book-house or a real-estate firm, and before I knew by experience how much more interesting and honest and decent teaching really is. Whenever I have these relapses, now, it is only the reflection transmitted by some one who is belittling my occupation because it has not paid some sort of dividends that were never specified in the bond. Each one must tend his own fire. If the public does not furnish a good draught, that is a pity; if a superintendent feeds many clinkers in, that is a misfortune; but while there is still so much good fuel lying ready to my hand I am a simpleton to cry that I am cold.

THE TEACHER IS NOT A HIRED GIRL

"It is not teaching that is hateful," says your writer of that pathetic November article, "it is the conditions." "It isn't the children," writes the woman in *The Atlantic*, "it is the system and its heads." "In a rut," is the phrase used more frequently of a teacher than of any other person. An eminent editor, a graduate from the class-room platform, declares that to teach long in the public schools is to commit intellectual suicide.

Somehow, we must get systems that will prevent waste of energy and secure concentration of effort without reducing teachers to factory machines. Somehow, we must get intellectual exercise and enjoyment to teachers themselves. The recipe for it seems to consist in greater freedom. If one desires an atmosphere like that he must depart from the filing cases in an office and discover what happiness in teaching is.

I cannot keep my spirits up very well if directions are too many and too minute and all transmitted through the mail. I cannot expect a woman to work like a volunteer if I suggest that she do not dance, play cards, go skating, or wear her hair in the fashion of the hour. Yet these are matters teachers are lectured about all over the country. Because she is a public servant, she need not be directed like a hired girl. It is time for less universal correction. The groan is heard as much in education as the laugh.

It is time to try less of the negative, more of the effect of encouragement. There is much talent and power lying dormant in teachers, awaiting the invitation of the kind of educator who can coax it forth, who will recognize that the vital point of public education is not in his office, but where teacher and children meet. We have been afraid of sentimentalism; we have desired to be called business organizers. Nonsense! Education is the opposite of business; it is founded on the emotions. Its purpose is the increase of happiness. Every great educational reform known to the history of teaching was an emotional movement. Another one will be due pretty soon: the recognition of the necessity of keeping a teacher radiantly happy, longing when absent to get back to school, loving her children, conscious that her efforts are appreciated by at least the persons hired for the purpose.

The one force that can most quickly increase the number of teachers in good spirits is the superintendent. His position permits him to radiate encouragement, good will, confidence, acknowledgment, and inspiration to the limits of the system. This is not business, nor organization, nor executive ability, so-called, all of which have their great value. It is the one thing most needful to get from the head of a teaching corporation.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INSPECTOR OF PUBLIC WORKS

BY

BENJAMIN BROOKS

THERE are three kinds of inspectors — all despicable. The worst is the college youth, freshly graduated, with a host of good ideas and no experience in the use of them. He has to get his practical education at the expense of the contractor whom he inspects and of the municipality that hires him, and he is likely to cost them both very dearly. The next most objectionable inspector is the old, worked-out engineer who seeks an easy job on small pay to finish off with. He has many advantages, but being a man who has little in prospect, he is not always strictly honest. The least objectionable of all is the active practicing engineer, who is temporarily out of a job and seeks the position as a "pot-boiler."

It was in this last category that my contractor placed me after a few days' acquaintance. I started on my "pot-boiler" job so propitiously that I had not the least suspicion that it would degrade me from the rank of a normal human being; and I was thrown the more off my guard by the fact that my appointment had been made "subject to the approval of the Civil Service Commission," and that the chief engineer had started me off with the admonition that the specifications were to be followed without fear or favor. Surely nothing could be more satisfactory than that.

But it should be more fully explained what an inspector is. First, and most important, he is the representative of the city for whom the work is being done. His all-important duty is to be everlastingly there with his eyes about him. If the work requires concrete of certain proportions, he must watch every mixture to see that the proper materials go in; and in the absence of any other measures, he must have a very keen judgment as to what is in a wheelbarrow as it goes by him on the run. If the work calls for steel or cement of certain breaking strength, he must understand the exact methods and machinery for testing them.

In addition, he has to keep continual account of the cost of everything — the amount of material in place, the number of "man-days" to place it, the fuel used by the pumps and engines on the works, the rebate on the cement bags, the kilowatts of electricity and gallons of water indicated on the meters. He must report progress and delays, and judge if the contractors' plant is adequate to finish the work on time. At all times his notes must be as clear as print, for any day they may be taken into court.

Why need one be a diplomat in order to interpret the specifications and steer by them? In the first place, the English language is so delightfully pliable that it often takes a group of lawyers all the forenoon to spike a single statement down straight and tight so that another group during the lunch hour cannot twist it into a thing of entirely different import. But that is not all. Time was when the contractor guessed about what the work would cost if properly done; guessed how much he could leave undone, and still collect; guessed at how many politicians he would have to "see"; how many of their incompetent favorites he would have to employ; and then wrote his bid. It was an easy matter to hoodwink city or state engineers, for cities and states have hardly ever paid salaries that would attract the best men. It was easy enough to lay empty cement barrels here and there in outlying districts in lieu of more expensive sewer-pipes. It was easy to buy the inspector one good meal and save fifty sacks of cement while he was enjoying it. But those unfortunate and happy days are about over now. Contractors of the old school who collected their payments with bribes and paid their men with a pick-handle have gone to the wall. A more scientific set estimates costs instead of dining supervisors. The one aim of public specifications to-day seems to be to weight the contractor with all the risks, to sew him up tightly in a bag of strict stipulations

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and launch him forth. The present-day specification for public work is about as lop-sided as a contract with a pawn-broker, and about as rigidly unadaptable to its purpose as a pair of cut-glass suspenders.

These same specifications that I carried unsuspectingly in my pocket were no exception. The work that they covered was a system of large concrete sewers. The very first day brought its disagreement. Cement was "to be stored in a convenient place for testing, thirty days previous to use." The city engineers held, and so instructed me, that a "convenient place" necessarily meant in a shed on the site of operation. The contractor held that three blocks away in a cement dealer's warehouse was also convenient, especially as the rainy weather made a shed rather too damp for safety. But it took me a week to get him permission to do what I considered best for all parties concerned.

The next difficulty arose over pile-driving. Instead of stipulating where piles should be driven and where they should not — which could have been done had the city authorities previously acquainted themselves with the soil conditions by boring test-holes — the specifications instructed the contractor to drive piles where directed by the city engineer. Was he to distribute the cost of erecting and dismantling his driver over ten piles, or a hundred, or a thousand? He must have guessed, and guessed on the safe side. But, having decided when he had driven enough and having allowed him to dismantle and ship his driver, the city engineers decided to have more piles driven and required him to rebuild his driver. Under the specifications he had no legal right to the extra $200 that it would cost him. From this point he became very hard to deal with. As the transmitter of these unjust directions, he could not regard me without irritation.

The climax came late one Saturday afternoon when, with all warehouses closed, all teamsters gone home, and but one hour of daylight left, the contractor ran short of cement just before the completion of his work. To leave his work uncompleted, with the reinforcement half exposed, would have been ruinous to it. In his emergency he thought of another contractor in the neighborhood who was doing similar work for the same city under identical requirements for cement. In no time at all half-a-dozen men with wheelbarrows had brought a dozen sacks of cement.

But I felt obliged to protest against its use. Where had it come from? Had it been tested? Was it equal to that which we had used? He recognized my position, and hastened to explain that he would give me a written statement that I was in no way responsible for its use; that he was to use it without my permission; but that if I would see that the proper quantity was put in, he would take it upon himself to prove by the city inspectors on the other job that it was in every way certified, tested cement. Failing in this, he would destroy and reconstruct the work done with these dozen bags.

Nothing could seem more reasonable to me — but I was a mere novice. My associate and next superior on the work (for in mixing concrete two inspectors are often needed — one to supervise the mixture and one to watch its placement) was absolutely firm in his denial. The contractor must stop work. But since the half-completed work would be ruined in that case, he refused to stop. In high dudgeon, then, my impressive superior walked off the job, bidding me follow. The following week, despite all arguments, protests, and proofs, the work was ordered removed. In giving this order to destroy perfectly good work, I felt as though I were wantonly ordering the burning of a fine tree or the killing of a good dog. The order was obeyed, but the contractor was never my friend after that. And even had he been, the sight of excellent concrete destroyed at my order, for no other reason that I could see than to soothe the injured dignity of my brother inspector, caused me to lose much self-respect. Here, then, was the end of the fine resolves I had started with. And the specifications had done it.

At this juncture I was transferred to another contract — the construction of small, watertight, concrete reservoirs. The contractor greeted me cordially, seemingly not aware of my pernicious character. The work, consisting mostly of digging a hole in the ground, was simple enough, and went smoothly. The contractor — or rather his superintendent — became more cordial, even hospitable; so much so that I began to feel embarrassed.

I had not long to enjoy this tranquillity, however. The specifications stated that concrete was to be composed of five parts broken stone to one part of cement, with enough sand to fill the voids or spaces between the stones. The rock was to be from two inches to three-eighths of an inch in size, but no bigger and no smaller.

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Just how much sand to put in I carefully determined by measuring and mixing beforehand. I was, without doubt, theoretically correct, but the first batch of concrete that was turned out, instead of having the good oat-meal mush consistency which is so desirable, looked like a mess of chopped potatoes in very thin gravy. The superintendent at once protested that it would never make a water-tight reservoir, and that unless it were water-tight the firm would never be paid for it. I also saw that the chances of water-tightness were slim; but also that if I added enough extra sand to make it mushy it would be at the expense of the cement — and the specifications. What it required was some fine gravel to fill the rock voids. We both understood this, admitted it, agreed on it; but none such was permitted by the specifications. Here was truly a dilemma: specifications that insisted on a water-tight reservoir and yet which would never secure one if strictly followed.

The superintendent observed my quandary. "Why, man!" he exclaimed, "it's the results we're after, isn't it?" "No," I replied ironically, "you must have observed in executing public works that the specifications are the main thing — not the results." "But look here," he persisted earnestly, too much absorbed to notice my fine sarcasm, "you must be reasonable about this. If you are reprimanded for disobeying orders, isn't it better than a lot of newspaper notoriety for being the inspector on a leaky reservoir? Do you fancy your chief would take the blame off your shoulders?"

This was the last straw. "Put in your fine stuff!" I exclaimed, shoving the despised specifications under a bucket. He was off to the telephone in a trice, and before the work had progressed much farther, we were adding the fine gravel.

Of course, there was a stormy time when it was discovered that I had allowed this contraband material to enter the construction, but throughout the storm I had the satisfaction of knowing that my reservoir did not leak, whereas some others, supervised by my unfortunate associates, leaked like lobster pots.

About this time I was notified to accept a day off and take a civil service examination for the position which I already held on probation. The custom appeared to be to hire assistants as the chief engineer needed them, instead of waiting for the cumbersome civil service machinery to move around, but to examine them from time to time when convenient, as a sort of check on their ability and standing. The thought was very disconcerting to me. In common with most engineers who have been more than ten years out of college, I possessed the idea that I could not pass a civil service examination, and there are good reasons for this feeling, for there is a wide and unbridgeable difference between doing things on paper and doing them in actual fact, and a civil service examination must be largely on paper.

With these adverse conditions on my mind, I set to work to prepare for the worst. I rehearsed the entire elements of the geometry of triangles, solids, spheres. Placing my transit carefully out of sight, I wrote lengthy instructions to myself how to adjust it. It seemed logical, also, that all questions and "quizzes" relating to city structures could be answered by learning by heart the essential points and figures of a complete list of city specifications. Accordingly I impressed various members of my family into the service of hearing me recite my lesson each evening until I had it crammed into my head.

Thus fortified, I approached the civil service examiner. There were eighty applicants, and sixty of them were on hand — old inspectors and young, college students, ambitious mechanics, and financially "busted" engineers like myself. Confronted by such an amount of competition, my enthusiasm cooled down very suddenly; but this chill gave place to copious perspiration the moment the examination questions were opened. As I afterward learned, this was considered a rather stiff examination but very practical and free from catch questions. It was copied in the best engineering papers, and other cities asked permission to use it. At the moment, however, my only observation was that there was a tremendous lot of it to do in the specified time. An engineer always takes time to be sure that his computations are correct, but here there was no time to check back. In all other respects it was for me merely a matter of memory; and I went back to my work with the feeling that I might not have done very badly, after all.

Strange though it might appear, it took three months to learn the results of the examinations, and in the meantime several things occurred. On one occasion my hospitable superintendent fell sick. Being quite capable of handling his work as it stood, and wishing to expedite mat-

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ters for all parties, I went on with the job; for an interval I was both inspector for the city and superintendent for the contractor — but I took very good care to draw pay from only one side. My delicacy in this matter troubled the contractor not a little. I was worth about $10 a day to him, but he could not compensate me for it. An occasional loan of a saddle-horse, a small theatre-party — there could be no harm in that, but money was out of the question, for one cannot serve two interests at once. I came near overstepping the mark one day when I found it necessary to purchase some small supplies for him.

"Well, here," he said, passing over a few crisp twenties, "I cannot keep track of all these little items; take this and buy what you need from time to time."

His motive was without doubt perfectly square, but on the point of taking the expense money I held a conversation with myself.

"Suppose that I have no immediate occasion to spend this amount for him? Suppose that his superintendent returns to-morrow. He may make various excuses for not taking the money back — 'Oh, forget it!' or 'You've earned it on the job"; or, 'You'll need it in the future.' In that case I should make a beautiful mess explaining how I came by it if any enterprising, public-spirited newspaper man should learn of the transaction."

"No," I said; "I'd rather handle a hot stove than your money just now. Give it to your straw boss."

"Well, all right, old man," he agreed, laughing. "Can't be too particular working for a city, I suppose."

But my delicacy in the matter of the crisp twenties did not make me immune from suspicion; for when it was discovered at headquarters that I was acting as emergency superintendent on my reservoir, I was quickly transferred to another piece of work. Nothing was said to me as to motives for the change, but I gathered from certain side remarks and meteorological indications that Cæsar's wife had me "skinned a mile."

Now came the results of the much-dreaded examination. How many of us were to lose our jobs? How many outsiders were coming in? Not without misgivings I opened the official-looking envelope which came to me. But judge my astonishment when I discovered that of the sixty aspirants I, who had never worked for a city before, had taken first place. To assume that this was because I knew more about it than some of the old-timers was ridiculous. My superiors didn't think so. I didn't even think so myself. But I had succeeded better than they in temporarily stuffing my head with certain information.

My second surprise came when, on the strength of my rank, I sounded my august chiefs on the subject of promotion. There were vacancies ahead; naturally I expected to occupy the first opening. The august chiefs explained, however, that though they had no doubt of my ability to take a high position, the civil service organization didn't work that way. I was welcome to my present position for all time. In fact, as I afterward discovered, it is a very difficult thing to get rid of a civil service inspector. He may fail to appear on Monday mornings on account of a chronic stomach trouble; he may be lazy and inattentive; he may even be guilty of downright drunkenness during working hours; but so long as these things are not reported too often, he can hardly be punished otherwise than by a certain number of days' lay-off without pay. To discharge him outright requires that some very grave charge be actually proved against him; whereas, were he working for any other organization, the mere suspicion that he was not working for the very best interests of his employers would immediately cause his discharge by wire.

This is, no doubt, very comforting to a confirmed civil service man; but to offset this was the fact just explained to me that the only road to promotion lay in waiting for another examination for a higher position in which I should have to take my chances against all comers. The fact that I was already in line with experience and acquaintance gained in my present position availed nothing.

Rather crestfallen, then, I went back to my work, but hardly had an hour passed before I received an invitation from a corporation to join its engineering staff. If my rating meant nothing to the city, it evidently did to others. I decided at once to follow the natural line of least resistance toward more appreciation and higher pay.

So it happened that a municipality that had hired me on probation and taken six months to determine my proper rank, was put to the expense and inconvenience of finding my successor almost on the very first day that it could have felt fully justified in trusting me with its affairs.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN PAINTER

II

FLORENTINE YEARS IN RETROSPECT

BY

ELIHU VEDDER

IF THE Bohemia I belonged to in Paris had been divided into classes, I think that I could have been returned as a Member for Upper Bohemia. Not that I was proud or rich; on the contrary, I was poor; but I had a washerwoman and I paid my bills.

In Paris I lived in full Bohemia; not so in Florence, which was full of opportunities for quitting it. I lived in a sort of borderland. Why I did not seek the society of the titled, the great, the learned, the good, who were all about me, I do not know. I went on tampering with both sides. I was like the young man brought before the judge, who said to him: "Here are you, well educated and of respectable parents, instead of which you go about stealing ducks!"

There were reasons, however. I was a fierce republican and thought titles foolish and wrong. The wise knew too much for me; the good were too good for me, or at least I did not feel inclined to follow in their footsteps just then. The refined seemed lacking in jollity, and, above all, I was very jealous of my freedom; and then the boys were not too wise and good for human nature's daily food and we had a glorious time.

To some the shade of Savonarola and of Dante may seem to hang over Florence; to me the merry spirit of Boccaccio was a living presence. Florence seemed no garden of lost opportunities to me then, although it was, as a matter of fact. After all, "there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so" — and then I thought things were very good.

And yet there was not lacking that rich, romantic sadness of youth. I had it very badly and enjoyed it immensely: otherwise how account for my preparations for dying young, preparations for which event were amply provided for in numberless subjects I then conceived but, with few exceptions, never executed — the alchemist dying just as he had made his grand discovery; the young hermit praying for death; the old man at the gate of a graveyard; the end of a misspent life; and a lot of other things. In a great many of the things that I have done since prevails that sadness peculiar to youth, and its survival shows how much of youth I yet retain. As for dying young, I have lost my opportunity, for I am now in the very springtime of old age and have only the chance of dying in my second childhood.

In Florence I was too near to see the great outlines, for some of the people there were great people — people who had done or were doing great work: but I was too near. All that I write should go under the heading of "How It Seemed to Me Then." All the seasons had passed in the garden of childhood and boyhood, and now it was again spring in this Florentine Garden of Lost Opportunities. And all the flowers were in full bloom: those I gathered and those I neglected to gather are dry enough now.

To me the heights in Florence were chiefly those of Bellosguardo, although all my distinguished friends lived on heights. On those heights I found the air too pure and thin for my vigorous young lungs, so I lived in the vale below.

They were all intellectual, highly cultured, literary, and artistic — above all literary. Some lived their own lives, but, with the exception of the really great, these good people seemed to live a little, fussy, literary life, filled with their sayings and doings; in fact, taking out the deeds, each one would have furnished all the materials for a splendid biography. I say a few lived their own lives,

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but most of them seemed to be living up to the great ones of their acquaintance or up to each other — somewhat like the inhabitants of that Irish village where they lived by taking in each other's washing.

For all these reasons I remained, with an occasional ascent, on the lower levels until Kate Field "sailed into my ken." She was the first woman of charm and intellect I had seen; and with her bright smile and hearty laugh, combined with her innate refinement, she quite bowled me over. I then felt a strong inclination to live up to her level, but never could. But before her advent a great day came for Florence.

The Italians were coming; the Grand Duke was going. I had sprained my ankle jumping over a hedge while "showing off" before the girls of the Black family up at Bellosguardo. There had been much plotting in the Caffe Michelangelo. I had not been taken into the plot; but, being a rank republican, I was considered one of them. So when the final day came, I limped along with the rest to the Fortezza di Basso, and we fraternized with the soldiers. The Italian colors were hoisted and the bands broke out into Garibaldi's hymn and other patriotic airs never heard before in Florence. Where could they have been practising?

There was a rumor that the Grand Duke had sent sealed orders for the forts to bombard the city and that an officer had said that rather than do that he would break his sword across his knee: it was terrible! The Grand Duke didn't send to have the orders opened and the sword remained unbroken. On the contrary, the Duke went away with a great quantity of luggage; the crowd that assembled to witness his departure remained perfectly silent as his carriages rolled out of the gates; it was most impressive.

The town was not bombarded or sacked. A few *francesconi* changed hands when all the boys of the Caffe Michelangelo came out in their new uniforms, but the money remained in the hands of the tailors. That was all the damage that the Revolution had done.

FRIENDS OF FLORENTINE DAYS

The Italians frequented the Caffe Michelangelo in the Via Larga, while the English and Americans confined themselves to a café near the Ponte Vecchio: I have forgotten the name, which is as bad as an old New Yorker forgetting Delmonico's. In fact, my intimate friends seemed to live in these cafés, and I saw a great deal of them, while the literary people lived in their houses in town, or in villas in the environs, and I saw them only when I actually or metaphorically ascended the heights. And I must confess that I found the frequenters of the cafés the more interesting.

My old master in drawing, Bonaiuti, was a man of another age, an old-fashioned Florentine. He was a mild, faded-looking man, but hid under that exterior an iron will. He had once been given the commission to make drawings of most of the marbles in the Vatican Gallery, and had taken advantage of that opportunity to study them for his own improvement, so that I cannot conceive of anyone understanding the antique better than he did. His explanations and illustrations of the Elgin marbles given me during his lessons were beautiful and I felt quite unworthy of the privilege.

The scheme of his life was as simple as his life itself. He made the most beautiful copies of Fra Angelicos and thus provided the means of supporting himself and his two maiden sisters, and all the rest went toward the painting of his one great picture. He was going to paint that and make one statue and then his life work would be accomplished. The picture represented the "Temptation on the Mount" — Christ repulsing the Devil, who is shown as falling backward toward the beholder. These figures were built up from the skeleton and were so thoroughly studied that he hated to clothe them. The Christ, who was represented with the long and noble muscles of the Greek heroes, had naturally to be draped, while the fiend, who was given the short, knotty muscles of the satyr, remained nude.

He made cartoon after cartoon, full size, of this picture; but just when he thought that he had reached perfection he found some fault of anatomy or perspective, and it had to be done all over again. I once asked him how he was going to color it when he had succeeded in getting it all drawn in to his satisfaction on the canvas, and he answered with the simplicity of a child, "Like Titian." When I left he was commencing a new cartoon. He was a Merlin. Had his spell been a little stronger I should have been pursuing my preliminary studies to this day.

There was another picture in Florence

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which bade fair to rival Bonaiuti's in its delayed execution, had not the painter gotten over his difficulty by a device. This picture represented the Florentines going into battle with the great standard ("Gonfalone") borne on a cart drawn by oxen. On this cart was also an altar and a crucifix, before which a priest prayed constantly during the battle. The Gonfalone streamed out against a stormy sky and the priest's garments fluttered in the wind which swept upward the incense. The candles were blown out and the oxen were in wild disorder while the battle raged around. And here the trouble began: there was one hind leg of an ox which refused to compose, no matter in what position it was drawn. The painter was in despair until he hit upon the device of hiding it behind a group of men fighting in the foreground. This group turned out so large and was painted with such spirit that the great standard and the cart and the oxen made but a background for it, and the group became the picture.

It was a little that way in the case of Bonaiuti. His Devil, with his fine foreshortening, became the most interesting feature of the picture. He always is.

How shall I describe my friend Gortigiani, with his inexhaustible supply of funny stories and his habit when painting a portrait of lighting his Toscano, throwing the match on the floor, taking a puff or two, painting like mad, re-lighting the Toscano and repeating the action until he was knee-deep in matches! Or how well he could with his supple and limber body imitate a squeezed tube of paint!

Then there was my stout friend Banty, the amateur and excellent painter, who used to say that it was pretty hard, just because he was fat, that he could never allude to sentiment without being laughed at, while another friend who had no more real sentiment than a frying-pan was allowed to talk it by the hour. This sentimental Raphael fell into a great rage when Tivoli came back from Paris full of the praises of Troyon. "What kind of art is this you are talking about? Look at the subjects. A cow who scratches herself against a tree. No, no. That's not sentiment!" And then he would go back to his picture of the fair maiden clinging to an ivy-covered tree, with a French quotation indicative of the character of both maid and ivy. I think as far as the titles go it was a toss-up.

I had two intimate English friends: the bright, talented, ill-fated Green, and the studious and refined Yeames — he of the rich, gouty uncle who had the best cook and the worst digestion of anyone in Florence. Yeames tried to instil into me a love of poetry. The seed then planted has grown, but I confess it has been a plant of very slow growth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RINEHART

Among the Americans was for a time the ever-cheerful and buoyant Rinehart, the sculptor, who on one occasion was anything but buoyant and might have stopped my digressing and his cheerfulness in a tragic manner. At that time, near the bridge of La Carraja, were moored a lot of old mills on great scows, forming one of the most picturesque features of the river, and just below them in the boiling water from the mills were baths. I was standing on a spring-board, about to jump in, when I saw Rinehart being whirled about in the eddies; he was red in the face, and I suddenly realized that something was the matter. Without more ado I jumped in, swam to him, and said: "What? you're not drowning, are you?" He at once wrapped his legs and arms about me, and had it not been for a rope hanging down just within my reach, it would have been all up with us, for he had rendered me utterly powerless either to save him or myself. A boat was shoved toward us and we got him out. A glass of cognac brought him to; he could never remember anything about it. It was a good lesson to me, for in after years in Naples, when I managed to get a Jew to a place of safety under almost the same circumstances, I did it with the utmost safety to myself. Neither Rinehart nor the Jew ever thanked me, but I think some prize student of the Rinehart Fund in the American Academy here in Rome might offer me a cigar.

And there was old Hart — he of the crude manners, who used to write poems and try to pass them off as Byron's or Beatty's, and deceived no one. But the boys used to fool him to the top of his bent. He had a nephew who had come out to him to work a portrait machine that he had invented, and he had promised to teach the nephew sculpture in return for his services, but he became jealous of him and treated him like a brute. In this machine, after you had assumed a natural pose and look, you were rendered immovable by screws and other appliances, and long

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steel points were driven at you until they touched, and were then withdrawn. It was like that horrible chair of the Middle Ages, called "the Virgin," wherein you were invited to sit, and were caught and foully murdered. The machine remained idle for want of victims; to look at it was enough. The nephew was a man of great promise. Having nothing, he married a very poor but refined and intelligent lady who copied in the Galleries, and they became, of course, twice as poor; but, to make up, they were very happy. And then he died. Rinehart took sides with old Hart, as being his oldest friend. I sided with young Hart, but it made no difference between us, for no one ever quarreled with Rinehart. He belongs to the Roman period and formed one of its best features.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF INCHBOLD

I must not forget to mention the English painter, Inchbold, a full-blown pre-Raphaelite — one of whom Ruskin is reported to have said that a square inch by Inchbold was worth a square yard of almost any other painter's work. This, it may well be imagined, did not tend to lower the angle at which Inchbold's nose was set. I became very well acquainted with him and, in fact, counted him among my friends. He must have liked me, for years afterward he sent my wife a pretty little card, evidently painted expressly for her. Having mentioned his nose, I may as well go on and say that his face seemed permanently pervaded by a flush which conveyed the impression that he was on the verge of getting angry; he never did, however, to my knowledge. William Rossetti describes this perfectly: "He was a nervous, impressionable man, with ruddy complexion, a rather blunt address in which a certain uneasy modesty contended with a certain still uneasier self-value." We watched his proceedings with great interest. He certainly did, as Bunthorne says, "by hook or crook contrive to (make things) look both angular and flat." He was conscientious to a degree but his conscience had an elastic quality; the fact is that pre-Raphaelites did not so much aim at representing nature faithfully as they did to give their work the look or stamp of the "movement" they represented.

For instance, in one of his pictures there was what appeared to be a very small girl standing among very large leaves. Now in reality it was a very large girl on a terrace below, seen through the leaves. She must have been some ten yards distant; this fact was ignored, but all the ravages of insects were shown in these leaves with the utmost faithfulness. He simply left out the air and represented things as seen with one eye. In the same picture there was a cypress tree cutting across a field and merging with a wood on the other side about a mile off. It confused the mind, and I asked him why he did not leave it out. He replied, "It was there." "But," I said, "I don't want you to change the form of the mountains or anything essential, but cut down that tree" — but it was of no use.

Shortly after, he was painting a view of Florence from his window across the Arno. It was winter; the great hills covered with snow gave a bleakness to the scene only too well known to those who know Florence well. The point was that he had moved the Campanile of San Croce most outrageously far from its real position — about a quarter of a mile. "But," said I, "how about this?" "It composes better that way." "But then how about that tree you would not cut down?" I don't know how he got out of it; he certainly got redder.

It was the same in the night-school. A florid Venetian-like model he made into a sharp-nosed thing with so much green in her complexion that she looked more like a vegetable than a human being — but he gave her the real pre-Raphaelite look. At this time Hotchkiss was trying to break away from this influence of Ruskin. With me it worked well, as can be seen by my studies at that time, and badly in that I went on filling my studio with careful studies that I have never used.

I am sorry to see in William Rossetti's account of Inchbold that he was unsuccessful and died "at a not very advanced age." I always thought that Ruskin's approval had spelled success for him. It seemed to me that in his art he had ceased improving and could only go on.

One thing more: I never could get from Inchbold a clear definition of what constituted pre-Raphaelitism. Going back to the art previous to Raphael? Not quite that. In fact, put it as I would, there was always a something in which the pre-Raphaelites differed from other men; and I have not been able to settle the point yet except that in their art they must

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differ from all others and their pictures must have "*the look*."

I first came across their work in New York, in the pictures of Farrar, and it seemed to me needlessly hard and crude when representing things whose nature was soft and harmonious, and therefore I looked on it as an affectation. In Florence, Hotchkiss and myself were painting as faithfully as we knew how, and particularly that Pointeau — he who used to come in from his painting from nature about the time the rest of us were taking our breakfast, bringing back with him drawings, veritable photographs from nature, only better.

Therefore the works of Inchbold, needlessly insisting upon unessential details at the expense of the general effect, and what appeared an exaggeration of color, led us to think, not unnaturally, that his object was dictated more by a desire to give the style of the pre-Raphaelites than a love of truth or nature. Now I see, however, from Holman Hunt's account of the movement, how sincere they were; and, most undoubtedly, had I been brought up in England at that time and more immediately under their influence, I should have been of them.

A STORY ABOUT WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Among the dispensations of Providence, it seems that some men are permitted to become great writers without having much knowledge of art — although they write about it. Among these was Walter Savage Landor. I never knew him, but my friend Kate Field became a favorite of his, and through her my friend Coleman painted his portrait. It was during the sittings he gave Coleman that the ignorance of art on his part transpired. (You will remember that R. Grant White, in his "Words and their Uses," says that to transpire means "to leak out." And that was just what happened.)

Coleman, wishing to spare his eyes, posed him with his back to the window. Landor's hair being white, the light shining through

"THE CUMAEAN SIBYL"

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"THE GOLDEN NET"

"PERSEUS AND MEDUSA"

it formed a luminous fringe about his head. Landor, getting up to see the progress of the work, at once saw my friend's attempt to reproduce this effect and cried out:

"Why, you have given me a nimbus. I won't have a nimbus!"

In vain Coleman tried to explain to him this effect of light; it was always:

"I won't have a nimbus — no nimbus!"

The Savage in his name was very appropriate. They used to tell of his going into court, during some law trouble he was having, with a bag of gold, which he banged down before the judge, saying:

"I hear that this is the place where justice is bought and sold, and I have come to buy some."

I believe it cost him a pretty penny, for contempt of court.

Speaking of words and their uses, Kate Field used to tell of a man who, rushing into some country town, asked where he would be liable to get a ham. This irresistibly reminds me of what used to happen in the

FELLOW-ARTISTS OF THE FLORENTINE DAYS, IN COSTUME

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Villa Landor. If a dish offended him, Landor would "chuck it out of window," so that a passer-by might have been liable to get a ham without looking for it.

The banks of the Mugnone torrent, which runs around a part of Florence past the Porta San Gallo, used to be a favorite walk of the frequenters of the Caffe Michelangelo. There also was the ground of the game of *pallone*, questions of the day. Following up the stream, it finally passed under a bridge at the foot of the long ascent which leads to Fiesole. It was here that I painted two of my best studies, and also a little picture that I always thought highly of. These things show that originally I was a landscape painter and that now I am only the lively remains of one.

The little picture was really a sketch that

KATE FIELD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

From an oil-portrait by Mr. Vedder. It is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

a noble game, almost gladiatorial in character, of which I was a passionate admirer. On the high banks of this stream, overlooking the country bounded by the great bare hills from which in winter came those icy blasts that gave us all sore eyes (the eyes having been previously prepared in the acrid tobacco smoke of the café during the long winter evenings, or strained while painting by the little smoky, dim, oil-lamps of the Accademia Galli), we walked and settled all the great I made on a dark, stormy day, of Fiesole with the road and cypresses coming down from it. Into the foreground I painted three Dominican friars, whose black and white garments carried out the feeling that was to be seen in hillside and sky. This little picture must have perished in a loan exhibition held in Madison Square Garden, when part of the building collapsed. The memory of its loss is one of my pet griefs to this day.

In a house near the bridge, three of us lived

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MR. VEDDER, AT THE CLOSE OF THE FLORENTINE PERIOD

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MR. VEDDER IN "THE DAYS OF PICNICS AND MINUETS"

"It took the united efforts of the family to get him into these breeches"

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and worked. One was a Mrs. Hay, a strong pre-Raphaelite and a woman of great talent. She told me that her husband in London was a man who smoked and painted all night by gaslight, while she was a lover of the clear dawn and the bright day, and of Fra Angelico. One might have supposed that such an arrangement would have been advantageous to both, but such was not the case; hence Florence, for her part.

The other was Altamura, a wonderfully clever man, whose style changed with every passing whim of the artistic world, and whose facile hand often ran away with his head.

"THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT"

Mrs. Hay's little boy was pure Anglo-Saxon, with long blonde hair, and Altamura's was a dark Oriental with dreaming eyes and curling raven locks. In the summer evenings while the moon rose over Fiesole, stretched on the warm, dry grass under the olives, we used to have our evening meal, and there the little boys told strange stories of their thoughts and dreams.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY

The time came when, owing to some stoppage in my remittance, my funds were so low as to be imperceptible, and I found the large, roasted Italian chestnut was warm to the hand and filling to the stomach, thus serving both as food and fuel. I did not like to ask my Florentine banker for an advance; for while he was one of the most generous of souls, his partner in Rome held him to so strict an account that he usually could not oblige me. Strange to say, when in Rome afterward, I went to his partner and heard the same state of affairs; it was always that close-fisted and stingy Florentine partner that checked his naturally generous impulses; although I will say the Roman was the noblest of them all and would lend — on compound interest. I fear I digress.

My sleeping apartment in Florence was then in the Via dei Maccheroni. To be a *maccheroni* was, in the old London days, to be a great dandy; I only lived in a street of that name, and my modest tailor's bill proved me to be no *maccheroni*, although well content at that time to get enough of that excellent food. I told my landlady that I must move into cheaper quarters, although I did not see how I could well do that, and she asked at once what they could have done to displease me? After much trouble I made her understand the true state of the case, and she begged me to wait until she could consult her husband. The husband was an honest man, much trusted in the pharmacy where he was employed, and was paid good wages. Then

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Photograph by Horace T. Carpenter

MR. ELIHU VEDDER IN HIS ITALIAN GARDEN

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the good Caterina, after much beating about the bush, told me with emotion that they had become very fond of me, that they had no child, and that they had enough, with her husband's earnings, not to feel it in the least; would I not stay with them until better times, or as long as I pleased and was pleased with them, but not break their hearts by going away? So I stayed on until one day the poor man was taken sick and, in spite of our most affectionate care, died in my arms. In the meantime I had painted a little Madonna for her, with Santa Catarina and Sant'Eligio at the sides; after I had left and when she was in need, a friend's purchase of this picture enabled me to help her a little.

Affairs in America, both public and private, had been going from bad to worse. The future looked dark. My last remittance had come, and my last *francesconi* had been drawn from the bank; this little sum, together with the few dollars from my painting, just served to see me through, and I got home without a cent.

As I went home from the Caffe Michelangelo that last evening, Banti, my fat friend, begged me to stop a moment while he went into his studio. It was then dark night, but he returned, having managed to find a little *cinque cento* iron box which he gave me as a keepsake. This is the only present I remember to have received during my four years' stay — except good advice. I cherish the gift; but the good advice I have long since forgotten. It seemed to me then that could my father have managed to keep up that $600 a year, I would never have left.

From my studio, where I had packed my pictures and small belongings, the last thing I remember was wafting a kiss to a pretty girl at a window opposite and seeing the wave of a handkerchief, with perhaps a tear in it.

And thus I left Eden. The world was all before me, but as to the where — I had no choice; so I followed the Arno to where it is lost in the sunset, and at Leghorn embarked for home.

"ST. SIMEON STYLITES"

A SKETCH MADE IN VENICE

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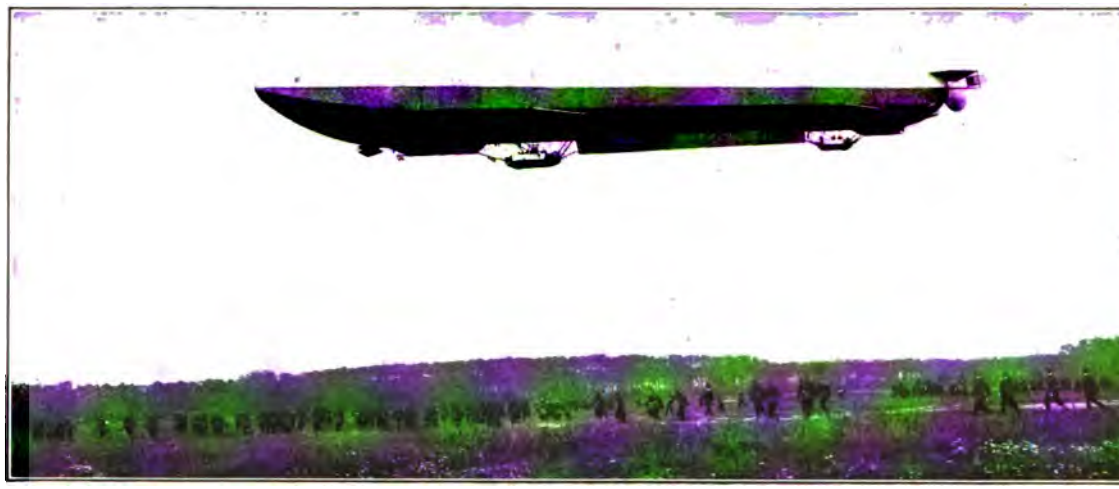
A ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP

Its flight of 900 miles in May would have carried it from Cologne nearly to Liverpool and back



ENGLAND AND GERMANY: WILL THEY FIGHT?

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

[*Mr. Hale has just returned from Europe, in whose chief capitals he spent a year in confidential relations with governmental chiefs. He enjoyed, therefore, unique opportunities not only of learning many facts not generally known, but of acquainting himself, at first hand, with the views held in the highest quarters.*—THE EDITORS.]

THEY are talking, in Europe, of a war — a war in which two of the most powerful nations would face each other, with the largest armies and the biggest navies ever envisaged in battle; with weapons more destructive than any ever used before. It would be a war stupifying in the suffering that it would entail, prodigious in its effect upon the lives of two peoples, colossal in the scale to which it would almost inevitably develop, stupendous in the possibilities of universal conflict which it would open. It does not require imagination to see the spread of this war till it should rage over all Europe, call Japan again to arms, make China a battlefield, and weaken or break the hold of home governments on widely scattered colonies; it rather requires ingenuity to find grounds for hoping that it would *not* extend its effects to both hemispheres and to all continents.

What two nations want to fight? No two. What two nations have a known quarrel? No two. Who, then, are expected to provide this war? England and Germany.

Wherever Englishmen or Germans meet, be they diplomats or publicists or business men, on the street, at home, in the clubs, one invariable subject comes up and is discussed with grave voices. Discussion is little help to enlightenment, for nobody knows — not even the chiefs of state — why Germany and England should fight, yet somehow the groups always separate with deepened conviction that they will.

This war talk is not new. It has been going on for three years. It refuses to die out; it deepens in seriousness and volume. There was a moment, early last spring, when it manifested itself hysterically. Some account of the "Englishman's Home" panic, of the frenzied recruiting of February and March, of the fevered Parliamentary debate of May and June have reached America, but there can be little idea here of the extent to which the hearts of all Englishmen were moved, as

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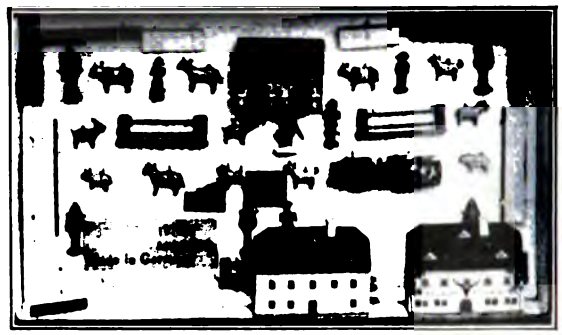
A GERMAN COLLECTION-BOX

Exhibited in London by a member of Parliament who said that the sign over it was: "Give the Government your Coins to Thrash the English"



"MADE IN GERMANY"

"There," said a German diplomat, "is the Briton's grievance against us — too many things are 'made in Germany'"

the tree-tops of the forest are moved by the tempest.

The public commotion has ceased, but in its place is a settled fear, answering to the "ominous hush" of Europe, which Lord Rosebery thinks is more sinister and significant than the bluster which preceded it.

As for Germany, there has never been a panic there; only a slow gathering of belief that war is inevitable. A visitor to Berlin, Cologne, or Frankfort to-day would find that belief widely and seriously held, and he would

A SCENE IN "THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME"

A play which aroused all England to a discussion of the possibilities of a German invasion

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SOME OF THE MEN WHO MAY INVADE ENGLAND

THE GERMAN EMPEROR, SURROUNDED BY HIS GENERALS

The Kaiser is the real war-lord and not merely the nominal head of the army and navy

A PART OF GERMANY'S TOTAL AVAILABLE FORCE OF 4,300,000 SOLDIERS

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A LINE OF BRITISH BATTLESHIPS FIRING THE ROYAL SALUTE

find, moreover, that commercial arrangements and business plans were being conditioned upon the continuance of peace. In other parts of Europe events wait upon the issue; the diplomacy of France, of Austria, of Russia, marks time.

THE "VANGUARD," THE MOST FORMIDABLE BRITISH "SUPER-DREADNOUGHT" NOW IN THE WATER

Is the general fear of Europe justified? Is there, indeed, imminent prospect of a conflict? Let us inspect the situation:

Neither the German Government nor the British seeks war nor desires it.

No dispute, issue, nor controversy exists between them, nor does the prospect of any exist.

No honest ground for hostilities could be found by either if it desired to-day to assault the other — a pretext would have to be invented. There exists no secret *dossier* that troubles the chancellories; there impends no delicate negotiation to justify concern. So, as the course of international relations ordinarily proceeds, there is no cloud in the sky. Relations could be no more strictly "correct" than they are.

It is possible to go further: Those responsible for the conduct of the Government of England, and equally those responsible for the conduct of that of Germany, not only do not desire war, but, for the strongest of reasons, do to-day desire to avoid war.

England is engrossed with an internal situation critical and interesting; the Government has embarked on a programme of social reorganization, including the revaluation of lands, provision for old-age pensions, and insurance against non-employment. This programme, although not yet fully entered upon, has necessitated a budget so heavy that it is attacked as a revolution. War is expensive; its many minor wars have cost England dear; victory over the Boers was at a price

THE BRITISH FLEET AT COWES, WITH THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING DOWN THE LINE

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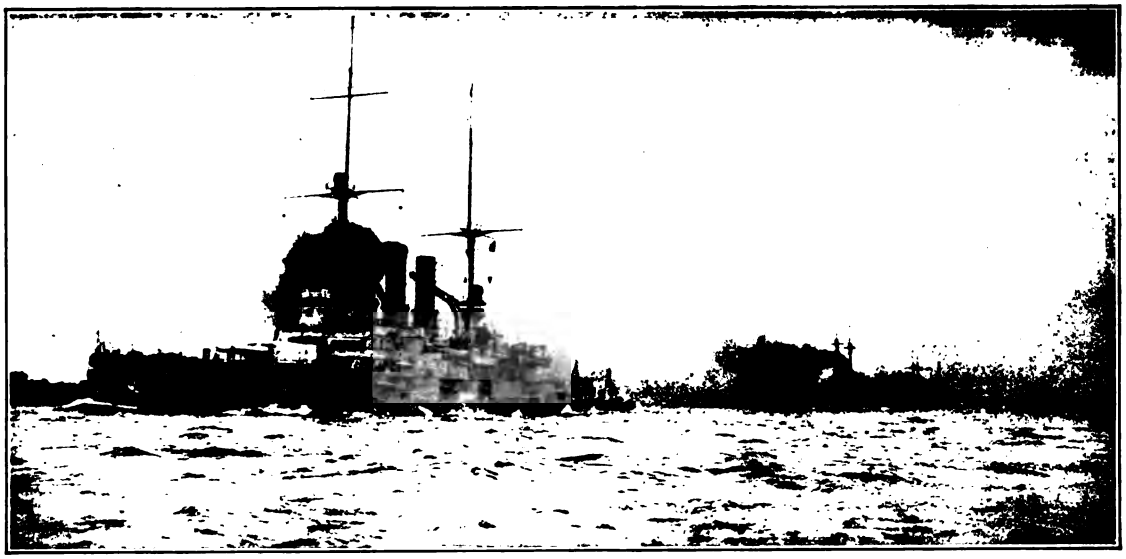

THE GERMAN "DREADNOUGHTS" IN LINE FORMATION

truly staggering. The bill for a contest with Germany would be appalling; though England is still the richest nation in the world, six months of such a conflict would halve the great fortunes of its rich and double the suffering of its starving poor. It is with the greatest reluctance that a Liberal Government has this year appropriated for the navy about half what the newspapers and the Admiralty authorities demanded.

The German Government likewise has devoted most of its energy during the last three years to an anxious search for means to procure more revenue to meet its peace expenses. And that task has been so difficult that (the paramount issue of internal politics) it has split the *bloc* which ruled Germany for a decade, and brought about the resignation of a great Chancellor. Germany, furthermore, is passing through a period of commercial and industrial development which war could not but disturb and paralyze. The Germans are finding a profitable and a growing market in England and the British colonies; while, on the other hand, they furnish England with one of the latter's best

THE "NASSAU," WHICH HEADS THE LIST OF GERMAN "SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS"

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BRITISH INFANTRY MARCHING AGAINST "THE GERMANS" IN THE ARMY MANŒUVRES
The total of immediately available British soldiers is 265,000

markets. Peace is desirable on every score of common sense.

Against the likelihood of war the personal influence of the sovereigns of the two countries reënforces the desires of their constitutional authorities.

There has been, judged by the information which has come to me, some overestimate of King Edward's activity in international politics but undoubtedly his influence is strongly for peace. He is a man of complaisant disposition; while not indolent, a lover of ease; a man annoyed by contention. Gracious and tactful, behind him the authority accumulated from the long respect and regard of "his people," the king might in a moment of crisis be able to throw much influence into the scale of peace. He is more German than English, and uses the tongue of the land over which he reigns with the gutteral accent of the Teuton.

The Kaiser might, with some plausibility, be said to be more English than German. He speaks the language of his mother flawlessly. Always idiomatic, whether discussing architecture, theology, art, sport, or international affairs, the technical English word leaps instantly into the torrent of his speech. There has never come from him an authentically reported utterance betraying anything but friendship for England and the English.

BRITISH ARTILLERY PASSING IN REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT

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GERMAN INFANTRY ENGAGED IN MANŒUVRES

The total of immediately available German soldiers is 1,900,000

The German Emperor has now reigned for twenty-one years. When he ascended the throne it was predicted and widely feared that the new ruler, with exalted ideas of kingly and imperial authority and intense military zeal, would at once plunge into the arena of martial glory. For twenty-one years he has commanded the most powerful army that the world has ever seen — and he has kept the peace. In contrast with his uncle, a man of strong opinions, wide-ranging interests, and eager sympathy, the Emperor has learned to restrain his arm in the midst of more temptations and provocations than the world dreams of.

Both Powers are keenly alive to the dangers of a conflict. It could only be a fight to a finish. It would almost certainly involve other Powers. Japan is in full alliance with England; Russia and France are its sworn

GERMAN ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE

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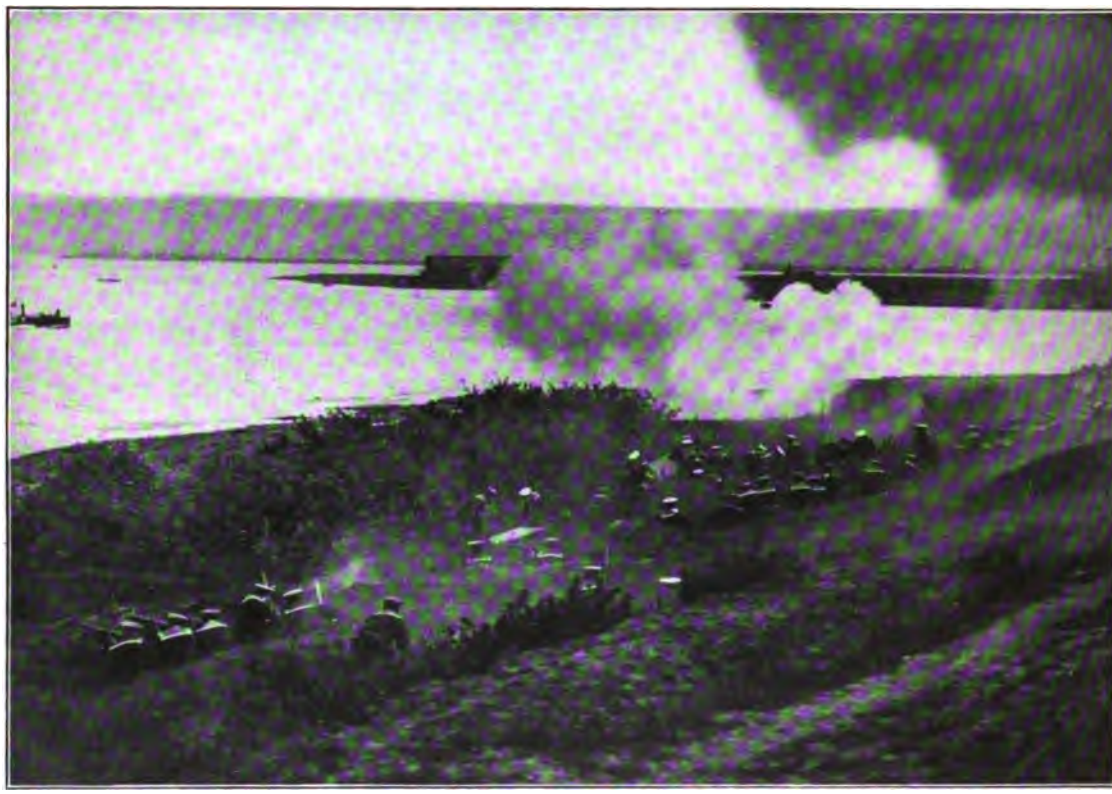
friends. The vitality of the Drei-Bund was proven last spring; Italy may be lukewarm, but Austria is heart and hand with Germany. Austria's policies are now inspired by one of the most daring minds that has bent its attention upon the map of Europe, a mind ably tutored by the German Kaiser to an appreciation of the alluring landscapes along the road to Constantinople. The opening of hostilities would fling the territory of a continent into the arena. In particular it would release the springs of the most vital ambitions of Continental politics: Austria's yearning to drive Russia out of the Balkans, and France's lust for revenge and the recovery of its lost provinces. From a struggle which would dwarf the Napoleonic cataclysm of a century ago, who can say what would emerge? What cell in the mind of Kaiser or King could dream of inviting such chances? The remembrance that France lies eager to spring across the frontier the moment an army corps leaves German soil, must dissipate any conquering dream of the strategists of Potsdam. The recollection that India will flame into revolt the day that British brigades start home to defend the Island, must chill and destroy any English dream of victorious war.



COAST-DEFENDERS REPELLING AN "ATTACK" ON PORTSMOUTH, THE NAVAL CENTRE OF ENGLAND

CONFLICT BELIEVED TO BE INEVITABLE

Considerations so strong as these might seem to be decisive. What can be said to qualify their force, or to outweigh them? In the face of such reasons for peace, what earthly ground is there for believing that Germany and England are about to fight?

The answer is this: *The most serious possible ground for fearing that Germany and England are about to fight is — the belief of the people of Germany and England that they are about to do so.*

I do not mean primarily that the prevalence of that belief indicates the existence of causes, unknown to the world, rendering conflict inevitable. I mean primarily that talk of war, however causeless, tends to beget war. Familiarize two nations with the daily thought of fighting — and it will be a miracle if they fail

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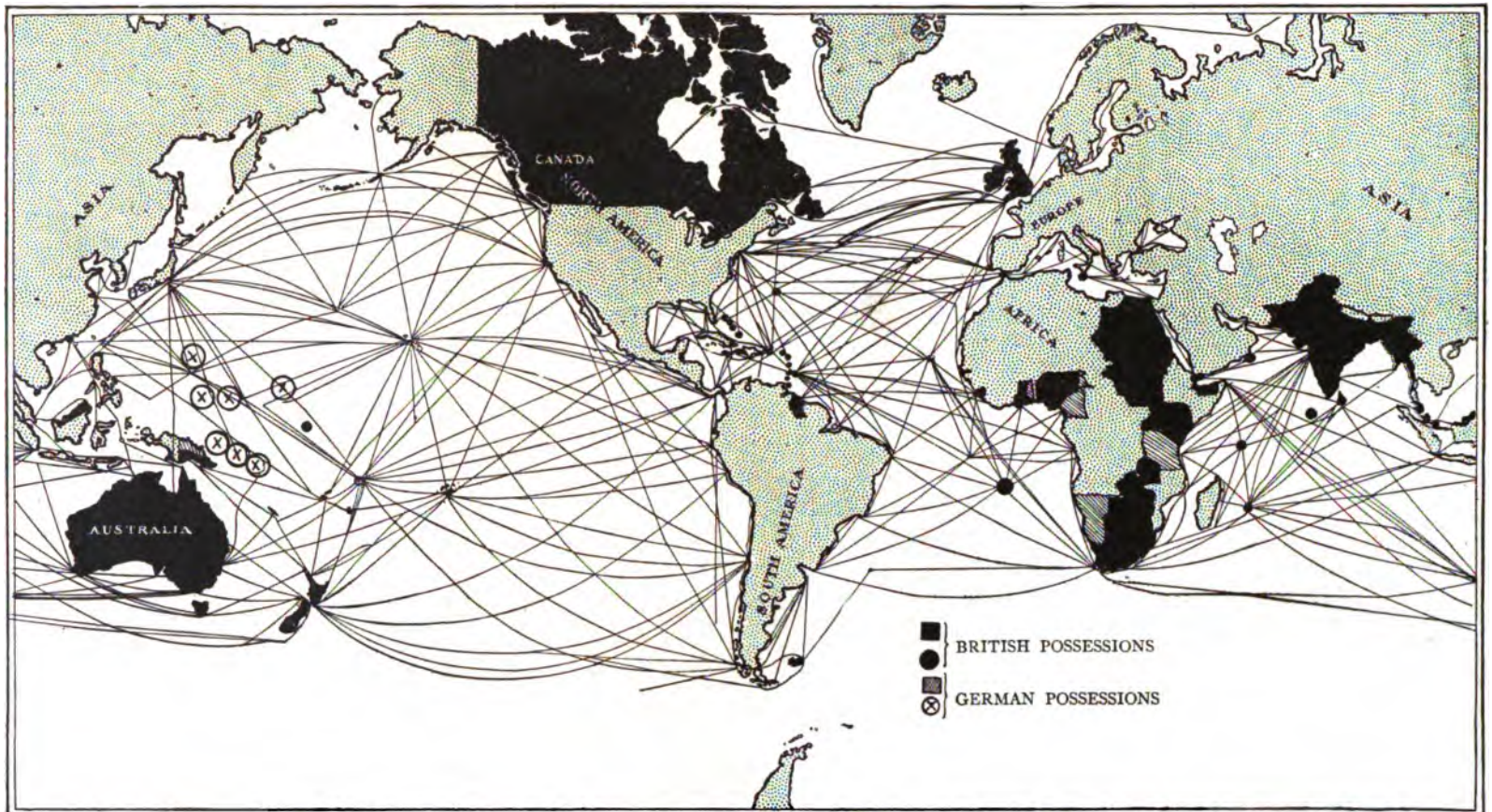

THE BRITISH AND GERMAN COLONIAL POSSESSIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The British Colonies and strategic points are so widely scattered that they would require a vast number of battleships for their defense in the event of war with any nation that is strong upon the sea. The only German Colonies of importance are those in Africa and could be protected without detaching so many battleships. Germany could well afford to ignore its small islands in the western Pacific, but most of the isolated British outposts are strategic points

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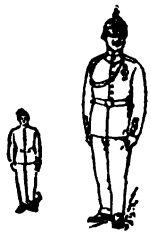


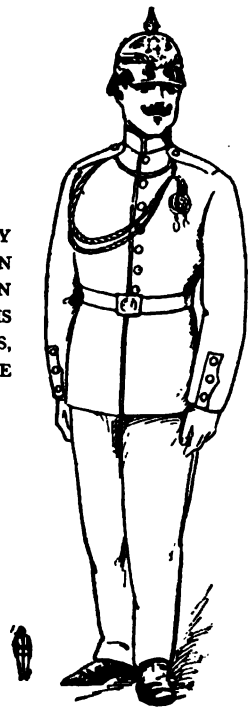
REGULAR GARRISONED TROOPS

BRITISH . .	265,000
GERMAN . .	600,000

to fight. Let them occupy themselves daily for two or three years with discussing, even with utterly denying, the possibility of a thing — and that thing becomes more than possible. Discuss causes of war, deny that they exist — and you provoke them.

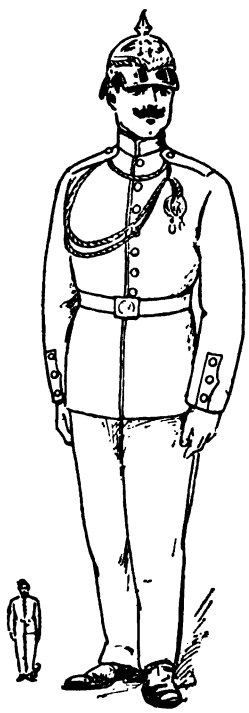
I mean to say that it is of no consequence that you are all the time protesting that war is impossible. You are all the time talking of it. It does not matter what is said on a subject; the matter is that the subject is kept constantly in mind; it becomes an obsession, to which everything relates itself; a subconscious process is set up, tending to a conclusion with which rational thought has nothing to do. Every incident takes on special significance bearing on the obsessing idea. Events are scrutinized with a purpose which, though unconscious, becomes fixed, and is not likely to fail. Everybody is unconsciously on the lookout for an offense. Speeches, words — authorized or unauthorized — are instinctively read in the light of the reigning suspicion. The national mind is prepared for an emotional crisis, which any trivial accident may release; for a national "brain-storm," in the passion of which the murderous deed will be swiftly done.

There is nothing far-fetched nor fanciful in this. It is precisely what most often happens with nations. Few wars are deliberately begun. Seldom indeed does a Government willingly direct the opening of hostilities; almost always it is forced to fight by a sudden popular clamor. Who believes that the United



REGULARS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE FOR EUROPEAN OPERATIONS. MORE THAN HALF THE BRITISH ARMY IS IN INDIA AND THE COLONIES, AND MUST BE KEPT THERE FOR THEIR DEFENSE

BRITISH . .	185,000
GERMAN . .	1,900,000



REGULAR ARMIES. 1,800,000 OF THE GERMAN TROOPS, HAVING SERVED TWO YEARS IN BARRACKS AND FIELD ARE COMPLETING THEIR FIVE YEARS' ENLISTMENT AT HOME, BUT ARE READY FOR INSTANT SERVICE

BRITISH .	265,000
GERMAN .	1,900,000

States would have found it necessary to go to the extreme of war with Spain except for the hysteria fomented by sensational newspapers? An individual is often swayed to the most momentous deeds of his life by sudden emotion, by the bursting of the dams with which reason had for years restrained a prejudice or a suspicion. Much more inflammable than the emotion of an individual is that of a populace.

Englishmen and Germans are telling themselves that a conflict is impossible, that it would be causeless and purposeless. They are trying to believe this, but in the very act of denying the dire possibility, they have convinced themselves of its inevitability. They exchange

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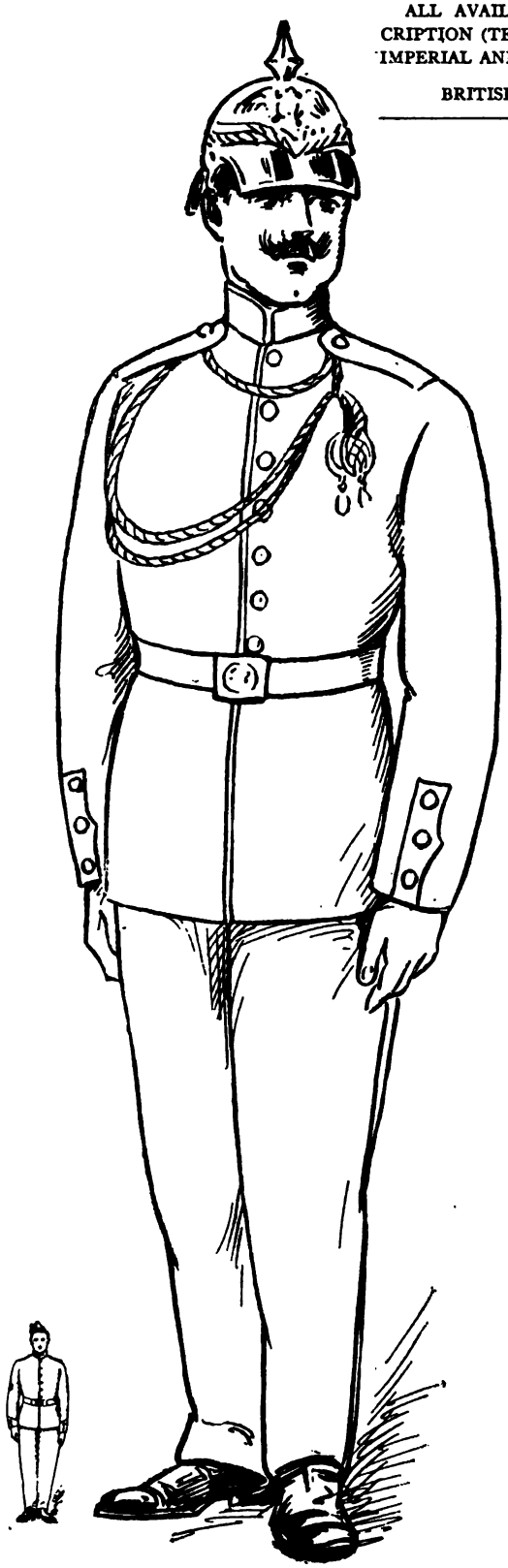

ALL AVAILABLE REGULARS, RESERVES, AND MILITIA OF EVERY DESCRIPTION (TERRITORIALS, "LANDWEHR," "LANDSTURM," "ERSATZ," ETC.), IMPERIAL AND COLONIAL

BRITISH . . 565,000	GERMAN . . 4,300,000

friendly visits — and hasten war preparations. This year a body of visiting German burgomasters were feasted at the Guildhall, London. Aldermen came to the banquet fresh from frenzied mass-meetings summoned to enlist volunteers for defense against German invasion. A group of English ecclesiastics traveled through Germany and were graciously received by the Emperor. Naturally, it was not thought that the pious travelers would be interested in the worldly night-and-day activities of the Krupp works at Essen or the ship-building yards on the Elbe. The King went in state to Berlin and was entertained by his imperial nephew with every mark of affection. At the very moment when his father and his cousin were exchanging compliments, with lifted glasses, in the palace on the Spree, the Prince of Wales sat in a box in a London theatre and watched a play which describes the over-night invasion of England by the army of "His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of the North." Two Cabinet ministers were in the audience that night, and then and for months thousands of Englishmen besieged that theatre vainly trying to get within the door.

At the Aldershot practice manœuvres this year, the "combatants" referred to each other as "the Germans."

"Isn't that an ill-considered custom?" an officer was asked. "Isn't it calculated to encourage hatred and stir up bad blood?"

"I don't know as to that," he replied, "but it certainly is calculated to get the keenest sort of work out of the men. They are lazy beggars unless we set 'em on 'the Germans'; then you should see them!"

Many Englishmen believe that the country is full of German spies, and that there is a formidable organization of Germans, mostly waiters, who possess arms and who secretly drill. That a certain moment of the day on every German ship is devoted to the drinking of the toast "To the day!" — meaning the day of battle with the British — is another belief widespread in England.

To-day there is no thought more familiar to English men, women, and children, no idea more constantly present in their minds, than the danger of German invasion. No issue of

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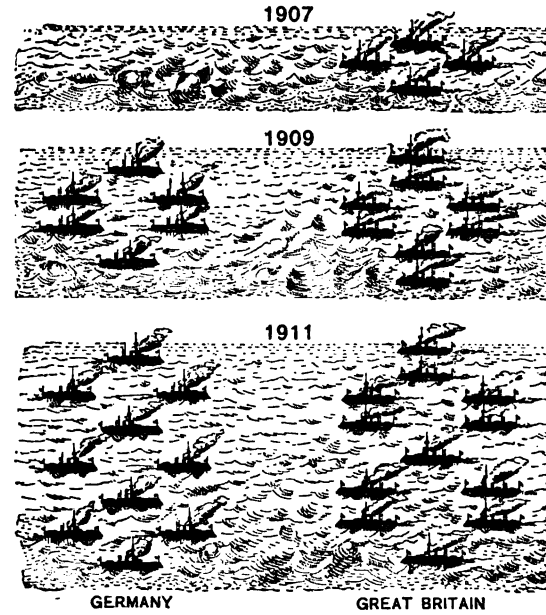
any newspaper ever appears that does not contain in some form or other a column or a paragraph dictated by that thought; no debate in Parliament ever closes without a reference to it; no public meeting ever disperses before it has been remembered. I do not say that all Englishmen admittedly entertain the thought as a fear, though it is undoubtedly true that a majority of their leading statesmen and editors do in their hearts believe, and will with their mouths confess, their fearful expectation that England will soon be face to face with the gravest peril that has threatened it since the Spanish *Armada* sailed from Corunna. At this point I only say that the minds of all Englishmen are full of the thought. Some deride it, but it is there; it lives with them, from week to week, by day and by night.

It would be merely blindness not to see that, given this state of mind, at any moment there may be spoken some ambiguous word which, harmless in a normal time, could, to a national sensitiveness so abnormal, have but one meaning — an unfriendly one. Or an incident; there may be at any moment a Dogger Bank, a Fashoda, a Casabianca episode; an Ems or a Kruger dispatch; a *Maine* accident. No one who knows the nervous temper of Britain to-day can hope that an explosion could be avoided.

THE STRAIN GROWING INTOLERABLE

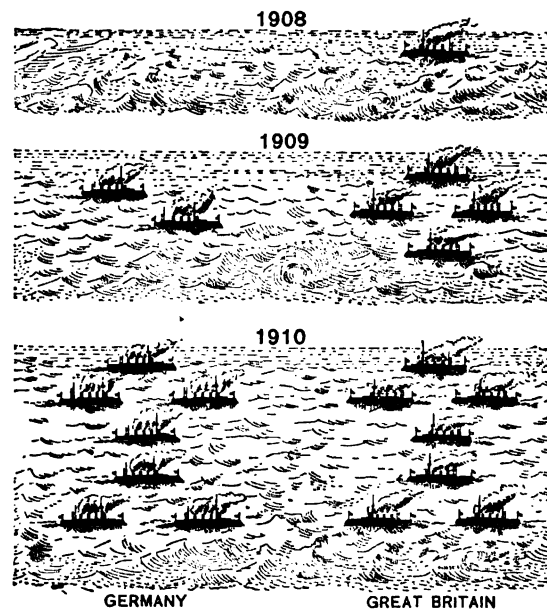
Or, if the accident fails to come, if the tension is unbroken, must it not in time become itself intolerable — intolerable to England, and, in all reason, intolerable? The burden imposed by the effort to keep their place in indisputable command of the sea is heavier than the sons of Drake and Nelson can bear. They have already been forced practically to abandon the two-Power standard; they have rendered their own great fleets of old-fashioned vessels useless, for they have taught the other nations how to build warships that can blow them out of the water. England finds it necessary now to build a new navy, every vessel of which costs $10,000,000. It has four in commission, four more completing; it has planned for sixteen within three years; they alone will cost $160,000,000. To man and keep them in commission, and to back them with cruisers of the new *Invincible* type, with destroyers and submarines — who can estimate the money required for a navy such as this? And this is not adequate.



This sketch represents the respective numbers of German and British *Dreadnoughts* and super-*Dreadnoughts* afloat and expected to be afloat, at the close of the years named. This is based on official statements. Last year Germany surprised the world by launching a ship the existence of which was not known

England has, it is true, two years' start, but the Teutonic Power is swiftly catching up.

The accompanying diagrams faithfully portray a situation that will amaze all who have not kept tally of the work of the German shipyards. It is true that in battleships and



This sketch represents the German and British *Dreadnoughts* completed and expected to be completed, in the years named. This is the calculation of Brassey's, the chief English naval authority

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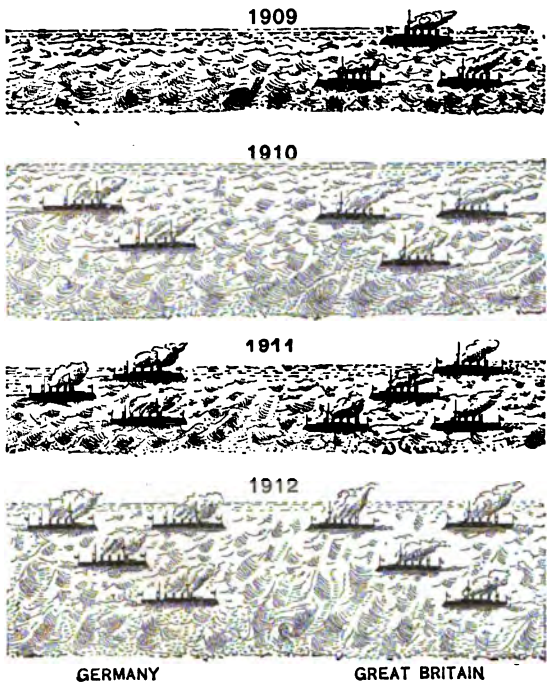
cruisers of the pre-*Dreadnought* and pre-*Invincible* type, England is and will remain vastly the superior; in total naval tonnage it is likewise and will remain far ahead. But Germany, which in 1907 had not a single new type battleship to match against England's four *Dreadnoughts*, has within the two years launched seven (*Nassau*, *Westfalen*, *Posen*, *Rheinland*, *Oldenburg*, *Siegfried*, and *Beowulf*, which last named should be in the water by the time this article is in print) and has three more (*Frithjof*, *Heimdall*, *Hildebrand*) on the way. Meanwhile, England has launched four more



This sketch represents the German and British *Cruiser-Battleships* of the *Invincible* type, completed and expected to be completed, by the end of the years named. This is Brassey's calculation

— its lead of four ships has in two years been reduced to a lead of one.

The expectation set up by their respective naval programmes is that at the close of next year there will be afloat ten German against twelve British *Dreadnoughts*. But it may be remembered that last year the British First Lord of the Admiralty astonished the nation by confessing that Germany had launched a battleship for which no provision had appeared in the German naval estimates, and of the existence of which the British Government was in ignorance. This illustrates the swiftness and secrecy with which Germans are building, and affords ground for the English suspicion that the full extent of the German programme is not revealed. There has suddenly burst into activity on the German coast such shipbuilding yards as the imperial ones at Wilhelmshaven (swiftly improved till it is now in capacity second in the world), at Kiel, and Danzig; such private establishments as the Germania works at Kiel, which can build four great ships at once, the Weser works at Bremen, with capacity for five ships at a time, the Vulkan works at Hamburg and at Stettin.

The case has even graver aspects. The celerity with which the German yards are working is such that by the close of 1910 they will have completed the seven more dreadful *Dreadnoughts* named above. By that time Great Britain will have in commission the following ships of the new battle type: *Dreadnought*, *Bellerophon*, *Temeraire*, *Superb*, *Collingwood*, *St. Vincent*, *Vanguard* — seven. The moment is one to which informed Englishmen look forward with apprehension. Again: last year England possessed three cruiser-battleships of the revolutionary *Invincible* type; Germany none. Next year England will still have three; Germany two. In 1912 England will have another, making four in all; Germany will then have four.

What we have here is already a kind of warfare, a *tacens bellum*. Every one of these naval monsters, though it has never fired a shot, has already damaged the nation in suspicion of which it was built — it has shed the blood of that nation's taxpayers, and shed it copiously. Germany can stand it, perhaps, with complacency, for it is having the best of the duel. But imagine the emotions with which the English must begin to realize that the enormous expenditure which they are making cannot ensure them the command of the sea! Can anything be more certain than that England will repeat as a demand, what it proposed as a suggestion at the Second Hague Conference of 1907 — that the Powers agree to limit their naval armaments?

Or anything more sure than that Germany will reject that demand? When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman submitted his proposal in 1907, Germany not only refused to discuss it, but refused to enter the Conference if it were put on the calendar. When Kaiser and King met at Cronstadt in the autumn of 1908, and again when the King was at Berlin last spring, the London papers were full of rumors

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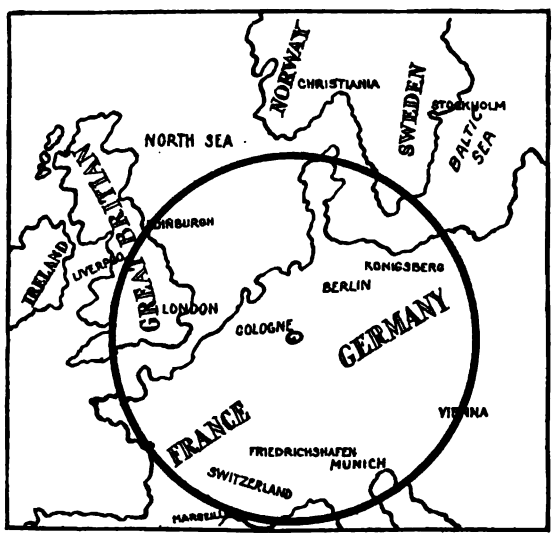
that an agreement had been reached under which Germany promised to slacken its naval energy. A storm of protest and denial broke out in Germany, and an official statement was issued declaring that the German Government regarded its naval plans as a domestic matter which could not be discussed with another Power.

Disappointed at The Hague, at Cronstadt, and at Berlin, the English may still a little longer hope, but when it is apparent, as it soon must be, that the day of the death of assured English naval supremacy is definitely in sight — let who can imagine the rage and terror of England.

Great Britain must, moreover, take account of Austria with four *Dreadnoughts* building,



AREA OF ACTION OF A ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP, BASED ON PAST PERFORMANCES. LAST MAY THE "ZEPPELIN II" TRAVELLED AS FAR AS FROM COLOGNE TO THE EDGE OF THE CIRCLE AND BACK

and Italy with four more. That means that a third or a half of the British navy must be sent back to the Mediterranean, to guard the road to India. Of its allies, Russia is contemptible from the standpoint of sea-power; and France, with monstrous scandals revealing corrupt construction and demoralized and disloyal personnel, has fallen to a position about equal to that of Spain in 1896. In the last year, Japan has fallen from fourth to fifth place among the naval Powers; on its known programme, it will soon be sixth, Italy going ahead.

And it is less than a twelve-month since Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, England's highest-ranking and most-trusted naval officer, exposed startling shortcomings in the British fleet, declaring that its boasted efficiency was a myth. He was forced to resign for his candor. Reform was immediately initiated, and may by now be thorough, but remembrance of the revelations of last spring is still disquieting to England's friends.

To a mind convinced that Germany's naval activity is aimed at England, the island kingdom's position must seem critical indeed; it is swiftly becoming desperate. England has, of course, no defense except its navy. Against the Kaiser's army of 600,000 active garrisoned troops, and his reserve of 1,300,000 trained soldiers, England is able to oppose 265,000 men — 140,000 of whom are abroad. Britain has nothing to correspond to the Continental "reserve." The lately-organized "territorials" are as yet about as terrible a force as the "boy scouts" and "girl scouts" who take Saturday half-holidays on Hampstead Heath. To talk of resisting invasion is ridiculous. England can never allow a hostile force to land on its soil.

To add to anxiety, there is to-day housed in Cologne a monster airship which has already (May, 1909) made a journey, that, had it been directed toward the northwest, would have carried it not merely to London, but across the most densely-peopled part of Britain all the way to Liverpool, a journey the course of which it could have plotted on the surface of England with a path of ruin. Germans have lately subscribed a million and a half dollars for an airship building plant at Friedrichshafen. There will be certainly ten *Zeppelins* in commission within twelve months. No gun exists that can be depended on to hit them. Military authorities believe that no defense against them can be devised. Outside Germany and France, the world has not come to an understanding of the diabolical possibilities of this new engine of invasion.

The English are beginning to understand. When they do so fully, they will indeed know what panic means. When they do understand, such a fright as that caused by the phantom airship, that *Flying Dutchman* of the sky which for a week last summer mystified the land — such a practical joke as that might easily rouse the nation to a frenzied demand for swift launching of the North Sea fleet against the dreaded foe.

Consider the position: England lies at the mercy of a German army, should one ever reach its shores. It has relied for generations

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on its navy — its boast and pride; a navy so great that it was deemed that no combination of two Powers could send fleets to face it. Suddenly it sees springing into existence, in the shipyards of the nation whose intentions it particularly fears, the elements of a German fleet which threatens to be, in a year or two, alone, a match for its own. Simultaneously it observes Italy and Austria, nations heretofore altogether without naval ambitions, preparing to build powerful fleets. It is precisely as if Germany had said to its allies: "We are strong enough in land forces; I have army enough for all our purposes. What we need is battleships. Build you battleships, also. Don't bother about your armies. I will see to all that." Looking about at its own allies and friends, England finds them losing ground on the water (to employ an Irishism), as fast as its possible foes are gaining it.

Is this a position in which a proud people can quietly acquiesce? The British character has betrayed some new qualities lately — the quality of nervousness, for instance — but I mistake if it will see the national glory depart without an effort to retain it.

ENGLAND SUBCONSCIOUSLY RESOLVED

The considerations cited above do not imply that Germany really has designs against Great Britain. It is impossible to see what the northern neighbor could hope to gain by battle more than it is already gaining in peaceful competition. I have not found — one can only submit his personal observations on such a subject — I have not found Germans wanting to fight Englishmen, or especially disliking them, or fearing their rivalry, or expecting any particular advantage even out of a victory over them. To tell the truth, Germans hold Englishmen in something which one dislikes to call by so offensive a name as contempt. They do not even discuss the deterioration of English efficiency and influence; they assume it as a thing indisputable. Germans would be fools (and fools they are not) to fail to recognize the superiority to-day of their industrial and commercial situation. Perhaps they exaggerate it; at all events they do not lie awake nights worried by British competition. Politically, they regard England as already out of business. The ruling spirit of the German Foreign Office genuinely believes that in allying itself with Japan, Great Britain put itself outside the programme of the White Powers; that Lord Landsdowne's blunder destroyed the authority of Great Britain in Europe. The amiable Sir Edward Grey is hardly regarded abroad as he has been at home, or was, until the rout of British diplomacy in the Balkan crisis last spring, when the two Kaisers snapped their fingers at London's frenzied protests, and the Tsar (I happen to know that it was the Tsar personally who forced his ministers to the step) chose to submit to Teutonic advice rather than accept English aid. The fall, before the Kaiser's frown, of Delcassé, the French minister who brought about the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain, showed how impotent the island nation has grown in the councils even of allied Powers.

It is, I believe, a profound, even a childish, error to fear that Germany cherishes against its island neighbor any design more sinister than defeat in the peaceful ways of trade. The November speech of Count Bernstorff was a complete answer to those who charge the Germans with vast colonial ambitions; Germany is finding too rich reward in the cultivation of its own garden, the natural expansion of its home industries, and the peaceful conquest of foreign markets.

But it is *not* an error to fear that England has subconsciously resolved that this peaceful expansion of German influence must be checked, if war will check it. Germany's waxing means England's waning. The British have two sound grievances against the Kaiser's people: one commercial, the other political. The first was neatly summarized by a German diplomat who picked up a little object, perhaps a paper-knife, from a table in a London drawing room. Stamped upon it were the letters "M. I. G." "There," he commented, "is the Briton's grievance against us — too many things are 'Made in Germany.'"

The Briton has another grievance: Since the day of Wolsey, it has been a fixed principle of England's diplomacy to single out and oppose the Power at the moment paramount on the Continent. For years it was the sworn enemy of France — till France lost its leading position. When Russia threatened to dominate Europe, it joined the "infidel enemy" of Russia. Only when the Hyperboreans were humiliated by Japan did it withdraw its hatred — to turn it upon Germany, now swiftly rising to dominance. Scrutinize British diplomacy, and you will find that always England is at

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work against the Power paramount on the mainland. It is the instinct of self-preservation that teaches England that it cannot safely permit the integration of Continental Europe. Now, not since the triumphs of Napoleon has that been so threatened as it is to-day. The rise of the *Deutsche Reich* is the spectacular phenomenon of modern history.

These are the things that underlie England's belief in the inevitability of war, the true, half-unconscious motives of its hatred and its fear. *England does not in its heart of hearts believe its own talk of Germany's warlike intentions. But it shivers with a waking consciousness of its own.*

Such is the essential, historic ground upon which the mighty gladiators will sooner or later close in inevitable combat. The immediate dangers of the situation are primarily from the English side, and may be scientifically stated as consisting in:

The liability of an explosion released by some accident acting on a national mind which has excited itself to a pathological point; or

The more rational realization by a deteriorating people of the necessity of an early and a swift effort to regain a prestige which is slipping from them.

A secondary danger threatens from the German side, and lies in the possibility that a nation with originally pacific intentions may be goaded to attack, by the conviction that it is itself about to be attacked.

For an immense advantage will lie with the Power which launches the first blow. It is knowledge of this fact that multiplies many times the likelihood of hostilities: mutual suspicion which cannot afford to await verification will urge to prior action; England and Germany will each be impelled to strike, even without cause, by the conviction that the other is preparing to strike. It is conceivable that an unadvertised descent by the North Sea Fleet, now under the command of Sir William May, might, between a sun's rising and setting, strike Germany's arm powerless for offense; equally conceivable that a foggy night's work by transports or a swift journey by a *Zeppelin* might lay London at the mercy of its foe. It is almost quite certain that the first half of the conflict, the half which all the rest of it would be only a struggle to atone for, would be a bolt out of the darkness on a surprised enemy — a mere moment of agony while the world's heart stopped beating. Then might follow—but who dare prophesy the course of an epic conflict?

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

VIII

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOME

BY

ALEXANDER IRVINE

MY FATHER had been begging me for years to come home to Ireland and say good-bye to him; so, in 1901, I made the journey.

I hadn't been in the old home long before the alley was filled with neighbors, curious to have a look at "ould Jamie's son who was a clargymaan." I went to the door and shook hands with everybody in the hope that they would go away and leave me with my own. But nobody moved. They stood and stared for several hours. " 'Deed I mind ye fine when ye weren't th' height av a creepie!" said one woman, who was astounded that I couldn't call her by name.

"Aye," said another, " 'deed ye were fond o' th' Bible, an' no wundther yer a clargymaan!"

A dozen old women "minded" as many different things of my childhood. I finally dismissed them with this phrase, as I dropped easily into the vernacular: "Shure, we'd invite ye all t' tay, but there's only three cups in the house!"

My sister Mary and her four children lived with my father. We shut *and barred* the door when the neighbors left and sat down to "tay," which consisted of potatoes and buttermilk. Mary had been trying to improve on the old days, but I interposed; and together we went

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through the old régime. Father took the pot of potatoes to the old shoemaker's tub in which he used to steep the leather. There he drained them — then put them on the fire for a minute to allow the steam to escape.

"I'm going to 'kep' them," I said, and they both laughed.

"Oh, heavens, don't!" he said; "shure they don't 'kep' pirtas in America."

"I'm not in America now," I answered. I circled as much of the little bare table as I could with my arms to keep the potatoes from rolling off. He dumped them in a heap in the centre; they rolled up against my arms and breast and I pushed them back. Mary cleared a space for a small pile of salt and the buttermilk bowls.

"We'll haave a blessin' by a rale ministher th' night," Mary said.

"Oh, yis, that's thrue enough," my father said, "but Alec minds th' time whin it was blessin' enough to hev th' Murphies — don't ye, boy?"

After "tay" I tacked a newspaper over the lower part of the window, my father lit the candle, Mary put a few turf on the fire, and we sat as we used to sit so many years ago. My father was so deaf that I had to shout to make him hear, and nearly everything that I said could be heard by the neighbors in the alley, many of whom sat around the door to hear whatever they could of the story of the magic land beyond the sea.

The old man sighed often and occasionally there were tears in Mary's eyes; and there were times when the past surged through my mind with such vividness that I could only look vacantly into the white flame of the peat fire. Once, after a long silence, my father spoke — his voice trembling: "Oh," he said, "if she cud just have weathered through till this day!"

"Aye," Mary said, "but how do ye know she isn't jist around here somewhere, anyway?"

"Aye," the old man said as he nodded his head, "'deed that's thrue for you, Mary, she may!" He took his black cutty pipe out of his mouth and gazed at me for a moment.

"What d'ye mind best about her?"

"I mind a saying she had that has gone through life with me."

"'Ivery day makes its own throuble?'"

"No, not that; something better. She used to say so often, 'It's nice to be nice.'"

"Aye, I mind that," he said.

"Then," I continued, "on Sundays when she was dressed and her nice tallied cap on her head, I thought she was the purtiest woman I ever saw!"

"'Deed, maan, she was that!"

When bedtime came I took a small lap-robe from my suit-case — spread it on the hard mud floor, rolled some other clothes as a pillow, and lay down to rest. Sleep came slowly, but I was not alone; for around me were the forms and faces of other days.

The next day I visited the scene of my boyhood's vision — I went through the woods where I had my first full meal. I visited the old church; but the good Rector was gathered to his fathers. It was all a day-dream; it was like going back to a former incarnation. Along the road on my way home I discovered the most intimate friend of my boyhood — the boy with whom I had gathered faggots, played "shinny," and gone bird-nesting. He was "nappin'" stones. He did not recognize my voice but his curiosity made him throw down his hammer, take off the glasses that protected his eyes, and stare at me. Then he knew me.

"Maan, yer changed," he said, "aren't you?"

"And you?"

"Och, shure, I'm th' same ould sixpence!"

"Except that you're older!" There was a look of disappointment on his face.

"Maan," he said, "ye talk like quality — d'ye live among thim?"

I explained something of my changed life; I told of my work and what I had tried to do and I closed with an account of the vision in the fields not far from were we sat.

"Aye," he would say occasionally, "aye, 'deed it's quare how things turn out."

When I ended the story of the vision he said: "Ye haaven't forgot how t' tell a feery story — ye wor good at that!"

"Bob" hadn't read a book or a newspaper in all those years. He got his news from the men who stopped at his stone-pile to light their pipes; what he didn't get there he got at the cobbler's while his brogues were being patched, or at the barber's when he went for his weekly shave. We talked each other out in half an hour. A wide gulf was between us: it was a gulf in the realm of mind.

The following Sunday I told my father we were going to church.

"Not me!" he said.

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"Oh, yes," I coaxed; "just this once with me."

"What th' divil's the use whin I haave a praycher t' m'silf."

"I am to be the preacher at the church."

"Och, but that's a horse ov another color, bedad. Shure thin I'll go."

When my father saw me in a Geneva gown, his eyes were filled with tears.

He never heard a word of the sermon, but as we emerged from the church into the street he put his arms around my neck and, kissing me, said:

"Och, boy, if God wud only take me now I'd be happy!"

Though he was very feeble, I took him to Scotland with me to visit my brothers and sisters; and there I left him. As the hour of farewell drew near he wanted to have me alone, all to himself.

"Ye couldn't stay at home awhile? Shure I'll be goin' in a month or two."

"Ah, that's impossible, father." He hung his head.

"D'ye believe I'll know her whin I go? God wudn't shut me out from her for th' things I've done——"

"Of course He won't."

"He wudn't be so d—n niggardly, wud He?"

"Never!"

He fondled my hands as if I were a child. The hour drew nigher. He had so many questions to ask, but the inevitableness of the situation struck him dumb. We were on the platform; and the train was about to move out. I made a motion; he gripped me tightly, whispering in my ear:

"Ask God wunst in a while to let me be with yer mother — will ye, boy?"

HAPPY HUMANITY

I

THE STORY OF A COÖPERATIVE EXPERIMENT IN HOLLAND THAT FAILED BECAUSE THE CLASS-HATRED OF ITS BENEFICIARIES EXCLUDED PROPER LEADERSHIP

BY

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN

THE first attempt to increase human happiness, into which my natural inclination led me, was that of amusing other people and myself by writing little plays, verses, and essays. But while nursing a school friend who died from tuberculosis, I found that amusement alone would not do.

In Holland, to be an author or a poet was not considered a real profession, nor an honorable and sufficient way of making a living. However distinct my calling and my talent may have been, none of my acquaintances — and I myself least of all — ever thought of me as a professional poet. It became more and more clear to me that mankind wanted also some more tangible and practical help — so I became a doctor of medicine. I need not be sorry for this. It gave me the contact with actual life which most poets lack, to the detriment of their art.

In the art of healing, I soon found that undue attention was given to the subordinate part of the human being, the physical, bodily part — while the immense importance and power of the so-called psychical part, the soul, was neglected.

This conviction made me reverse — so to say — the tactics of the art of healing. Following up the discoveries of some scientific Frenchmen, I initiated, with a colleague of mine, the novel method of healing known as psycho-therapy, called so by us for the first time.

In 1895, after eight years' practice, I began to feel dissatisfied with my work. Yet I was very successful in my practice, and our clinic in Amsterdam was steadily prospering, and is until this day. The rhymes and stories continued to come, in leisure hours — and yet this seemed not enough as my contribution to the advent of Happy Humanity.

I realized that humanity was very far from

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happiness, indeed. I found misery everywhere — even where it was supposed not to be, among the fortunate, the wealthy. They were envied by the poor, and yet their happiness was of a very low and objectionable sort. They could eat big dinners, live in fine houses, entertain guests, travel, buy works of art — and yet they lacked real satisfaction. They lacked the highest spiritual joys — enthusiasm, elevation, freedom of mind, wisdom — and they generally lacked health — health physical and psychical.

They came to me to be treated. I could temporarily alleviate their troubles, but I could not help them permanently. Their mode of life was in the way. They lived the unnatural, unhealthful, despicable life of idle, useless people. They were parasites on the tree of humanity, sucking the sap out of it and not thriving on it themselves, making the tree wither and turning its healthy juice into poison.

At that time I was impressed by another alarming symptom of social disease — the unemployed. The tremendous absurdity of the fact that able, healthy people were starving for want of work, while idle, useless people were growing sick by too much leisure and luxury and too little labor — this struck me like a blow in the face. It has struck many people before and later; but the blow seems more to stun than to awaken them.

I became wide awake to this fact of enormous importance, that *at least* 90 *per cent. of the misery of mankind is not necessary.* It is only the result of bad order, bad organization, inertia, laxity, indifference.

I was not indifferent, and resolved not to be lax, but to use all the strength that I could dispose of. I began by making a proposition to my countrymen that they should establish farms, owned and supported by the state, where every man out of work should be able to find useful employment, under good supervision and management. They should produce principally those goods that they could use themselves, and work more for their own consumption than for the market, forming in this way a sort of productive coöperation. Of course, I foresaw that this would imply an annual deficit, to be paid by the Government, but I considered that this money would be well spent. My proposition compared fairly well with that made by William Thompson in 1830, though at that time I had never heard his name.

Mr. Thompson's book, "Practical Directions for the Needy and Economical Establishment of Communities on the Principles of Mutual Coöperation," is still worth reading; it is the most sensible and natural answer of an unsophisticated, undogmatic mind to the alarming cry of the social miseries. It is full of good, even practical sense. When Thompson died, he left all his property in the hands of a board of trustees in order that they should try a practical experiment with it according to his views. But Thompson's relatives interfered and started a law-suit, which lasted for seventeen years, and by that time all the money was gone. Moral: Don't try experiments after your death, when relations and lawyers are still alive.

We know that several more or less similar experiments have failed. But we know, all of us, that the present evils of society are not necessary and could be mended. We know that, just as certainly as we know that the North Pole exists and can be reached. What then can be an excuse for stopping experiments so long as the goal is not attained? Has failure ever been proof of impossibility? Was success not always preceded by failure?

It will not be astonishing to hear that my most violent opponents were those who called themselves Socialists. We had at that time two kinds of them, the Social Democrats and the Anarchists. The first wanted to get hold of the Government and then change everything for the better simply by legislation. The anarchists despised and condemned all sorts of legislation, and hoped to cure society by abolishing all rules and rulers, so that everything would turn right by individual sense of justice and equity.

Curing society by legislation seemed to me like changing the wind by turning the weathercock. Laws are the fixation and confirmation of customs; they may impose the good customs of a part of society on the whole body of it, but they can never, or very rarely, start the initial wave of a deep, new current.

This is what I realized after the failure of my writings to make an impression. Then I addressed myself to the laboring classes, who seemed to be more conscious of, and who were the worst sufferers under, the social disorder. They were, moreover, used to work and hardships, and I expected more efficiency in the sober worker than in the spoiled parasite.

I went around my country and spoke to

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the workmen, telling them as plainly and clearly as I could that if they were aware that a small minority of idle rich were living at their expense, cheating them out of the product of their labor, there could be only one very simple remedy. They must unite, workers with workers, manual and intellectual, and *work only for those that worked for them*, excluding thereby the drones and the parasites.

No envy, no hatred, no class-feeling or class struggle would be of any use, I said. I had found that rich people who did not work but lived at the expense of others were not really and thoroughly happy, but were sometimes more to be pitied than the deceived worker. If they really subsisted on other men's labor, they would, of course, starve and be left in the cold as soon as these laborers, manual or intellectual, stopped working for them. That would only serve them right.

When I told this, it seemed to me that this would appeal to any normal mind of average understanding. And I hoped to steer clear of Socialistic denominations, dogmas, and fanaticisms. The persistent trouble, in all my experiments, has been the struggle with creeds and doctrines.

In 1898, I began to feel that my theories would be valueless unless tested by practice. Though I was not at all a rich man, and had to live principally on what I earned as a doctor and a writer, I saw my chance of trying on a small scale an interesting and instructive experiment.

I bought, with the help of a friend — who left me alone very soon afterward — about thirty acres, and tried to get a group of people together who would stand by me in an effort to do away with the iniquity in our way of living.

My reasoning was thus: It is impossible for any man in our present society to give up all unfair means of getting his subsistence. He is dependent, in a thousand trifles, on the work of others. He can not free himself entirely from the intricate issue of social institutions and activities. The only way for him to keep entirely free from direct or indirect dishonesty would be to live, like Robinson Crusoe, on his own patch of land, by the work of his own hands. This was done, so far as I knew, by only one man — David Henry Thoreau. And in honor of his high-minded example I called my place "Walden."

But even Thoreau had to give up his heroic effort, and I did not at all agree with his contempt of machinery and modern industry. On the contrary, I wished to try, by bringing together several people with the same desire for justice as Thoreau had, to alleviate the hardships of a sober life and to start, on a small scale, a newer, better organization. It would be, of course, no complete change, but a transitional form, going as far as our personal endeavors would enable us. We would lessen the burden of social guilt by living as plainly and soberly as possible, and by trying to produce as much as we could of the necessities of life.

We were to have the soil in common, to produce only useful goods that we could consume ourselves, to sell in the market what we could not use, and live as simply as we could. My hope was that others would follow our example, and that mutual coöperation would enable us to get more comfort, better production, and a larger market among our fellow-workers.

I confess that, having been a poet and a doctor thus far, without any business experience, my experiment was a rather clumsy one, especially the selection of the first workers. I accepted several people who proved to be quite useless after a short time. There came to me a crowd of those well-meaning but absolutely incapable idealists, sentimentalists, and semi-cranks, who usually form these little groups. I did not see then, as I do now, the harm of allowing them to join on trial. Their unpractical ideas spoiled all the work and kept the good workers away. Some of them were absolutely corrupt, selfish idlers, who simply wanted to have a good time at my expense.

There was a big house on the place, where one or two families and the unmarried people could live. Moreover, we built some six or seven smaller houses for the married people. Our principle product was, in the beginning, vegetables. We also baked, in a very primitive oven, a pure kind of wheat-bread, which proved to be excellent and was soon in demand in the near village of Bussum. Gradually we extended the bakery, and it grew very quicky into a fairly prosperous business which could support the whole colony. We began by giving wages on a communistic basis — not according to the work done but according to the needs of the worker and his family. This was kept up for several years, but it proved to be unsatisfactory. The bakers complained that the

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gardeners reduced their income by their inefficiency. We had to separate the two accounts and pay each man in his own trade what the sale of the goods warranted.

It was several years before the colony was self-supporting. We had endless troubles and quarrels, most of them caused by the doctrinaires, who objected to all business methods as being "capitalistic," and who used all the power of insinuation and slander when I had to compel them to leave.

As an experiment it was very instructive, and it cured many a hot-headed idealist of his illusions about an immediate democratic or anarchistic régime. In fact, it very soon became clear to me that democracy and common ownership could not be realized at once, but would have to be learned by a long, severe, and careful education.

The whole place, being considered as common property — though still practically my own — was badly neglected; everybody left the care to somebody else, and put the blame on the others. I now saw and could demonstrate plainly that good management is wanted even among those who pretend to be Socialists and upholders of liberty and democracy. Their idea of liberty amounted very often to "doing as they pleased," which was not always as it pleased others.

I saw that they needed authority; that they had not yet become of age in the full human sense. They lacked the feeling of responsibility, the true knowledge of their own capabilities, and the full self-possession that entitles men to the rights of true liberty. In order to keep the experiment going, I had to use my own authority, with the natural result that I was called a tyrant and a despot.

In all this, however, there was no real danger. Our deficit did not amount to more than what I could supply by my literary work. As I had kept the title in my own hands, I could gradually supplant the undesirable workers by better ones. This was, of course, called a violation of the democratic constitution, but, as I was paying the deficit, all were aware that I had a certain right to do this. In 1905, after three or four difficult years, things began to brighten up, and we commenced to make profits, especially through the bakery.

But in the meanwhile I had been working along other lines and began to navigate more dangerous waters. It was never my aim to create only a little idyllic group in a corrupt world. If the experiment would not spread and be universally imitated, I would consider it a failure. So I started a company, called "The Society for the Common Ownership of the Soil," with the object of forming more groups like Walden, either agricultural or industrial, each working after its own best intuition and coöperating by the interchange of products. Each group was to be quite free to choose its own organization, with observance of the general aim of the society, that is, the exclusion of parasites, of commercial deceit, and of exploitation of the workers.

I may point out here the absurdity of the often-heard contention that this aim cannot be realized, that it demands a perfection of human nature which has not yet been reached. This contention can only be caused by an erroneous conception of the true aim. People who say this have in their minds something like a final perfection of organization, a kind of ideal anarchy wherein everybody knows his own place and power, and produces the highest efficiency and order without being driven to it by authority. This, of course, is beyond human nature as we know it now, though no one can say what centuries of experiment and education may do. What we need now is only the exclusion of a common abuse of power.

In order to do this, we need not abolish authority and good management. And who could have a sound argument for the contention that an organization based on the principles of just rewards for labor, on common ownership of the sources of wealth, and on the exclusion of idleness, cannot be realized under strict authority, severe business-like methods, and excellent management?

This is the main point at issue. In my view, there is no excuse for the powerful members of our society, be they political men and legislators or well-meaning wealthy men, if they do not proceed energetically in experimenting until these worst flaws of our social organization, these terrible scourges of mankind — parasitism, exploitation of the weak and poor, commercial deceit, and high-paid idleness — are abolished.

This "Society for the Common Ownership of the Soil" is still in existence in Holland. To it belong, perhaps, a dozen groups of workers, either industrial or agricultural. They try to combine their activity in the coöperative way, but all of them suffer from the same evil. They are constituted for the larger part

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by what are called "Socialists," who are more or less dogmatic. They have no good management because they can not find good managers; if they could, they would perhaps not obey them. Good managers are not to be found among the men of their creed. Besides, good managers want good salaries, and this is against Socialistic principles once more. It is "capitalistic." So their groups are still small, powerless concerns, having no social importance, and kept afloat with great difficulty.

Seeing this, I wanted to take another course, in order to proceed more rapidly. In 1903 an opportunity offered itself. I had then taken an active part in the great railroad strike, which ended in a complete disaster. I had told the strikers that I did not believe in the possibility of a thorough reorganization of society by means of strikes, but that I had joined them because their cause seemed just. After the defeat, about 2,000 families were locked out; I felt my responsibility and tried to raise money for relief of the women and children. I organized a group of locked-out laborers and had them collect small weekly sums from the workmen who could spare a few cents. We divided Amsterdam into five districts. I addressed the people in each district and the collectors soon brought in a few hundred dollars every week. This was not much, but it was at least something.

After some months I resolved to use part of the collected money to buy goods in a coöperative way. Each contributor received a booklet and special stamps with my signature to the amount of the sum given. I rented a shop, filled it with household goods; and when a contributor had his booklet filled with stamps to the amount of two dollars or more, he was allowed to change it for some household article. In this coöperation I used the locked-outs as collectors, shopkeepers, delivery men, and so on.

This plan worked so well that I had at the end of the first year more than 40,000 contributors, a weekly collection of about $2,000, and 200 employees in the business. We provided the customers with clothing, household articles, fuel, and other necessities. My idea was to combine with this the agricultural and industrial production of Walden, and to find thus a larger market for our bread and vegetables. In addition to this, I bought a dairy farm with some sixty acres of pasture land, hoping to provide my 40,000 customers with butter and milk.

All this was sound and sensible, and if conducted on safe business lines it would surely have succeeded. But here the difficulties began. In each branch of this coöperation I wanted an expert manager, but I had only locked-out railroad men, engineers, and conductors. I knew that this would lead to a deficit, and I was prepared to pay it for one year; but I resolved to get the right managers in the meanwhile.

Then my employees began to obstruct me in my endeavors to help them. They called themselves Socialists, and were opposed to all "outsiders." They had been educated in the notion of "class-war," and this notion proved to be their own undoing. Any manager who was more or less a gentleman, a "bourgeois," was considered as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The employees all wanted the same salary, whatever work they did, and the salary that a concern that was not even self-supporting could afford to pay did not attract first-rate managers.

In some respects, these people showed admirable qualities. For instance, they all voted for reduction of their salary when I told them that they had to choose between that and reduction of the number of employees. On the other hand, they were obstinate in their opposition to "outsiders." When I had succeeded in getting a capable man — and I found more than one willing to work for a lower price than he could get in the ordinary labor market — the other employees began a regular war of obstruction against him until he gave up the job in despair. These strikers used their old strike tactics against me, who worked only for their good. This was the result of the teachings of the class-war Socialists.

I struggled for three years, but of course the customers were illy served and the credit of the whole enterprise was badly shaken. The second year gave another deficit, though a much smaller one. Then a man came who promised to set matters all right, and he seemed to be the man to do it; but he proved to be the cause of final ruin. More than one shrewd business man made the same mistake about that very man. He was young, extremely active, thoroughly honest, and sincere. But he was reckless and over-confident in himself and some glib fellows who made easy sport of him.

Trusting to his ability, I retired for a few weeks' vacation in Germany, devoting my-

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self to literary work. When I came back, with a finished drama in my pocket, I saw at once that he had struck the final blow and that the end was near. My new general manager, instead of carefully limiting the business until the leaks were stopped, had extended it in a most reckless way, establishing a new store-house and buying out another firm, which had started a similar organization.

This competitive firm was started a year before by some people who had been in our own concern, but had been obliged to leave. They knew our method and organization, and imitated it with some apparent success. As a matter of fact, their structure was still less solid than ours. Not trusting my own experience as a business man, I had refused the temptation to buy up other firms, though I had several offers, and I had warned my new general-manager. But he was exuberant when our rivals came to him and said that they wanted to surrender, as they felt they could not fight him. Very much flattered, he agreed to conditions which later turned out to be a swindle.

Within six months of the installation of the new management, the debts of the firm had grown from $20,000 to $100,000, and the weekly contributions did not increase. To raise capital under these circumstances was out of the question, and payments were stopped. In order to continue the sale of goods to the poor people, who would have made a tremendous rush to get back their small savings, I induced a meeting of the big creditors to give me a delay. They even consented to supply a part of their account as new capital. I myself ventured another $10,000 to save the situation. I had just received some money by a legacy.

But it was too late. In a few months more bankruptcy was declared. The judges, convinced of my disinterestedness, treated me fairly and allowed a transaction which would have seemed very suspicious in any other case. The case was very difficult, as the 40,000 contributors, who all had given small sums in advance, had to be considered as creditors. Most of them were laborers, and to pay them off with 30 per cent., like the big creditors, would have caused something like an uproar, and would have discredited me for ever. So I was allowed to buy from the firm all the stores and goods on my private name, promising to pay off the big creditors with 30 per cent. and the small contributors with 100 per cent. Then the bankruptcy was raised.

This transaction cost me $100,000, but the small holders were all paid off until the last cent, and their confidence in me remained unshaken. I sold the shops and goods to different people, and transferred the organization, in the form of a savings-bank, to the young general-manager, in whose honesty I had always continued to believe. He is running that business still, and after the severe lesson which he had, at my cost, he now manages to make it pay. The stores are still prosperous in other hands, and without any coöperative character. The lesson was not less severe to me, as the sum I had to pay surpassed my means by more than half — and I, who never had a debt worth mentioning in my life, will be obliged to work very hard and live very soberly if I see my debts paid off before I die.

The property of Walden became heavily mortgaged in the course of this affair. It never rains but it pours. An excellent manager for the Walden plant, whom I had succeeded in getting accepted by the colonists, took his leave the next day after my situation had become known. Then the colonists themselves began to make trouble. Out of my legacy I had built a fine electric plant, providing the whole colony with light, which cost me some $20,000. But the bakers for whom I had built it secretly established a smaller concern of their own in the village; they took with them their savings, and, what was more important, their customers, leaving in my hands a costly installation without workmen and without market. In this way the only source of revenue which was left to me besides my own labor was cut off. My short career as a capitalist had lasted about nine months, and I had to begin anew, with a considerable account on the wrong side of my ledger.

All this was supremely unpleasant, especially because it touched my nearest relatives, whom I could not keep out of the trouble and who were not consoled by my belief that I had done something of importance and instruction for the benefit of mankind. They had to share my responsibility without sharing my convictions.

Had I been a young man I would have considered it all as belonging to the necessary vicissitudes and hardships of the struggle for success. Many an experienced man of business, when I told my story, has said, smiling:

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"Well, this is the usual apprenticeship, the ordinary school we all had to pass before we learned how to select and manage men, and to make a business successful."

To me, devoted to art and science and being beyond the middle of my life, it was a different thing. Most of all, I was annoyed by the attitude of the public who could not see, of course, that all this misfortune had nothing to do with the truth of my contentions, with the possibility of the thing I had in mind.

On the other hand, exactly because I was not a business man but a man of science, and because I felt conscious of the purity of my aims, I found it all the easier to bear.

In my medical practice I often had occasion to treat business men who were entirely broken down by the same sort of misfortune. Having worked strenuously for their own benefit, a serious failure made them lose all interest in life and see no other end but suicide. I had known such cases, being sometimes unable to keep them from the final act of despair, and I had wondered how a man could want to die in such an interesting position.

Far more interesting was this position to me, who had never given much attention to the financial part of life. It was all full of instruction, widening my views, testing my convictions, but not shaking in the least my faith in the ultimate success of future experiments.

The most wholesome and direct result of my work was the impression it made on the laboring class. Of course, the partisans of the different Socialistic creeds believed their leaders and put the blame on me. A good partisan must be proof against facts and arguments, however irrefutable. But the laborer of average common sense and independent judgment now saw it demonstrated that in matters of business — on which we all have to rely for our subsistence — good intentions, honest principles, and strenuous effort are not sufficient. Minds of organizing power are wanted, and they are not to be found among the laboring class because the great demand for their abilities makes them quickly rise above it, and come to wealth and power.

The clear-minded laborer now saw the stupid absurdity of the "class-hatred" which excluded those powerful men whose capabilities were absolutely needed to make a new productive organization successful. He also saw how absurd was the contention of those idealists who supposed that by a general strike, by abolishing all authority and all law, mankind as it is now could attain order and efficiency by itself.

Of course, this had been said many times before, but it had been said by more or less interested people — by business men, politicians, economists, all under suspicion of conservative or selfish tendencies. In my case there could be no such suspicions. I had given ample proof of my devotion to the cause of the struggling workers. There never was good reason to doubt my sincerity. So these convictions, freely expressed by me as the result of my personal experience — and published in a small weekly paper originally started by me — struck both laborers and business men with force.

I agreed to the necessity of able management, severe discipline, business-like methods, but at the same time I did not deviate one hair's-breadth from the indicated course, the liberation of the oppressed poor, the abolishment of the social abuses, the end of the empire of rank plutocracy.

There appeared to me, however, no chance to make another effort in Holland. All that I could do there — and what I am actually doing there now — is to keep Walden going, under its heavy obligations, to reorganize it under my personal ownership and direction in order to satisfy my creditors.

But for the next experiment I looked toward the great country of experiments, where freedom is in the making, where there is no lack of energy, plenty of good-will and optimism, and a great number of able, well-intentioned men.

America, moreover, offers opportunities like no other country in the world. Though an organization of the kind I had in mind could be carried through anywhere, if the right men were found to do it, the chances of success would be greatly increased if we could find one of those favorable occasions where business is known to prosper even in average hands.

So I came to America, and I felt that if I could make my troubles and sorrows useful and fruitful here, there would be no loss of money nor of effort.

Thus far, America has not disappointed me. I have found the opportunity — and more, I have found the men. After this, I have no doubt, the money will come in due time. The details of the new plan I hope to give in the next article.

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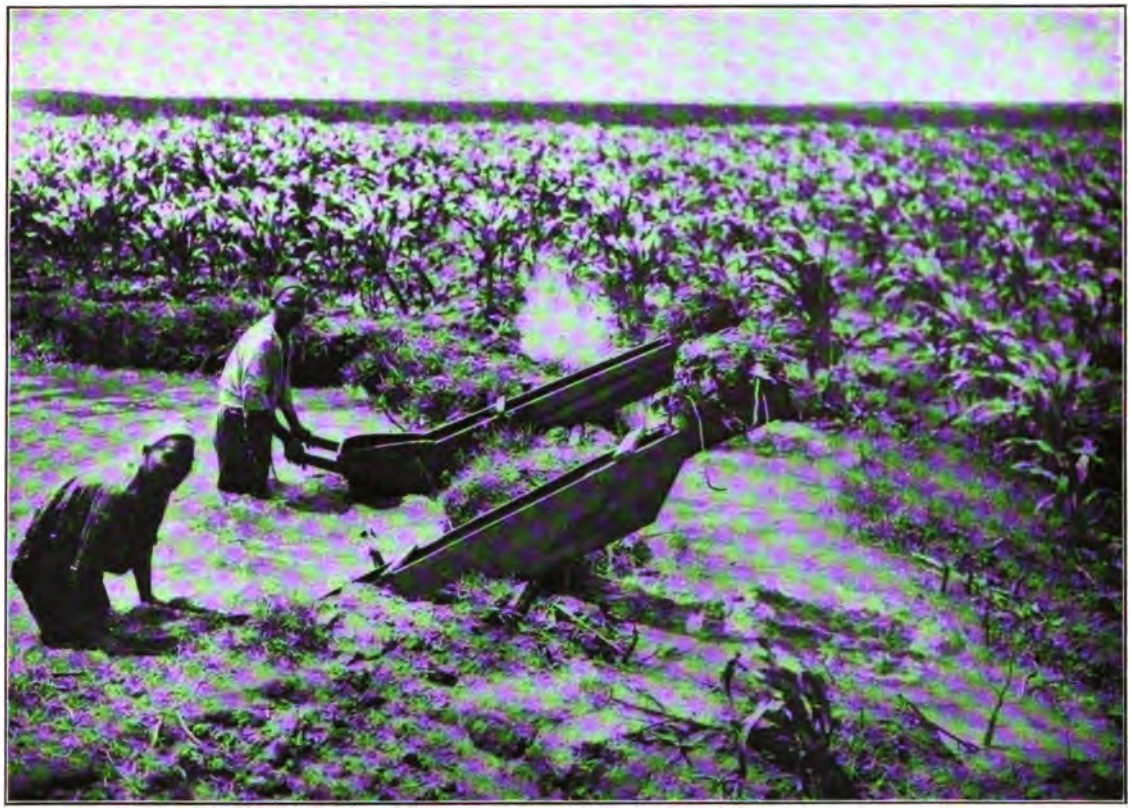
IRRIGATION, WHICH HAS MAINTAINED EGYPT SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION



HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

FOURTH ARTICLE

OUR WEALTH IN SWAMP AND DESERT

LAND FOR MILLIONS OF RICH FARMS TO BE RECLAIMED BY DRAINAGE AND IRRIGATION. THE URGENT NEED OF REFORMING THE LAND LAWS

BY

JAMES J. HILL

THE water on the earth's surface, beneath it, and suspended in the atmosphere above it is a very important natural resource. While less than 3 per cent. of our food supply is drawn directly from river, lake, and ocean, the whole of it depends upon water in one form or another. Without that, no soil can bring forth any form of life. It is the universal and indispensable fertilizer. But, like everything else in the physical world, it follows laws of its own. Man must adapt the distribution of water, by which the earth's productiveness is regulated, to suit his needs. Where there is too much for profitable cultivation, he must draw off the surplus; where there is too little, he must bring in enough for the support of plant and animal life. Upon such control of water supply depend the habitability of much of the earth's surface and its contribution to the total stock of wealth. Irrigation and drainage, therefore, stand in a fundamental relation to national development.

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Courtesy of the U. S. Reclamation Service

THE YUMA DAM (BEFORE COMPLETION), A GREAT ENGINEERING TASK OF THE UNITED STATES RECLAMATION SERVICE

It extends nine-tenths of a mile across the bed of the Colorado, one of the most variable and violent rivers in the country

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A CANAL IN EGYPT
Where 5,000,000 acres of irrigated land supports 7,000,000 people

The people of the United States are interested in both in proportion to the extent of its area which can be made useful to man only by the drainage ditch or the irrigating canal.

It is singular that we should have begun systematically so late and only after so much persuasion the practice of two of the oldest agricultural arts. The origin of each is lost in antiquity. Scarcely a mound is opened in Syria, disclosing the site of some prehistoric city, without exposing remains of conduits and other irrigating appliances. In the arid parts of the Western hemisphere similar ruins show that irrigation was an applied science on this continent ages before the white race occupied it. A large portion of the most productive land in England was, within historic time, bog, fen, and morass. To relieve the land of an excess, to

IRRIGATION IN ARIZONA
An increasing population depends upon its extension

BAHR YOUSSEF
Which the Egyptians say was built by Joseph

THE BEAR RIVER CANAL
Near Salt Lake City, Utah. Built by Brigham Young

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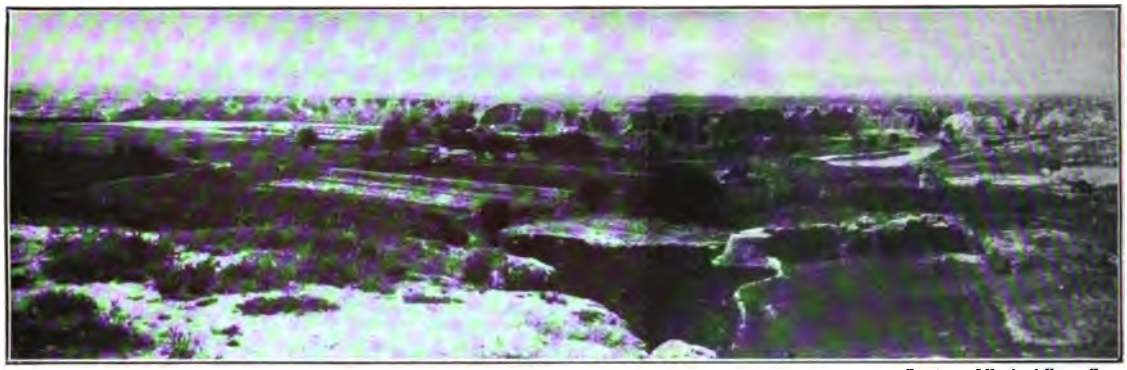


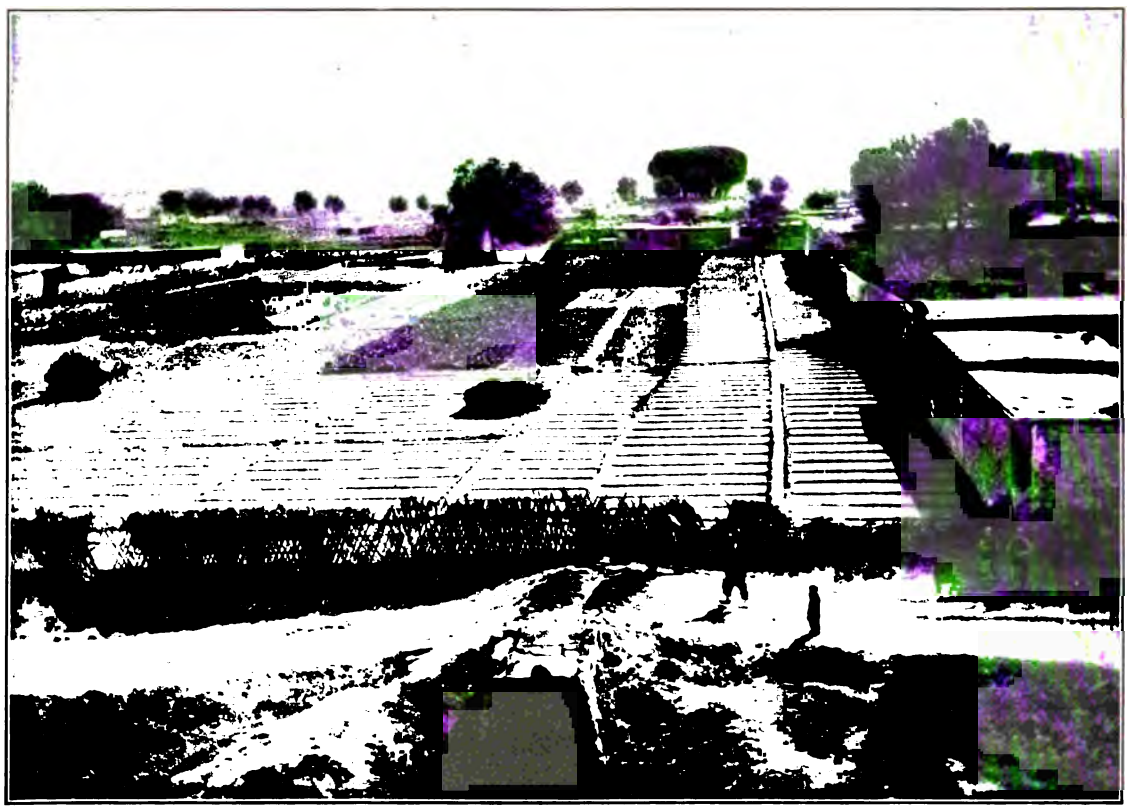
Courtesy of Raphael Pumpelly

AN IRRIGATION CANAL FROM THE ZERAFSHAN RIVER IN CENTRAL ASIA

The site, so far as is now known, of the earliest occurrence of organized town life and agriculture and where it has existed continuously since, supported by irrigation

supply a deficiency of water, have been first needs of each people in its turn, according to the topography, soil, and climate of the country it inhabited.

Through several generations the land supply of the United States was so ample that every man might choose for himself from tracts where nature had done for him the work of adjusting water supply to the needs of plant life. It is only as the area of public land contracts, as population presses, as recourse is had to less productive soils, that we begin to resort to those other tracts, generally containing some of the richest and choicest lands, which are either saturated or water-starved beyond the point of profitable cultivation.



Courtesy of Bureau of Plant Industry

A GARDEN IN NORTH CHINA

Where irrigation has been practised for thousands of years

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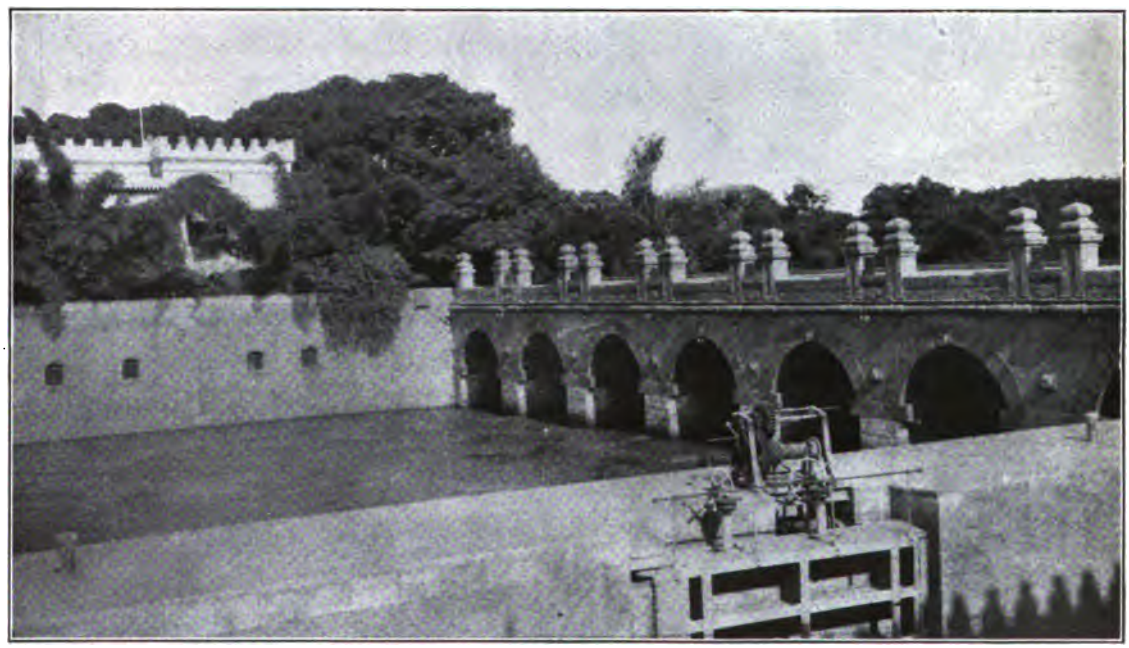

THE IRRIGATION WORKS OF THREE GOVERNMENTS

(1) The main canal of Canada's 3,000,000 acre reclamation project. (2) The opening of the United States' Truckee-Carson project (Nevada). (3) The Egyptian Government's canal below Cairo

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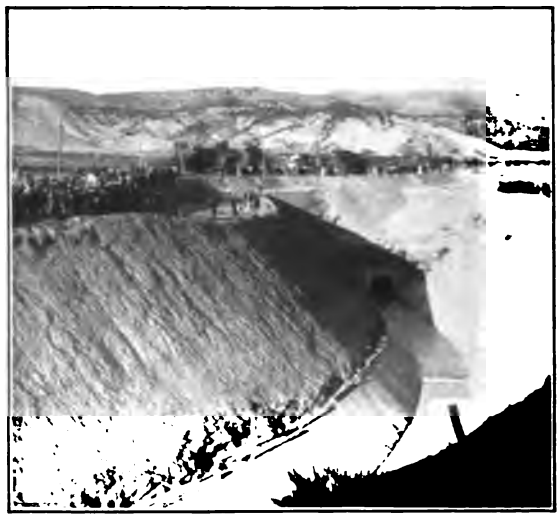
THE CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE GUNNISON TUNNEL

The big engineering feat in the Government's project for irrigating 146,000 acres tributary to Montrose, Colo.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE GUNNISON

From which the water is taken by a six mile tunnel under the mountain to the Uncompahgre valley

Of course, something has been done from our earliest years. There have been pastures reclaimed from river overflow, and patches of garden along the watercourses of our arid area. The English immigrant from the fen country knew enough to dig ditches and lay tile here. The Hollander sought a soil like that from which his native land was made. The Mormons founded a communal life dependent upon



THE FIRST WAVE THROUGH THE GUNNISON TUNNEL

Opened by President Taft, September 24th, 1909 The Gunnison Canyon is behind the hills in the background

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WHERE WATER PRODUCES TOWNS ON THE DESERT

Mitchell, Neb., Huntley, Mont., and the Okanagon Valley settlement, the result of the work of the transcontinental railroads and the Federal Government

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A 320-ACRE RANCH WHICH WILL HARDLY SUPPORT A FAMILY

Without irrigation this semi-arid land yields nothing but grass, and not a large crop of that

irrigation. Yet it is less than twenty years since advocacy of either in this country as a general policy found understanding or support; and less than ten since the campaign of education in the interest of either produced an appreciable effect upon the public mind.

More than twenty years ago the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company, of which the Great Northern is the successor, took up and urged the work of drainage in the Northwest, and bore a large part of the expense as well. In 1886 a drainage convention was called to meet at Crookston, Minnesota, in the interest of the Red River Valley lands. The railroad proposed to pay half the cost of a survey of the valley if the counties interested would pay the rest, so that there might be definite information to go upon. The plan was agreed to; and when the convention met in December of that year, the engineer employed by the railroad company made his report, and the counties affected asked the Legislature for permission to issue bonds for drainage purposes. The 250,000 acres of land originally granted by Congress for this purpose had been diverted to other uses. At first the Legislature refused; but seven years later the state made an appropriation, and the railroad gave $25,000 to aid the work. One of the conditions of this subscription was that the chief

A SMALL IRRIGATED RANCH THAT KEEPS A FAMILY IN COMFORT

"By intensive cultivation, with fruits and vegetables, one acre can be made to support a family. Five acres is a competence and ten acres the limit — if devoted to fruit farming — that one family can take care of properly"

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HOW THE FLATIRON BUILDING WOULD LOOK IN THE SHOSHONE DAM SITE

The Flatiron Building is 286 feet high, and the dam will be 325 feet and will create a storage lake in the valley above the canyon for the flood waters of the river

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MAKING A DRAINAGE SURVEY

A Geological Survey party near Mud Lake, Minn., where the tripods had to be twice the usual heigh. to keep the instruments from disappearing in the mud altogether. A plan was made for the drainage of 266,750 acres, to cost about $4 an acre

engineer of the railroad company should be a member of the drainage commission until the work should be fairly started. By this means the cost of the work was held down to from 10 to 12 cents per cubic yard, which is lower than the work solely under government charge is usually done. This was the beginning of state drainage in Minnesota. The progress that has been made appears from the following facts, summarized from the report, for the years 1907-1909, of Mr. Ralph, engineer of the State Drainage Commission. The original area of swamp, wet, and over-flowed land in Minnesota was over 10,000,000 acres, or one-fifth of the total land area of the state:

"Up to 1893 no public drainage work had been done in the state and very little drainage work has been done by private parties. From the year 1893 to 1900 some ditches were constructed in different parts of the state, principally in the Red River Valley. Since the year 1900 drainage work has been carried on throughout the state on a much greater scale; each succeeding year brought greater activity in this line, the years 1907 and 1908 being the banner years in drainage in the history of the state."

The benefits of the early educational work are now being realized, just as they are in irrigation. Under the Red River Valley Drainage Commission, $162,412 was expended

A SUGAR PLANTATION IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

Drained land which produced from 25 to 40 tons of cane to the acre. A little more than 50 per cent. of Florida is swamp or overflowed land. The state has begun to reclaim the Everglades

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A FARM ON A RECLAIMED PORTION OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

Courtesy of the Geological Survey

IN THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP IN NORTH CAROLINA
Which is forty miles long and about thirty-five miles wide

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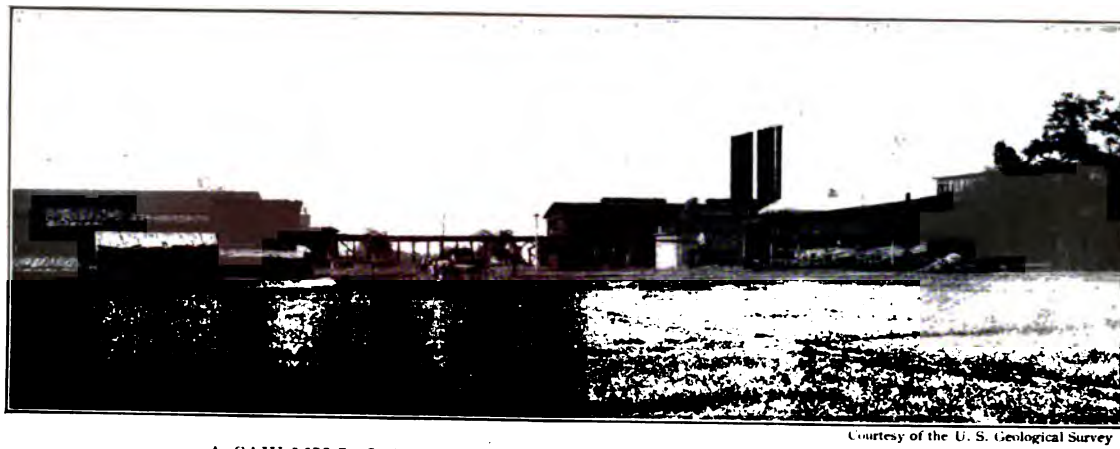

Courtesy of the U. S. Geological Survey

A SAW-MILL ON HOLBECK'S BOG NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.

Courtesy of the U. S. Geological Survey

A STREET ON WHAT WAS THE SHIOCTON MARSH, WIS.

Courtesy of the U. S. Reclamation Service

GATHERING CHICORY ON THE RECLAIMED MARSHES NEAR STOCKTON, CAL.

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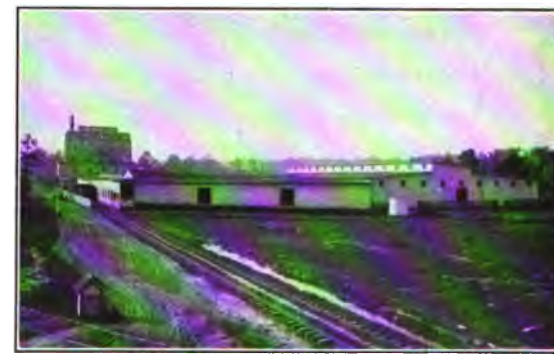
AN IRRIGATING CANAL IN THE RICE FIELDS
The total crop of the United States in 1908 was worth $17,771,281

between 1893 and 1899. Between 1901 and 1907 nearly 152 miles of ditches were constructed, at a cost of $127,749. In 1907 and 1908 work was carried on upon new state ditches aggregating 189 miles, the total cost of which is $295,457. Besides this there are 114 miles of coöperative ditches, and the whole enterprise is now conducted according to a comprehensive state law; with assessments for benefits, and payments so distributed as to impose the lightest burden on the farmer.

The history of drainage in the other states, in so far as there are any to have a history, is



A RICE MILL AT LAKE CHARLES, LA.

HARVESTING LOUISIANA'S $9,000,000 RICE CROP BY MACHINERY
The rice industry created by irrigation and drainage

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I. A WAY FOR THE DREDGE
Through the woods from Alexandria to Chatlin's Lake, La.

Courtesy of the U. S. Geological Survey

II. THE DREDGE MAKING ITS THIRTEEN-MILE TRIP
On the canal which it digs as it goes along eating its way through the swamp and leaving the land behind it drained

generally less promising. Under the Swamp Land Act of 1850 the Federal Government ceded to the several states 64,000,000 acres of such lands. It was supposed that they would be improved, sold, and the proceeds used for other internal improvements. The bulk of this immensely valuable possession has been dissipated. The states have parted with their land grants, often for little or no consideration, while the main bodies of the swamps and overflowed lands remains just as they were sixty years ago.

The origin of irrigation as a national policy,

III. THE FINISHED CANAL
Which cost about $4,000 a mile and made the country dry

though it is now a commonplace, is the same. Up to a little more than twenty years ago the conception of a Federal irrigation system did not exist. Individuals had done a good deal here and there, small corporations had done something, and there was general interest in the subject throughout the semi-arid states; but there was no plan and no effort commensurate with the needs of the West. Nobody at Washington would listen to a national irrigation measure. Only a campaign of education could bring results, and again the railroads led the way and furnished the means required.

At first three, and a little later five of the great

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A TULIP FIELD IN HOLLAND

Where drainage has turned a marsh into a profitable flower-garden

THE DITCH THAT CHANGES STERILITY TO FRUITFULNESS

In the foreground is sagebrush; beyond the ditch is a thriving farm. Prior to 1902 all irrigation in the United States was the result of private enterprise. At that time about $200,000,000 had been invested and about 10,000,000 acres actually irrigated

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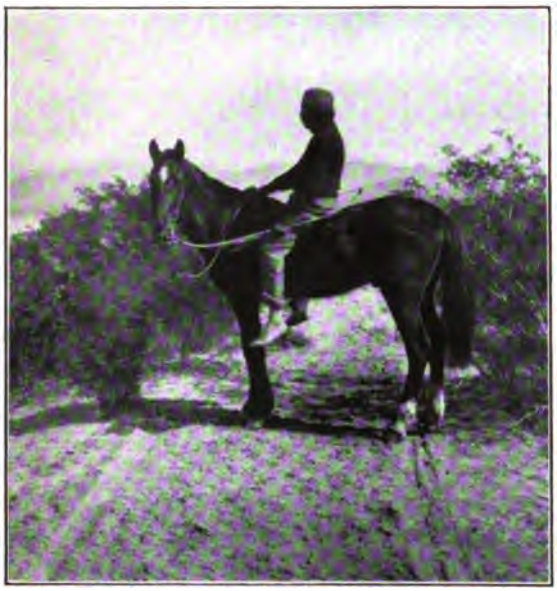
railroad systems of the West contributed $5,000 a year each as a fund to make investigations and publish facts. Through lectures, farmers' institutes, the publication of articles explaining the need and the opportunity, by every legitimate method of creating and strengthening public opinion, the work was carried on until public sentiment grew strong and politicians began to take notice. After five years of hard work among the people, Congress took up the subject and passed the Reclamation Act of 1902, which is the foundation of all the largest undertakings made or likely to be made hereafter. No one would any more dare to suggest its abandonment now



WHERE IRRIGATION PRECEDED THE INDIANS

The Apache boy is riding on the banks of an ancient irrigation ditch in the Salt River Valley, Ariz., built by a people who preceded the Apaches in that region. In this same valley now the United States Reclamation Service is finishing an irrigating system to cover 240,000 acres tributary to Phoenix the capitol of the territory.

than he would the abolition of the post-office. But it is directly the creation of the transportation interests of the West.

Under this law the Government engineers make the necessary surveys and prepare plans for dams, canals, flumes, and ditches. The Government constructs these works, after having secured or assigned to each project the necessary water rights. The proceeds of all sales of public lands in sixteen states and territories, to which the work is confined, with the exception of a project in Texas since added, are set apart as a fund to pay cost of construction.

Photograph by Frank N. Meyer

WORKING FOR WATER IN CHINA

A primitive treadmill which uses man-power to raise water to the irrigation ditches. Chinese methods of irrigation are common in California where the coolie immigrants practise them as they did in their native land.

The major portion of the amount obtained from sales within any state — which is construed to mean 51 per cent. — must be expended within that state. The balance may be assigned to any project. The cost of the work is assessed upon the acreage reclaimed under it. This is divided into ten equal instalments. The settler can obtain the land, in tracts not exceeding 160 acres, by paying fifty cents per acre in cash and assuming the

Courtesy of C. J. Blanchard

A MORMON WATER WHEEL IN UTAH

The current turning the wheel lifts water to the trough by which it is carried to the irrigation ditches. Irrigation by English speaking people in this country was begun by the Mormons in 1850 and since then they have created wealth estimated at more than half a billion dollars from a wilderness of alkali and sage brush.

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ten deferred payments, which are to be made annually for ten years. Title is not complete until all these have been met. Thereafter the land and the irrigating works belong to the title-holders; and the sums which they have paid in constitute a revolving fund, which must be used in additional reclamation work.

Thus the system, if not interfered with, is self-supporting and self-perpetuating until every acre of land that can be benefited by irrigation shall have been redeemed, occupied and cultivated. It is one of the most beneficent works ever carried out by any government for its people. The cost of the perpetual water right so far has averaged, according to reports of the Reclamation Service, from $20 to $30 per acre; but in many cases it has been $40 per acre or higher. Following the rule that public enterprises are more costly than private, this work costs too much. Where water could be put on land for $10 to $12 per acre, the cost to the government is much greater. Private enterprise is now putting on the market lands with water right at no greater price than the government charges for the water right alone. The average amount of water supplied annually is enough to cover the land four feet deep. Only one-half of this amount actually reaches the crops, the remainder unavoidably escaping in the process of being conducted to growing plants and trees. Canada has followed a slightly different method. In southern Alberta is a tract of 3,000,000 acres reserved from settlement. Irrigation works are completed, the land is sold outright to settlers at from $15 to $25 an acre, and then there is a perpetual water rate of fifty cents an acre annually. About 1,000,000 acres were thus opened to settlement last year.

Progress under our system has been very rapid, for two reasons. Most of the country dealt with had already been surveyed, and the engineers were ready with their plans and estimates. The money also was ready, the fund having risen to over $23,000,000 by the time field work began. In 1902, when the bill became a law, about $200,000,000 had been invested or sunk in irrigation projects by individuals and corporations, and some 10,000,000 acres in the United States were already fertilized in this way. Probably as much more is now being reclaimed in various Western states by private enterprise.

Under the national law, twenty-six projects have been approved by the Secretary of the Interior, and construction has begun. Over $33,000,000 were expended in the first five years. The Service employs 16,000 men and spends about a million and a quarter each month. Its completed canals now extend for nearly 2,000 miles. Some of the work is of stupendous magnitude. To reclaim 90,000 acres of land in South Dakota, the largest earth dam in the world is being built. A solid wall of masonry 325 feet high is rising to impound the waters of the Shoshone River in a reservoir covering ten square miles, by which 100,000 acres will be irrigated. The total area to be redeemed by projects now under way is about 1,600,000 acres. Other projects found feasible by the engineers would extend the reclaimed area to more than three and three-quarter million acres, at an estimated cost of $160,000,000. The receipts and expenditures of the entire Service to December 31, 1911, are estimated in its report at $58,000,000 each.

Most of the land reclaimed is of extraordinary fertility when supplied with sufficient moisture. By intensive cultivation, with fruits and vegetables, one acre can be made to support a family. Five acres is a competence, and ten acres the limit — if devoted to fruit farming — that one family can take care of properly. Fruit growing has become a great industry, the desert has acquired an actual value that ranges anywhere from $50 to $1,000 or $2,000 an acre, homes for millions have been provided, and the literature of the country is full of the promise of irrigation. There are hundreds of thousands of people to-day in cities and workshops who have invested in these lands, are getting them ready for occupancy and look forward to a future spent in wholesome and congenial labor on the soil.

It is most important in carrying forward government projects like this, which always cost more than the same work would as a private enterprise and under personal supervision, that the character and cost of the work should be carefully ascertained beforehand, so that it may not exceed the estimates. Otherwise the settler is crippled and discouraged. Settlers in Montana under the Lower Yellowstone project, who were to pay $30 an acre for ten years according to the estimates, are now asked, on account of the excess cost of the work over what was expected, to pay $42.50. Probably the estimates originally were not

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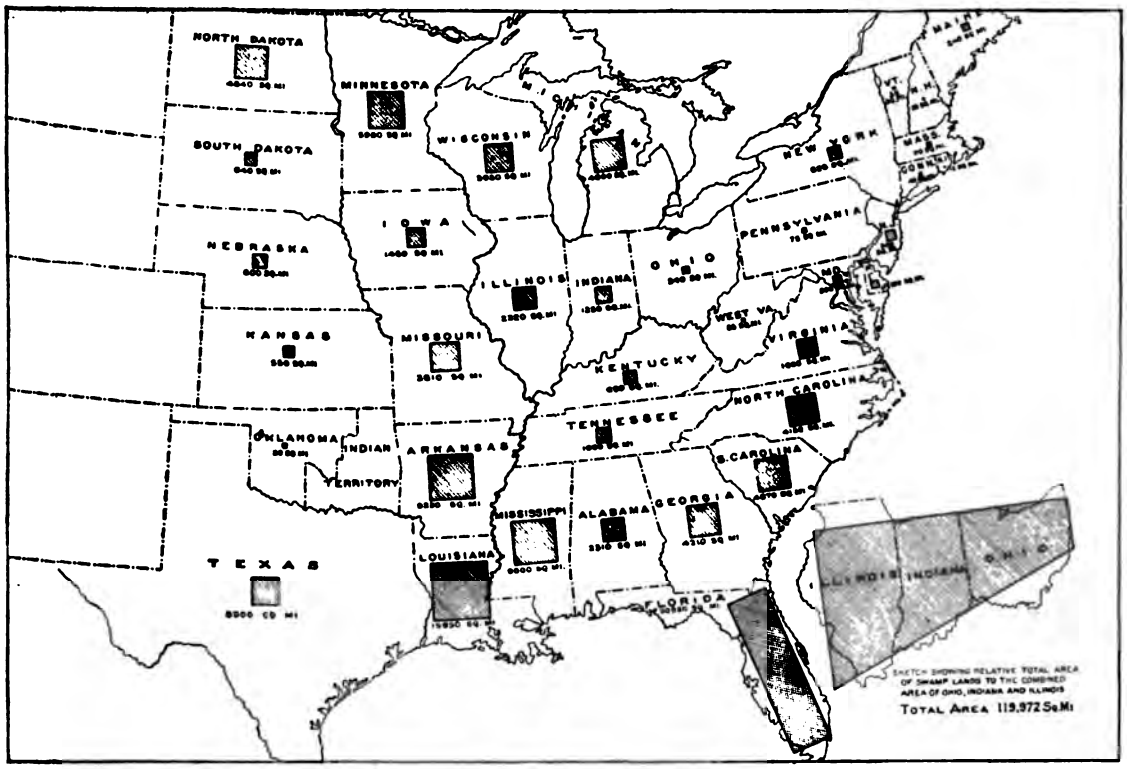
wholly unreasonable, but the high prices that were paid for labor and materials greatly increased the actual levy on the soil. This should always be avoided.

If no such record of progress for drainage can be made out, it is because public opinion has not been educated to the same extent. It has been shown that much has been accomplished in Minnesota, because the railroad early saw the need and value of the work. Yet it is only a trifle in comparison with what might and ought to be done. There are still plenty

worth at most some $50 an acre worth from $100 to $150. Corporations have done something in Florida and elsewhere. The government of the state has made a beginning of reclaiming the Everglades. As we shall see presently, the possibilities of reclamation by drainage in this country as a whole are not inferior to those of reclamation by irrigation. The land so gained is decayed vegetable matter, enriched by the deposits of ages. The tracts usually lie in settled communities, within easy reach of roads and markets. But public edu-



NEARLY 120,000 SQUARE MILES THAT CAN BE RECLAIMED BY DRAINAGE

"The engineering problems are simple and the cost is light. Irrigation costs from $20 to $60 per acre. Drainage probably averages less than $10, and sometimes it is as low as $2 or $3"

of farmers who complain that their lands are too flat, although there is several times more slope than suffices to carry off the water of the upper Mississippi; who object to the slightest tax that is not spent on their own acres; who, after the ditches are in place, plow their lands across the drainage rather than with it, thus holding the water on the land. And one may see, on the finest lands in the world, bountiful crops turn from green to yellow in a week or two. The expenditure of from two to five dollars an acre would save these crops. It would make land now

cation has not proceeded as far in one direction as in the other.

The country cannot know even yet what is the limit of additions to national wealth which may be made by the reclamation of lands now unproducing because of either deficiency or excess of water supply. Our ideas about the practical value of drainage are the less definite of the two, because they have been less enlightened by discussion. Mr. Guy Elliott Mitchell, of the United States Geological Survey, has made the completest summary of possibilities, in an exhaustive article published in the *Review*

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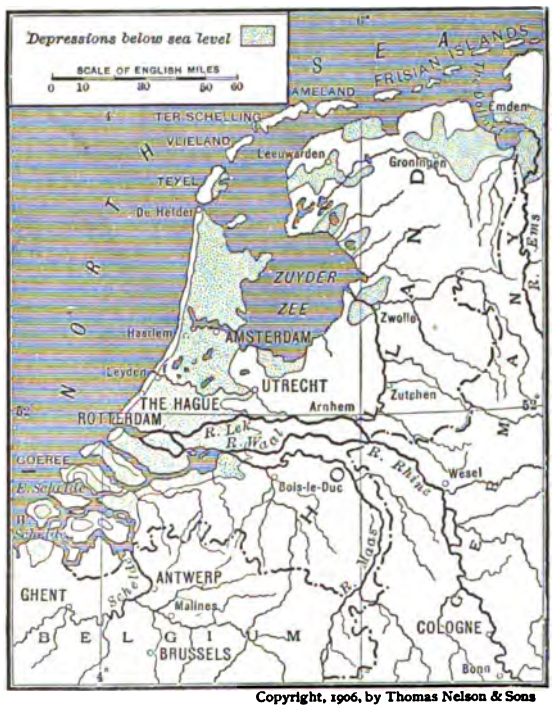
of Reviews in 1908. While the ordinary estimate of the area of American swamps is from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 acres, he thinks that a larger total, probably well upward of 100,000,000 acres, is indicated by the Government's investigations. Florida has between 23,000,000 and 24,000,000 acres of wet land, and there are fully 20,000,000 acres in the Mississippi Valley subject to overflow. Mr. Mitchell, says:

"There are seventeen Eastern states every one of which has more than 1,000,000 acres of swamps, and there are twelve additional Eastern states having between 250,000 and 1,000,000 acres each, and there are six more Eastern states with an aggregate area of nearly 7,500,000 acres of swamps."



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THE RECLAIMED LAND (SHADED) IN HOLLAND

Amounting to more than 1,000,000 acres since 1600. The highest point of ground in the kingdom is about as high as the tallest building in New York and two-fifths of its area is below sea-level, yet by diking and draining it is made to support 450 people per square mile. The population of New Jersey is 250 per square mile

In the eastern and central parts of the country most farms have a few acres of low ground which no attempt has been made to redeem because there is acreage enough without them. It seems reasonable to believe that the aggregate of wet land available for cultivation by proper drainage will be far above the largest figure yet named. Professor Shaler says that in Great Britain and Ireland fully one-fifth of the most fertile agricultural lands has been reclaimed by drainage, and that one-twentieth of the now tillable land in Europe was inundated and unfit for agriculture in the eighth century.

This affords us a measure of what may be accomplished in the future on this continent. In Minnesota alone some idea of what may be done has been given, though our knowledge of the statistical facts is still slender. The Federal Government has made surveys of the ceded Chippewa lands, in the northern part of the state, now held in trust. There are 2,500,000 acres of them, and the cost of reclamation with ditches running to each 160 acres is put at $2.75 an acre. Surveys of another tract in northern Minnesota show that 400,000 acres might be reclaimed by drainage for less than $5 per acre, and might afterward be worth from $50 to $100 an acre. There are such possibilities everywhere. The engineering problems are simple and the cost is light. Irrigation should cost from $12 to $60 per acre. Drainage probably averages less than $10, and sometimes is as low as $2 or $3.

For the future of drainage work, unless we wait upon the slow progress of public enlightenment and the reluctance of people to tax themselves now for a future benefit, reliance must be placed upon some such measure as has been already proposed to Congress but not yet adopted. This is in principle a duplication of the reclamation law, and proposes to do for drainage what was done for irrigation. Moneys received from the sale of public lands in a number of Southern and Western states, not included in the Reclamation Act of 1902, and all containing much swamp or overflowed lands, would be set aside as a drainage fund. This would be used to dig ditches, establish pumping stations and complete drainage works exactly as is done in irrigation work; the cost to be repaid in the same way, in ten annual instalments, to go into a revolving fund for similar employment elsewhere. There can be no more objection to one policy than to the other. The public benefit will be equal. There should be concentrated effort to procure such legislation. For while there are immense areas of arid land which can never be irrigated, there is scarcely an acre of swamp land anywhere that cannot be drained or diked until fit for cultivation.

If the possibilities of irrigation are more

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vague, they are no less alluring. The value and importance of the work are being more and more realized. There are about 100,000,000 acres irrigated in the whole world. Egypt has 5,000,000 irrigated acres, supporting 7,000,000 people. Some of the greatest engineering feats of modern times have been performed in the construction of great dams on the Nile, by which the natural overflow and subsidence of the river may be aided or imitated by man. English engineers are now beginning irrigation works under government authority in Mesopotamia, to restore the lost beauty of what was once the garden of the world. Some irrigated lands in Egypt support 900 persons to the square mile, in Italy over 800, in India over 1,200. It has been estimated that there are 60,000,000 acres of irrigable land in the United States. Probably, with experience and improved methods, that amount will be increased. Great spaces of what was once called the Great American Desert have been converted into rich farm lands, and more will be found available than we now imagine. In some places where government reclamation work has been done, it is reported that the water supply is appropriated for less land than it ought to cover. Not all the land among the mountains nor all the alkali plains can be redeemed; but the total subject to experiment is so great, the raw material so abundant, that the fulness of its promise will be realized only after many generations.

The need and the value of additions to the tillable area are emphasized by the rapid increase of population and the decrease of the public domain. The latter has almost disappeared. The question of homes for future generations is of paramount importance. At the close of the Civil War the frontier was about the Des Moines valley, in Iowa. Kansas was still mostly unsettled. Now the country has been developed to the Pacific Coast. States and cities that are marvels of growth have come into being. Some authorities have declared that by the end of six years there will be no tillable public lands in the United States, outside of the reclamation area. But this view is modified by the great possibilities of new and better methods of farming. The method of cultivation misnamed "dry farming" has rendered productive very large areas heretofore regarded as of little or uncertain value to production. In the Judith Basin, in Montana, there have been harvested 57 bushels of wheat per acre, weighing over 60 pounds to the bushel. The following table gives the area of public lands passing into private ownership during the past ten years:

YEAR	ACRES
1898	8,421,703
1899	9,090,623
1900	13,391,464
1901	15,453,449
1902	19,372,385
1903	22,650,928
1904	16,258,892
1905	16,979,075
1906	19,345,444
1907	20,866,592

Over 160,000,000 acres have thus been appropriated in a decade, and the quantity and quality of the remainder fall together. In spite of this wholesale appropriation, or rather because it has been so largely a game of grab and speculation instead of honest home-making, the density of population in the whole country from the Missouri River to the Pacific was, at the last census, scarcely three to the square mile. When population reaches a density of 250 to the square mile, which was that of New Jersey in 1900 and was much exceeded by both Massachusetts and Rhode Island, each 100,000 square miles redeemed by irrigation will make room for 25,000,000 additional people. This is on the reasonable basis of one family to each ten acres, and four persons to each family. Such relief from the pressure of population will be appreciated more as we approach the middle of the century and the total of 200,000,000 people for the United States. By that time the two forms of land reclamation will have become national benefactions; and the work that we are prosecuting along those lines to-day will be the foundation of future prosperity and a safeguard against future dangers.

In addition to its obvious value as a home provider, the reclamation of swamp and desert lands affects powerfully the general character of agriculture, the level of comfort, the life of the community and the health and intellectual activity of the people. In these respects it rises in dignity and value as a national resource higher than by its additions to superficial area and gross wealth. These recovered lands are the country of the small farm. Their value can be brought out only by more or less intensive tillage; by the growing of fruits, vegetables and other market produce. The

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moral of the small farm, with its greater percentage of profits, is thus kept continually before the people. The farm containing from a quarter of a section (160 acres) up, carelessly cultivated, requiring incessant work and yielding a meagre return per acre, cannot hold its own against the snug comfort and ample rewards of the little holding.

The census of 1900 gave tables showing the value of products from irrigated land in the several states per acre and per irrigator. Either because the facts were imperfectly ascertained or because of the great increase in products and values since then, the figures are no longer valuable. They do show, however, relatively, that where farms are largest the return per acre is smallest, and vice versa. Where irrigation prevails, there is certainty, abundance and variety of products. Water being procurable at will, unfavorable seasons do not exist and the growth of plant life is at the command of the cultivator. Abundance follows, because reclaimed lands are richer than any others in the elements that promote growth. These have not been exhausted by cultivation or leached away by rains and floods. The marvelous yields obtained from irrigated lands at first seemed beyond credence; they are such a familiar story now that illustrations are unnecessary. In Utah the Mormons have created wealth estimated at more than half a billion dollars from a wilderness of alkali and sage brush. As soon as water is put on this formerly worthless land it rises in value to $50, $100, in many cases to $1,000 or even $2,000 an acre; prices justified by the profits from special crops of early fruits, melons, berries or vegetables to supply high-priced markets. Towns like North Yakima and Wenatchee in Washington double their population in a few years and exhibit an increase of wealth matched only by the growth of centres in newly discovered mining regions. But while the wealth of mines must finally become extinct, the market town of a district intensively cultivated becomes a larger and more important business centre year after year.

With the more intelligent and remunerative system of farm cultivation come incidental advantages at least as important as the additions to wealth. In a former article the social superiority of the community of small farms has been mentioned. Coöperation and associative enterprise flourish. Schools, churches, telephones, rural mail delivery, comforts of all sorts abound. Life is no longer isolation. Practically every worthy attraction that draws people to the cities is added to the country life. Health is improved. The desert is always wholesome, but the draining of swamps reduces disease. The reclaimed country is one continuous village, with houses set in more than usually spacious grounds, with neighbors everywhere and no incentive for the upbuilding of centres of concentrated population, destructive as well as creative of high civilization. Material comfort, health and social and intellectual activity are attendants of the reclamation system on a large scale. The economic values are no more evident or pronounced than the sociological and the ethical.

The country must come to look upon both drainage and irrigation as parts of a national conservation plan. No movement of our time is more suggestive or encouraging than that which shows a people at last awaking to a sense of national economic responsibility. For our own sake, in the higher as well as the lower sense, for our future preservation as well as for our moral respectability, we must consider our resources as a whole, and plan the disposition and conservation of them with reference to one another. For they fit into, supplement and depend upon one another as nicely as do the different forces of nature herself. Irrigation, drainage, flood restraint, forestry and waterway improvement are so closely tied together that any intelligent prosecution of one of them draws all the others after it. That we have legislated about them singly and piecemeal is one of our costliest national mistakes. There should be a scientific national plan, prepared by the best available skill after thorough investigation, in which each of these interests should be so cared for as to promote all the others and draw help from them in turn. They are all intimately related to the greatest of all economic purposes, the conservation of the soil and its productive power. Our governing bodies will not become fully worthy of the name until they shall have assigned to each of these agencies its place in the coördinating scheme of national development.

How backward we are still is shown by the fact that no urgency of public opinion and no pressure of common honesty has yet succeeded in taking the preliminary step — a reasonable reform of the land laws. The agencies of justice are employed in discovering and punishing land thieves whose crimes were invited by legislation apparently framed for their especial

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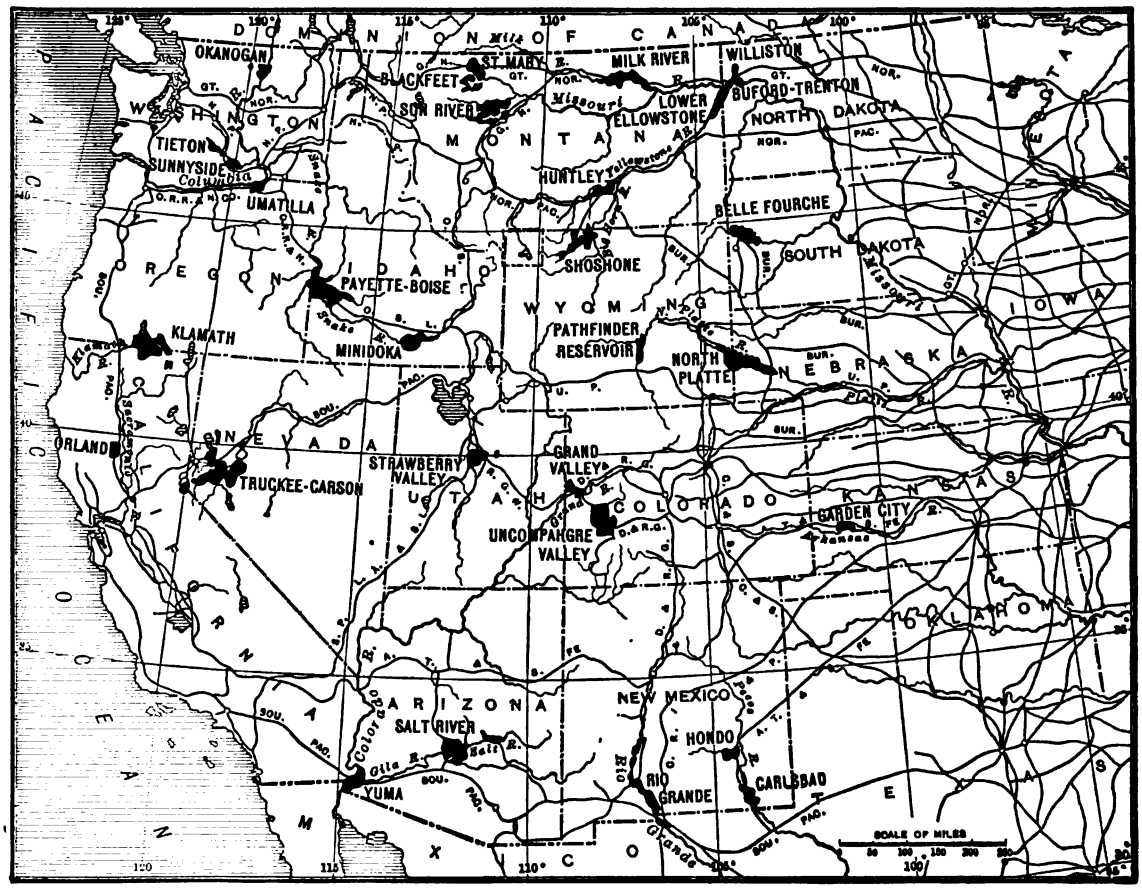
profit. The repeal of the Desert Land Act, the Timber and Stone Act and the stringent enforcement of the provisions of the Homestead Act are necessary to honest dealing with the land question. Speculators and land-grabbers prevent this, while occasional Congressmen and Senators are smirched and disgraced by participating in land frauds. We have enlarged the unit of public land for Alaska, in order to tempt dishonesty there. We have made it automatic action of the law providing the necessary funds. Had this work been done by the plan now urged for waterways, by direct appropriations and bond issues, we should have spent at least $500,000,000 of money that did not belong to us upon it. It will be completed by the proceeds of land sales aggregating probably not much more than from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 altogether. The gain, not in some theoretical way, but in actual



THE IRRIGATION PROJECTS OF THE UNITED STATES RECLAMATION SERVICE
"One of the most beneficent works ever carried on by any government for its people"

160 acres for land reclaimed at great expense, although a large family could not possibly cultivate twenty acres of this land as it should be. Perhaps economy must be substituted for the extravagance now too prevalent in every department of government before we can hope to see it supreme in land reclamation and distribution. But this plain business conception must be restored before the country can hope either to realize upon or retain its most valuable resources.

Meantime irrigation is proceeding under the added resources, may be measured by a glance at the productive power of the irrigated and irrigable country.

The fourteen states and two territories named in the reclamation act produced in 1908 330,250,000 bushels of wheat, or 50 per cent. of the whole crop of this country, valued at $291,112,000; 553,564,000 bushels of corn, or 21 per cent. of all, worth $290,546,000; 89,058,000 bushels of barley, or 53 per cent. of all, worth $42,241,000; 208,091,000 bushels

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of oats, or 26 per cent., worth $92,731,000; 51,782,000 bushels of potatoes, or 15 per cent., worth $34,503,000; and 16,532,000 tons of hay, or 23 per cent., worth $120, 571,000. Yet these states and territories contain a land area of 1,552,737 square miles, out of a total of 2,974,159 in the whole United States, or 52 per cent. of our continental area exclusive of Alaska. They were inhabited in 1900 by only 7,747,192 people, a beggarly 10 per cent. of the entire population. Liberal estimates for our growth since that raise this only to about 12½ per cent. It is reasonable to assume that, through irrigation, the 52 per cent. of our Western area will in the future carry more nearly 52 per cent. of our population than only 12.

The possible additions to natural wealth and capacity for support by drainage are not as easily calculated, because, with a few exceptions, like the Dismal Swamp and the Everglades, they exist in scattered blocks of land rather than in a connected territory. But enough has been said to show that, as a resource, they will probably be not inferior in total to the irrigable country. Most progress in the increase of wealth in our time has been through improvement in processes, economies in handling, utilization of low values, creation of by-products — by the slow and patient methods that aim at eliminating waste. It will probably be found that the areas which may be either reclaimed or made to produce several times as much as they do to-day, and to bear values several times as great, by a scientific readjustment of their water supply in one direction or the other have been as much underestimated as the mining engineer of a generation ago undervalued the ores that he rejected because of their low percentage or the admixture of elements which we have since learned to get rid of. We can scarcely guess to-day at the total gains to accrue from regulation of water supply, after it shall have furnished its last addition to tillable area and productive power; after it shall have completed its work for the expansion of the country and the betterment of its people.

To the transportation agencies, especially those operating in the West, the subject is of great importance. They were quick to realize this and act upon it. As they were pioneers in the campaign of education for both irrigation and drainage, so they are as vitally interested as ever, and are promoting both by every means in their power. The railroad satisfied merely to move an already existing tonnage will soon be distanced. It can grow only as the communities along its lines multiply and prosper. With every addition to them, every increase in the volume of traffic, come gains for the two parties now understood by honest men to be not rivals but partners; namely, an increased revenue for the carrier and a lowered rate for the shipper. Ordinary sagacity and intelligent self-interest prompt the railroad to support sincerely and continuously projects that involve an increase of population within its territory measured by millions, and increase of a tonnage movement measured by billions of ton mileage. If its original motive was selfish, it was the kind of selfishness out of which civilization has been developed; since all progress shows that a man can benefit himself truly and permanently only by accomplishment that benefits his fellows also. It desires and receives the benefits naturally flowing from enterprises that help to make the nation rich and strong. It asks and should receive in return that fair treatment and dispassionate judgment which occasionally disappear under the assaults of men mistaken or dishonest, but which will in the end be neither denied nor withheld by the American people.

It has been made clear how close is the relation between reclamation work and all the other forms of conservation and development of resources. To put water on arid land is to fertilize it as really as to add phosphates or to enrich it by fallowing and rotation of crops. To take away the excess is simply the obverse of the same coin. Both are mighty agents in the work that we have before us; which, if we aim to be better than the brutes, must be to preserve and provide for the generations to come.

It is a new world that is to be called into existence; and in this there is perfect community of interest, because in it we all have, through our children, through hopes that run into the distant future, through our desire for national prosperity and perpetuity, a mighty stake. It is worth our while to work in the present toward the large ends that these labors presuppose, though directly they may profit little those who contribute most; because of a worthy national spirit and because of that satisfaction which comes to all who have helped to open the door to opportunity and to an outlook upon a broader, and happier and more bountiful human life.

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THE BUILDING OF A MONEY-TRUST

HOW BANKING POWER OF THREE BILLION DOLLARS HAS BEEN CENTRALIZED AT MR. J. P. MORGAN'S DESK—A PRIVATE BANKING HOUSE THAT RIVALS THE BANK OF ENGLAND OR THE BANK OF FRANCE—THE STORY OF A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

BY

C. M. KEYS

IN the southwest corner of the Drexel Building, at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, there is a big square room. To reach it, one passes the length of an outside office, full of clerks and guardians, skirts a wall of glass partitions fencing off a collection of busy desks at which sit the "junior members" of the firm, winds through another series of high bookkeepers' desks, and passes at last through a big, dark door. There is another way, but only the initiated use it. It opens through a little door in the dark at the top of a flight of steps, down on a balcony in another office-building.

In this well-guarded office, one afternoon in October, 1907, Mr. J. P. Morgan discussed the financial affairs of the nation with a visitor who could not keep still. He had come over, in a great hurry, from the marble building just across the way. Panic was loose, and none knew it better than he, the president of the New York Stock Exchange. All day he had been appealing madly to the big banks for active aid and support. A dozen times the telephone had dashed his hopes to pieces. In the end, it had all simmered down to just two words:

"See Morgan!"

At the same hour, in an office a little way down the street, a bank manager, one of the biggest, talked to a newspaper editor. It was two o'clock. Ten feet from the desk the ticker whirred. A man standing at it turned every minute or so and spoke to the manager, telling the prices. The manager's mind ran back to a pregnant day in history, and borrowed the form of a phrase:

"It's 3 P. M. — or Morgan!" said he.

And meantime, the veteran had taken command. By messenger, by telephone, by word of mouth, he called the capital of the city to his desk. The call was urgent; but it was not panic-stricken.

The response was, one might say, feeble. A dozen banks declined to help, on the ground that every dollar of their resources was engaged in defense, in holding off from their own vaults the hordes of panic. Few, indeed, were the quick, ready, fearless replies to the orders, or prayers, of the commander.

By very hard work, a few paltry millions of dollars were marshaled to meet the shock. The few were enough, but no more than enough. If the crisis had been reached at 11 A. M. instead of 2 P. M., it is doubtful to this day whether the quickly gathered funds thrown into the arena by Mr. Morgan would have withstood it.

That night, and for many other days and nights, there was hot work to do. The strain was met by the issue of clearing-house certificates, and gradually the panic passed. The trail of it still lies across the land, though almost obliterated by the wheel-tracks of prosperity.

In that hour, between half-past one and half-past two on that October afternoon, the so-called "money trust" was conceived. The genesis of it was the knowledge forced upon Mr. J. P. Morgan, that neither he nor any other man or group of men in this country had the power to marshall the financial strength of the nation to meet a crisis, a panic, or a long-continued attack upon the heart of the financial world. He had always known that fact. It had never come home to him so vitally, so directly and so dreadfully as in these few minutes when he harried the town for money to save the Stock Exchange from closing its doors.

On that day, Mr. J. P. Morgan and his firm became the Bank of the United States in fact, if not in form. Let us cite a parallel. One November 7th, a man waited on Mr. William Lidderdale, governor of the Bank of England, and informed him that the greatest private banking-house in England was about to collapse. Its net liabilities, he stated, were over $100,000,000. The crash, all men knew, would shake the world.

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THE CENTRAL BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

The great bulk of the banking power dominated by Messrs. Morgan, Stillman and Baker lies within a circle of less than one-eighth mile radius, with Mr. Morgan's office as the centre. In this map, the figures indicate these banks and kindred institutions: (1) J. P. Morgan & Co.; (2) New York Stock Exchange; (3) First National Bank; (4) National Bank of Commerce; (5) National City Bank; (6) Liberty National Bank; (7) Hanover National Bank; (8) Chase National Bank; (9) Banker's Trust Co.; (10) Equitable Trust Co.; (11) Mercantile Trust Co.; (12) Guaranty Trust Co.; (13) New York Trust Co.; (14) Standard Trust Co.; (15) Equitable Life Assurance Society

Mr. Lidderdale was a man made for the hour. He was not forced, like Mr. Morgan, to make appeals for help. He was the head of a bank that is the financial head of a nation of banks. His messages to the joint-stock banks of England were not pleadings for help. They were the commands of a Wellington to his line of battle. Within the measure of a week, the joint-stock banks of England and Scotland had guaranteed to the Bank of England a fund

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of $75,000,000 to make good any losses that it might meet in liquidating the affairs of Baring Brothers.

Then the hand of the bank closed around the tottering house. Gold was drawn from the four corners of the earth. So perfect was the bank's command of the situation that it did not even raise its rate above 6 per cent.; and the governor himself insistently urged the joint-stock banks to go on discounting the commercial paper of the nation just as though they were not in the middle of a panic.

MORGAN—BAKER—STILLMAN
CONTROLLED OR DOMINATED
Liabilities $1,136,000,000
Percentage of total, 35.6%
POWERFUL BUT NOT DOMINANT
Liabilities $311,000,000
Percentage of total, 9.9%
ONE OR TWO DIRECTORS ON BOARD
Liabilities $380,000,000
Percentage of total, 11.9%
NO REPRESENTATIVES ON THE BOARD
Liabilities $1,360,000,000
Percentage of total 42.6%

TRUST COMPANIES AND NATIONAL BANKS IN MANHATTAN

These banks do practically all the financial business done in the city. The state banks are largely commercial and almost entirely independent

The weakness of Mr. Morgan's position, in comparison with Mr. Lidderdale's, is apparent immediately. It was not a position at all. He did not rally the forces of his country because he held a strategic commanding point of vantage. His power lay in himself, not in his lawful prerogatives. He was a man with his back against a wall; but he built the wall himself. Mr. Lidderdale, on the contrary, exercised power that was his right. The Chancellor of the British Exchequer was behind him. He offered to allow the bank the privilege, twice before granted, to suspend the bank act and issue uncovered notes. Mr. Lidderdale refused. He fought his battle with forces trained under his hand; and never for a moment called upon his last reserves.

Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, was forced, in the last ditch, to waive his objections and give his countenance to the last resort, the issue of fiat money by the banks.

To the layman or student, drawing parallels between the behavior of our banks and those of England and France in the Baring and *Union Générale* collapses, the argument is all for the formation of a Central Bank.

To Mr. J. P. Morgan, to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and to many of the strong men who surround the Morgan standard, the argument bears a different conclusion.

"We must be stronger to meet such crises!" was the burden of the message that went the rounds of the Wall Street district.

There was no method supplied by the Government of the United States to accomplish this end. A National Monetary Commission was appointed; but to this day it has not even discussed a remedy. It has spent the meantime in studying the facts in other countries. A year hence it may report a plan. Five years after the panic of 1907, perhaps, there will be changes in effect that may obviate the danger that nearly swept us from our feet in 1907. In the meantime, Mr. Morgan stands astride the world.

The method he used to strengthen himself and the financial structure against panic was typical of his character. It was direct, swift, and practical. In a word, he swept away as immaterial and foolish the jealousies, ambitions and private policies that had kept the great New York banks apart and antagonistic the one to the other; and he proceeded to draw into a compact circle a dozen scattered banking interests. He organized and created around his office, at 23 Wall Street, an organized banking power that he believes strong enough to take the place of the Central Bank in England, France, or Germany.

The commander-in-chief of this great mobilized host is Mr. J. P. Morgan, a man of seventy-three, born in Connecticut, highly educated, rich from his birth, trained in the finance of two continents. His chiefs of staff are Mr. Geo. F. Baker, chairman of the First National, a man from up-state; and Mr. James Stillman, chairman of the National City, a Texan

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Both these men are graduates of the lower schools and of the banking desk. Both have come up from the bottom by hard climbing. Both are technically retired from the active work of the banking world. Both are tremendously wealthy. Both command enormous capital resources outside the banks which they represent.

Under the hands of these three men work a dozen whose names are well known in the world. In the Morgan office sit Messrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., Geo. W. Perkins, Charles Steele, H. P. Davison — the last a recent recruit from the First National of New York, a young man of wonderful skill, charming manner, intense earnestness, and executive ability.

Beside them, outside the doors of the office, labor such men as Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, Frank Hine, Valentine P. Snyder, A. Barton Hepburn, Jas. T. Woodward — presidents of great banks; and in the minor banking and insurance fields a hundred other men whose names are known very well locally but carry little meaning to the country at large.

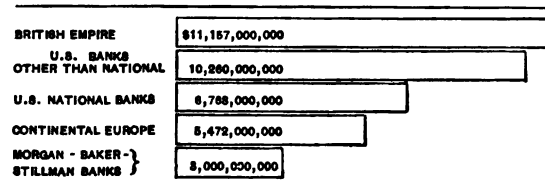
In the front of the array is the private banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., with its branches; J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, recently re-christened Morgan, Grenfell & Co.; Morgan, Hartjes & Co., of Paris; Drexel, Morgan & Co., of Philadelphia. Its deposits are guessed by the *Wall Street Journal* to be well over $200,000,000 in the New York firm alone. Its credit girdles the world. Its power extends over thousands of miles of American railroad, rules the greatest of the trusts, dominates more than a dozen smaller lines of industry and thrift — and holds together the banking power of New York.

Immediately behind it stand the greatest of the national banks, in solid line for the first time in their history. Two of them are popularly supposed to be controlled by stock ownership in the Morgan house. That does not matter. Nobody cares very much who collects the dividends on the stocks of these banks. The important question, from the standpoint of Mr. Morgan and the standpoint of the people is rather: "Who runs this bank?"

It is along this line that the compilation of the banking resources of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. must be made, if it is to mean anything. That is the line that has been followed in this article. There is no proof, and the writer does not believe, that Mr. Morgan or his firm or his immediate friends control the National City Bank, the Chase Bank, the Hanover National Bank. Perhaps the Morgan-Baker group, combined, does control the First National and the Chase National. I don't see that it makes any difference whether they do or not, so long as they can say to these banks, alike in crisis or in fair weather: "Do this!" — and the banks do it.

The third line of attack or defense is made up of trust companies. The authorities list seven of them that acknowledge direct allegiance to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. The acquisition of control over the Guaranty Trust Company is interesting mainly because it was bought from the Harriman Estate. So soon passes the power and the prejudice of the dead.

Behind all these, the last and the most powerful of all, there is arrayed a reserve force that has no classification. In it stands the Equitable Life, now directly controlled by ownership,



A GAUGE OF BANKING POWER

The Morgan-Stillman-Baker banks, held in a loose community of interests, represent a banking power more than half as great as that of the entire continent of Europe, excluding Great Britain

but not under direct command, because the law is its master. Beside it is the New York Life. If the Morgan firm exercises any control over it, it is based on nothing more substantial than friendship. Mr. Perkins, a Morgan partner, was a New York Life Insurance Company man. His advice is still potent in the company — and that is about all the hold that Mr. Morgan has over the New York Life. Yet it is a very real control in the sense in which any financial critic will use the phrase in computing the financial power of J. P. Morgan & Co.

With them is a great group of estates, held in the Morgan community of interests by purely personal ties. In a panic, it is probable that every dollar of available money held for the Astor, the Harriman, the Goelet, the Sloan, and other such estates — left largely in the world of business — would come at Mr. Morgan's call. Beyond that, in the panic of 1907, the strongest support that Mr. Morgan gained came from such funds as those controlled by the

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Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Moores, and others, half in business, half retired.

This capital, and the capital of private men who stand beneath the Morgan banner, cannot be reckoned in any calculation. In the tables that accompany this article, it is ignored. Only the definitely mobilized masses of capital, banking resources and others, are counted.

Nor is any count to be taken of the many corporations, railroad, industrial, mercantile, that lie in the hands of the Morgan firm. The *Wall Street Journal* computes the capitalization of the Morgan roads at $2,585,000,000; and of the Morgan industrials at $1,836,000,000. That is not banking power. Such of the resources of these companies as can be counted in the banking world is already included when one counts the deposits of the Morgan banks — or, at least, that is a fair assumption.

Little count need be taken of the banks or insurance companies in which one or two directors sit who represent the central interest; for in a great many cases such representation means little. Mr. Baker, for instance, is a director of the Bowery Savings Bank, the biggest in the United States. This does not mean that he or Mr. Morgan, or any one else can use or direct the funds of that great bank. It merely means that Mr. Baker was willing to give a little of his time without any pay to help administer that bank. Perhaps, if he wanted to put a mortgage on his house or on an office building, the Bowery would lend it; but so would any other savings bank, no matter whether he were a director or not.

Similarly, Messrs. Morgan, Baker, Stillman, Schiff, Hine, Perkins, and others of the group may be found as directors in scattered insurance companies other than the New York Life, Equitable, and Mutual. The German-American Fire, Fidelity Fire, Niagara Fire, Continental Fire, Home Life, and Provident Loan Society have all one or more of these men as directors.

These facts probably mean nothing; and in this article the financial power of all these companies is omitted altogether from the computation of resources even remotely under the influence of Mr. Morgan. Even the Mutual Life Insurance Company is not considered.

Outside of Manhattan national banks and trust companies, traces of the central banking power might be found in the Fidelity Bank, a state bank; the Brooklyn Trust; First National of Chicago; Industrial Trust Company of Providence, R. I.; Newport Trust Co., Newport, R. I.; Fidelity Trust Co., of Kansas City, Mo.; Riggs National Bank, of Washington D. C.; American Exchange National, of Seattle; and many others scattered over the United States. All these interests are disregarded in estimating the power that the Morgan-Baker-Stillman community of interests may wield.

(1) *Banks Dominated by the Morgan-Baker-Stillman Group*

BANKS	LIABILITIES
First National Bank	$162,000,000
National City Bank	317,000,000
Bank of Commerce	266,000,000
Liberty National Bank	28,000,000
Astor Trust Co.	17,000,000
Equitable Trust Co.	62,000,000
Mercantile Trust Co.	75,000,000
Guaranty Trust Co.	100,000,000
New York Trust Co.	88,000,000
Standard Trust Co.	21,000,000
Total	$1,136,000,000

(2) *Banks in Which They Have Great Power, but No Control*

BANKS	LIABILITIES
Lincoln National Bank	$24,000,000
Chase National Bank	121,000,000
Hanover National Bank	124,000,000
Morton Trust Co.	42,000,000
Total	$311,000,000

(3) *Banks in Which They Have Only One or Two Directors*

BANKS	LIABILITIES
Citizens' Central National	$ 32,000,000
Butchers' and Drovers' National	3,000,000
Second National Bank	17,000,000
United States Trust Co.	93,000,000
United States Mortgage & Trust	59,000,000
Farmers' Loan & Trust	154,000,000
Manhattan Trust Co.	22,000,000
Total	$380,000,000

These are the cardinal facts concerning the banking power of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. — and this is the banking power that has come to be called, in the journalistic if not in the financial world, the "money-trust." How far it deserves that title one may judge only by comparison.

Let us reckon the banking power of J. P. Morgan & Co., including the two life-insur-

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ance companies. When the comptroller of the currency starts out to reckon banking power, he adds together the capital, surplus, profits, deposits, and circulation of the banks, and calls the result the measure of "banking power." Measured in this way, the "banking power" of the group of banks and bankers brought into the Morgan community of interests may be measured in these approximate figures:

National Banks — (Four controlled, three in community of interest)	$1,100,000,000
Trust Companies — (Controlled directly, or through insurance companies, or strongly affiliated)	490,000,000
Life-Insurance Companies — (One controlled by stock; one in friendly alliance	1,000,000,000
Private Banks — (J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. — estimated deposits)	350,000,000
Total	$2,940,000,000

The banking power, actual or latent, directly or indirectly at the call of Mr. Morgan to-day, is close upon three billions of dollars.

The comptroller of the currency, in his report for 1908, placed the total banking power of the United States at $17,642,000,000. His estimate is probably low, for private banking firms are estimated at a figure probably less than half their true strength. Yet the figure may be taken as a criterion.

The banking power under Morgan influence, then, not reckoning upon the ever-spreading interest of the New York banks in outlying states, is more than one-sixth of the total banking power of the nation. In 1890, the banking power of this country was barely $5,000,000,000, according to Mulhall, the best accredited authority. To-day, Mr. Morgan undoubtedly extends a more or less direct influence over a banking power more than half that of the Union only twenty years ago.

Again, the banking power of the British Empire to-day is reckoned by Mulhall at $11,100,000,000. Mr. Morgan's circle of banking empire is more than one-quarter as powerful as that of all the British banks, from London to Singapore — the banks that carry the major part of the burden of the commercial activities of the world.

Here, perhaps, one may dimly measure the banking strength of this modern colossus. I say dimly, because no man may say how firmly the flimsy bonds may hold the subjects of his dynasty in days of panic, or in days of mounting personal ambitions. The National City Bank, under the skilful management of Mr. Stillman and Mr. Vanderlip, seems to-day to be in perfect harmony with Mr. Morgan and his plans. But it is hard to believe that this tremendous bank, with its stiff traditions, its haughty antipathies, its self-sufficiency, and its self-esteem, has in any way shackled itself, either to Mr. Morgan's chariot or to any other.

Similarly, the New York Life Insurance Company is not a slave to the Morgan firm, or to any other. Its liquid capital will follow, perhaps, if the Morgan standard leads; but it is impossible to believe that its board of trustees can be driven, coerced, or even cajoled into any course of action. There was a time when more investments with the Morgan stamp found their way into its coffers than good judgment would have dictated; but that time seems to have passed.

Nor can the funds of the Equitable be drawn away into anything without the consent of its policyholders, through the committees. Though Mr. Morgan is to-day, by the purchase of a majority of its stock from Mr. Ryan and the Harriman estate, nominally its master, he cannot command its funds. He must ask — he may not order.

Yet, measuring his resources by the rule of the day, he is the master of $3,000,000,000 of funds. Those funds lie centralized, within rifle-shot of his office. The Stock Exchange, the pulse of the financial world, is just across the street. He may, from his windows, look into its interior. From his door, as he leaves, he sees the Bank of Commerce, the First National, and the Hanover. By telephone, he can assemble at his table the heads of every one of these great financial institutions within ten minutes. He could do no more were he the governor of a central bank, embracing every one of them.

The financial power that lies beneath his hand is as great as, if not greater than, the power of the governor of the Bank of England or the governor of the Bank of France. He does not publish a rate of discount, as they do. But he can, if he wish, in the midst of the wildest boom ever conceived, stop the whirring wheels of the Wall Street ticker. The group

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of men who gather to his call can, and do, absolutely control the stock market destinies. Money rates can be made what these men please. Collateral may be and often is good or bad, as these men say. Commercial credit will expand and contract, in this, the only real financial centre in the country, according as the actions of these men dictate. The process is not as direct as the flat making of a minimum rate of discount — but it is not less sure.

Mr. Aldrich, the chairman of the Monetary Commission and some other things, detailed an interview which he had with Mr. Campbell, the governor of the Bank of England. His inquiry was:

"What do you do when you see that money is going to be scarce?"

"We put the rate to 5 per cent.," said Mr. Campbell, "and that checks discounting, and drives gold into our vaults."

"But suppose it is not enough. Suppose that the gold won't come. What then?"

"We put the rate to 6 per cent.," said Mr. Campbell.

"And if that does not accomplish it ——?"

"We put the rate to 7 per cent.!"

"And then ——?"

"If necessary, we would put the rate to 10 per cent.," said the governor of the Bank of England, "and that would draw gold out of the earth!"

That is the English way. It has always worked, even in the height of the panic of 1907. What is the American way?

In truth, there is none. If we make a noise like a panic, loud enough, long enough, and genuine enough to be heard in Paris and London, after a while we get the gold we need so desperately; but we get it only as the foreign bankers dole it out to us, or sell it at good profits. Meantime, our banks shut their doors, so far as discounts go. At 125 per cent., perhaps, you can borrow on call in Wall Street, if your collateral is the best; but as to borrowing for commerce — it's an old story; and this is not the place to tell it over again.

Mr. Morgan would remedy this. He believes that the group of banking interests he has welded together can remedy it. Individually, their voices hardly carry across the Atlantic until they are screaming in panic; united, he thinks they can make their whispers heard in Lombard Street. It may be so; it is too early to guess. There are more than one of the men who are working hand-in-glove to carry out the Morgan plans who will not do much more than venture a guess to this effect:

"I don't know; but Morgan knows — ask him!"

The financial world is divided fairly into three parties on this matter. Many there are who see it from the Morgan standpoint, without reserve.

"It is our one protection against panic!" they say, and believe it.

The second class, larger in numbers but not so influential in the world or so wealthy, oppose the Morgan idea vehemently. To them, it seems oligarchy and plutocracy gone mad.

"The vote of Messrs. Morgan, Baker, and Stillman will be the power of financial life and death not only within the narrow bounds of Wall Street, but clear to San Francisco!" said the president of a New York bank. "And not only that, but our eggs are all in one basket with a vengeance — and nobody outside the ring can get near enough to watch the basket!"

The third group, greatest in numbers, least in financial importance, cares nothing either way. They think the grouping of banking interests tends to strength; but they idly fear that perhaps it may also tend to foster speculation, expansion, and other sources of weakness. Few believe that this group of great men would ever deliberately "play" the country up and down for their own ends; but no man can deny that if they did want to do it, the power lies in their hands.

Nobody of much sense believes that there is the least danger that the New York Life, or the Equitable Life, runs any chance of being "plundered," "loaded," or manipulated in any other way at the hands of the Morgan firm. Even if the desire or need existed, he would be, indeed, a hardy individual who would attempt to draw the great life-insurance companies into the field of exploitation even by the length of a single step. McCall is dead; Alexander is dead; McCurdy is obliterated; Hyde is an alien, and confessedly a lonesome one. There is to be no to-morrow to that story.

No study of this question, however slight, should ignore two factors that might well escape the passing glance, and that seem to have escaped, so far, editorial comment. The first of these is the tendency to relax the reserve law. The law of the country declares that the banks in New York must keep twenty-five per cent. of deposits in cash in hand. The law makes no exception.

The First National Bank, Mr. Morgan, and

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many other authorities frankly avow that this is foolishness. They ask the pointed question: "What are reserves for?" In times of stress, they do not hesitate to call upon their banks to pay out cash beyond the legal limit. Whether they are right or wrong is matter of debate. That they are in defiance of the written law is not a matter of debate. The growth of the banking power of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Baker means the growth of the tendency toward freedom in reserves.

The second factor is the gradual national movement toward the ramification of New York banking power throughout the United States. Go into any of the Western cities that are growing, and you will find a strong conviction — in some cases established certainty — that this or that bank of the city is directly controlled by the National City Bank of New York, or some other of the central Wall Street banks. The Stillman bank has been the most ambitious and the most open of the propagandists of this new idea. It frankly sends its own men into positions of banking power in the Western cities. Very openly, indeed, it has identified itself directly with the interests of many strong communities beyond the rivers.

To trace the ramifications of such a power as this is quite a hopeless task. In this article, they are but hinted at.

[*Other articles will deal with the pending Copper consolidation and the recent community of interests involving the Western Union, Postal Telegraph, American Telephone and Telegraph, and half a dozen independent telephone companies.*]

MEN IN ACTION

TEN years ago there were two families in Chicago who moved, one going upon a Government homestead in South Dakota, the other into the eight-room cottage vacated by the first family. The families were of the same size and ages, approximately, each having eight children, the oldest being girls of twelve and fourteen. The capital and earning capacity were also about the same. They were alike dependent on their industry for support.

There being no shelter upon the land, the Dakota family built for themselves a home from field rocks, largely with their own hands, expending $100 (received for a right-of-way across a corner of their land) for lumber, windows, doors, and shingles. Their food supply was considerably increased by the fish caught by the children and the ducks and prairie-chickens shot, and by plums, grapes, and cherries picked. Their cash earnings fell far below those of the city family in Chicago, but they had no debt, no rent to pay, nor taxes. Nor did they have to stand always with pocketbook in hand. One neighbor who had raised more potatoes than he could market brought them a full supply, both for food and seed; other neighbors loaned them sitting hens; another, who needed help in his haying, gave a cow with her calf in exchange for work; and still another gave a grist of wheat for help in the harvest field, and later, a brood sow, whose litter of pigs netted the new owner more than $100 in four months. Fuel was to be had for the gathering along the river.

The family raised, with little labor, all the melons that they and their friends could eat; also several bushels of beans, corn in abundance, and wagon-loads of rutabagas. The boys soon learned to ride ponies — one was got in exchange for a bicycle — and before long they were in demand for herding sheep and cattle. The elder soon earned enough to start him well on his way through college. The older girls returned to school, all being "given their time," as the saying is, but not much more.

The outcome is that the oldest is a happily married young mother; two have graduated with honors from the University of Chicago; three are now in the high school, making their home with the rest of the family in the cottage which they vacated ten years ago and now own, without the encumbrance, which then almost equaled its value, but which its rentals have lifted. This temporary stay in their city home, for the sake of educational advantages, is made possible by the income from the farm

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which is now well improved with buildings, an artesian well, fruit and shade trees; and the return to which all the family look forward with pleasure.

The family which remained in Chicago is still living from hand to mouth. The head of the family is without work most of the time; the children (the unmarried girls as well as the boys) all work in factories and sweat-shops, glad of the chance.

Recently, when these young bread-winners were paying all but a few dollars of the earnings of an entire week for a month's rent, they said with choking voices that they had to have a roof over their heads whether they had anything to eat or not. Referring to their fourteen-year-old brother, they said that he would soon be through with his schooling, and then he, also, could begin to earn a little. Not one of the six older children had finished the eighth grade before they had been forced to join in the support of the family. A ten-year-old child is sickly and stunted — as all of them are, when compared with the children of the country family.

This is their physical condition. Morally, while the country family's children are ambitious and carry off respect and honors wherever they go, the city family's children are discouraged and without high purpose. They have never known the joyous buoyancy of childhood close to nature, or watched its birds and brooks, its sunshine and shadow, its budding beauty of golden harvests, with which the Dakota home was so richly favored.

II

The wife of Governor Lippett, of Rhode Island, had a deaf child. Patiently she strove from infancy to teach it to speak, and to take its place among other school children in school life. Success crowned her efforts. Another mother, at about the same time, took the same course with her child, and with equal success.

In Philadelphia, two sisters, Miss Emma and Miss Mary Garrett, became deeply interested in this revelation of the possibilities of teaching the deaf to speak while very young. They worked earnestly to show mothers what could be done for their deaf children. Few would believe them, and they were regarded as dreamers.

But they persisted, and finally interested enough people to enable them to open a small school in the outskirts of Philadelphia. This was done in February, 1892, with eleven children enrolled.

Their success was so great that the Pennsylvania Legislature made the little school a state institution in June of the following year. Pennsylvania is, at present, the only state which offers to its deaf children the possibility of learning to speak at the natural age, for this home takes pupils from two to eight years old. If the child does not come at two, it must stay a correspondingly longer time. Six years are required for its instruction in speech and lip reading. No signs are ever permitted.

Miss Emma Garrett taught only a year and a half after starting the school. She died in July, 1893. Her sister, Mary, was thus forced to shoulder the whole responsibility of the work.

Two beautiful cottages, which to the ordinary observer would appear to be the spacious dwellings of private families, are the homes of sixty-five little deaf children, who are learning the same lessons that other children do, reciting in their classes, chattering to each other in their play, conversing brightly and happily with their teachers at meals, talking over the seeds and plants which they cultivate in the little garden assigned to each child, and playing games as others do.

After calling one day at Miss Garrett's home, a visitor stepped on the porch to leave. One of the deaf boys was there. In a low, gentle voice, Miss Garrett said:

"Edgar, will you tell the coachman to bring the carriage?"

Quick as a flash the boy started off to do her bidding. The same boy, soon after, left the home to learn the machinist's trade in a shop, earning enough from the beginning to be self-supporting, and to-day he is an engineer at a fine salary in a large hotel.

Several of Miss Garrett's boys have charge of extensive farms, and are interested and happy.

At eight years of age the children in the home are ready to attend the public schools. The majority of these children come from very poor families, but such care is given to every detail of their education that no child from the best home or school is better equipped with the little refinements that make the usages of society than are these little deaf children. No child who has taken the complete course in Miss Garrett's school has failed to "make good."

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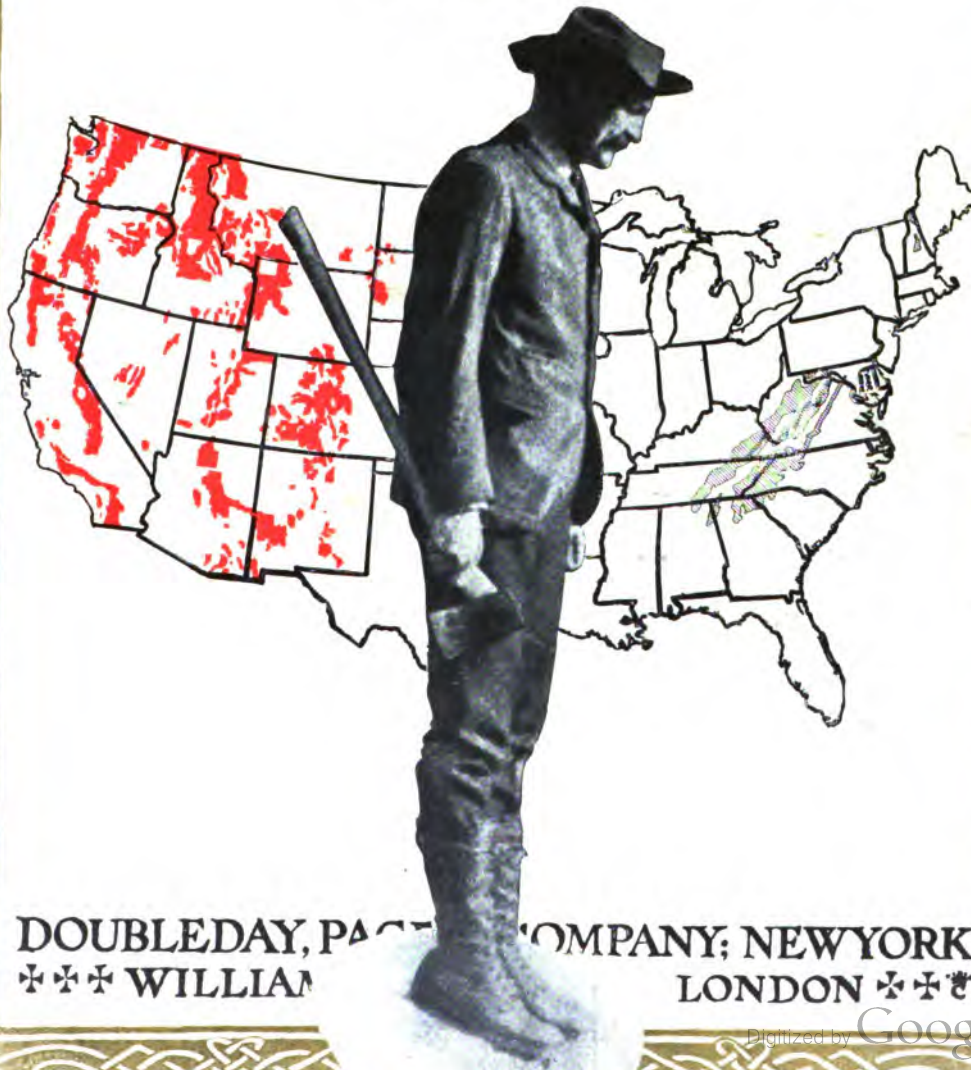
THE WORLD'S WORK

MARCH



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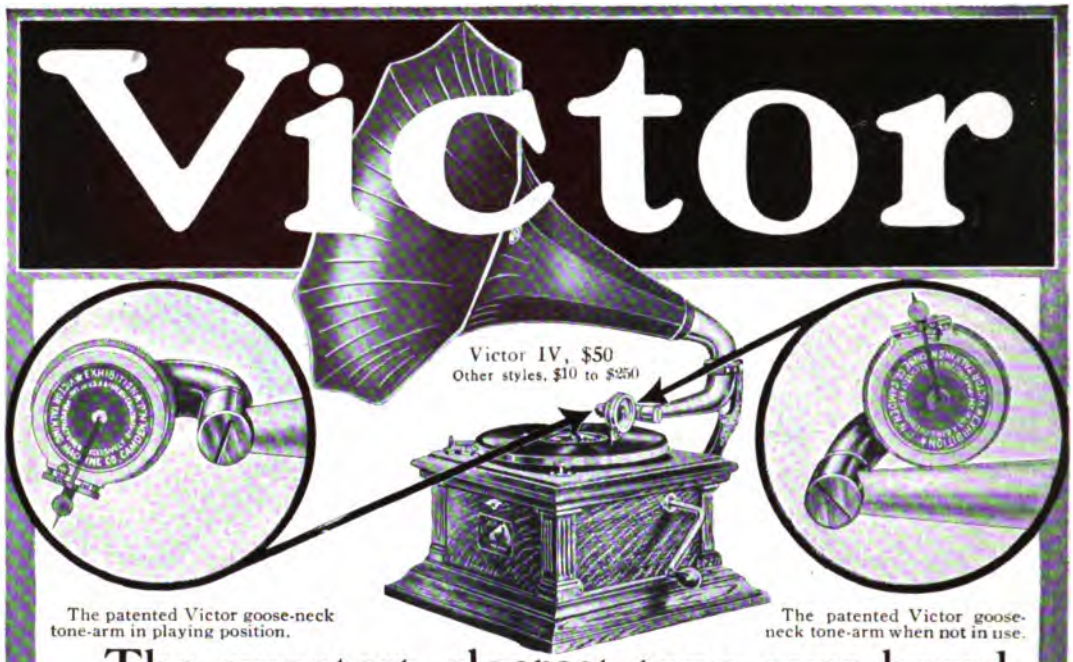

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The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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THE BALLINGER INVESTIGATION JOINT-COMMITTEE

Sitting, left to right, Senator D. Upshaw Fletcher, Fla.; Representative Ollie M. James, Ky.; Senator Knute Nelson, Minn. (chairman); Representative Marlin E. Olmstead, Pa.; Representative Samuel W. McCall, Mass. Standing, left to right, Senator Thomas H. Paynter, Ky.; Representative Edmond H. Madison, Kan.; Representative James M. Graham, Ill.

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THE
WORLD'S WORK

MARCH, 1910

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 5

The March of Events

THE Liberal Budget which, on appeal, the British people have declared shall be enacted over the veto of the Lords, is a scheme of taxation the most advanced in its justice and scientific character yet established by a great nation.

The result of the election was not so clear as it might have been, but on one point no one questions it: The Budget prevails.

The British people, then, accept a scheme of taxation which includes ideas that, proposed in America, would startle the whole country. It not only taxes incomes, and taxes them progressively (i.e., the more the income, the heavier the tax), but it makes a distinction between earned and unearned incomes, taxing the latter higher. It taxes inheritances progressively up to 25 per cent., one-fourth of the estate. It taxes (to use the Single-Tax phrase) the unearned increment in land values; that is, if land increases in value because population has gathered near it, that increase in value belongs not to the landlord but to the people who have made it. And it taxes mineral rights, apart from and over and above the land containing minerals.

The Budget is the first tentative fiscal expression of a social revolution. All who followed the campaign preceding the elections know how bold became the statement by the Liberal leaders of their intention to go on with the work of reforming the whole structure of British society. There was involved in the election not only the immediate question of the Budget, but those of the rights, not to say the very existence, of the House of Lords; the proposal to tax food under the guise of "protection"; and Home Rule for Ireland. The issues were constitutional, economic, social, and religious. The bitterness with which they were fought was unprecedented in English Elections.

The war will go on as bitterly as before. The social temper of the Englishman is not easy to understand. It is difficult to believe that he is in the deadly earnest he really is in, because he does not do the things that we in his place should do, if we were in earnest. He won't allow the Lords to veto a House of Commons bill, but we shall find that he has not the slightest intention of abolishing the House of Lords. The Englishman hates the privileges of aristocracy and he means to take them away, but he has more than a sneaking fondness for the aristocrat. He is a Socialist — the whole British people are Socialists at heart — but he is not a democrat.

It is not beyond reason to predict that, as an outcome of the election, the House of Lords will be strengthened, instead of being abolished. It is possible that Mr. Asquith will require the King to flood the House of Lords with new peers, as King William IV. and Lord Grey did in 1832. It is more likely that some scheme for the reform of the hereditary chamber will be devised. The financial veto may be definitely abolished; its numbers may be reduced and membership made to depend on something more than the circumstance of having been, as Mr. Lloyd-George puts it, "the first of a litter." But the House of Lords will not be done away with.

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MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ADDRESSING A POLITICAL MEETING IN LONDON

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MR. HENRY S. GRAVES, CHIEF FORESTER

WHO HAS RESIGNED AS DIRECTOR OF THE YALE FOREST SCHOOL TO SUCCEED MR. GIFFORD PINCHOT AS HEAD OF THE FOREST SERVICE

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REPRESENTATIVE JOHN W. WEEKS OF MASSACHUSETTS

CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON POST OFFICES AND POST ROADS, WHICH IS ASKED TO GIVE THE COUNTRY A BUSINESSLIKE ADMINISTRATION OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

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GOVERNOR ADOLPH O. EBERHART, OF MINNESOTA

THE SUCCESSOR OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON. HE IS THE FIRST GOVERNOR TO CALL A STATE CONSERVATION MEETING

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS

Reading from left to right, lower row sitting: Governor Frank B. Weeks, Conn.; John Franklin Fort, N. J.; Joseph M. Brown, Ga.; Simeon S. Pennewill, Del.; President Taft; Governors Augustus E. Willson, Ky.; Herbert S. Hadley, Mo.; Martin F. Ansel, S. C.; Bryant B. Brooks, Wyo.; John F. Shafroth, Col. Reading from left to right, row standing: Governors Edwin L. Norris, Mont.; Richard E. Sloan, Ariz.; Aram J. Pothier, R. I.; W. W. Kitchin, N. C.; William E. Glasscock, W. Va.; James O. Davidson, Wis.; Secretary Wilson; Governors James H. Brady, Idaho; Judson Harmon, Ohio; Beryl F. Carroll, Iowa; Ashton C. Shallenberger, Neb.; Secretary Hitchcock; Governors Adolph O' Eberhart, Minn.; George Curry, N. M.; R. S. Vessey, S. D.; John Burke, N. D.

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Photograph by L. H. Dreyer

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL, NEW YORK CITY

WHICH IS THE HUB OF A SYSTEM OF TUNNELS THROUGH WHICH TRAINS WILL BE RUN UNDER BOTH RIVERS AND PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE HEART OF THE CITY

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CHIEF-JUSTICE HARRY OLSON OF THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO

WHOSE TWENTY-EIGHT JUDGES ADMINISTER SWIFT AND SURE JUSTICE ON THE MODERN BUSINESS PLAN

[See "A Court that Does its Job," page 1264]

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JUDGES OF
THE MUNICIPAL COURT
OF CHICAGO

1—Oscar M. Torrison, 2—William W. Maxwell, 3—Arnold Heap, 4—Freeman K. Blake, 5—William N. Gemmill, 6—McKenzie Cleland, 7—John G. Scovel, 8—John W. Houston, 9—Stephen A. Foster, 10—Hosea W. Wells, 11—John H. Hume, 12—Mancha Bruggemeyer, 13—Max Eberhardt, 14—Hugh R. Stewart, 15—Henry C. Beitler, 16—Edwin K. Walker, 17—Charles N. Goodnow, 18—John R. Newcomer, 19—Isidore H. Himes, 20—Michael F. Girten, 21—Edward A. Dicker, 22—Judson F. Going, 23—Frederick L. Fake, Jr., 24—William M. Cottrell, 25—Sheridan F. Fry, 26—Joseph Z. Uhler, 27—Frank Crowe.

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MEASURING THE ALTITUDE OF PAULHAN'S FLIGHT AT LOS ANGELES — AT ELEVATIONS OF FROM 2,000 TO 4,000 FEET

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MR. A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

USING THE TELEPHOTO OUTFIT WITH WHICH HE SECURED SUCH EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILD ANIMALS IN EAST AFRICA

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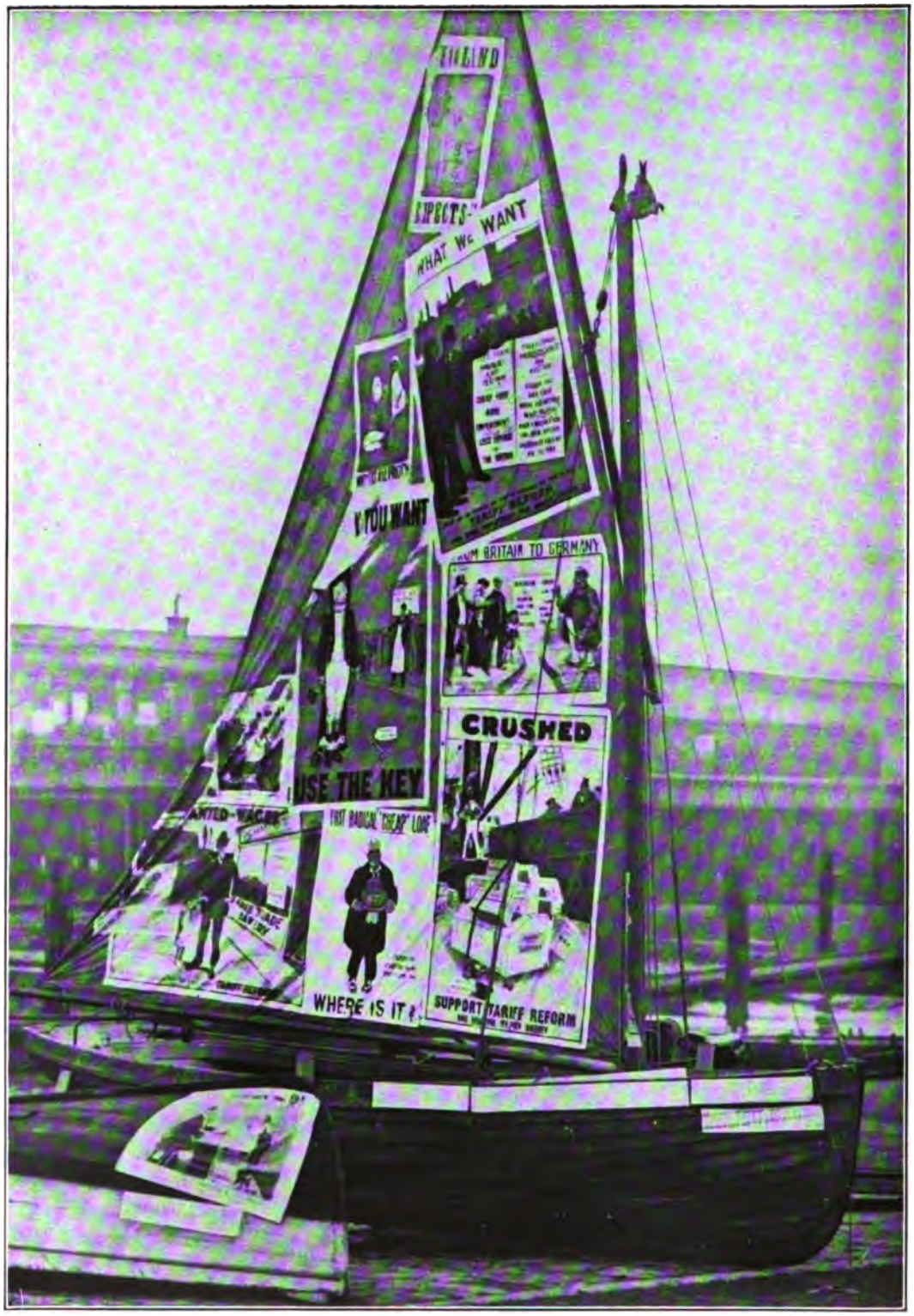

CAMPAIGN PUBLICITY DURING THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS

POSTERS ON A SAILBOAT THAT WAS USED TO TRANSPORT VISITORS TO NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, "VICTORY"

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MR. CLARENCE H. MACKAY, WITH HIS FAMILY

THE MACKAY COMPANIES CONTROLS THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND THE COMMERCIAL CABLE AND IS THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDER OF THE AMERICAN T. & T. CO.

[*See "The Rulers of the Wires," page 18726*]

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A NATIONAL OPPORTUNITY—A BUSINESS POSTAL DEPARTMENT

THE WORLD'S WORK seriously pleads for a thorough reorganization of that ancient political institution, The Post Office Department. We ask the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, now considering the situation, to use the information already in the hands of the Department, and the information secured by the various Congressional Committees, and to secure any additional information necessary to remodel the work of the Post Office, according to the general intent of the Overstreet Reorganization Bill introduced into the House of Representatives in January, 1909, and put it on a thoroughly efficient basis. We use the word efficient, because we claim that it is not efficient to appoint employees for anything but their efficiency; it is not efficient to carry documents for legislators, seeds, speeches, and goods of various kinds free with no bookkeeping charge to the person or the department served; it is not efficient to pay for any commodity, transportation, labor, or service more than it is worth in the world markets, because certain individuals are thereby benefited.

The President and the present Congress now have an opportunity to place the whole country under a debt of gratitude by enacting a new law for a businesslike administration under a non-political head, a Director of Posts, capable of conducting in a modern and effective way a $240,000,000 business.

It is most desirable to press this matter now upon public attention because the Post Roads Committee of the House is about to introduce, it is believed, new postal legislation. Fortunately, too, the chairman of this most important Committee, Mr. John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, is a competent business man, an experienced banker, and a gentleman of the highest reputation; and associated with him is a committee who want to see the right thing done. This, therefore, is the time to get our antiquated postal laws changed for the benefit of all the people.

We attempt no discussion of the statements made about postal affairs by President Taft in his recent message. It is an example of the uncertain way the business is conducted that the Post Office Department should furnish to the President figures so grossly misleading and incorrect. The single statement that it costs over nine cents a pound to carry 200 pounds of second-class mail to Chicago, when we know that the President himself could make this journey on a first-class ticket for $18, is evidence of its absurdity. After some knowledge of the facts as they are, we are willing to say:

(1). That the cost of carrying and handling second-class matter is *at least* 80 per cent. less than the figures given in the President's message.

(2). That the amount of second-class matter carried does not unfavorably affect the Post Office, is proved by the fact that in the year ending June 30, 1908, the weight of second-class matter decreased approximately 17,000,000 pounds, and the Post Office loss increased during the same period $18,000,000.

(3.) That in Canada, a country of magnificent distances and "long hauls," the price for carrying second-class matter is *one-quarter* what our country charges, and the business is profitable, though we confess that we are not familiar with the mail payments to the railroads. Incidentally the Canadian Post Office Department last year showed a *surplus* of $809,000.

(4). That the proposition seriously to raise the second-class rate will cause loss of revenue to the Government — the deficiency will increase, as it did in 1908, *because* it will drive the "short hauls" to the freight and express lines, and the Government will get only the unprofitable part of the trade.

(5). That, *properly managed*, second-class matter can be carried for about one cent a pound, and, if encouraged, would yield very greatly increased first-class matter, which, if *properly managed*, would pay the Government a handsome profit.

(6). If the books of the department were properly and efficiently kept, they would show a profit of $11,000,000, outside of the loss on rural free delivery, and the rural free delivery would pay for itself, if the carriers were forced to turn into the Government treasury the money that they do now, or could, earn by carrying packages weighing more than four pounds. On the other hand it has been repeatedly stated that the Government pays extravagantly high prices to the railroads for transportation. We have seen no *direct* proof that this is true — a *business* administration would discover the facts and regulate the error, if any.

The rates of third-class matter should be

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feet square. Though the aeroplane was traveling forty-five miles an hour, the officer scored three hits out of the five efforts.

II

The machines that aroused such enthusiasm at Los Angeles are much the same as those that stirred the French nation at Rheims last year. It is chiefly the flyers themselves that have improved. Hammondsport, where Curtiss first built his fliers, has, however, added a new machine — the first American monoplane — to those already in use. By increasing the pressure on one side of the plane and decreasing it on the other, in conjunction with the use of the tail, the Wrights found themselves enabled to maintain a lateral balance in the air. They accomplished this change of pressure by warping the wings of their aeroplane. Others following them in theory achieved a similar result by having hinged tips to the wings, which could be "flapped." Mr. A. L. Pfitzner, the builder of the new monoplane, has still another method. The ends of the wings are fitted with sliding panels, which can be pushed out to give more lifting surface.

Flying meets are taking their place along with automobile races, and there may soon be as many types of aeroplanes as there are makes of automobiles — for, if the courts uphold the Wright Brothers as the discoverers of the theory, some arrangement will probably be made whereby all these kinds of machines with their different contrivances may be built.

ART PROSPECTS IN AMERICA

TWO recent German visitors to the United States, Dr. Friedländer and Dr. Justi, directors respectively of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and the National Gallery, Berlin, went home to spread the news that the United States is become a home of art.

"I desire," said Dr. Justi, "to be quoted in the strongest possible language as a convert from the belief that art collecting in America is the fad of millionaire ignoramuses. I must henceforth beg to disagree cordially with some of my European confrères who think that the denuding of European art collections for the benefit of America and Americans is to cast pearls before swine. I make bold to say that the present-day artistic taste of Americans, so far as I had opportunity to observe it, will rank in all respects with European communities."

Dr. Friedländer's eulogy is statistical; he surprised himself by counting more Rembrandts in America than Germany possesses. The surprise of our European friends is naturally gratifying, though it is no news to us that we have a great many splendid pictures here. Professor Justi uses nothing short of superlatives in describing the collections of Messrs. Morgan, Frick, Widener, Payne, Johnson, and of Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Gardner. He was not more struck with the magnificence of the works which these collectors possess than by the fact that they themselves, men and women, enjoyed their treasures with intelligent enthusiasm. They were not vulgar hoarders — hoarders of precious things which their money enabled them to buy on the advice of some one else — but loving appreciators of their own well-informed purchases.

Professor Justi does not attempt to certify that artistic taste is as widely diffused in the United States as in Europe. It is not. Nor, in so young a country, could it be. There is not lacking, however, a certain comfort even for him who remembers that an artistic glory must lie not in the ownership of many valuable paintings by the rich people of a land, but in the universal love of art on the part of all its citizens. The comfort lies in the fact that the private collections of the modern Lorenzos are certain, sooner or later, to find their way to public museums, where they become the possession of all, ministering to the general knowledge and love of the beautiful and tending to inspire widespread desire to create new beauty.

The magnificence of the private art collections in America has become a matter of international celebrity. The ignorance of the majority of Americans will cease to be an international reproach when a few years have done their certain work in bequeathing those collections to the public.

IS AMERICA A CONVERSATIONAL DESERT?

ON the other hand, another foreigner assails our culture, on the ground that we have lost the art of conversation. We do not converse; we only talk. Our society is not graced by the presence of those leisurely spirits who, when a subject is started, are willing and able to follow its ramifications, play with it, embroider it with sentiment or wit. Statement, question, and answer is the staple of our talk. We exchange information; we rehearse our personal experiences in each other's ears.

So some of us do; so do some of every nation

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under heaven. Mr. Dickinson, of the Cambridge (England) *Review* was a little unfortunate in the company he fell in with on his recent American trip, that is all. We do not recognize his picture of the silent or altogether matter-of-fact group of Americans as a people contrasting with the loquaciously graceful Englishman. There abound among us circles in which conversation, cultured, kindly, witty, thoughtful, and enkindling, is habitual, precisely as it is among people of the same class the world over.

ABSTRACT SCIENCE AT CONCRETE WORK

A SUMMER tourist ten years ago visited the biological laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass., and amused himself watching a man wagging a finger attached to a measuring machine. It was one of the weird performances of those crack-brained Germans who acknowledged Dr. Jacques Loeb as their chief. To-day the existence and effect of the toxin of fatigue is a recognized fact of which physicians and sociologists take account; it is a fact gaining recognition as a powerful economic argument for shorter hours of labor, especially among women workers, and, as is attested by a brief of several hundred printed pages filed recently in the Supreme Court of Illinois, it is a fact of which law must take account.

Professor Loeb has just been called to the head of a new department created by the directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York — the Department of Experimental Biology. The Rockefeller Institute is not a school of instruction nor a seat of academic investigation; it is set, with all the earnestness of life and death, on a search for the means of curing and preventing disease. The illustrious biologist called to the head of the new department has never, so far as known, given thought to any of the problems of medicine, nor is he expected to do so now. He is the foremost experimenter with the protoplasmic cell. He tries the effect of light and other stimuli on life tissues; he fertilizes eggs artificially, and makes dead hearts beat, and rigs up nerves of wet strings; he makes chemistry exhibit phenomena which we commonly attribute to will, reason, or instinct.

What has all this to do with curing disease? It has this to do with it — that in order to preserve life, strengthen it, fortify it, and defend it from its enemies, it would be an advantage to know more about what life is.

Not that Professor Loeb can tell very much about it; the secret retreats faster than the searchers can follow it. But the biologists have succeeded in learning many curious and interesting facts about the behavior of life-cells, facts which may be also useful in the fight against disease.

WHY IS THE CRIMINAL?

A GREAT need of the modern science of criminology is a larger volume of facts regarding the biological history of criminals. This need the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has planned to meet. A committee, headed by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, and aided by such men as Professors Royce, Munsterberg, Franz Boas, and Dr. Arthur Jelly, has drawn up and recommended a scheme for recording data concerning criminals, and the recommendation has already found favor even at the hands of busy judges.

The scheme is exhaustive. It contemplates that criminals appearing before the courts should be examined medically; that all physical and mental facts obtainable regarding the parents and grandparents of each be set down, as well as regarding his ante-natal period, infancy, and youth, and regarding his environment and associations as an adult.

A glance at the accompanying diagram will show the simplicity of the hereditary record

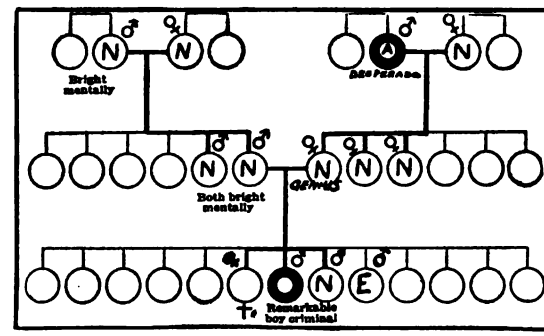

DIAGRAM SHOWING TAINT IN A CRIMINAL'S BLOOD

suggested. This particular chart gives at a glance the story of a boy criminal. The chart shows that he had a sister, now dead, concerning whom nothing is known; one normal brother, and one epileptic brother. His father and his father's brother were normal, and are described as being "bright mentally;" that is, probably, unusually bright. His paternal

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grandparents were normal, the grandfather being regarded as "bright mentally." The boy criminal's mother was normal, and so were her two sisters. The mother is described as a genius. But the maternal grandfather appears as an alcoholic criminal, a desperado. Here is the taint in the boy's blood. It skipped the second generation, but appeared in him.

While this part of the work is easy enough, the full plan of the Institute of Criminology makes it necessary to attach special trained examiners to courts. The Municipal Court of Chicago has asked the city to provide these and allow the introduction of the system. The hope of the judges of this progressive body is that the data secured will enable them to deal with offenders in accordance with the physical and social conditions of each case, besides contributing in general to our knowledge of the cause of criminality and of its cure. The business of justice is not so much to punish crime as to prevent it.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE

IT IS difficult to formulate or clearly to describe a wave of popular feeling, especially when it finds expression and denial in partisan phrases and when it rests on a popular fear rather than on specific reasoning. This is an effort to reduce to as clear expression as possible the undoubtedly increasing public fear lest Mr. Taft's Administration permanently lose the great popularity with which it began.

Mr. Taft has himself remarked that the President has come to be the only direct representative of all the people in the National Government; for Congress has become more and more the representative of districts, of States, of sections of the Union, and in part of special interests, and is, therefore, made up of many conflicting units. It is to the President that the whole people look for political advance.

And, when he came into this place of leadership, they looked to him with unusual confidence. They had an eager expectation and gave him a good will that matched his own amiability. Every faction of his own party proudly voted for him — there were, in fact, no factions then — and many thousands of Democrats as well who lacked confidence in their own party's leadership. No man in recent times has gone into the White House with so nearly a universal trust of the people.

But now at the end of a year his party is divided into fierce factions, his well-nigh universal popularity has waned; and the conviction is general that the faction dominant in Congress will not enact the legislation that he desires — will betray him and leave him to take the blame which they deserve but which he cannot escape.

He made a logical and well-thought-out plan for his Administration. He showed courage in immediately calling for a revision of the tariff. He clearly defined the scope of revision to which he and his party were committed — a reduction of duties to the point where protection should be given to offset the difference in the cost of manufactures here and abroad. The party was as clearly committed as he was. He worked with its leaders, who were in honor bound to carry out this programme. But they were not sincere. They betrayed the cause to which they were committed. They threw to the winds the principle of revision laid down in the platform and expounded by him. The old scramble for favors disgraced the first weary summer of his Administration. They gave him a bill to sign that did not keep their promises and he signed it.

He contended for a better and more sincere revision — too late in the game. Nevertheless the people respected his sincerity while they regretted his yielding. But they saw very clearly that these leaders of the party could not be trusted.

Yet they accepted the unsatisfactory result without severe personal criticism of him; and they said: "Now the President sees that these leaders do not represent the conscience and sincerity of the party; and henceforth he will not yield to them." They hoped that he had opened the way to a shifting of leadership; and they still kept a high expectation of his Administration.

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If, after the long labor and small results of the extra session, the Republican masses of the whole country could have voted on this question — "Shall Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon be retained as leaders in Congress?" nobody doubts what their answer would have been. But under our system there was no way for the people to express themselves except through the press; and in that way they have expressed themselves very plainly.

And now the fear is well-nigh universal that they will betray him again — that they reckon on betraying him and count upon his strong sense of party loyalty to prevent a breach with him. They have so dealt with other Presidents.

Therefore the people fear that the President is fast reaching a place where the ways part. He must decide between party regularity and the leadership of the people.

The "old leaders" are not only Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon, who are good symbols as well as strong personalities. They are all the men in their party who have their point-of-view; and it is not so much they as their point-of-view that arouses popular suspicion and indignation. They stand for the undue influence of wealth on government. That's the gist of the whole matter. And to keep this undue influence they do too much of the public business privately. They use party and Congressional machinery to keep the people's hands off the people's business.

Nor is it personal animosity to Mr. Aldrich or to Mr. Cannon that so often brings their names into angry controversy. It is the methods that they stand for. These methods are just as objectionable when they are called by the name of the Postmaster-General, or by the name of the Secretary of the Interior. The people had as lief have Conservation from Mr. Ballinger's hands as from Mr. Pinchot's, just as they would rather have the square deal from Mr. Taft than any other man. It is the matter not the man that arouses continuous approval or continuous disapproval. The thing that is called "stand-pattism," or reactionism, or special privilege — that's the thing that is objectionable. And it is just as objectionable when it is called "party regularity" or "due regard for business interests."

The people, of course, make hasty judgments and sometimes (for short periods) wrong judgments. There is something terrible and cruel in many a wave of popular disapproval that sweeps over the land and buries good men as well as bad — men, who, if the public had better understood them, might have served them well. There was such a wave in Mr. Cleveland's day and the name of this great man was for a time a reproach. But, after all, it is public opinion that is dominant in our democracy, and all persons in authority must deal with it.

Now, right or wrong, there is no doubt that public opinion has fast withdrawn approval from the Administration since last summer.

For the people feel that the Administration has gone out of touch with them. They are saying that the Cabinet has not a single man who has ever held an elective office of importance, not a man except the non-political, venerable Secretary of Agriculture who knows the people or whom the people know. The President has able counsel — a famous Pennsylvania lawyer, a successful New York lawyer, an able Tennessee lawyer, a St. Louis lawyer, another lawyer from the state of Washington. These gentlemen have all won distinction as counsel for corporations and railroads. They are serving ably — as counsel. But the people, right or wrong, feel that as counsel for *their* Government a fear that these gentlemen may not know their case — that their point-of-view may, with perfect honor and with all good intentions, be a point-of-view out of sympathy with the people.

But of this the people would perhaps have never thought but for other facts; for they do not care who sits at the Cabinet table if all goes well. When they elected Mr. Taft they understood that the tariff would really be revised, that the Conservation policy would be sympathetically developed, that new regulative acts would be passed. On any other understanding even Mr. Bryan might have been elected. Certainly neither Mr. Aldrich nor Mr. Cannon could have been elected, nor Mr. Ballinger nor Mr. Knox, whatever they might have promised.

Mr. Taft strove to hold his party together in the effort to revise the tariff. But the effort failed. The party split and the tariff was not seriously revised. The failure was, therefore, two-fold. That effort, then, had as well be abandoned. Still he seems to cling to the hope of holding the party together. Of such an effort there would yet be no intelligent criticism if there were a reasonable hope

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of the party's becoming a successful instrument for serving the people.

But the people now see — or think they see — that the dominant wing of it will treat his programme for Conservation and his programme for the regulation of corporations as they treated his programme for tariff revision. The bills that embody his recommendations have been pigeonholed, even in the House, and the chairmen of committees have substituted bills of their own for them — bills that are very different. They may give him only the appearance of good legislation — or no legislation at all. The fear, therefore, is that his very concern for party regularity and unity will be used by them to defeat his programme.

If the party's leaders in Congress again give him what *they* want instead of what the *people* want, and if the President again submits to such treatment, his party will be hopelessly split, his policies will rest in pigeonholes, and his chance of leadership will be gone.

Then what? A Democratic House without constructive leadership and a two-year's party deadlock in Congress, and the old low wrangling level of politics, his policies still pigeonholed, and his Administration ineffective for positive work.

And after that? Not even its ablest counsel can then save the Administration from the popular judgment of failure, high as its aims are and well-laid as its programme was.

And after that? A Presidential campaign, in which great bitterness will be stirred up. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt will commit the personal mistake of permitting his friends to nominate him. Or, if a man suspected of the point-of-view of the Standpatters should be nominated by the regular Republicans, the Insurgents will bolt. If an Insurgent should be nominated, the Standpatters would withhold their support. And although the Democrats seem to have no leader, they will have hope of winning against such a division of the Republican party. Any of these possible events means political chaos and low wrangling and class divisions and all the unfortunate demoralization that attended Presidential elections twenty and thirty years ago; and any of them means a defeat of the President's programme.

Already the unhappy controversy about Conservation has cost the Administration dear. It arose as soon as Mr. Ballinger was appointed Secretary of the Interior. The President, in a judicial, kindly mood, patiently tried the plan of conciliation, as he has since tried it with the divisions of his party. It failed. There were unreconcilable forces at work. They are just as unreconcilable now as they were in the beginning; and Conservation, in spite of his very specific committal to it, has been set back. Its working force is disorganized; its enemies are bold; some of its plans — the Appalachian Park, for example — have been dropped; and an unhappy Congressional investigation of one of the Cabinet officers has attracted more attention than any policy that he wishes to further or than any measure before Congress. Conciliation and postponement of a fundamental decision unhappily did not succeed. And whatever the Congressional investigation may reveal, or the report of the Committee show, Conservation under Mr. Ballinger will continue to have an apologetic and discouraged attitude, and the best public opinion of the nation touching this subject will be grieved and disappointed.

And, as delay of a fundamental decision between men made a bad matter worse in dealing with the controversy about Conservation, so delay in making a fundamental decision between groups of men may now make another bad situation worse. The stand-pat Senators and the Insurgents are irreconcilable. The President has the right and the privilege and even the duty to use both to further his policies — if he can. There is nothing the matter with the plan of conciliation except that it does not conciliate. There is nothing the matter with the plan to keep the party united except that it will not unite.

It is a war of principles. It is not a mere quarrel of factions. Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Dolliver are not going to lock arms and be reconciled, nor Mr. Cannon and Mr. Norris, however much they may respect and admire one another personally. For theirs is not a personal difference. It is the people against obstructionists. If these Insurgents were to surrender, others would take their places, and two would come to every one that now stands up to be counted. And they will win or the party will lose power.

The situation is already clear — the people are on one side, and on the other side are the obstructionists who yet have the power in Congress. But this group will not have power

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after the people get an opportunity to unseat them. They were elected last year because of the force of party organization and because they swore that they would stand with the President.

The people cannot reach Mr. Aldrich by the ballot — he comes from Rhode Island. The people doubtless will elect Mr. Cannon again because of his personal popularity among his neighbors and of his long service; but the people will not elect a Congress that will again dare to make him Speaker. The future of the Republican party belongs to the faction now called Insurgents because they represent the convictions and the conscience of the people.

If, therefore, the President decides or comes by indecision, to stand or fall with "party regularity," he will fall. For party control is about to be shifted. And, however blameless he may be for what Congress fails to do, the punishment will fall on him. This is one of the penalties of Presidential eminence.

To lead a party — that was a worthy aim. But our parties now are more and more shifting and dissolving groups. And one party is no longer arrayed against the other — except in the formal and feigned combat in Congress. The men who till the soil and run the machinery and conduct the commerce of the land — the makers of wealth and the makers of parties and of Presidents — are not Republicans or Democrats as they once were. These old distinctions are dying out. They are kept alive chiefly by political managers. These millions — especially those that dwell between our two mountain ranges — are asking one another whether Mr. Taft will succeed in wresting the Government from undue control by the beneficiaries of special privilege. They do not stop to make fine analyses — to ask whether Congress is to blame. They will not take the trouble to inquire how many good measures were proposed. Factions, parties, even Presidents — all old political names and symbols — have lost power to allure or to obscure or to frighten. What the people want is a leader, a leader without hesitancy. They have but one enemy in political life; and they are in earnest in their fight against that. That enemy is the power, whether Democratic or Republican, that money yet has to do the public business out of the people's sight, and by so doing it to secure immunity and privilege and more complete control.

Thus it has come about that the people look to the President to lead not his party only, nor only one section of his party, but to be the people's leader. Not by trusting to "party regularity" nor by waiting on discredited Congressional leaders who have already betrayed him, nor by trying to reconcile irreconcilable forces, can he give the right signal to public opinion.

Presidential leadership consists of two different tasks — the effort to secure legislation and the guidance of public opinion. Congress may stand in the way in one of these, but it cannot stand in the way in the other. And public opinion does some kinds of tasks that legislation cannot do.

It is not judicial consideration of the boundary line between the permissible and the mandatory in vague statutes, it is not the patience of a judge while the advocates wrangle, nor the conciliatory benevolence of a colonial administrator that the people most desire. These are all good qualities and exercises in their time and place. But the people now want a clear and renewed understanding that the obstructive forces in Congress shall not count the President among them.

The really important matter is that the Government shall be rid of those that use its machinery and its cunningly drawn laws to further private ends; and such tasks as this is done far more by public opinion than by legislation.

By merely reasoning out the situation the President's position seems invincible. He is working with his party and its nominal leaders — working, as all such work is done, by compromise. If they fail him, it is not his fault. And the people will surely remember that he tried to serve them. That seems sound.

But it may be fallacious under present conditions — "academic," as we say of plausible but impractical measures.

It is time for a renewed understanding with public opinion. The people are saying to the President: "If you try to be the leader merely of your party, you will fail. If you will be the leader of the people, a great triumph awaits you; and it is a little matter, in these quickly dissolving scenes, what becomes for the moment of party power or of Congressional programmes. While factional wrangles are going on in Washington, we are thinking of much larger things."

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WHEN BURGLARY INSURANCE IS GOOD

THE evening paper in a city near New York "featured" a story concerning the murder of a prominent citizen. In the middle of the night, he had heard noises downstairs and had gone down to investigate. A burglar shot him through the heart.

Julius Osborn, himself a householder, read the story aloud to his wife after dinner. It made a deep impression, for both had known the victim very well, and both gave thought to his family, left suddenly without its head. About a month later, in the middle of the night, his wife awoke Julius Osborn with the time-worn cry:

"Julius, I *know* there are burglars in the house. I heard the loose board in the dining-room squeaking!"

He got up as quietly as he could, stole over to the door of the room, listened for a minute, then turned the key and shot the bolt.

"They are there, all right!" he said. "I'll try and collect the burglary insurance in the morning; but we'll let the life insurance stand for a while yet!"

He went over to the closet, found his heaviest shoes, put them on, and tramped around for a little while, making a reasonable noise. Then he turned out the lights and went back to bed. There was not much sleep for the rest of the night; but it was nearly daylight when he went downstairs.

The place was in confusion. The dining-room and the library were plundered. All the flat silver was gone, and even the plated silver had been broken or plugged. Various articles of bric-a-brac, more or less valuable, had disappeared. A picture had been taken from the wall. Even a small bronze lamp was missing.

Before an intelligent inventory had been taken, he telephoned to the police. Then they went to work to count the cost. They reckoned the total loss at about $420, mostly in silverware. The picture had cost $50. It was a present that he had given to his wife, and he remembered, with satisfaction, that the bill for it rested in a pigeonhole in his desk in town.

He went to his office, leaving the police at work. Right away, he telephoned to the company, told them what had taken place, and asked that a man be sent to his house. He added that his wife had a full inventory of the loss, and that most of the pieces lost could be verified by bills, or by reference to the stores from which they came.

When he got home that night, the company had finished its inspection. His wife told him that they had chosen to replace the silverware in the same design, and from the same store from which the old silver had been bought, and that they would either pay cash or give him an order on the picture-store for a similar picture. The bric-a-brac would be paid for by a check. Three days later, all this had been done.

Mr. Osborn had been carrying burglary insurance for $1,000 for more than two years. He had paid three premiums of $12.50 each. He says that it is the most comfortable item in his household equipment.

In this case, everything went just right. There was no reasonable doubt of the burglary. The facts adduced, the report of the police, and the character of the man and his family proved the legitimate loss. Therefore, payment was prompt and without any trouble.

It is not always so. A neighbor of Julius Osborn, who took out insurance as soon as he heard the Osborn story, found out a few of the facts about such insurance when he made his first claim. It was in the early winter, and a flurry of snow led him to ask for his fur coat. His wife could not find it. He went to town without it, but expected her to find it during the day. It failed to turn up. His wife remembered very well hanging it up in the closet at the close of the previous winter. They decided that it had been stolen.

A claim on the insurance company found the gentlemen of that concern mildly incredulous. They suggested that perhaps he had sent it to a tailor and forgotten to call for it. They hinted that perhaps he had left it at the house of a friend. Maybe he had even lent it to some one, who had forgotten to send it back. Anyway — and this was final — they referred him to a clause in his policy which read as follows:

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"The mere disappearance of an article not to be deemed sufficient evidence of its loss by burglary, theft, or larceny."

That man is still carrying his insurance, but he always waits until the last day before he pays the premium. He feels aggrieved every time he tells the story; and it does not seem to sooth his feelings when some one tells him that he ought to have read the policy before he signed it. As a matter of fact, this "mysterious disappearance clause" is a feature of nearly every house-burglary policy.

There are thousands of claims made every year on insurance companies for the payment of just such losses. A lady who had placed a bag containing jewels in a closet, and gone out for the day missed it on her return. Her maid also had been out, but had come back early in the afternoon. After a week's delay, she claimed the value of the jewels from the insurance company. They cited the "mysterious disappearance clause." She stood on her rights. A city court gave her a verdict for the whole amount. The supreme court reversed the decision, on the ground that the disappearance of the bag — no other facts being adduced — did not prove burglary, theft, or larceny.

There is a lot of common sense and very little technical nonsense about the settlement of these matters. If there is any reasonable ground for the belief that things are stolen, and not merely lost, the companies will pay, more or less promptly. The presence of workmen in the house, during the time of the loss is not sure evidence, by any means; but, providing they are not engaged for more than three consecutive days, it will often turn the scale in favor of the insured, particularly when the character of the claimant is beyond suspicion.

A woman in Harlem, doing her own housework, answered a ring at her doorbell. The man who came up said that he came from the landlord, and was going to look over the lighting fixtures and the plumbing. She let him in and went back to the kitchen, leaving him "fussing" with the radiator in the front room. Later she heard him in the bedroom, but paid no attention to him. After a while, he came to the kitchen, looked over the plumbing in a cursory way, apologized for his interruption, and went away.

Later in the day, she discovered that pretty nearly everything of value that could be put into a man's pocket or a tool-bag had disappeared. Some small gold pins, all the larger jewelry, and even some small articles of household silverware had gone with the plausible stranger.

She notified the police immediately, and telephoned for an insurance investigator. The police came and gave her a lot of good advice about letting strangers into the flat. The insurance man came, and was frankly doubtful about it. The loss was undoubted; but he was not sure how the company would look at it.

In a little time, the company made up its mind. There was no doubt about the loss. The character of the insurer was also beyond suspicion. The circumstances made it quite clear that the loss was by theft. A woman's trustful nature is one of the risks of business. The company paid $425 cash. There was no effort at evasion. The woman got her lesson without having to pay for it.

If this woman had delayed a week before notifying the police and the company, in all probability there would have been a contest. The notification clauses in such a policy are very important. In theory, they give the company a chance to follow up the burglar before the trail grows cold; and, in addition they give a chance for really checking up the evidence. Even in cases where the loser is not certain, and wants to wait a week or so in the hope that things will turn up, the very waiting shows to the company that the loser is not certain of his loss. The company wants to be certain, and the loser's uncertainty is a strong point against him.

In one of the instances cited in this article it will be noticed that the company chose to replace the articles lost. This is its right under the terms of the policy. In the case of jewelry, silverware, etc., this right is very often exercised. The larger companies are very big customers of the jewelry and silverware houses, and they obtain "inside prices" on the material. Property of this sort that is worth $100 to the loser can be replaced by the company for probably $75. There is a very substantial saving on the total face-value of losses of this sort; and the loser is usually quite willing to have his property replaced rather than paid for in cash at retail prices.

There are cases, of course, where the notification feature of the policy is waived by the

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company. In nearly all the policies issued by the standard companies, the owner has the privilege of closing up his house and leaving it standing alone for a period of six months. If the house is ransacked during the summer holidays, or during the absence of the owner for any cause, the notification clauses do not run against the collection of money for losses. It is not even required, as in the case of fire insurance, that the owner give notice to the company of an intention to be away. He simply locks up and goes, without fear of invalidating his policy.

There are, of course, some pitfalls in the burglary policies; but the main thing to look out for is the character of the company writing the insurance. There seems to be no reasonably sure way to check up the records of the companies to find out how many claims they have contested, and how many they have paid in any one year. Neither the companies, the state insurance authorities, nor the courts supply full enough figures to give this department the material for a "white list" or a "black list," showing what companies pay most and what companies fight most claims under burglary policies.

General reputation alone is the guide. There are many sound companies conducted on honest business principles. These pay reasonable losses, often on evidence that is wholly circumstantial. On the other hand, there are such companies operating in large volume, writing thousands of policies every year, well known to the insurance world as notorious claim-dodgers. They fight on every pretext. They twist their "guarding clauses" into all sorts of pretexts to avoid the payment of claims that are reasonable. In the courts, their lawyers resort to all the subterfuges known to the fraternity — and there are many subterfuges.

SIGN-POSTS ON THE ROAD TO RUIN

"WHY don't you," wrote a recent correspondent, "tell us how to recognize the signs of danger in investment? There must be certain clear, definite and unmistakable phenomena in these fraudulent games, and we ought to learn how to know them when we see them."

It is quite a contract. A big book could be written on the subject without more than scratching the surface, and after a man had read it he might go out and stumble into a pitfall that the editor had missed.

Yet there are a few glaring sign-posts and signals along the ways of crooked finance. Only the worst of them — that is, the most prevalent — can be touched upon in the space of this article, but enough can be written to open a few eyes.

In a current advertisement in a New York newspaper, the promoters of a new industrial underlined this sentence:

"*On March 1, the price of this stock will advance to* $35 *a share. This is positively the last chance to buy it below that price.*"

Anyone who is in the least skilled in investment puts that proposition down immediately as a thing to be avoided. If a certain clique of men, unknown to you, working in a little office somewhere in the financial districts can arbitrarily make the price of this stock, it ought to be clear enough to the mind of an average child that the stock has all the appearance of "loaded dice."

This trick of advancing paper prices at stated intervals is so old that it ought not to catch any one. Yet it is of universal practice. The men that use it are not trying to attract business funds. They are out after the savings of the poor, the ignorant, and the avaricious fool. They get these savings, year by year, in millions of dollars and they will probably continue to get them until the end of time.

There used to be a genius downtown in New York who headed a house that floated many millions of dollars' worth of mining stocks, cheap industrials, light-weight industrial bonds, and other such. At the head of his house-stationery he carried this legend:

"*No investor in the securities issued by this house has ever lost a dollar through his investment.*"

As a reporter, I interviewed this gentleman in connection with a suit brought against him to recover money lost in mining stock.

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"It looks to me as though you ought to revise that stationery of yours," I said.

He laughed.

"No — not until he proves that he has lost the dollar. You see, he hasn't *sold* his stock yet. He can't lose any money until he sells the stock. We don't pretend to make any market for our stocks, and if they hang on they can't lose. See?"

I saw. The gentleman merely meant that if you bought his stocks nobody would ever try to steal them from you.

That slogan, with many variations, has crept up out of the slime of the gutter to take its place in the "conservative" banking literature of the day. Whenever you see it, ask the banker what it means. In many cases, the users of it do not intend to mislead you. They are simply themselves misled by a specious phrase. If they are dishonest, they will side-step the question. If honest, they will tell you that it merely means that none of the companies they have financed has ever defaulted, gone into bankruptcy, or skipped out of the country. You can put it down as almost axiomatic that it does not mean that you can get your money back whenever you like.

A firm that sells mortgages, serials, small investment stocks, or other securities that are sold on the distinct understanding that they will be held to maturity may be entitled to say "there never has been a dollar of loss in any of our securities." Even here, real candor would write it: "there never has been a default on any of our securities."

On seven consecutive Sundays, the promoters of a mining company with $50,000 worth of stock to sell spent, in all, $18,000 for advertising in two New York newspapers. This fact was imparted to me by one of the alleged "bankers," crossing on a ferryboat to Jersey.

"How do you make it pay?" I asked.

"Oh, we sold the whole block of stock, all right," he said, "and took in $50,000. The cost was about $20,000 altogether, and we made $12,000 out of it."

In other words, out of the $50,000 which fond investors put into that stock, the newspapers got $18,000, others got $2,000, and the promoters got $12,000. That left $18,000 to help open the mine — perhaps.

The proportion is a little higher than usual. I think that in most of the advertising of this sort the company is apt to get nearly half of the total amount of the money that is taken in. In other words, if the advertising brings in $100,000 the company ought to get nearly $50,000.

The other half can be spent for advertising, commissions, bonuses, bribes, stationery, etc. The "etc." is quite important. I know of one case in which it included a trip to Europe for the promoter and his whole family. The trip was nominally in an effort to interest Dutch bankers in the company. It lasted three months, and included London, Paris, the Alps, and southern France, with the rent of an automobile.

I think it is safe to say that the most glaring sign-post on the road to investment ruin is the flamboyant "spread" advertisement.

It is perfectly obvious that the lower down one goes in the class of investments, the larger is the margin for expense in selling. A banker who underwrites, say, $1,000,000 of the underlying bonds of the Burlington Railroad in normal times has to pay the company very nearly the market value. His total commission is not likely to exceed $20,000, and if he bought in the market his total margin of profit is not likely to be over $10,000.

He cannot afford, on that, to buy whole pages of newspapers, and spend money on all sorts of advertising schemes.

A little lower down the list, he can get a commission of perhaps $50,000. On that he can push his bonds quietly, advertise conservatively, put a few salesmen on the road.

When it comes down as far as the industrial stock or construction bond, the profit is big enough to permit a lot of literature, an army of salesmen, and much printer's ink.

When it comes to the bottom of the list, a promoter who undertakes to raise $500,000 for the development of a doubtful mining prospect or industrial will demand, and receive, pretty close to $500,000 as his margin to work on. He can go as far as he likes. He is the gentleman that buys the pages of the biggest dailies in the country, and floods the land with prospectuses, photographs, books, and "samples."

There are so many glaring examples of this flamboyant advertising in the records of the past few years that it is, perhaps, invidious to name names. The type, however, is well represented by the record of the United Wireless Telegraph Company.

When you pick up the prospectus of some new company, pushing a new invention, or a

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new magazine, or a new household necessity, and find some extravagant comparison between the new one and some old one that made a world-record — look out! Here are a few that have been lavishly used in the past two or three years:

To compare some new transmitter of sound with the old Bell Telephone.

To compare a new magazine with *Munsey's*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or the *Saturday Evening Post.*

To compare a new printing machine with the Merganthaler Linotype.

And once, not so very long ago, a banking house sold a great many bonds on a trolley line that was to be part of a projected New York-Philadelphia line, using in the advertising a comparison between the position of the new line and that of the old Delaware & Boundbrook, now part of the main line of the Reading between these cities! Imagination could go no further, and the house and its dreams blew up.

Most men who read these days are getting pretty well accustomed to what is called "hot air." It is not very hard to detect it in investment literature. When you do find traces of it, throw the literature away. The only thing that is any good to you in buying investments is fact, and promoters do not draw on the "hot-air" reservoir until the reservoir of fact is empty.

Turning away from the field of low-class investment, the most frequent and the most subtle of the pitfalls of better investment is the offering of construction propositions in a way that seems to make them out as finished projects. This was the rock upon which the firms of A. N. Chandler and E. D. Shepard came to grief. There are other firms that do it, consciously or unconsciously.

A new railroad, gas plant, electric plant, irrigation proposition, or industrial may be offered to the public with perfect propriety. This magazine will take such advertising without hesitation — provided that it is made perfectly clear in the advertising and in the literature that it *is* a construction proposition and not a finished project. C. M. K.

RAISING MONEY IN THE HOME TOWN

NINE men out of ten who try to start a new industry, or build a new electric railway, or install a new electric-light system in the town begin with the idea that the money must be raised outside. They figure on paying as high as 10 per cent. for the cash, but they care little about that.

On the other hand, nine out of ten successful enterprises, either manufacturing, commercial, or public utility, are started with home money. The man who undertakes to begin a new enterprise should be a man who can command or borrow or beg from his own friends and acquaintances enough money to lay a solid foundation under the new venture.

The tin-plate industry in this country began with a little group of friends around Richmond, Indiana; the first venture was a failure but it did not disrupt the group. Mr. D. G. Reid was the centre of it. The Great Northern Railway was founded on money put in by half a dozen friends, and not on money borrowed from strangers on securities. The biscuit industry of this country began in the same way. An analysis of nine out of ten of the industries of the country would reveal that the starting-point was personal association.

A local trolley system may be taken as a subject for the raising of money. A man living in a town of six thousand people gets it into his head that the town needs a transportation system. He figures out, roughly, how much rail would have to be laid as a starter. He gets a few ideas as to the cost of power, the traffic that would be available at the start, and a few other main factors.

Then arises the question of money. If he be a man of ample means, it may be that he can put up enough cash himself to build the initial line. Then the main problem is solved. But very few men can go about the enterprise in this way. Most of them turn elsewhere for capital.

The simplicity of the affair depends on the man from this point onward. If he knows quite well all the leading citizens, he can go to them off-hand and put the proposition before them. Naturally, he will start with the leading

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capitalists of the town. The bank presidents will come next.

It is in the handling of these men, the wealthy of the community, that success or failure begins. Usually, in every city, there are two or three men of capital who lead all enterprise. If one of them can be enlisted in the undertaking, the rest of the town, speaking generally, will follow. These local magnates are exceedingly difficult to handle. Unless the promoter knows them personally and they know and admire his ability, the quest is practically sure to be a failure.

Yet it is possible to get over even this obstacle. A young man in the Middle West, who had lived only a year in the little town where he practised law, met another young man on the street with whom he had been in college. Over a lunch, his reason for being there came to light.

"I am representing the B —— Furniture Company, of which the old man is president," he said, "and, in confidence, I am looking around for a good place to locate a new factory. We have to get into this section of the country, for our raw material is coming more from the South every year. I've been in all the towns within a hundred miles to the west and south of here — just prospecting."

"What do you think of this town as a site?" asked the other.

"There's a place down the river about a mile and a half," said the visitor, "that would suit us exactly. I would report for it except for one thing — that there is no way to get there. I can drive; but we would have to employ half a thousand men, and they must be able to live in the town. We would not start with that many; but we count on making this new plant, wherever we locate it, the big plant of the company. You can't put a plant like that out in the country, you know; for you won't get your labor if you do."

The home man thought rapidly. For six months, he had been wishing for a chance to start a trolley road, but had had no vantage point from which to work.

"Suppose," said he, "there were a trolley-line running down there — would you take the place? I am only asking because I've been trying to figure out some way to get one started."

"If we could pick up that site before the rumors get going, so that we would get it cheap, I would report in favor of it."

They adjourned to the home man's office. That night, the furniture man went East with an option in his pocket covering the land that he needed at a price that he thought fair. The option was for six months.

Then the campaign began. The newspapers printed a little item about the possible coming of the furniture company — if conditions were right. A couple of days later, the young man called on the president of one of the banks, and put the situation clearly before him. He was perfectly frank. He told of the accidental meeting, of his college friend's scouting over the territory, of half a dozen other possible locations — and of the direct need of a trolley road to run out to the river. He even told of the option.

"I can put no money in myself," he added, "but if the project should take life I think I can get some friends of mine out of town to come in. In fact, the furniture people themselves will probably be willing to help."

His frankness won. The bank president took hold. As a citizen of the town, a factory of that sort had a direct appeal to him. As a bank president, the handling of the business of such a project was a bait that he could hardly be expected to ignore.

"I'll see what I can do," he said. "Let me handle it for a day or so. Come and see me on Friday."

On the Friday, the young man found the banker primed with a lot of personal questions. He wanted to know what the young man expected to get out of it; what his friend wanted out of it; who would look after the organization, etc. He was frankly suspicious, yet frankly willing to be convinced.

All these questions were answered. The next week half a dozen men met at the banker's house. They were the leading men of capital in the town — and the young man. The ice was broken.

This was seven years ago. The line was built within twelve months, the furniture factory was established, and to-day there are three other factories located at the western end of the line. It was built without borrowing a cent from anyone outside the group of people who pushed it through in the first place. Some later extensions have been financed in the East, and it has a general mortgage bond issue to-day that will look after its future. The young man who started it has not gained wealth from it, but he has gained a leading

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position in his own profession in town and is the counsel for the road itself.

Here, an accident entered into the matter to a marked extent. The true promoting genius can control such accidents. In other words, if a man has a project of this sort to float, he must create some new advantages for the community and for the project itself, in order to get it a good hearing and start it with real enthusiasm. Moreover, there must be a lot of sound common sense at the bottom of a project of this sort — which must appeal to a wider public than a local industrial, for instance — and the need for it must be apparent on the surface.

Any public man in a town who starts such a project should be fortified, before he starts, with all the cardinal facts. It is not necessary, of course, to get a survey and specifications and all the other expensive paraphernalia of incorporation and operation. A good opinion from an engineer — a local engineer of good standing is as good as the best in the country — as to general features and costs is a useful weapon. A careful estimate of traffic is essential. Conservative judgment as to how much or how little line will do to start with is also essential.

And a man must have real honest enthusiasm if he is going to raise money at home. It is all right to go to the Eastern bankers in a cold-blooded, business-like, hard-headed attitude. But in home circles, honest "boost" is worth much.

There are, however, far too many enterprises in this country that are based on enthusiasm and nothing else. Some of them represent the magnetism of a single man, such a man as his fellows will follow no matter where he leads. Such a proposition is dangerous both to promoter and to the public. Common sense and business judgment must form the basis of the prospectus upon which the money of your friends is drawn into business enterprise.

HAPPY HUMANITY

II

ITS PROMISING PLAN IN THE NEW WORLD

BY

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN

IN giving the details of my new plan for realizing Happy Humanity, after the failure made in Holland, as explained in the article of last month, I hope the reader will allow me to point out its significance.

The new organization will be called The Coöperative Company of America, or some such name. The title indicates that it is a business concern. No creed or political doctrine will be associated with it, except the creed that every normal human being holds — that of honesty and fairness.

We will start with a group of market-gardeners, and the land selected for that purpose lies in North Carolina, near the city of Wilmington. The opportunity there is exceptionally favorable. Colonization has been tried there, for several years, with much success. Italian, Dutch, and German settlers have there attained prosperity by truck-gardening. It is a great strawberry-raising country, and the soil is fit for the culture of the most varied plants and vegetables. The climate is like that of Italy, and the rainfall abundant. Excellent fast trains, with refrigerator-cars, place the country within easy reach of the greatest markets of the whole continent.

The preliminary work for colonization, which would have given us great expense, is already done, and we can take advantage of the experience of others.

Here, if anywhere, are lines of least resistance and we have secured an option on about 20,000 acres of land at a price of from $15 to $20 an acre. After a few years of cultivation the value should increase to $200 or $300 an acre, and more.

Our intention is to select a group of high-class gardeners, experts in intensive farming, and let them have this land as tenants. We

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shall be able to select twenty-five families, of the very best, and locate them next to one another on plots of about ten acres each.

These people should be immigrants, as yet unspoiled by contact with city life. Since Hollanders have a high reputation as intensive gardeners and generally excellent qualities for settlers, it was considered best to select this advance guard from my own country. And I know now, after some months of investigation in Holland, that I can get hundreds of families, willing and eager to come. In fact, a little group of half a dozen first-rate men have already answered my call and have settled there at their own expense. They will do excellent work as prospectors and advisors.

They will pay no more than a fixed rent, which will never be increased to them. The settler will have the full reward of his efforts. When, after one or two years, he proves to be a desirable member of the new organization, he will become a *conditional owner* and stockholder of the Company.

Therein lies the essential and vital point of the whole experiment. This is the one feature which distinguishes it from all similar enterprises and its effect has to be tried.

The usual form of colonization is simply to sell the land to the settlers, the price to be paid from his earnings in a certain number of years. Then the man becomes a *landlord*, and is left entirely to his own devices, his own sense of justice and responsibility. What this means, with the raw material of immigrants annually let loose on American soil, is shown clearly and sadly enough by the immense waste and reckless spoliation of the vast resources of this rich country.

So what we are going to try now is *conditional ownership*, under control of a coöperatively organized company, in the following way:

The tenant will have full freedom in the cultivation of his farm. He may have all the rights of practical ownership, with the exception of *selling*, *renting*, and *neglecting* the property. He will be able to leave the property to his heirs, if these accept the same conditions. If he wants to leave, the Company will pay for his improvements. He need never pay more rent than a small sum, amounting to a percentage of the original amount paid by the Company. This might be considered as a tax — a truly just and fair *single tax*, levied by the Company for the benefit of the whole organization.

We believe that the compensation we can give for the want of the full title will prove to be more attractive to the intelligent farmer than uncontrolled rights of possession. This compensation will consist in the right to hold the dividend-paying stock. The tenant who may become a stockholder will then not be an *owner* of the land; but in common with the other members he will own the stock representing it. And he will profit by all the activities of the whole Company, whether agricultural, industrial, or commercial. The Company will, moreover, act as a disinterested agent and market his products for him, so that he may give all of his attention to his farm. The Company will also buy for him at wholesale his supplies, seeds, fertilizer, implements, household goods, etc., and share with him the benefits of this community of interests. All these advantages are given in compensation for a limitation of his ownership, which is, in fact, nothing but a *control*.

It is worth trying, and more so than any social improvement I know of. If, well conducted, it should fail, then we have a reason for giving up our belief in democracy.

This sort of coöperation has been tried in Europe and America, and generally very successfully. It is often said that coöperation abolishes the middleman. But this is untrue. It simply gives the middleman his fair due, and no more. When, as in France, shirts are made at a cost of twenty-five cents for material and labor, and sold wholesale for fifty-five cents, giving the laborer seven cents wage for two hours' work and the merchant twenty cents net profit — nobody can call this *fair*. It would be impossible to get such profits if all people concerned, producers and consumers alike, were consulted in the matter. In order to make such profits, the merchant has to *cheat* his laborers and his clients. This is what coöperation corrects.

The Company will employ middlemen, of course, and pay them a fair remuneration, but it will tell both producer and consumer what its prices are — cost price, wholesale and retail price — and how much percentage it has to take as commission for its service.

By this commission, the Company will make its profits, besides the single tax on the tenants before mentioned. This implies that increasing production, and also increased prosperity with increasing requirements of

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its members, will increase its budget and its profits. The more goods it sells, either to outsiders or to members, the wealthier it will become. And from these profits, which would be regulated within the margin of the outside market, will be formed, in the first place, a sinking fund for the amortization of the original debt; then one part as a dividend for preferred stock, another for dividends to common-stock holders, a third part for invalid and old-age pensions and insurance, and a part for the extension of the business. A banking department will be established as soon as possible.

The Company will be constituted of two sorts of members — tenants who work entirely independently, and the employees who receive regular wages, according to the labor-market. My experiments have plainly shown that it is entirely impractical and ruinous to bring an entire change into the ordinary remuneration of wage-earning employees. We shall have to follow the outside labor-market — however unfair that may be — for the present, because we cannot otherwise attract men of ability to our enterprise.

On the other hand, it will never do to pay a farmer a fixed wage for his labor. It invariably lessens his efficiency. He must be dependent on his production and even liable to eviction if he is not able to make his farm pay. This, also, was the positive outcome of my own experiment.

Only the distinction of tenant members and industrial and administrative employees, as proposed, will meet all the difficulties.

The immense concerns of distributive coöperation in England and Belgium show what can be done even with average management. The annual net profits of the Coöperative Wholesale Societies in the United Kingdom amount to twenty million dollars. These societies, however, do not undertake agriculture and real-estate ownership, as we propose. They divide their profits among the members, making it a profit-business without wider scope. Their trouble is that they do not know how to invest, which sounds rather paradoxical. Their profits bother them, because their organization is incomplete.

Distributive wholesale coöperation is comparatively easy for ordinary business management. These huge wholesale societies are made up of ordinary laborers or middle-class people, and their managers are selected from among themselves, doing wonderfully well in their position, but not being organizers of great ability.

It is exactly this feature in which our plan will surpass them. It will be a complete coöperation, including the production of the goods wanted by its members on the soil and in the factories owned by the Company itself.

This greater conception can be executed only by organizers and leaders of great ability. I do not see that there can be imagined a task more worthy of a great genius, a "captain of industry."

But the rare discernment needed to discover business abilities is certainly lacking in the multitude, and business organization by democratic method is at the present time utterly impossible. I have myself suffered from its pernicious effect.

For this reason it will be necessary to leave the authority in our Company in the beginning entirely in the hands of those who initiated it. The board of trustees will appoint the manager, who is responsible only to them. The stock-holding members will be chosen on recommendations of the manager, by the same board.

Gradually, however, education in democracy will begin. The settlers, who will have no part in the management in the beginning, will later acquire the right to vote and choose new members of the board of trustees, to whom they will always have access.

The safeguard for fair treatment and good management must be found in confidence in the initiators of the plan and the open discussion of its scope and aims.

Moreover, there is a safeguard in the public opinion and the public attention. Enterprises like this, with a motive of general interest, are always supported by public opinion. It was public opinion which caused the all-too-rapid boom of my coöperative enterprise in Amsterdam, but it was public faith in my disinterestedness that made the final blow less hard than it would otherwise have been.

Since our board of trustees will be constituted by men of high standing and reputation, the public will back the company whenever possible — by buying its products or protecting it by legislation. If, however, the original aim is disregarded, the support of the public will surely be withdrawn.

I dare maintain that the chances for survival in the struggle for existence will always be

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greater in the organization proposed by me, than in any other. Given the same outward circumstances and the same good management, this form of organization will always win, simply because it is more complete and more fair. For one thing, it keeps all the profits within the business, as soon as the debt to the investors is paid off. There are no leaks. Nothing is wasted to land-owners, to uncontrolled and irresponsible middlemen, nor to inactive outsiders. The stockholders who get the dividends will themselves work to increase them, and they will spend their dividends in buying goods from the Company and so increase its prosperity.

The incentive for work will be greater than in any other concern, because the Company will give not only the usual rewards, like any other business, but every member is sure that his production will not be wasted by outsiders, and all his efforts will strike home in the full sense.

The larger the concern grows, the less will be the waste in competition and advertising. An organization of producers and consumers need not advertise; its members can look, themselves, after the methods of production and the quality of articles produced.

The prosperity of the members will increase the prosperity of the Company, because they will want more and buy more, and vice versa; because higher dividends will mean wealthier members. There will be no vicious circle, like in the present defective organization, where waste is engendering idleness and idleness waste; but a beneficial circle which will increase wealth and efficiency in a measure unknown thus far. It will grow — after the first difficult years have passed — like a rolling snowball. Its accumulation will accelerate at a rate that has never been seen before, and can never be seen elsewhere — simply because its organization is more perfect.

That all this is true theoretically, no one can deny. The objection will be that it has not yet been shown in practice, and that the plan in working will reveal unforeseen difficulties.

The only thing wanted is experiment, repeated tenaciously and methodically.

And I cannot conceive an object for experiment more important, more eagerly wanted by struggling humanity, than a better form of organized production and distribution.

It will not only correct idleness and waste; it will have immense moral and educational value. It will enable us to stop making paupers, criminals, and spendthrifts. It will enable us to prevent unemployment, for unemployment is the result of production at random, without thorough control and knowledge of the market. A well-organized company will take care to regulate production for its own market, so that no unemployment can set in, and it will shift its unskilled and half-skilled workers from one department to another, according to season or circumstance. Overproduction will not create enforced idleness and starvation, but increased leisure and prosperity to all.

To be strongly and effectively organized must be and remain its first concern. All philanthropic or sentimental considerations are to come after that. The best philanthropy is that which shows men how to help themselves. So the Company will not start with inefficient workers, and will not extend more rapidly than proper organization allows. It will take care of its own invalids, who become so in working for the Company, but it will not begin to take care of the victims of present social disorder, for those invalids are made so by the existing system. It will never stop growing so long as it may expand safely, nor consider its final perfection reached so long as there is one necessary article of life not produced by its own members, or one poor worker eager to join. This means, of course, that final perfection will be practically unattainable, and would signify nothing less than a state within a state. But there lies no serious objection in this. States within states we see everywhere; and provided they keep on good terms with each other and strive for the good, they cannot be considered dangerous or undesirable.

The comprehensiveness of the plan need scare nobody, surely not an American. Even if the goal were approached half-way, the benefit to mankind would be enormous; and no doubt a very useful emulation would ensue, giving rise to similar organizations of different degrees of perfection.

All this is theoretically possible, and whatever may be the difficulties to overcome or the failures we may have to "make good," no effort and no amount of money can be considered wasted, given to a project so high and beneficial.

I, for one, would not deem my life ill-spent if I could contribute only a small share to the attainment of such a great aim.

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GIFFORD PINCHOT, THE AWAKENER OF THE NATION

BY

WALTER H. PAGE

ONE day a young fellow named Olmsted, who was a surveyor at Biltmore, N. C., was going through the woods, and he saw a man in a torn flannel shirt squatting over a fire, cooking bacon for his luncheon. They fell to talking about the forest, and Olmsted found his chance acquaintance very interesting.

"And what do you mean by forestry, anyhow?" he asked. And Gifford Pinchot told him.

"He hypnotized me," said Olmsted afterward in telling of this first meeting, "and made forestry seem the only profession worth a man's while."

The young surveyor gave up surveying, took to serious study of forestry, went to Germany and India, and studied under the late Sir Dietrich Brandis. He is now the district forester at San Francisco.

Pinchot's idea of what a forester's day's work ought to be may have come to him when he studied under Sir Dietrich in Germany. He joined the old German one evening with a group of young English forestry students. "The next morning," he said, "we started out, after an early breakfast, and Sir Dietrich took us on a steady, hard walk, without rest or food, for eight hours through the forest, himself intensely interested from the beginning to the end, but leading a body of young men by no means so intensely interested. His spirit of devotion to the work he had not yet had time to impart to the students, and I think I have seldom seen an angrier group than those young Englishmen. My impression was that if Sir Dietrich, a man of sixty-five, could stand it, a man of twenty-five ought to be able to."

The truth is that he had not got tired because he, too, like the venerable forester, was consumed with enthusiasm for the work. But, aside from his enthusiasm, he is physically fit, and a good woodsman. As a lumberman who has often been out with him said:

"If anybody thinks that Pinchot can't walk or ride or shoot, follow him a while. I've seen him hit a woodchuck in the head at a hundred yards with a revolver. He has endurance, too. I judge men as I judge horses. For endurance you want a Morgan horse without too much daylight under him. Pinchot's got a good amount of daylight — long legs — but he's got endurance too."

At an Irrigation Congress at Boisé, in 1906, Senator Heyburn, before an audience made up mainly of his own constituents, attacked Pinchot and all that he stood for. He made a violent speech against the restrictions of the Government, against bureaucratic rule, against the theories of those Easterners who talked of "forest covering" and such things.

When Pinchot got up to reply he removed the cloth from the table on the platform, tilted the table forward and poured half a glass of water upon it. The water of course ran off on the floor.

"Such," said he, "is the action of the rain on an uncovered hillside."

He then laid a blotter on the table and poured the rest of the water on it. The blotter absorbed it, but in a few minutes it began to seep through the lower end.

"That is what a forest-covering does for a hill," he said. By the time he had done speaking in this plain, practical way, he had won the audience.

But Senator Heyburn returned to the attack, and he cited specific cases of hardship that honest settlers had suffered by the Government's restrictions. He told of a poor farmer who had been refused a patent to a homestead. He told of a town that had been included and swallowed up in a forest reserve.

Pinchot also returned to the attack. He had the facts, as he has a habit of having.

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The "poor farmer" was a timber man, and he had had no idea of becoming a real settler. The "homestead" which he had not been allowed to patent was a forest so dense that it would cost more to clear it than it was worth as farm land. The town which had been swallowed up had once been a mining town but had been abandoned. Nobody lived there.

Two men fell to talking on a train a few years ago about business methods. One remarked that the typewriter had made business correspondence prolix. "Everybody now dictates letters and in dictation everybody repeats. The compact, brief letter is almost obsolete."

"In the office where I work," said the other, "the chief one day examined a lot of letters that various men had written. A number of them ran over on the second page. He showed how they could be shortened so as to fill only one page or a part of a page, and were better for their brevity. 'Don't let your letters run over a page,' he said — 'except when absolutely necessary.' An incalculable saving has been made in time and in stationery."

The talk went on about other office methods. "Nor," said the same speaker, "do we have roll-top desks. They tempt men to pigeonhole things. There are no pigeon-holes on a flat table and flat desks are much more likely to be cleaned up every day."

"In what business do you work?"

"In the Forest Service at Washington."

"Are you an office-man or a field-man?"

"Both. Every man in the office who has any really administrative ability is required to go into the field at times. You know that if a man sits in an office all the time and makes decisions and writes letters about things done in the field, he is likely to get more or less away from the subject and thus to miss the point. This is the way in which objectionable and sometimes stupid 'bureau' methods grow up. To prevent this our important officemen all go out at intervals and see the work from the other end."

"Who runs that office?"

"Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester."

These typical stories and incidents (and a thousand more like them and better could be told) show the qualities of the man; and it is an unusual combination of qualities. He is a man of scientific training. He is an authority on his subject, not in a narrow sense but in a broad, sound way.

It is man that he is primarily interested in; and if he were to amuse himself by trying to formulate the one great principle that guides him — that grows out of his temperament and character and that he regards as so fundamental as to make everything else subordinate — I dare say he would discover that it is *the right use of the earth for the perpetual enjoyment of men in a fair-dealing democracy.*

But he has no need for creeds; and he doesn't carry about with him sets of rules or bits of philosophy for his guidance. He is no more of a pedant than he is a dreamer. He is a practical, every-day worker, with an axe in his hand, or with a large office-staff under him, or in consultation with the makers of laws.

In many conversations with him about many subjects, I have never heard him even mention his work as the directing head of a great organization. There were under him 1,000 persons in the Forest Service at Washington and 2,000 persons in the field. The work of every one was systematically laid out. I have never seen quite so good a practical guide to every-day work as "The Use Book" of the Forest Service. You may go into the office of the Forest Service at Washington and find out in two minutes how many sheep are grazing on a particular tract of public land in Wyoming; and in the map-room there's a map on which every fact that you can possibly wish to know is made plain — hundreds of maps for hundreds of groups of facts.

A report made by a Commission appointed by President Roosevelt declared that this office was the best conducted of all the public offices at Washington.

Yet Mr. Pinchot does not regard this as an achievement in itself worth particular mention. It is a necessary tool to do his job with. And he would say that any good workman must keep his tools in order.

When Mr. Roosevelt received the news of President McKinley's death, he was on Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks. There he had seen at one view the results of fire in the forest, and the results of decay where the forests were not used; and he could see the forests which protected the headwaters of the Hudson. On the first Sunday that he spent in Washington as Mr. McKinley's successor, he sent for Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Newell, now

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the Chief of the Reclamation Service; and on that day — his first Sunday in Washington as President — he made out with them the outlines of the Conservation policy that became the greatest achievement of his Administration.

It was then that Pinchot found another imagination worthy of the subject — with the additional help, that now he was dealing with a President of the United States. And they were discussing not forestry only but the whole sweep of constructive work that the right study of our continent had unfolded. The right men had met in this Sunday conference — Pinchot and Newell with the knowledge and with the constructive imagination, and Roosevelt with the imagination and the power to begin work which should change our whole relation to the land we live on.

After six years of such work, during which a mere beginning had been made, but a revolutionary beginning, the President called that historic meeting of Governors with their scientific advisers at the White House. It was the most notable gathering of men in a half-century of our history, and Conservation was the subject that had brought them together.

In the address with which President Roosevelt began the series of meetings, he said:

"Especial credit is due to the initiative, the energy, the devotion to duty, and the farsightedness of Gifford Pinchot, to whom we owe so much of the progress we have already made in handling this matter of the coördination and conservation of natural resources. If it had not been for him, this convention neither would nor could have been called."

Mr. Pinchot was standing far back in the room when this was said, and at the applause he blushed as a woman might and said to those near him — "No, no, no — that's too generous."

On that evening, or the next, when he gave a reception at his home in Washington to the visiting Governors and scientific men — and there was as notable a gathering as has been seen under any private roof in our generation — he was embarrassed by every allusion to the President's compliment. He was a shy gentleman receiving his friends who — he seemed to wish — would cease embarrassing him with congratulations and enjoy themselves.

When he was graduated from Yale College, forestry in the United States was a thing in books and nowhere else. But he became interested in it, and to study it he was obliged to go abroad. He went to England and there by chance met Sir Dietrich Brandis, one of the greatest figures in practical forestry in the world. In telling of it lately Mr. Pinchot said:

"A good many years ago I found myself in London with an extra day on my hands. I was just setting out to study forestry, and so I thought I would go to the Indian Office and get what information I could about forestry in India. Most fortunately, for I was entirely without introduction of any kind, I found there a gentleman who was kind enough to procure for me a letter to Sir Dietrich, of whom I then heard for the first time. I went at once to Bonn, found Sir Dietrich one afternoon, told him I wanted to study forestry, and asked for his advice.

"Instantly he adopted me, so to speak, accepted the care of directing my work, and immediately began to tell me how to set about it. I remember his deciding that I should go to the Nancy Forest School, which was my plan already, and when I said to him that I was ready to go, he immediately began to look up trains.

"I saw that one started at six o'clock the next morning, and as I wanted to make a good impression, I said I did not mind getting up early, so as to catch it.

"He replied: 'Of course you will take the first train.'

"I have never forgotten the impression he gave me then of his absolute willingness to do whatever was required for his work, and his expectation of finding the same willingness in other men."

In 1892 Pinchot undertook the first practical task in forestry on any considerable scale in the United States, at Biltmore, N. C., and he prepared the forestry exhibits from that state for the World's Fair at Chicago. Later he opened an office in New York as a "consulting forester" — a profession that had practically no clients.

Here was the interesting spectacle of a well-trained young fellow of exemplary, even frugal habits, of great industry, with influential friends, with a competence that he had inherited, the world open to him by a hundred roads. Yet he was bent on a study that most Americans then regarded as a method of amusing one's self or of wasting time. But he had none of the qualities of an idler nor of a man who wished merely to amuse himself. He worked with as much enthusiasm as if he were achieving great visible results every day, and with the keenest enjoyment.

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It is a long way from "consulting forester" to leadership of a nation's thought about the right relation of man to the earth, and consequently the right relation of men to one another in a democracy. But Gifford Pinchot has come this whole distance these eighteen years since he had an office for the private practice of a profession that was not yet born. And, if there were not always objection to using unqualified phrases and danger of enthusiasm seeming to outrun sound judgment — even when it doesn't outrun it — I should say that he and his work have had a more profound and wholesome influence on the public thought of this generation than the work of any other living man — helped and developed by President Roosevelt as he could not have possibly been helped and developed in any other way or by any other man.

On July 1, 1898 he became chief of the Division of Forestry, in the Department of Agriculture. The Division of Forestry at that time consisted of eleven people, only two of whom — Mr. Pinchot and his successor, Mr. Henry S. Graves — were professional foresters. Its work was entirely scientific, though it had no laboratory, and was advisory to private owners who did not wish advice. The Forest Reserves which had been created in President Cleveland's Administration, chiefly upon the advice of a commission of which Mr. Pinchot was secretary, were still under the control of the Interior Department. The word "reserves" describes them. They were tracts of forest land which the Government withheld from all use or development and which at the same time it failed to protect from fire. There were no trained men in the ranger force and the whole field service was hardly more than a farce. The Forest Reserves at that time bore the same relation to a properly cared-for forest that an untilled field watched over by a scarecrow bears to a properly cultivated farm. Secretary Wilson said of this time:

"There were in the whole United States less than ten professional foresters. Neither a science nor a literature of American forestry was in existence, nor could an education in the subject be obtained in this country."

Beginning in 1898 the Division of Forestry transferred its chief interest to the field, though it yet had no authority over any National Forest Reserves. It began two definite tasks: to get the data necessary to found a science of American forestry, and to educate the public to its necessity.

By 1901, the work had so increased that the Division was enlarged to a Bureau. It still, however, had no forests under its charge. Its first administrative work began two years later, when the sale of the timber on the Chippewa Indian lands in Minnesota was put under its charge.

Still, while the Forestry Bureau was building up a trained force, creating the science of forestry in this country, giving a striking example of its benefits in Minnesota, and beginning to educate the public, the National Forest Reserves were administered much in the same manner as they had always been, and a strong feeling of resentment against them was growing in the West, which sooner or later seemed sure to cause their abolition. This was a natural resentment. The forests were simply kept from any human use whatever. They were still under the management of the Interior Department, which had no scientific knowledge of forestry. At the same time the Agricultural Department's corps of foresters had no forests to care for.

On the first of February, 1905, this illogical situation was remedied. The control of the Forest Reserves — since then called the National Forests — was put into the hands of the Bureau of Forestry, which was renamed the Forest Service. It was the beginning of a new era, in which the theory of beneficial use was the keynote of the work.

It was at this time that the real work of Mr. Pinchot began — the work of conducting forestry not to save trees but to use them wisely — trees and every other natural resource.

Up to that time the almost universal idea was that trees were made to cut down, made for the lumberman. So, too, with all other natural resources, even the soil. They were all for immediate use, for present exploitation. Nobody thought of the future. The land-laws were bad, and their administration was worse. We were cutting down the remnants of our tree-wealth wantonly, wastefully, just as we had cut down those in the Eastern and Middle States. The pioneer policy was yet in full force.

Then the first crude efforts to do better were unscientific — withdraw the forests from use, keep people out, don't let them cut trees at all.

You can find a sort of parallel in library practice. A generation ago many a library

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was managed as a place merely to keep books — to *keep* them, mind you. They were locked up. They were accessible only on occasions and to favored persons. The books must be preserved — that was the idea. Now every conceivable method is adopted to induce people to use them. They are for use — that is the idea now. Of course they must be preserved and not wantonly destroyed; but use is the main thing.

In the same way, forestry means the continuous use and the best use and in the long run by far the most profitable use of trees. This became the dominant idea henceforth.

But the old free-and-easy, destructive, immediately profitable policy dies hard — seems dead and comes to life again. Many men yet think that forestry means simple prohibition of all uses of trees. Many more merely ask, What do we owe to posterity? Posterity must take care of itself.

The policy of proper forestry was begun, with imperfect means of execution, but it was begun; and, in 1909, 352,434,000 board feet of timber were cut in the National Forests — and this cutting left them in better shape than they were in before. More than a million and a half cattle and horses, and nearly eight million sheep and goats, grazed within their borders without damage to the range and without bloodshed between the cattle and sheep men. Now 216,000 people live in the National Forests, and mills, mines, power stations, and many other activities are carried on of benefit to the people and without damage to the forests. And the fire loss has been reduced to about one-half of what it was under the old administration.

While all this is going on, the National Forests are protecting the headwaters of almost all the streams in the West — and the streams are life and light and power.

All this was not accomplished without a struggle. To some people the ideas were revolutionary and therefore bad. Others opposed them because they felt they meant too much centralization. But the real opposition came from those who had benefited by the old system of bad laws and loose methods. They were numerous and strong and they were hard fighters. Pinchot went West to meet them.

In the summer of 1906, he met a cattlemen's conference at Glenwood Springs, Colo., and Senator Heyburn's attack on him at Boisé. In 1907, he faced his opponents in the Denver land convention, "packed" to rebuke him and his policies. But nothing came of it. The convention was discredited and its promoters lost ground.

The culminating point of the series of battles came last summer, when, after the present schism had arisen, Secretary Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot appeared on the same platform at the First National Conservation Congress in Seattle, and the crowd gave Pinchot the greater welcome. It was the Secretary's home city and he was one of the founders of the association which engineered this convention. Yet so many people from all over the West attended, that strong resolutions endorsed the "Pinchot brand of Conservation." In the country where Conservation is practised it has the backing of public approval. With Western people the five-year fight is won. Even many men who have had trouble with the local forest officers now fight for Pinchot and for what he believes in.

Although Conservation yet has enemies in the West, it has steadily won popular approval; and the opposition to it is generally organized and led by men who are themselves interested in the immediate exploitation of the land.

The Tawney amendment to the appropriation bill effectually crippled the National Conservation Commission. Then the idea was put abroad that Conservation was illegally or extra-legally established — an utterly erroneous idea. No one has yet pointed out an illegal act of the Forest Service.

But the laws are insufficient to develop this policy. Most that has been done has been done by executive orders under laws that permit such orders but that do not make them mandatory on the Executive. Any Administration may stop or cripple the work or permit it to be demoralized by sheer neglect.

President Taft's Administration, although his own general position is sound, has seemed to lay more stress on the insufficiency of the laws than on the necessity of the policy; and this impression throughout the Government's service has caused increasing demoralization. The conduct of Mr. Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior has emphasized this demoralization. The Forest Service is not under the Interior Department, but the Land Office and the Reclamation Service are. Mr. Ballinger began his administration without

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sympathetically seeking the help of the Service under him and even by uncontradicted declarations of a purpose to reorganize parts of it, and of deposing Mr. Newell from the directorship of the Reclamation Service.

It is not pertinent to this article to take up the controversy about Secretary Ballinger further than to set down the unfortunate fact that under his administration the enemies of the whole Conservation policy have got fresh hope and show renewed activity, and that the service under him has felt discouragement and demoralization. And, in spite of the President's views and of the Report of Mr. Ballinger and of the bills which the Administration has prepared, the changed tone that came with the change of Administrations has strengthened the enemies of Conservation in Congress. These same bills will meet with much more difficulty than they would have encountered if the enemies of these measures had not understood that the Roosevelt-Pinchot policy — as a policy — was regarded unsympathetically by Mr. Ballinger.

A fight, once begun, seldom proceeds logically. This unsympathetic attitude of the Administration, represented by Mr. Ballinger, naturally aroused the suspicions and then the grave fears of the working forces of Conservation. The working forces of Conservation include men in all those scientific branches of the public service, whether under the Interior Department or under other Departments. There is a general spirit of despondency and discouragement among them at Washington, and those in the field are greatly demoralized. In the Reclamation Service, for instance, a number of the best engineers have resigned with great regret, because the *morale* of the service is gone and the future seems uncertain.

Now such men care far less than the average citizen cares who is President or who is Secretary, provided only that their work is encouraged and appreciated. They are not primarily Roosevelt men, nor Garfield men, nor Taft men, nor Ballinger men. A President named John Smith and a Secretary named William Jones would have their loyalty — be he Republican or Democrat — if the great work that they are engaged in be permitted to go forward. Except the officers of the army and of the navy, they are less political or partisan than any other group of citizens.

It was only when the Conservation policy was definitely discouraged and set back that Mr. Pinchot became even indirectly involved in the controversy. But then the strongest quality of the man began to assert itself — the fighting quality. For any merely personal advantage he would not fight any human creature. In all his work he has never considered his personal fortunes. I have heard — whether truly or not, I do not know — that he has always given his salary to further the work. The story is surely characteristic. Nor does he care for official power or authority — except to further the work.

I know of no other case entirely parallel to this — a man whose personal fortunes are in no way involved, who never gave a day's work in his life to make a dollar, who has no political ambition nor desire for office except for the furthering of Conservation, who knows perhaps more nearly every square mile of our territory than any other man, who, beginning as a $2,000 clerk under Civil Service rules, in Mr. Cleveland's time, has worked out a great policy of more fundamental importance than any other, a policy which all political parties have accepted and which underlies a true philosophy of national life and growth.

It was unfortunate — it was more than unfortunate for it was a very serious mistake of Mr. Taft's Administration — that it did not at the very first show an active sympathy with what Mr. Pinchot stands for. The fact of this man's loss to the public service or of that man's — the fact of any man's loss — is a little matter. It is no great matter, therefore, that Mr. Pinchot's official services were lost to the Government, in an atmosphere of changed and changing relations. But it is a very great misfortune that this great policy should be questioned or disturbed. There was no silly self-assertion by Mr. Pinchot, no "riding for a fall" nor "courting the lightning," as the uninformed newspapers declared at the time.

But there was this resolute man, standing and working as he was ordained by Nature to stand and work, for Conservation and all that this means; and the intolerable situation that had arisen was bound to set him squarely over against every discouragement of Conservation.

Gifford Pinchot out of the public service is the same as Gifford Pinchot in the public service, and the forestry machinery of the

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Government is in the hands of men of his own training (most of the foresters that we have were trained by him or owe to him their first inspiration). But there is this difference: As a private citizen and President of the National Conservation Association he will do more active work than he could do in an official position for the education of the people on this subject. He is still chairman, too, of the National Conservation Commission.

After all, the proper measure of his work is not the number of square miles of land that he has saved for right and perpetual use, but the changed thought of the whole nation about the sources and perpetuation of all fundamental wealth. He has been a great awakener of the people, on a subject that strikes deeper than any political policy.

He is a first-class fighting man. But many persons who know him only slightly and who judge him only by his partially reported public utterances sometimes regard him as more quixotic than practical. He has a gentle manner and an almost feminine modesty. I think that he speaks less often of himself than any other man I know and never of his own exploits. His intimates and work-fellows regard him as unselfish to a fault. "There is a sort of knight-errant quality in Pinchot," one of his closest associates has declared — "a kind of noble gentleness that calls out his friends' affection, but that causes one to forget sometimes that he can do rough work. But God save the man who attacks Conservation! Yet he'll never say a harsh thing about any man, nor do a rough act. But he will convince everybody within reach that he is right and leave his enemy to go off and become a broader and wiser man after reflection."

The public has known him till recently only as a zealous scientific officer of the Government; and the frivolous public read much about him as a "favorite" of Mr. Roosevelt and as a member of his "tennis cabinet." In some political circles you may now hear talk of "Pinchot's punishment — what was he to expect and what else ought to have happened? — for thinking himself bigger than the Government and for plotting for Roosevelt's return to the Presidency," and much other such talk that misses the right measure of the man and of many other things besides.

True, he was and is a staunch friend of Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt is his staunch friend — a piece of good fortune for each. But Mr. Roosevelt owes as much to Mr. Pinchot as Mr. Pinchot owes to Mr. Roosevelt; and, if an invidious comparison of their mutual debts were to be pushed hard, it would probably be found that Mr. Roosevelt is the larger debtor, as he has many times generously acknowledged. For Mr. Pinchot, more than all other men, gave his Administration a policy that outranks and will outlive all merely political policies of this generation. But Mr. Pinchot would at any time have opposed and will now oppose the administration or the public or private acts of any friend that makes against Conservation and against the national and private morals that underlie it. He is a Republican — witness his contribution of $10,000 to the last national campaign fund, for which he was much criticized. But he came into the public service under Mr. Cleveland, and he would give any Democratic Administration which should stand for Conservation as zealous help as he gave Mr. Roosevelt.

He is not interested in any temporary game of politics. He has no "political ambition" for himself and he would not know how to engage in political intrigue if he wished to. But he will be more and more highly regarded by the people as they come more fully to understand the far-reaching meaning of his work. As I write, a letter comes from a practised observer of public opinion in Iowa, who says:

"I have found but one man in my acquaintance who does not stand for Pinchot. The people look upon him as their friend, as the friend of Conservation in its broadest sense, as a clean, unselfish, patriotic, useful man, who has but one purpose in all his life and work, and no man has a nobler purpose."

Mr. Pinchot has already made a great career, but a greater is before him. He is now forty-four years old. He has the biggest constructive public idea of our generation — an idea that works for the direct personal benefit of every dweller on our land in our generation and in all succeeding generations. He has no private ends to seek. He has no private business. He has given, once for all, his life and his time to the public welfare. He is a well-equipped man, of prodigous industry, of attractive personality, and of the hardy virtues — a woodsman, a sportsman — a man at home in all parts of our country and with real persons of every grade of life.

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THE BIRTH OF THE TELEPHONE

ITS INVENTION NOT AN ACCIDENT BUT THE WORKING OUT OF A SCIENTIFIC THEORY—BELL AND WATSON TEACHING THE INFANT TO SAY WORDS

BY

HERBERT N. CASSON

[NOTE—*This story of the invention of the Telephone is the first article in a series which will review the Telephone as it is to-day, forecast the Telephone of the future, and sum up the progress of the Independent companies.*—THE EDITORS.]

IN THAT somewhat distant year 1875, when the telegraph and the Atlantic Cable were the most wonderful things in the world, a tall young professor of elocution was desperately busy in a noisy machine-shop that stood in one of the narrow streets of Boston, not far from Scollay Square. It was a very hot afternoon in June, but the young professor had forgotten the heat and the grime of the workshop. He was wholly absorbed in the making of a nondescript machine, a sort of crude harmonica with a clock-spring reed, a magnet, and a wire. It was a most absurd toy in appearance. It was unlike any other thing that had ever been made in any country. The young professor had been toiling over it for three years and it had constantly baffled him, until, on this hot afternoon in June, 1875, he heard an almost inaudible sound—a faint twang, come from the machine itself.

For an instant he was stunned. He had been expecting just such a sound for several months, but it came so suddenly as to give him the sensation of surprise. His eyes blazed with delight, and he sprang in a passion of eagerness to an adjoining room in which stood a young mechanic who was assisting him.

"Snap that reed again, Watson," cried the apparently irrational young professor. There was one of the odd-looking machines in each room, so it appears, and the two were connected by an electric wire. Watson had snapped the reed on one of the machines and the professor had heard from the other machine exactly the same sound. It was no more than the gentle twang of a clock-spring; but it was the first time in the history of the world that a complete sound had been carried along a wire, reproduced perfectly at the other end, and heard by an expert in acoustics.

That twang of the clock-spring was the first tiny cry of the new-born telephone, uttered in the clanging din of a machine-shop and happily heard by a man whose ear had been trained to recognize the strange voice of the little newcomer. There, amidst flying belts and jarring wheels, the baby telephone was born, as feeble and helpless as any other baby, and "with no language but a cry."

The professor-inventor, who had thus rescued the tiny foundling of science, was a young Scottish-American. His name, now known as widely as the telephone itself, was Alexander Graham Bell. He was a teacher of acoustics and a student of electricity, possibly the only man in his generation who was able to focus a knowledge of both subjects upon the problem of the telephone. To other men that exceedingly faint sound would have been as inaudible as silence itself; but to Bell it was a thunder-clap. It was a dream come true. It was an impossible thing which had in a flash become so easy that he could scarcely believe it. Here, without the use of a battery, with no more electric current than that made by a couple of magnets, all the waves of a sound had been carried along a wire and changed back to sound at the farther end. It was absurd. It was incredible. It was something which neither wire nor electricity had been known to do before. But it was true.

No discovery has ever been less accidental. It was the last link of a long chain of discoveries. It was the result of a persistent and deliberate search. Already, for half a year or longer, he had known the correct theory of the telephone; but he had not realized that the feeble undulatory current generated by a magnet was strong enough for the transmission of speech. He had been taught to undervalue the incredible efficiency of electricity.

Not only was Bell himself a teacher of the

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laws of speech, so highly skilled that he was an instructor in Boston University. His father, too, his two brothers, his uncle, and his grandfather had taught the laws of speech in the universities of Edinburgh, Dublin, and London. For three generations the Bells had been professors of the science of talking. They had even helped to create that science by several inventions. The first of them, Alexander Bell, had invented a system for the correction of stammering and similar defects of speech. The second, Alexander Melville Bell, was the dean of British elocutionists, a man of creative brain and a most impressive facility of rhetoric. He was the author of a dozen text-books on the art of speaking correctly, and also of a most ingenious sign-language which he called "Visible Speech." Every letter in the alphabet of this language represented a certain action of the lips and tongue; so that a new method was provided for those who wished to learn foreign languages or to speak their own language more correctly. And the third of these speech-improving Bells, the inventor of the telephone, inherited the peculiar genius of his fathers, both inventive and rhetorical, to such a degree that as a boy he had constructed an artificial skull, from gutta-percha and india-rubber, which, when enlivened by a blast of air from a hand-bellows, would actually pronounce several words in an almost human manner.

The third Bell, the only one of this remarkable family who concerns us at this time, was a young man, barely twenty-eight, at the time when his ear caught the first cry of the telephone. But he was already a man of some note on his own account. He had been educated in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, and in London; and had in one way and another picked up a smattering of anatomy, music, electricity, and telegraphy. Until he was sixteen years of age, he had read nothing but novels and poetry and romantic tales of Scottish heroes. Then he left home to become a teacher of elocution in various British schools, and by the time he was of age he had made several slight discoveries as to the nature of vowel-sounds. Shortly afterward, he met in London two distinguished men, Alexander J. Ellis and Sir Charles Wheatstone, who did far more than they ever knew to forward Bell in the direction of the telephone.

Ellis was the president of the London Philological Society. Also, he was the translator of the famous book on "The Sensations of Tone," written by Helmholtz, who, in the period from 1871 to 1894 made Berlin the world-centre for the study of the physical sciences. So it happened that when Bell ran to Ellis as a young enthusiast and told his experiments, Ellis informed him that Helmholtz had done the same things several years before and done them more completely. He brought Bell to his house and showed him what Helmholtz had done — how he had kept tuning-forks in vibration by the power of electro-magnets, and blended the tones of several tuning-forks together to produce the complex quality of the human voice.

Now, Helmholtz had not been trying to invent a telephone, nor any sort of a message-carrier. His aim was to point out the physical basis of music, and nothing more. But this fact that an electro-magnet would set a tuning-fork humming was new to Bell and very attractive. It appealed at once to him as a student of speech. If a tuning-fork could be made to sing by a magnet or an electrified wire, why would it not be possible to make a musical telegraph — a telegraph with a piano key-board, so that many messages could be sent at once over a single wire? Unknown to Bell, there were several dozen inventors then at work upon this problem, which proved in the end to be very elusive. But it gave him at least a starting-point, and he forthwith commenced his quest of the telephone.

As he was then in England, his first step was naturally to visit Sir Charles Wheatstone, the best known English expert on telegraphy. Sir Charles had earned his title by many inventions. He was a simple, natural scientist, and treated Bell with the utmost kindness. He showed him an ingenious talking-machine that had been made by Baron de Kempelin. At this time Bell was twenty-two and unknown; Wheatstone was sixty-seven and famous. And the personality of the veteran scientist made so vivid a picture upon the mind of the impressionable young Bell that the grand passion of science became henceforth the master-motif of his life.

From this summit of glorious ambition he was thrown, several months later, into the depths of grief and despondency. The White Plague had come to the home in Edinburgh and taken away his two brothers. More, it had put its mark upon the young inventor himself. Nothing but a change of climate

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said his doctor, would put him out of danger. And so, to save his life, he and his father and mother set sail from Glasgow and came to the small Canadian town of Brantford, where for a year he fought down his tendency to consumption, and satisfied his nervous energy by teaching "Visible Speech" to a tribe of Mohawk Indians.

By this time it had become evident, both to his parents and to his friends, that young Graham was destined to become some sort of a creative genius. He was tall and supple, with a pale complexion, large nose, full lips, jet-black eyes, and jet-black hair, brushed high and usually rumpled into a curly tangle. In temperament he was a true scientific Bohemian, with the ideals of a savant and the disposition of an artist. He was wholly a man of enthusiasms, more devoted to ideas than to people; and less likely to master his own thoughts than to be mastered by them. He had no shrewdness, in any commercial sense, and very little knowledge of the small practical details of ordinary living. He was always intense, always absorbed. When he applied his mind to a problem, it became at once an enthralling arena, in which there went whirling a chariot-race of ideas and inventive fancies.

He had been fascinated from boyhood by his father's system of "Visible Speech." He knew it so well that he once astonished a professor of Oriental languages by repeating correctly a sentence of Sanscrit that had been written in "Visible Speech" characters. While he had been living in London his most absorbing enthusiasm had been the instruction of a class of deaf-mutes, who could be trained to talk, he believed, by means of the "Visible Speech" alphabet. He was so deeply impressed by the progress made by these pupils, and by the pathos of their dumbness, that when he arrived in Canada he was in a dilemma as to which of these two tasks was the more important — the teaching of deaf-mutes or the invention of a musical telegraph.

At this point, and before Bell had begun to experiment with his telegraph, the scene of the story shifts from Canada to Massachusetts. It appears that his father, while lecturing in Boston, had mentioned Graham's exploits with a class of deaf-mutes; and soon afterward the Boston Board of Education wrote to Graham, offering him $500 if he would come to Boston and introduce his system of teaching in a school for deaf-mutes that had been recently opened. The young man joyfully agreed, and on the first of April, 1871, crossed the line and became for the remainder of his life an American.

For the next two years his telegraphic work was laid aside, if not forgotten. His success as a teacher of deaf-mutes was sudden and overwhelming. It was the educational sensation of 1871. It won him a professorship in Boston University; and brought so many pupils around him that he ventured to open an ambitious "School of Vocal Physiology," which became at once a profitable enterprise. For a time there seemed to be little hope of his escaping from the burden of this success and becoming an inventor, when, by a most happy coincidence, two of his pupils brought to him exactly the sort of stimulation and practical help that he needed and had not up to this time received.

One of these pupils was a little deaf-mute tot, five years of age, named Georgie Sanders. Bell had agreed to give him a series of private lessons for $350 a year; and as the child lived with his grandmother in the city of Salem, sixteen miles from Boston, it was agreed that Bell should make his home with the Sanders family. Here he not only found the keenest interest and sympathy in his air-castles of invention, but also was given permission to use the cellar of the house as his workshop.

For the next three years this cellar was his favorite retreat. He littered it with tuning-forks, magnets, batteries, coils of wire, tin trumpets, and cigar-boxes. No one outside of the Sanders family was allowed to enter it, as Bell was nervously afraid of having his ideas stolen. He would even go to five or six stores to buy his supplies, for fear that his intentions would be discovered. Almost with the secrecy of a conspirator, he worked alone in this cellar, usually at night, and quite oblivious of the fact that sleep was a necessity to him and to the Sanders family.

"Often in the middle of the night Bell would wake me up," said Thomas Sanders, the father of Georgie. "His black eyes would be blazing with excitement. Leaving me to go down to the cellar, he would rush wildly to the barn and begin to send me signals along his experimental wires. If I noticed any improvement in his machine, he would be delighted. He would leap and whirl around in one of his 'war-dances' and then go contentedly to bed. But if the experiment was a failure, he would go back to his work-bench and try some different plan."

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The second pupil who became a factor — a very considerable factor — in Bell's career was a fifteen-year-old girl named Mabel Hubbard, who had lost her hearing, and consequently her speech, through an attack of scarlet-fever when a baby. She was a gentle and lovable girl, and Bell, in his ardent and headlong way, lost his heart to her completely; and four years later, he had the happiness of making her his wife. Mabel Hubbard did much to encourage Bell. She followed each step of his progress with the keenest interest. She wrote his letters and copied his patents. She cheered him on when he felt himself beaten. And through her sympathy with Bell and his ambitions, she led her father — a widely known Boston lawyer named Gardiner G. Hubbard — to become Bell's chief spokesman and defender, a true apostle of the telephone.

Hubbard first became aware of Bell's inventive efforts one evening when Bell was visiting at his home in Cambridge. Bell was illustrating some of the mysteries of acoustics by the aid of a piano. "Do you know," he said to Hubbard, "that if I sing the note G close to the strings of the piano, that the G-string will answer me?" "Well, what then?" asked Hubbard. "It is a fact of tremendous importance," replied Bell. "It is an evidence that we may some day have a musical telegraph, which will send as many messages simultaneously over one wire as there are notes on that piano."

Later, Bell ventured to confide to Hubbard his wild dream of sending speech over an electric wire, but Hubbard laughed him to scorn. "Now you are talking nonsense," he said. "Such a thing never could be more than a scientific toy. You had better throw that idea out of your mind and go ahead with your musical telegraph, which if it is successful will make you a millionaire."

But the longer Bell toiled at his musical telegraph, the more he dreamed of replacing the telegraph and its cumbrous sign-language by a new machine that would carry, not dots and dashes, but the human voice. "If I can make a deaf-mute talk," he said, "I can make iron talk." For months he wavered between the two ideas. He had no more than the most hazy conception of what this voice-carrying machine would be like. At first he conceived of having a harp at one end of the wire, and a speaking-trumpet at the other, so that the tones of the voice would be reproduced by the strings of the harp.

Then, in the early summer of 1874, while he was puzzling over this harp apparatus, the dim outline of a new path suddenly glinted in front of him. He had not been forgetful of "Visible Speech" all this while, but had been making experiments with two remarkable machines — the phonautograph and the manometric capsule, by means of which the vibrations of sound were made plainly visible. If these could be improved, he thought, then the deaf might be taught to speak by *sight* — by learning an alphabet of vibrations. He mentioned these experiments to a Boston friend — Dr. Clarence J. Blake; and he, being a surgeon and an aurist, naturally said — "Why don't you use a *real ear?*"

Such an idea never had, and probably never could, have occurred to Bell; but he accepted it with eagerness. Dr. Blake cut an ear from a dead man's head, together with the ear-drum and the associated bones. Bell took this fragment of a skull and arranged it so that a straw touched the ear-drum at one end and a piece of moving smoked glass at the other. Thus, when Bell spoke loudly into the ear, the vibrations of the drum made tiny markings upon the glass.

It was one of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole history of the telephone. To an uninitiated onlooker, nothing could have been more ghastly or absurd. How could anyone have interpreted the gruesome joy of this young professor with the pale face and the black eyes, who stood earnestly singing, whispering, and shouting into a dead man's ear? What sort of a wizard must he be, or ghoul, or madman? And in Salem, too, the home of the witchcraft superstition! Certainly it would not have gone well with Bell had he lived two centuries earlier and been caught at such black magic.

What had this dead man's ear to do with the invention of the telephone? Much. Bell noticed how small and thin was the ear-drum, and yet how effectively it could send thrills and vibrations through heavy bones. "If this tiny disc can vibrate a bone," he thought, "then an iron disc might vibrate an iron rod, or at least, an iron wire." In a flash the conception of a membrane telephone was pictured in his mind. He saw in imagination two iron discs, or ear-drums, far apart and connected by an electrified wire, catching the

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vibrations of sound at one end, and reproducing them at the other. At last he was on the right path, and had a theoretical knowledge of what a speaking telephone ought to be. What remained to be done was to construct such a machine and find out how the electric current could best be brought into harness.

Then, as though Fortune suddenly felt that he was winning this stupendous success too easily, Bell was flung back by an avalanche of troubles. Sanders and Hubbard, who had been paying the cost of his experiments, abruptly announced that they would pay no more unless he confined his attention to the musical telegraph, and stopped wasting his time on ear-toys that never could be of any financial value. What these two men asked could scarcely be denied, as one of them was his best-paying patron and the other was the father of the girl whom he hoped to marry. "If you wish my daughter," said Hubbard, "you must abandon your foolish telephone." Bell's "School of Vocal Physiology," too, from which he had hoped so much, had come to an inglorious end. He had been too much absorbed in his experiments to sustain it. His professorship had been given up, and he had no pupils except Georgie Sanders and Mabel Hubbard. He was poor, much poorer than his associates knew. And his mind was torn and distracted by the contrary calls of science, poverty, business, and affection. Pouring out his sorrows in a letter to his mother, he said — "I am now beginning to realize the cares and anxieties of being an inventor. I have had to put off all pupils and classes, for flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I have had upon me."

While stumbling through this Slough of Despond, he was called to Washington by his patent lawyer. Not having enough money to pay the cost of such a journey, he borrowed the price of a return ticket from Sanders and arranged to stay with a friend in Washington, to save a hotel bill that he could not afford. At that time Professor Joseph Henry, who knew more of the theory of electrical science than any other American, was the Grand Old Man of Washington; and poor Bell, in his doubt and desperation, resolved to run to him for advice.

Then came a meeting which deserves to be historic. For an entire afternoon the two men worked together over the apparatus that Bell had brought from Boston, just as Henry had worked over the telegraph before Bell was born. Henry was now a veteran of seventy-eight, with only three years remaining to his credit in the bank of Time, while Bell was twenty-eight. There was a long half-century between them; but the youth had discovered a New Fact that the sage, in all his wisdom, had never known.

"You are in possession of the germ of a great invention," said Henry, "and I would advise you to work at it until you have made it complete."

"But," replied Bell, "I have not got the electrical knowledge that is necessary."

"Get it," responded the aged scientist.

"I cannot tell you how much these two words have encouraged me," said Bell afterward, in describing this interview to his parents. "I live too much in an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits; and such a chimerical idea as telegraphing *vocal sounds* would indeed seem to most minds scarcely feasible enough to spend time in working over."

By this time Bell had moved his workshop from the cellar in Salem to 109 Court Street, Boston, where he had rented a room from Charles Williams, a manufacturer of electrical supplies. Thomas A. Watson was his assistant, and both Bell and Watson lived nearby, in two cheap little bedrooms. The rent of the workshop and bedrooms, and Watson's wages of nine dollars a week, were being paid by Sanders and Hubbard. Consequently, when Bell returned from Washington, he was compelled by his agreement to devote himself mainly to the musical telegraph, although his heart was now with the telephone. For exactly three months after his interview with Professor Henry, he continued to plod ahead, along both lines, until, on that memorable hot afternoon in June, 1875, the full *twang* of the clock-spring came over the wire, and the telephone was born.

From this moment, Bell was a man of one purpose. He won over Sanders and Hubbard. He converted Watson into an enthusiast. He forgot his musical telegraph, his "Visible Speech," his classes, his poverty. He threw aside a profession in which he was already locally famous. And he grappled with this new mystery of electricity, as Henry had advised him to do, encouraging himself with the fact that Morse, who was only a painter,

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had mastered his electrical difficulties, and there was no reason why a professor of acoustics should not do as much.

The telephone was now in existence, but it was the youngest and feeblest thing in the nation. It had not yet spoken a word. It had to be taught, developed, and made fit for the service of the irritable business world. All manner of discs had to be tried, some smaller and thinner than a dime and others of steel boiler-plate, as heavy as the shield of Achilles. In all the books of electrical science, there was nothing to help Bell and Watson in this journey they were making through an unknown country. They were as chartless as Columbus had been in 1492. Neither they nor anyone else had acquired any experience in the rearing of a young telephone. No one knew what to do next. There was nothing to know.

For forty weeks — long exasperating weeks — the telephone could do no more than gasp and make strange inarticulate noises. Its educators had not learned how to manage it. Then, on March 10, 1876, *it talked*. It said distinctly — "*Mr. Watson, come here; I want you.*" Watson, who was at the lower end of the wire, in the basement, dropped the receiver and rushed with wild joy up three flights of stairs to tell the glad tidings to Bell. "I can hear you!" he shouted breathlessly. "I can hear the *words*."

It was not easy, of course, for the weak young telephone to make itself heard in that noisy workshop. No one, not even Bell and Watson, was familiar with its odd little voice. Usually Watson, who had a remarkably keen sense of hearing, did the listening; and Bell, who was a professional elocutionist, did the talking. And day by day the tone of the baby instrument grew clearer — a new note in the orchestra of civilization.

On his twenty-ninth birthday, Bell received his patent, No. 174,465 — "the most valuable single patent ever issued" in any country. He had created something so entirely new that there was no name for it in any of the world's languages. In describing it to the officials of the Patent Office, he was obliged to call it "an improvement in telegraphy," when, in truth, it was nothing of the kind. It was as different from the telegraph as the sign language of a deaf-mute is from the eloquence of a great orator.

Other inventors had worked from the standpoint of the telegraph; and they never did, and never could, get any better results than signs and symbols. But Bell worked from the standpoint of the human voice. He cross-fertilized the two sciences of acoustics and electricity. His study of "Visible Speech" had trained his mind so that he could mentally *see* the shape of a word as he spoke it. He knew what a spoken word was, and how it acted upon the air, or the ether, that carried its vibrations from the lips to the ear. He was a third-generation specialist in the nature of speech, and he knew that for the transmission of spoken words there must be "a pulsatory action of the electric current which is the exact equivalent of the aërial impulses."

Bell knew just enough about electricity, and not too much. He did not know the possible from the impossible. "Had I known more about electricity, and less about sound," he said, "I would never have invented the telephone." What he had done was so amazing, so foolhardy, that no trained electrician could have thought of it. It was "the very hardihood of invention," and yet it had not in any sense been a chance discovery. It was the natural output of a mind that had been led to assemble just the right materials for such a product.

As though the very stars in their courses were working for this young wizard with the talking wire, the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia opened its doors exactly two months after the telephone had learned to talk. Here was a superb opportunity to let the wide world know what had been done, and fortunately Hubbard was one of the Centennial Commissioners. By his influence a small table was placed in the Department of Education, in a narrow space between a stairway and a wall, and on this table was deposited the first of the telephones.

Bell had no intention of going to the Centennial himself. He was too poor. Sanders and Hubbard had never done more than pay his room-rent and the expense of his experiments. For his three or four years of inventing he had received nothing as yet — nothing but his patent. In order to live, he had been compelled to reorganize his classes in "Visible Speech," and to pick up the raveled ends of his neglected profession.

But one Friday afternoon, toward the end of June, his sweetheart, Mabel Hubbard, was taking the train for the Centennial; and he

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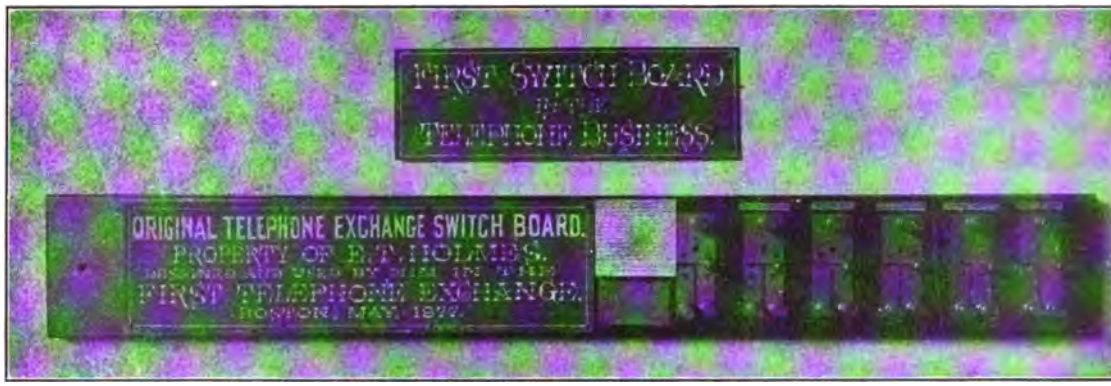

THE FIRST TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD, BOSTON, 1877

went to the depot to say good-bye. Here Miss Hubbard learned for the first time that Bell was not to go. She coaxed and pleaded, without effect. Then, as the train was starting, leaving Bell on the platform, the affectionate young girl could no longer control her feelings and was overcome by a passion of tears. At this the susceptible Bell, like a true Sir Galahad, dashed after the moving train and sprang aboard, without ticket or baggage, oblivious of his classes and his poverty and of all else except this one maiden's distress. "I never saw a man," said Watson, "so much in love as Bell was."

As it happened, this impromptu trip to the Centennial proved to be one of the most timely acts of his life. On the following Sunday afternoon the judges were to make a special

ONE-FOURTH OF THE LARGEST SWITCHBOARD IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

The Cortland Exchange, New York City, which employs 210 girls, who operate about 8,000 lines, connecting about 14,000 telephones, some of them being among the busiest in the city

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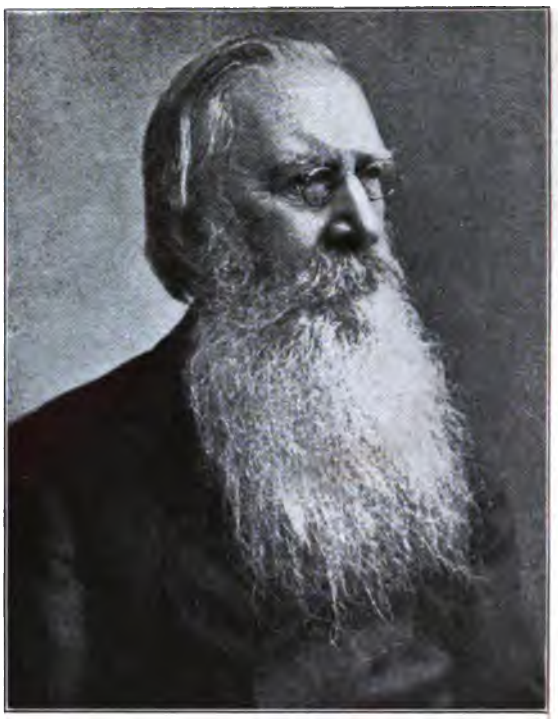
MR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL IN 1874
The year before the birth of the telephone



MR. GARDINER H. HUBBARD
Mr. Bell's father-in-law and benefactor

MR. THOMAS A. WATSON IN 1878
He was Mr. Bell's assistant for several years in the experiments that finally led to the invention of the telephone

MR. THEODORE N. VAIL IN 1878
He is now president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, commonly known as the Bell Telephone Company

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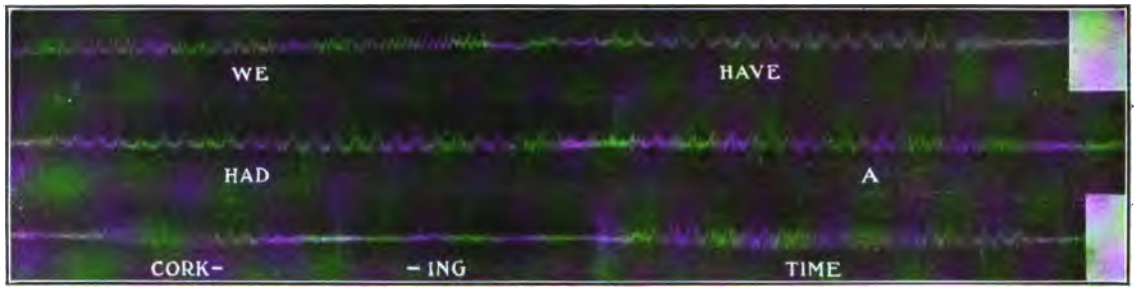


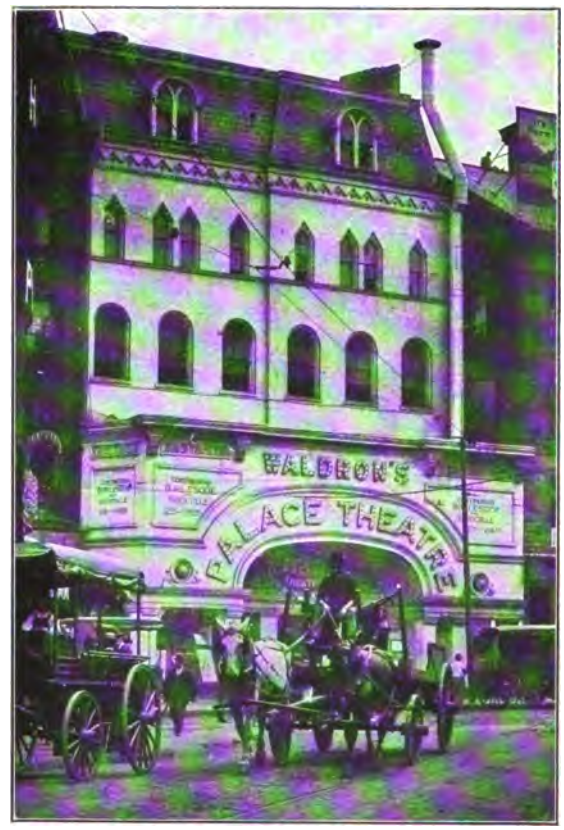
SOUND WAVES IMPINGING UPON THE DIAPHRAGM OF A TELEPHONE RECEIVER
Mr. Roosevelt's message from the Republican National Convention

tour of inspection, and Mr. Hubbard, after much trouble, had obtained a promise that they would spend a few minutes examining Bell's telephone. By this time it had been on exhibition for more than six weeks, without attracting the serious attention of anybody.

When Sunday afternoon arrived, Bell was at his little table, nervous, yet confident. But hour after hour went by, and the judges did not arrive. The day was intensely hot, and they had many wonders to examine. There was the first electric light, and the first grain-binder, and the musical telegraph of Elisha Gray, and the marvelous exhibit of printing telegraphs shown by the Western Union Company. By the time they came to Bell's table, through a litter of school-desks and blackboards, the hour was seven o'clock, and every man in the party was hot, tired, and hungry. Several announced their intention of returning to their hotels. One took up a telephone receiver, looked at it blankly, and put it down again. He did not even place it to his ear. Another judge made a slighting remark which raised a laugh at Bell's expense. Then a most marvelous thing happened — such an incident as would make a chapter in "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Accompanied by his wife, the Empress Theresa, and by a bevy of courtiers, the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro de Alcantara, walked into the room, advanced with both hands outstretched to the bewildered Bell, and exclaimed: "Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you again." The judges at once forgot the heat and the fatigue and the hunger. Who was this young inventor, with the pale complexion and black eyes, that he should be the friend of Emperors? They did not know, and for the moment even Bell himself had forgotten, that Dom Pedro had once visited Bell's class of deaf-mutes at Boston University. He was especially interested in such humanitarian work, and had recently helped to organize the first Brazilian school for deaf-mutes at Rio de Janeiro. And so, with the tall, blond-bearded Dom Pedro in the centre, the assembled judges and scientists — there were fully fifty in all — entered with unusual zest into the proceedings of this first telephone matinée.

A wire had been strung from one end of the



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE TELEPHONE
109 Court St., Boston, where Messrs. Bell and Watson had their workshop in 1875

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DR. BELL OPENING THE FIRST DIRECT TELEPHONE LINE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

room to the other, and while Bell went to the transmitter, Dom Pedro took up the receiver and placed it to his ear. It was a moment of tense expectancy. No one knew clearly what was about to happen, when the Emperor, with a dramatic gesture, raised his head from the receiver and exclaimed with a look of utter amazement: "*My God — it talks!*"

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Next came to the receiver the oldest scientist in the group, the venerable Joseph Henry, whose encouragement to Bell had been so timely. He stopped to listen, and, as one of the bystanders afterward said, no one could forget the look of awe that came into his face as he heard that iron disc talking with a human voice. "This," said he, "comes nearer to overthrowing the doctrine of the conservation of energy than anything I ever saw."

Then came Sir William Thomson, latterly known as Lord Kelvin. It was fitting that he should have been there, for he was the foremost electrical scientist at that time in the world, and had been the engineer of the first Atlantic Cable. He listened and learned what even he had not known before — that a solid metallic body could take up from the air all the countless varieties of vibrations produced by speech, and that these vibrations could be carried along a wire and reproduced exactly by a second metallic body. He nodded his head solemnly as he rose from the receiver. "It *does* speak," he said emphatically. "It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America."

So, one after another, this notable company of men listened to the voice of the first telephone, and the more they knew of science, the less they were inclined to believe their ears. The wiser they were, the more they wondered. To Henry and Thomson, the masters of electrical magic, this instrument was as surprising as it was to the man in the street. And

THE FIRST TELEPHONE "CENTRAL"

A connection of banks and business firms was made here (342 Washing Street, Boston) in 1877, before a telegraph company had been organized. The exchange was on the top floor

TELEPHONE BOOTHS ON THE FLOOR OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

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THE SUMMER OFFICE OF THE GENERAL MANAGER OF TWENTY-FIVE FACTORIES, WHO CONDUCTED HIS BUSINESS BY 'PHONE DURING HIS VACATION

THE OUTFIT OF A SHEEP HERDER IN MONTANA. THE USUAL METHOD, IN TREELESS DISTRICTS, IS TO MAKE USE OF THE TOP STRAND OF A BARBED-WIRE FENCE

A LADY OF PORTLAND, ME., WHO HAD A TELEPHONE INSTALLED AFTER SHE HAD PASSED HER 96TH BIRTHDAY AND COULD NO LONGER VISIT HER FRIENDS

A FOREST RANGER OF THE GOVERNMENT AND HIS EMERGENCY TELEPHONE — OF GREAT SERVICE IN THE WEST WHEN A FOREST FIRE BREAKS OUT

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THE MODERN USE OF THE TELEPHONE IN A RESTAURANT

TELEPHONING WHILE TRAVELLING IN A PULLMAN CAR

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MR. THEODORE N. VAIL, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY, IN HIS OFFICE

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both were noble enough to admit frankly their astonishment in the reports which they made as judges, when they gave Bell a Certificate of Award. "Mr. Bell has achieved a result of transcendent scientific interest," wrote Sir William Thomson. "I heard it speak distinctly several sentences. . . . I was by judges and scientists. Sir William Thomson and his wife ran back and forth between the two ends of the wire like a pair of delighted children. And thus it happened that the crude little instrument that had been tossed into an out-of-the-way corner became the star of the Centennial. It had been given no more than

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHINESE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN 1897

astonished and delighted. . . . It is the greatest marvel hitherto achieved by the electric telegraph."

Until nearly ten o'clock that night the judges talked and listened by turns at the telephone. Then, next morning, they brought the apparatus to the judges' pavilion, where for the remainder of the summer it was mobbed eighteen words in the official catalogue, and here it was acclaimed as the wonder of wonders. It had been conceived in a cellar and born in a machine-shop; and now, of all the gifts that our young American Republic had received on its one-hundredth birthday, the telephone had been honored as the rarest and most welcome of them all.

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A CARRARA BOX BY MR. VEDDER

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN PAINTER

III

NEW YORK IN WAR TIME

BY

ELIHU VEDDER

I KNOW that the backings and fillings in these Reminiscences must be very annoying to my reader, but they cannot annoy him so much as they do me; for they are nothing but gropings, on my part, in the dark of a memory which refuses to give up its secrets. But, confound it! What is one to do when he has to tell of events which must have shaped the future of a long life?

In the time of the Commune in Paris, a poor woman, on the verge of starvation, saved her life by sacrificing her pet dog. As she was

MR. VEDDER'S VILLA (the one with the tower) AT CAPRI
Overlooking the Mediterranean on one side and the Bay of Naples on the other

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mournfully assuaging the pangs of hunger on the remains, she remarked sadly: "Poor Fido — how he would have enjoyed these bones!" And that is the way I feel while writing these Reminiscences; they were primarily written for those who can now no longer enjoy them.

The four years which I spent abroad were spent by those who remained at home in making friends and reputation; I returned to the scene without either. To be sure, there was Kate Field, a most loyal friend, a host in

A SILVER AMULET MADE BY YOUNG VEDDER IN CUBA BEFORE GOING TO EUROPE

herself; through her and her good aunt Corda the doors of society were thrown open.

Of course, I first sought Ben and went to live with him in Hoboken. I don't know how it is now, but then it was far from being a promising field for an artist, and so I had to try my luck in the city. Through the kindness of his father I was given a large room in the old house where he had his offices — 48 Beekman Street. At Ben's in Hoboken, up on the heights, it was very pleasant after all; I shall never forget the grand view over the river, and the great city opposite, and the palace-like

A BRONZE BY MR. VEDDER

steamboats on a bright morning, on their way to Albany, when the notes of the calliopes came softened by the distance, as they played such beautiful airs as — "Pop Goes the Weasel!" And then there were some charming girls opposite who helped materially to brighten my somewhat darkened prospects. Ah, the girls! How good they were, and how one girl saved me from another all through the troublous period of the war, so that I was able to flee away at its conclusion without having spoken that hasty word which might have

A HEAD IN BRONZE

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DESIGN FOR THE DEDICATION PAGE OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM BOOK

led to much unhappiness and a leisurely repentance.

Forty-eight Beekman Street had once been a Colonial mansion, and the room where I worked and slept might have served for one of the innumerable dining-rooms of General Washington. It contained a fine mantelpiece and nothing else except one table, two chairs,

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one mattress and a pillow, three sheets, and a blanket. A small trunk served as nightstand on which stood one bottle serving as a candlestick, and one glass mug. The Boys, when they came, sat on the chairs, the table, the trunk, or stretched themselves luxuriously on the mattress — for they were many; and there you have my surroundings. And I made my living. Sometimes I earned a good deal of money; sometimes next to nothing.

A HYGROMETER MADE IN ROME AND PRESENTED TO MR. W. H. HARRIMAN

It was there that I conceived "The Fisherman" and "The Genii," "The Roc's Egg," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "The Lost Mind," "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," etc. — but I could not carry out the ideas. Poverty has its defects. It leaves something to be desired, such as good clothes, good food, a studio, paints, canvas, and frames. When I was supplied with these things I painted my

A SILVER-WEDDING CUP MADE FOR MR. AND MRS. W. H. HARRIMAN

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AN UNPUBLISHED OMAR KHAYYAM DRAWING

Made for the dinner of the Omar Club, London, March 23, 1899. Mr. Vedder's genius has probably been brought to the attention of more people by his Omar illustrations than by any other single achievement — and Omar also is better known thereby

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pictures, was noticed, sold them, and have never been in absolute want since.

It was in this bare room, kneeling at the window one night, that I made my great prayer — almost the last. I only asked for guidance, not for anything else, and it was an honest prayer. The only answer was — the brick walls and iron shutters. Long after, I did indeed make one more prayer in my deepest distress; but that was for another— an innocent life; but it was found that the great laws could not be disturbed for such a small matter, in fact, were not disturbed in the least — and I have never prayed since. Lack of faith, perhaps? Perhaps.

And I made a living. Looking back, I hardly know how I managed it, but I did. At first, I tried to draw for *Vanity Fair;* Idea, $.50; Idea with suggestive sketch, $1.50; drawn on block, $5. But I found that my training, such as it was, was too serious for the touch-and-go style then in vogue. I never aspired to draw cartoons or full-page illustrations; the two Stevens brothers who ran the paper reserved these for themselves.

Then came the period of comic valentines for the MacG. These were horrible things, but, drawn on graphotype blocks, were cheap enough to suit the publisher. The funny thing about it was that he insisted on my making the verses — poetry, he called it — as well. He said: "You artists can make anything but money." Here I called on the Boys and we set to work writing them and had great fun, for we instilled all our stories and personal jokes into these things.

AN OMAR KHAYYAM VASE

A FOUNTAIN SOLD TO MR. LOUIS TIFFANY

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THE EVOLUTION OF JANE JACKSON INTO "THE CUMÆAN SIBYL"

All passed undetected by the good publisher, who thought them fine.

And then a rosy-gilled, prosperous calisthenic man gave me much work in the way of illustrating a book that he was getting up, the drawings consisting of figures showing the action by dotted lines until they looked like multitudinously armed Indian gods. This was the period of the wooden dumb-bell; we had not arrived at the period of breathing deeply or chewing slowly. This person would go through his exercises, whistling "Yankee

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"LAZARUS"

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Doodle," and looking the while like a great ape, and I used to pretend not to catch the idea until he was in a raging perspiration, thus making him take his own medicine.

Then Kate Field's uncle bought several little pictures that I had brought with me from Florence. But that did not help matters; it was only a stop-gap, and the trouble went on.

Serious book-illustrations were unknown in the beginning of that short period, at least with us, but were established before it was through. It commenced about the time that I made those now-forgotten illustrations for "Enoch Arden." I escaped all these dangers and got back to my painting. Now, of course, illustration ranks with the best work done. Yet it will be noticed that all illustrators long to paint, and do so as soon as they can break away. There are some great fellows who do both; no need of my troubling about them; they can take care of themselves.

I joined the Athenæum Club; I joined it to have some place to stay away from, being so homeless. There I saw that ruined tower, as he called himself, N. P. Willis. He had very small feet, of which he was duly conscious, and three curls "right down in the middle of his forrid." He was one of the greatest of smaller men.

But what earthly use is there in making a list of names of persons who are now mostly —only names? Besides, I was too near, saw too many defects. But I found out one thing — that the world is not made up of the very good or very bad, but of the great average crowd, of the neither all-good nor all-bad.

There was a man, an inventor, and his name was Larch. In making an invention and getting out a patent he was not concerned one little bit whether it would work or not; his aim was to sell the patent. He conceived a machine in which water falling on revolving screens was cooled by its rapid evaporation. Now the Boys insisted that this did not take place; that the water grew warmer the more you turned the handle; and so they christened it "the egg-boiler." Larch made another — a formidable machine which he set up in the back yard of his house. It reached to the second floor and was made of sheet-iron. This he filled with beans carried up by an endless chain to the top, from whence they fell with a fearful clatter. He called it "a grain elevator," but was indicted for keeping a nuisance and had to give up working it. This the Boys called "Larch's Sheriff-Escape."

Now my friend Hitchie was an engraver and used visiting-cards which he moistened and rubbed on his box-wood blocks to give a surface which would catch the pencil; otherwise they were too smooth. Seeing that where the ink had hardened the chalky surface of the cards, the words remained in relief after the chalk had been washed and rubbed away, he remarked to Larch: "This is my idea of a process of engraving in relief." Larch's eyes glittered. "Give me that card," and off he went. A few days after he burst in, with a large piece of chalk in his hand, crying out: "I've got it! I've got it!" — and, indeed, he had; but it was only the germ. It caused us no end of anxiety and excitement and hope before the sickly plant put in an appearance. Larch had, indeed, found it. The lump of chalk was covered with writing in black ink; producing from his pocket a toothbrush, Larch rubbed the chalk vigorously, and lo! — all the written characters stood out in bold relief. "Now," said he, "take a flat plate of this chalk: draw on it what you please with this liquid that I have discovered, which hardens the chalk; then, when all the drawing is in relief, harden the entire block — cast it — stereotype it — and there you have your plate ready for printing." In his eyes it was a most beautiful thing — to sell.

It would be heart-rending to tell of all our failures. When by means of hydraulic pressure the plates of chalk were made hard enough to write on, the chalk would not brush away; when soft enough to brush, the drawing went also. It was then that I stepped in, and suggested that a brush should be used instead of a pen. We were thus enabled to draw on chalk soft enough to brush away and yet leave the drawing. This limp plant of an invention then began to stand up without assistance and without being watered constantly by wilful falsification or something resembling it. All this has now been long sunk in the dark sea beyond the Garden of Memory, from whose depths few things are rescued — the Sea of Oblivion.

But why do I distinguish Larch as an inventor? We were all inventors, and all were trying to invent something which would make us suddenly rich. It had to be sudden, for the need of money was very pressing. Ben's father was rich, and while he was disposed to set up Ben's

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brothers in business, for which they showed a great inclination, he was parsimonious toward Ben, who was trying to be a designer. When Ben made his appearance in the old man's office, it was always — "Now, Ben, I know just what you are after — money, always money. I wish I was in Patagonia or Tierra del Fuego!" Yet Ben always got the money.

But he never got enough; and so he also took to inventing, striving to make something that would pay. And this he finally did: but before that, he came out with a scheme which provoked roars of laughter. It was to provide a tugboat with a long boom, to the end of which a torpedo should be attached; going up to the enemy's vessel, the boom would be run out, the torpedo exploded, and the enemy sunk. We all thought this a most stupendous joke; and yet, before the War was over, Lieutenant Cushing blew up the Confederate *Albemarle* with just such an invention.

But Ben hit it off finally. He invented a film to be used in process-engraving, a thing indispensable in some forms of printing, and by this time he has made a fortune. A short time ago I asked a publisher who was here on a visit if he knew Ben. He said: "I should think so; he costs us thousands of dollars for that film of his."

My friend Hitchie, the engraver and illustrator, was short, stout, rosy, and had the most winning ways I ever saw. No one could be angry with Hitchie; he was a true pilgrim from the Blarney stone. His good nature was so contagious that I have known him to quit me in Broadway and steal up behind one of the most formidable of the Broadway Squad, insinuate his arm under that of the policeman, and, thus accompanied, reach the other side, where the officer of the law would pat him on the shoulder and bid him a most smiling farewell.

In the evenings, when the gas was lit in the streets and we were returning to Hoboken, mighty merry — he would stoop, seize the edge of a mat in front of a shop door, and drag it gravely behind him for half a block. Nothing daunted him, and there was a tradition that he got away with a keg of herrings almost under the grocer's nose.

This I did not see, but I saw him do a thing which filled me with dismay. He begged me to stop a moment at a furniture dealer's not far from my lodgings. At the entrance was a little étagère prettily fitted out with silver-gilt pitcher, bottles, and goblets. In the most casual way he selected a goblet, and as the dealer came forward, actually stowed it away ostentatiously in his coat-tail pocket, under the man's very nose, conversing affably the while about his trouble in getting just the right bed for a certain room in his house. I looked at my watch, told Hitchie that I should miss my train if I did not hurry, and rushed out of the shop, filled with fear and anxiety. Late the next day a messenger brought me a neat packet; in it, beautifully polished, was the goblet with this engraved by the not-unskilful hand of my friend: "To V., with the best love of D. C. H." Alas! it has disappeared — but not the memory of that kind-hearted rogue. On one of my returns home with a venture of pictures, I exhibited them in rooms which I had taken in Union Square. Hitchie had been ill and unsuccessful; he was getting a little better, but was not the Hitchie of the old days. The delight of seeing me, the pleasure of helping me hang my pictures, seemed to make another man of him. One day, just as he was leaving the house, to come to me, he was struck down. The poor old boy — for he was always a boy — seemed sleeping; perhaps it was better so. The tears shed at that funeral came from the heart.

My good stepbrother had found rooms for me on the corner of Bond Street and Broadway, and therefore near Phaff's. As every question started in the studio ended with "Let's go over to Phaff's," I became one of the Phaff crowd of Bohemians. Phaff's was situated in the basement, and the room under the sidewalk was the den where writers and artists — the latter mostly drawers on wood, but not drinkers of water — met. There I saw Walt Whitman; he had not become famous yet, and I then regarded many of the Boys as his superiors, as they did themselves. I really believe Phaff himself loved the Boys.

I must have been maturing slowly — very slowly — and pranks continued to be the order of the day. Late one night Josephus, and it may have been Hitchie, made me get up and let them in. After indicating the tobacco and the bottle, I retired to my little bedroom, begging them to let me sleep in peace. They were gone when I awoke in the morning, and had shut the door, although there was nothing to steal. But they had left much for me to contemplate. Hanging from the gas-fixture in the middle of the room was a large coil of new rope,

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with a fine slip-noose at the end. On the burners were two tin hats and a large bill-of-fare from some eating-house. Below was a milk-can, with the owner's name in copper letters, and around its neck a necklace of brass door-knobs, bell-pulls, and knockers. It took me a week to get rid of the results of their midnight foray. Night after night I would shy the smaller objects up and down the street from my window; the tin hats made a fine rumpus; the signs were burned; and the Irish care-taker was very grateful for the milk-can, so good to keep bread in, and for the rope, which she used as a clothes-line. I did not like this lark at all, especially as I had been left out; but — dear me! How differently I look on such things now, especially from the standpoint of the householder. And yet, I was then engaged on the picture afterwards known as "The Questioner of the Sphinx."

It must not be thought that I was always frivolous during this period, because I recount so many frivolous incidents. A character in Dickens remarks that "when a man's affairs are at the lowest ebb, he has a strange temptation, which he does not resist, to indulge in oysters." And then there is the thinly clad man who says that "the weather is cold about the legs this morning." Well, we ate many oysters and the weather was cold about the legs at times, and we always felt that any moment might be "our next."

The theatres were never so full as during the War. And it was then that this strange tendency in human nature was developed. Yet, during it all, I never wavered in my hope of our ultimate success or in my loyalty to the nation. I had the honor of voting for Lincoln, and paid my tribute of honest tears when that much-loved man was slain.

All was not beer and skittles, particularly during my Bond Street period, for then occurred the "Draft Riots," and things looked pretty dark. I had already been shot once in my youth and could not have carried a gun a block in my left hand; the family consisted of two, and half of it was in the Navy at Hampton Roads; and the sight of the Irish corporals ordering men about in the Park was not encouraging. However, my name was down and I stood my chance with the others in the draft.

All people who went into the army were not John Browns. A friend of mine was going to school at this time; meeting a boy friend in the street, he was asked: "Well, what shall we do about this thing?" He answered: "I don't know: let's enlist." They did, and he became a Libby Prison man, one of those who tunnelled their way out and was recaptured, and has been more or less of an invalid ever since. This he told me only the other day, adding that if he had known that they were going to free the Negroes, he would not have gone.

Then my friend Coleman came back. He had been shot somewhere near the left corner of his mouth, the ball coming out of his neck under the ear; he suffered no end of pain from pieces of jaw-bone coming out down on the neck. Another friend, George Butler, lost his left arm at Gettysburg, and ever afterward made a fine martial figure with his empty sleeve. Ned Forbes, who had been deprived of the use of his left arm from youth, went in as a special artist and war-correspondent; he managed to see everything and leave a series of drawings of the utmost historical value. Then there was A. Ward and his brother, special artist at the front. Those were the times when we made drawings of battles (before they had taken place) for Frank Leslie — "old man Carter," as he was called. Longing eyes were cast on me by the newspaper people, but I said nay, and am glad that I did.

From the roof of the corner of Bond Street, I saw a surging mass of rioters coming down Broadway. Below was a solid body of police. An American flag made its appearance from a shop door and was passed from hand to hand until it reached the front rank, and the black mass of policemen swept on. The two masses — the orderly, and the drunk and disorderly — met opposite the old La Farge House, and there came a sound as of chopping wood — the meeting of clubs and skulls. The riotous crowd seemed to melt away; coming back were limp figures supported on either side by policemen, with arms hanging out like the flippers of turtles, and the blood from the broken heads running down and collecting around the collars. The rioters had been burning a Negro orphan asylum, and its inmates, and hanging Negroes to lamp-posts and burning them.

FIRST FAINT GLIMMER OF FAME

Let my friends have patience with me while I play this affectation of Vanity. Just listen: Each year for three years I sent a picture to the Academy. On the first — "The

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Questioner of the Sphinx" — Ned Mullein perpetrated an outrageous play upon words; the second — "The Lost Mind" — was called by the Boys "The Idiot and the Bath-towel"; in fact, the drapery was a little thick about the neck. The third — "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent" — was simply "The Big Eel." I have seen it seriously stated that I painted it from a dead eel!

Those were the days of dear Artemus Ward. Of course, all the Boys were his friends and attended his lectures in full force. His lecture on "The Babes in the Wood" was given at the time the "Sea-Serpent" was on exhibition. The "Babes" were mentioned only on the bill; he never once alluded to them in the lecture. That was his joke, and so he brought in every thing else except the Babes — and so, he brought in the Sea-Serpent by V. I am real sorry I cannot tell how "The Big Eel" wriggled in, but the point is that then I felt what Fame was, for the first time; for, apart from the applause of the Boys, there was a laugh of recognition from, perhaps, three persons in the audience. They had seen the picture; they knew who I was; they, the Public! This, I thought, was doing pretty well; New York was a big city, even then, and what was one Eel among so many?

This first glimmer of Fame soon wore off, and I have never been proud since. Artemus was most sympathetic. He looked so frail and delicate that he gave an impression of one doomed to die young. There was something comically pathetic as he patiently waited for the audience to catch on to his jokes; no wonder, for it was often a case of pearls. It was to him the man said after a lecture: "I say, it was just as much as I could do to keep from laffin right out two or three times."

THE EVOLUTION OF JANE JACKSON

One time I had my studio in the old Gibson building on Broadway. I used to pass frequently a near corner, where an old Negro woman sold peanuts. Her meekly bowed head and a look of patient endurance and resignation touched my heart and we became friends.

She had been a slave down South, and had at that time a son — a fine, tall fellow, she said — in the Union Army. I finally persuaded her to sit to me and made a drawing of her head and also had her photograph taken. Having been elected associate of the National Academy, according to custom I had to send in a painting to belong to the permanent collection, so I sent in this study of her head and called it simply by her name, "Jane Jackson." I went on, and I found myself in a mood. As I always try to embody my moods in some picture, this mood found its resting-place in the picture of the Cumæa Sibyl. Thus this bee from my bonnet was finally preserved in amber varnish — and thus Jane Jackson became the Cumæan Sibyl.

The story of the Sibyl is well known, having been translated from Latin into English, but the story of the embodied mood has not been translated. In plain English it meant: If you don't buy my pictures now when they are cheap, you will have to pay dearer for them later on. Thus far the prediction has turned out true.

I received for "The Lair of the Sea Serpent" $300, greenbacks, equivalent to $150 now (but then it seemed to me $1,000). I should get more for a similar picture now, but I haven't the slightest doubt but what they will again be cheap enough. It has happened to many a tall fellow before this — and will happen again.

On the day after the taking of Richmond, the whole city went mad. People sang, danced, hurrahed, and got drunk. The long strain was over, and we breathed freely again. We — that is, the Boys and myself, for we were always together — met an old gentleman who said: "I never was drunk in my life before, but I am now, and *I glory in it!* Let us all take a drink!"

Well, we kept the ball rolling all that day, and I passed through many stages. The Boys were fond of recalling how I, in the bellicose stage, bade them all stand back four paces so that I could show them what I could do. Lastly I became sentimental and lachrymose, and begged them to hold up the flag — and the last thing I heard that night was a voice frantically imploring them to "Hold up the Flag!" This, for me, ended the day of the taking of Richmond, but I was not proud of it.

The war being over, tired out with the exciting life I had led and its many complications, a great longing for Europe came over me; and so, packing my belongings, with a woefully small amount of money, but with hopes high burning, I again left my native land — on my second Hegira, or flight to Europe.

[*These instalments of Mr. Vedder's "Reminiscences" will be concluded in the next issue.*]

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A COURT THAT DOES ITS JOB

HOW THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO HAS MET "THE GREATEST NEED IN OUR AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS"

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

THERE is no subject upon which I feel so deeply as upon the necessity for reform in the administration of both civil and criminal law.

"To sum it all up in one phrase, the difficulty in both is undue delay.

It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice.

"But reform in our criminal procedure is not the only reform that we ought to have in our courts. On the civil side of the courts there is undue delay, and this always works for the benefit of the man with the longest purse. What the poor man needs is a prompt decision of his case, and by limiting the appeals in cases involving small amounts of money so that there shall be a final decision in the lower court, an opportunity is given to the poor litigant to secure a judgment in time to enjoy it, and not after he has exhausted all his resources in litigating to the Supreme Court.

"Of all the questions that are before the American people, I regard no one as more important than this, to wit: The improvement of the administration of justice. We must make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an opportunity in litigating as the rich man, and under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, this is not the fact."—Extracts from President Taft's Address at Chicago, September 16, 1909.

"In my judgment, a change in judicial procedure, with a view to reducing its expense to private litigants in civil cases and facilitating the dispatch of business and final decision in both civil and criminal cases, constitutes the greatest need in our American institutions."—From President Taft's Annual Message to Congress.

MRS. LILLIAN WYETH, of Rochester, New York, with a baby, two satchels, and a dress-suit case, arrived at the Rock Island station in the city of Chicago at eight o'clock in the morning, en route for Lincoln, Nebraska. She set down her baggage at the door of the lunch-room and took her place at the counter to have her breakfast. A few minutes later, looking for her satchels, she found them gone. She made a vain search for them, and then, because all the baby's clothes were in the satchels, started out to buy other baby-clothes and a bag to put them in.

Mrs. Wyeth noticed a pawnshop on Clark Street near the station, where she thought she might buy an inexpensive satchel, and entered it. She was in the act of negotiating a purchase when a man walked into the shop carrying three bags, which she at once recognized as her own. She called for help, and an officer arrested the thief. He was taken forthwith to the Harrison Street branch of the Chicago Municipal Court, where he arrived at eleven o'clock. He was immediately arraigned before Judge Gemmill, the trial was had, and the defendant sentenced to a year in the House of Correction. At twelve o'clock Mrs. Wyeth was able to see the prisoner put into the jail 'bus, after which she had luncheon and, with her recovered property, at two o'clock boarded the regular train for her destination.

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In the Civil Branch of the Chicago Municipal Court, Emily Galindo brought a suit for $1,000 against the S. Lederer Company, charging assault and false imprisonment. The date was February 6th. The writ was returnable on February 11th. On February 11th, the earliest date possible under the law, the case was tried by Judge Goodnow and a jury, and a verdict for the plaintiff for $200 was rendered on that day.

This article is a story of a court which has found out how a law-breaker may be sentenced the very day his offense is committed, and how a civil suit may be brought at an expense of $2 and judgment had on the return of the summons five days later. The Municipal Court of Chicago is daily doing for those who seek its aid what it did for Mrs. Wyeth and Emily Galindo.

It is the story of how a new idea has guaranteed to the inhabitants of the second largest city in the Union swift justice — the sort of justice the general lack of which President Taft is repeatedly declaring constitutes the greatest reproach on American institutions. The new idea is: the application to the business of administering justice of one or two simple business principles long ago acknowledged by everybody — except judges.

It would be a good story, told with attention to any one of half a dozen of its other aspects. You might tell it as the romance of the evolution of the old-fashioned justice of the peace — the glorification of the citizen-magistrate, familiar to every American town, who used to hold "peanut-court" in his shabby office, or administer wayside justice to all and sundry from his tilted chair in front of the "City Hotel." He has now become an authority sitting in daily judgment in cases involving millions. You may tell it as the narrative of a remarkable result growing out of the mutual jealousy of municipality and county when a Western village grew into a metropolis. You may speak of it as the birth of the most promising agency for the delivery of American cities from the terrorism of corrupt police gangs. You may describe it as a movement which promises to restore the entire judiciary of the nation to its original position as one of the three co-equal branches into which the powers of government were divided by the Constitution. However you tell it, you have a narrative of not merely striking interest, of curious interest, but of far-reaching importance.

THE "J. P." GLORIFIED

The Municipal Court of Chicago was created three years ago by a statute which but faintly outlined the unique and powerful institution that has sprung out of it. Up to 1906, fifty justices of the peace and one hundred constables handled Chicago's minor criminal and civil affairs. The justices having criminal cases were designated by the mayor at the suggestion of aldermen. The constables were often men of no character, or bad character. Some of them were common criminals. They extorted money; they shot citizens during the making of levies. They made false returns. Many times defendants did not know that they had been sued until the constable arrived with an execution. The justices were often the creatures of corrupt ward politicians. So were the bailiffs; so were the clerks of the court. The state courts in Cook County were from two to five years behind in their calendars.

In 1905 the Commission charged with the framing of a new charter for the city of Chicago took up the situation. Chicago is still without a new charter, but this one reform desired by the charter revisionists has been made possible by a constitutional amendment. This abolished the office of justice of the peace within the city limits and permitted the city to create municipal courts, with jurisdiction and practice in criminal and civil courts, such as the Legislature might prescribe, within the city limits. A bill was drafted by a committee of five; it was passed without serious opposition, and in 1906 became operative.

Under it, Chicago has a City Court, consisting of a chief-justice and, at present, twenty-seven associate judges. The court has a chief bailiff and 115 deputy bailiffs, a chief clerk, and 120 deputy clerks. In addition, every policeman in the city is, *ex-officio*, a deputy bailiff, as is also the sheriff and every deputy sheriff of Cook County. The court was primarily constituted for the purpose of supplanting the justice of the peace régime, but, owing to the over-crowded calendars of the state courts, it was given extensive jurisdiction in both civil and criminal cases, in order to facilitate the dispatch of legal business.

The first bench is composed of a singularly able body of judges, among them three or four who have been considered (and one who has

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barely escaped being chosen) for the Federal bench. No one can say how much the evolution which has issued in the institution to be found in Chicago to-day has been due to the personality of the first chief-justice — Mr. Harry Olson, a genius in administration, a judge of marked ability, a vigorous asserter of rights confided to him — a judicial Cromwell who might have been born to erect and maintain against opposition such a widely empowered court as he presides over.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE A "BUSINESS"

This court is, in a sense in which no other existing bench parallels it, a corporate body with singular and great powers. Its members have full authority, each in his own branch — fuller authority, in fact, than any other trial judges — but they work together, systematically, and — the chief point is — under a system (which they have themselves created) of practical direction. Eighteen of them hold their sessions in one building, but the full bench is required to meet at least once a month to consult and transact the Court's business.

The Chicago Municipal Court is, in fact, *an institution of justice organized on modern business lines — a well-systematized shop, so to speak, where no man waits for work to do while work waits for a man to do it; where the labors of all are directed by constant watchful superintendence, and a mighty volume of work can be transacted without loss of time or energy.* The note of business-like economy, efficiency, and speed is the one which will, perhaps, first impress those who learn of this institution.

How is this efficiency secured? Not to go at this point into the legal niceties of the matter, it may be said that the peculiarities of this court are the following:

First: *It has authority to make its own rules of practice and procedure.* We shall see presently what that privilege means.

Second: *It is given, in the person of the chief-justice, an administrative officer charged with unusual duties tending to unify the power of the court.* He is, undoubtedly, the most powerful judge on any *nisi prius* bench in the country.

Let us first consider his position:

A "BUSINESS MANAGER" OF JUDGES

The chief-justice is elected to this office particularly, as the associate judges are to theirs, but he exercises special authority as the executive officer of the court. No other existing court has such an officer. He presides at the meetings of the judges; he may summon meetings; he executes the mandates of the body of judges. In his hands is the management of financial and other business of the court. He is by law made superintendent of its business. Above all, he has charge of the movement of its calendar, the assignment of judges, and the handling of jurors.

Last year the court heard and passed on 78,371 criminal and quasi-criminal cases and 48,490 civil cases. Of these, 2,465 were tried by jury. The chief-justice assigned these cases each to its time and its place of trial, assigned to each of them its judge and its jurors. As a matter of fact, he had his clerks arrange the calendar and assign the jurors by mechanical methods which could show no favoritism. The point is that the cases were managed — that is to say, that they could be and were so arranged for trial that no time was lost. To each judge, each morning, was assigned a certain number of cases. In the course of the day, a judge might find that he was through with his docket. He didn't adjourn. He reported to the chief-justice's clerk that his call was exhausted, and cases were immediately withdrawn from other judges who had been able to work less rapidly, or from the calendar. Last year an average of twenty-five cases per day were thus transferred.

In the same way, jurors are so employed that their full time is used. Under the old system, each judge sitting with a jury kept twenty-four or thirty-six jurors in his court, one or two sets being idle, if they were not locked up considering a case, while the third was hearing a case. Under the Chicago Municipal Court plan, each jury judge is provided with a jury as he needs it, from a general assignment room, where one set of jurors for each jury judge, together with five or six extra sets, are kept on call. On discharge, each jury returns to the general assignment room and is ready to go out to any other court room when needed. The economy of time and expense is evident. Under the system where each judge secures jurors for his own use, statistics in Chicago show that the average cost for jurors per annum for each judge was $9,660.40. In the Municipal Court it was $6,879.35 per judge. The saving, therefore, has been eleven times $2,781.05, or about $30,000 per annum — enough to pay the salary of five judges.

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Under the system where the judges fix the number of deputy clerks and bailiffs, there is no army of useless deputies and constables, such as waylay the seeker of justice in other cities. There are no fees going. Under strict superintendence, the court assistants are a body of polite, ready, informed, efficient men.

Once, in the first months of the court's history, some of the clerks thought salaries were not what they ought to be; so they organized a "Clerk's Republican Club." (Twenty-seven of the twenty-eight judges were Republicans.) The chief-justice sent for the chief deputy clerk and asked him for the names of those who belonged to the organization. The chief clerk wanted to know what was the trouble, and Mr. Harry Olson replied that he was going to ask the judges to discharge them all at four o'clock.

"Oh," said the chief clerk, "what's the matter?"

The chief-justice said: "I understand you are organized to discipline the various judges as they come up for office, because they have not voted you enough men and money. I understand that is the object of the organization."

"Oh, no!" the clerk exclaimed; "that is not the purpose of it."

The chief-justice continued: "I want the list. I want it before four o'clock."

"There is an easier way than that," said the discomfited employee. "It would be easier to disband."

"Can you disband before four o'clock?"

"Yes."

Before four they had disbanded. They have never organized since.

A NEW TERROR FOR CORRUPT POLICE

Most important is the particular that the city police are *ex-officio* bailiffs of the Municipal Court, and, while acting as such, are responsible to it. No single measure ever gave such hope of salvation from a corrupt police. The minute a police officer makes an arrest, or the police desk-sergeant takes pen in hand to commit or take bail for an offender, he becomes an officer of the Municipal Court, and subject to it. The minute that an inspector or the chief receives a bunch of warrants to give out, or a patrolman receives one or two to serve, he comes under the jurisdiction of the Court. If any of them, from men in the ranks up to chief, is guilty of dereliction, or even misbehaves himself, he is liable to punishment by the Court.

Is any one so lacking in imagination as to require to be told what possibilities lie here?

There would be many a picturesque passage if a chapter of the history of the Chicago Municipal Court should be devoted to the progressive instruction by which Chief-Justice Olson gave the police officials to understand where the new law left them. In old days, the handling of warrants was one of the chief sources of police graft. An inspector or a captain held them up by the hundred, either permanently, or until he had tipped off the offender. The patrolmen served or failed to serve them at their own sweet will. The return of a warrant was uncertain. The policeman would lose it, or leave it at home. When he did return it, it would be endorsed with a scrawl "Not found," or something of the sort, and that was the end of it.

To-day, by a general order of the Municipal Court, every warrant is carefully followed through the hands of every officer who touches it. The policeman who fails to serve it must write on it the reason of his failure, and sign his name. His name and star-number are recorded by the clerk of the court when the warrant is received by the police officer.

Little by little, the political powers, their "heelers" and grafters, learned that they would have to bark up another tree — or, rather, that it was no good barking at all.

In this connection may be told the story of the astonishing case of a mighty man and his humiliation. A year ago, Alderman John J. Coughlin, who is otherwise known to fame as "Bathhouse John," and who has always shared with "Hinky Dink" (Alderman Kenna) the absolute control of the Harrison Street police station, was arrested for breaking a newspaper man's camera at the Grand First Ward Democratic Ball — a dissolute orgy given annually to collect tribute from the disorderly people. Coughlin was put on trial at the Harrison Street station. His followers expected the great leader to be dismissed in triumph without a trial. But times had changed. Two able and fearless judges of the Municipal Court — Judges Gemmill and Dicker — were sitting at the Harrison Street station then. "Bathhouse John" confessed that he had no "pull" with them — he demanded a jury trial. In former days, jurors would have been picked up at "Hinky Dink's" "Workingmen's Exchange" — a bunch of blear-eyed bums who would acquit the leader and hang the complainant

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if that were suggested to them. This time the crowd saw the jury come from the big court house on Michigan Avenue — men who might have been residents of Evanston or Oak Park, detailed by the chief-justice from the of the sort that has made Chicago a city of unrebuked corruption and crime.

When Chief-Justice Olson last February testified before a New York State Commission, inquiring into criminal courts, it was this

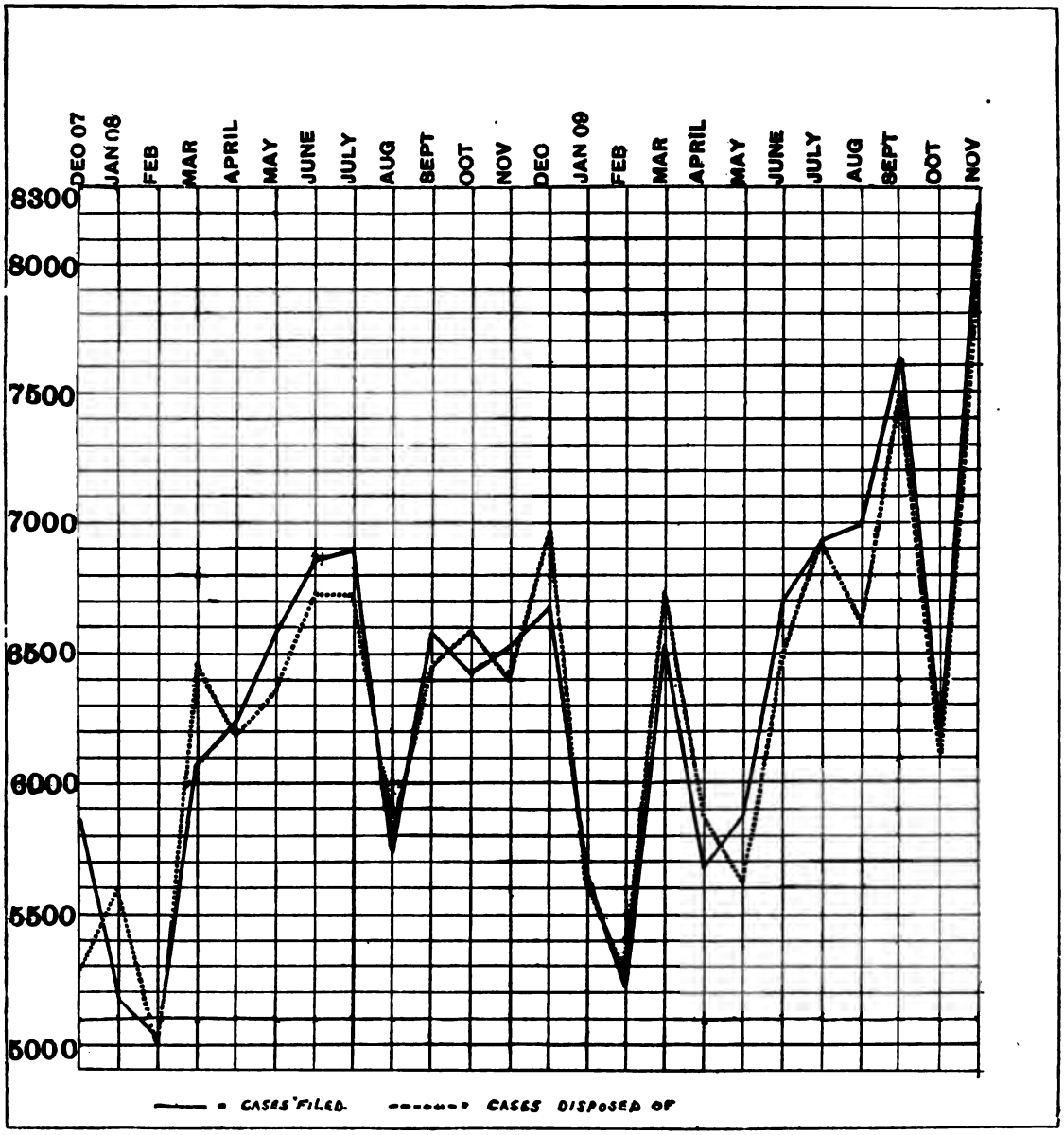

CHART 1. CRIMINAL AND QUASI-CRIMINAL CASES AND PRELIMINARY HEARINGS FILED AND DISPOSED OF FOR THE TWO YEARS ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1909

regular panel. Coughlin was acquitted, and rightly acquitted, but the very fact that an alderman, and he the most powerful in the city, had had to stand trial, and instant trial, like any other mortal, and be dealt with on the evidence—that was a terrible blow to feudalism

feature, the control of the police by the court, which particularly interested Mr. Charles F. Murphy, a member of the Commission.

On the other hand, it should be said that under the new condition of things in Chicago, the police have protection against injustice

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at the hands of magistrates. Policemen here deal with a court of record, with judges elected for long terms and at fixed salaries, and against any one of whom they may complain to the assembled body of judges. There is a "square deal" for the policeman in Chicago, as well as for the public, as there is not in every city.

THE ADMINISTRATOR AT WORK

Exactly as does the manager of a business concern, the chief-justice signs all vouchers for expenditures; indeed, Mr. Olson O. K.'s all requisitions in his own handwriting.

The administrator is able to safeguard the repute of the court in minor matters, as well as to direct its efficiency in major ones. It is found, for instance, that constant criminal work is hard; some judges bear it ill. They are easily relieved. Judges get into ruts; they fall under narrowing influences; they contract careless manners. Change may improve the judge, and tone up the court. So the chief-justice takes care that a careless judge is succeeded by a punctilious one, so that a court which was falling into slouchy ways is laced up to proper decorum.

The chief-justice, as administrative head, keeps constant watch of the progress of the court's business, expediting it at this point or at that. He "keeps books" on every judge, and every class of cases. An auditor lays on the chief-justice's desk at the end of every month a complete report of the transactions of the court during that month. At a glance he sees what class of cases, if any — civil or criminal, jury or judicial contracts or torts — lag behind. He assigns an extra judge to that class of cases for the coming month, that the calendar may be kept up to date all along.

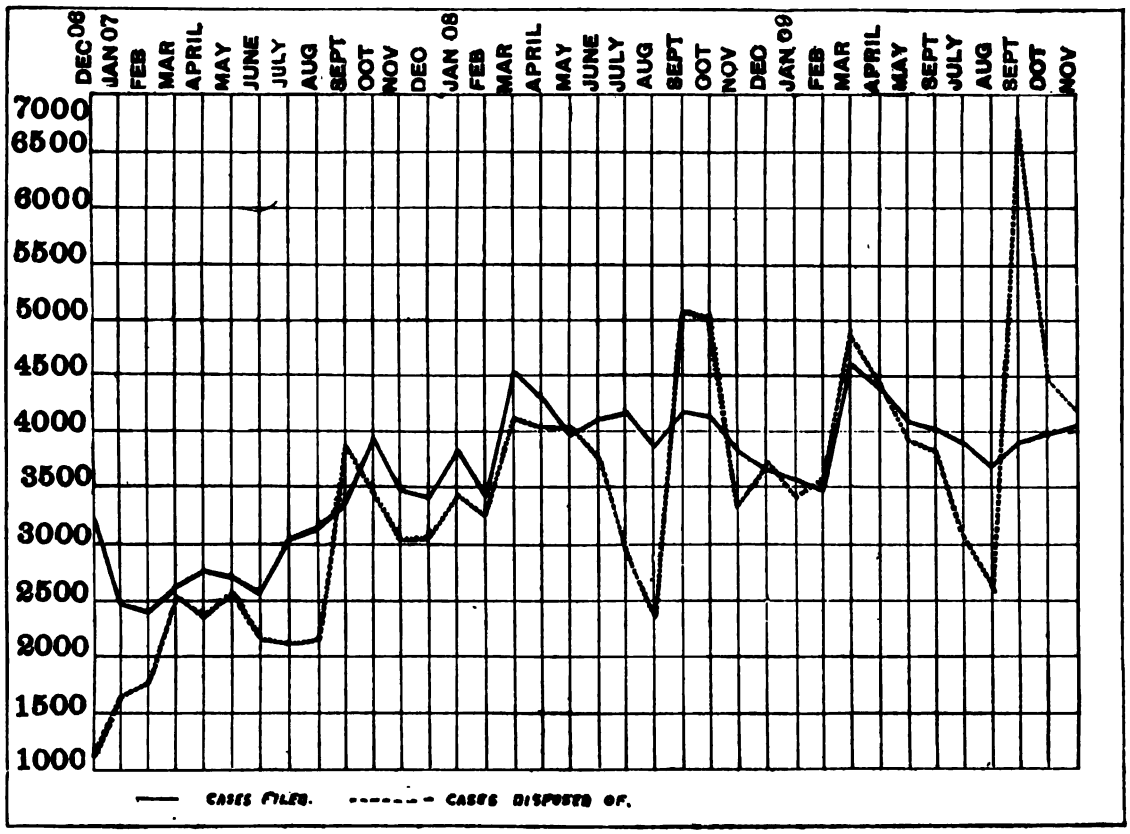

CHART 2. CIVIL CASES FILED AND DISPOSED OF BY THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO FOR THE THREE YEARS ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1909

The Chicago Municipal Court has put into use many time-saving devices such as any modern business man employs. It has abandoned ponderous and wordy records written in an obsolete lingo; it keeps its records in abbreviations filed away in something like card-catalogues. It has abolished all supernumerary

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parasitical officers, and all superfluous details of procedure. Good order is maintained, but red tape and technicalities are not tolerated. The judges work, and they render sworn statements of their work in terms of hours per day and days per month.

And the result is that the Chicago Municipal Court, handling as it did during the year just closed more than 125,000 *cases, is to-day up with its docket.* A civil suit without a jury is tried usually within two weeks of the return of the summons, a jury case within two months. A law-breaker faces judge or jury the day of his offense, the day after, or within a week. A continuance is granted for reasonable cause, but rarely does a week intervene, while a fortnight's delay would be most extraordinary and unusual.

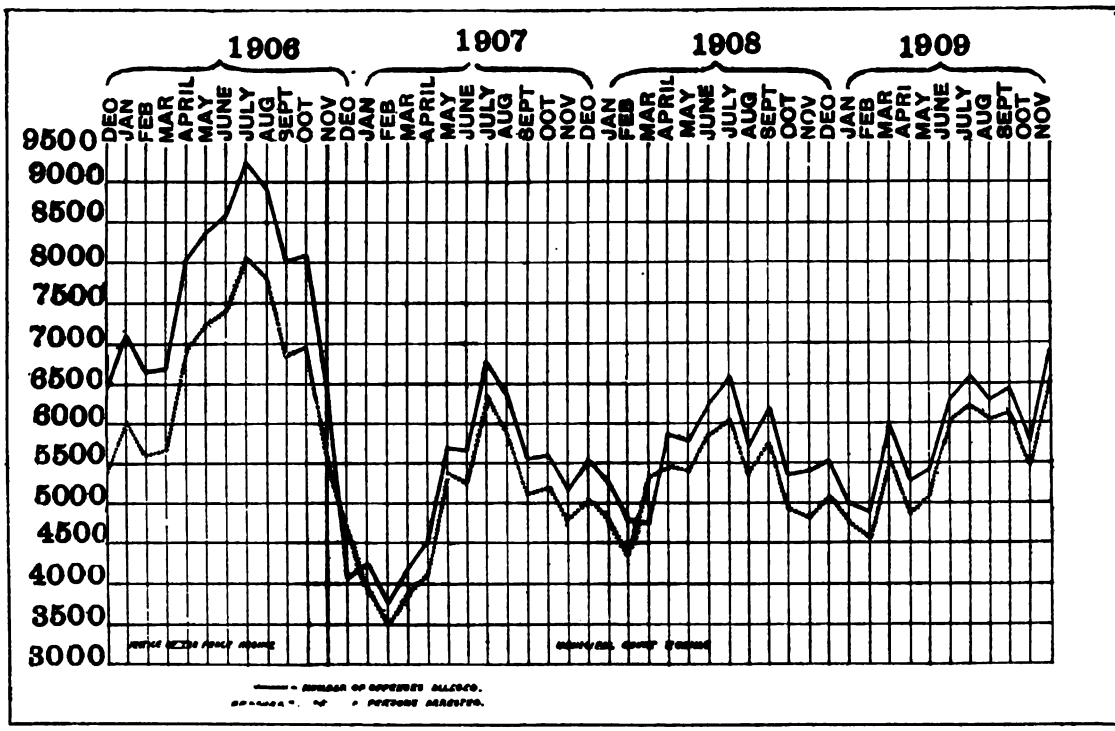

CHART 8. THE DECREASE IN CRIME IN CHICAGO AS SHOWN BY THE STATISTICS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF POLICE

The chief-justice's auditor has been so good as to prepare for me the accompanying diagrams showing (Chart No. 1) the relation between offense and trial; (Chart No. 2) between docketing of suit and judgment. The two lines run close and parallel throughout the year. No court on earth to-day shows the match of this record. *Any court could match it — organized as is the Chicago Municipal Court, with an administrative head and freedom to make its own rules.*

THIS COURT SELF-GOVERNING

Consider that second feature a little more closely: It has lately been borne in upon students of jurisprudence that one of the most disastrous features of the ordinary constitution of our courts is the fact that they are not allowed to determine their own practice and procedure. Many, if not most, reversals by higher courts are due to errors of the trial court in matters of practice — technical (usually trivial) errors, having no relation to the merits of the case. Many state legislatures — bodies to which lawyers gravitate, some of them with whimsical ideas of court procedure — have undertaken to regulate it by legislation.

Now, it was not contemplated by the founders of American institutions that one department of the Government should regulate another.

When the Legislature of Illinois, for example, passed a statute requiring judges to give all instructions to juries in writing, it manifestly encroached upon the prerogatives of a supposedly coördinate branch. The reply might

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have been made by the judiciary of Illinois: "We shall give our instructions, and otherwise conduct our courts, as to us seems most fit. If the judicial branch is to be entrusted with the dispensing of justice, it is presumably capable of determining the ways in which it shall dispense justice."

But the Legislature's power over the state courts had already become so great that it was no longer expedient to make this reply. The consequence of the legislative encroachment upon the court's prerogative has been an immense increase in appeals and reversals. Counsel deliberately insert "snakes" in instructions which they propose to the court, and obtain reversals on these errors as they afterward show up in the written record. This is only in line with the general tendency of judicial practice in the United States, which tends to make the courts havens for the guilty — a tendency largely the work of legislation concerning court procedure.

The Municipal Court of Chicago was, by the act creating it, made the master of its own rules of practice. It might, and it did, refuse the written-instruction rule. It made a rule requiring the opposing counsel to make any exception to the judges' charge before the jury retired, and ever thereafter hold their peace. *Less than one-tenth of one per cent. of cases decided in the Chicago Municipal Court in the first year of its existence were reversed on appeal.* This showing has been more than maintained subsequently. The Municipal Court being the creator of its own rules, the Court of Appeals may not reverse it for error of practice. The Court of Appeals may not presume that harm resulted to the defendant because of error of the Municipal Court. It may only reverse when it is of the opinion that substantial injustice was done on the merits of the case.

How important and far-reaching the special power of this court — granted through the constitutional provision applicable to this court alone in Illinois — is, may be illustrated by such a fact as that the Municipal Court enjoys, under it, a proceeding that no other court in Illinois is allowed: the use of "supplementary proceedings."

Its judgments are of greater value than those of any other local court. Last year this three-year-old court gave judgments aggregating $3,757,090. The Cook County Circuit Court in the same time gave judgments aggregating $1,246,275, and the Superior Court $1,444,558 — together more than a million less than the Municipal Court. The largest single judgment the Municipal Court has given was for $133,000; there is now pending before it a claim for $1,000,000.

REFORM MADE EASY

It is this self-governing power that has enabled the Chicago Municipal Court to put into operation its time-saving devices and to simplify its procedure and its records. When its judges see a particular in which they can improve their methods, they do not have to go to the Legislature and ask for a statute; they simply issue a general order of the Court. *While the President of the United States is calling for a commission to reform procedure in the Federal courts, and the Governor of Illinois has appointed a commission to look into the methods of the state courts, while similar commissions are at work in other states, the Chicago Municipal Court, under the express powers conferred upon it, is accomplishing the reform of obsolete methods by the simple plan of adopting rules.*

Thus, on April 1st next, by such a rule, common-law pleadings will be abolished in all cases, the place of these technical documents being taken by simple, straightforward statements of essential facts.

Again, the Court has just adopted, as a constructive contribution to the study of crime, a scheme for the recording of data concerning criminals. This scheme, which is both scientific and simple, was devised by Professor Ross, sociologist, of the University of Wisconsin, and a committee of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. It looks to the collection of material which will be of greatest value to legislators, judges, and all students of the causes and preventions of crime.

So great is its elasticity and adaptability, and such is the celerity with which it can act, that I believe it would be possible for the court in a moment of emergency to set up the machinery of justice almost instantly anywhere, in the street, if necessary, and deal with law-breakers or judge civil issues as they momentarily arose. Consider what this would mean in a time of riots.

An instance of the advantage of swift justice in allaying public excitement was supplied by this court not long since. About the time of the Averbuch shooting by the Chief of Police, a professional tramp, known as Dr. Ben Reit-

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man, undertook to gather together the unemployed and march upon the City Hall to demand work. Reitman is regarded as crackbrained; nevertheless, his enterprise stirred up a great deal of talk about anarchy reasserting itself in Chicago. There were those who thought that the agitation was promoted in certain political quarters to divert attention from other subjects. Reitman was arrested for inciting a riot. His case came up at the Harrison Street Criminal Branch; he demanded a jury trial. Within four days he was tried by a jury from the body of the county before Judge Sadler, and was acquitted. The sensational talk about anarchy died out immediately on the agitator's acquittal by this jury of citizens.

THE THREE YEARS' RECORD

Speaking in Chicago, last autumn, the President of the United States said:

"The prevalence of crime and fraud which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due, largely, to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to speedy justice."

If the President's statement be true, then the results of three years of speedy justice in Chicago ought to show a decrease in crime. The record actually shows a decrease in the number of arrests:

ARRESTS IN CHICAGO

1906	Under the Justices of the Peace . .	92,761
1907	Under the Municipal Court . .	57,490
1908	" " " "	63,993
1909	" " " "	66,397

In contrast, the record of sentences shows an increase:

NUMBER SENTENCED

1906	Under the Justices of the Peace. .	8,876
1907	Under the Municipal Court . .	10,148
1908	" " " "	12,556
1909	" " " "	12,479

This is precisely what was to have been expected, and what would result anywhere from speedy justice such as is now dealt out in Chicago. Last year there were 26,364 fewer arrests than there were the last year of the Justice of the Peace régime; but there were 3,603 more imprisonments. There are more punished than there used to be — but there are fewer arrested, fewer to arrest. The criminally disposed are not allowed to run at large, committing or inciting further mischief when they should be paying the penalty of crimes already committed. And the deterrent effect of the prospect of immediate punishment is at work. The curve which, in the accompanying diagram (Chart No. 3), shows the growth of respect for the law in a community which has begun to put the law into swift effect is, perhaps, the most beautiful work ever wrought by an American city; the genius of no artist ever put more significance and hope into a brush-stroke.

The figures of civil cases are likewise gratifying. There were filed in the Municipal Court of Chicago, in 1907, the first year of its existence, 37,104 civil cases, of which 30,877 were disposed of within the year. In 1908, there were filed 49,002 cases, and there were disposed of 46,845. In 1909, there were filed 47,113 cases, while 48,490 were disposed of.

These figures mean that there has come into being a court which is doing the work that a court ought to do. It has made justice cheap, speedy, and final. The people have learned of it, and they resort to it in increasing numbers. The poor litigant finds that it awards him an immediate judgment against which his rich opponent may gnash his teeth in vain. Litigants, rich or poor, find it, moreover, a court which sees its judgments executed. It is a court constituted to serve those who love and seek equity, and which those with unjust causes will not invoke.

This result, so long desired, this efficiency in the punishment of wrongdoing and the award of civil justice, has come through the application to a court of what one has never before been given — commonsense business methods, chiefly through centralized executive management and independence of outside control. At last we have one court simple, strong, accessible, and swift. It has been in operation now for three years, and the demonstration of its success is complete. This year at least two cities, Buffalo and Milwaukee, will copy it; a dozen more, among them Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Atlanta, are preparing to do so.

Why has it taken America so long to develop an efficient court?

How long will it require to persuade our various archaic judicial bodies of every dignity and degree, that like efficiency is possible in every court in the land?

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OUR SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS

REMOVAL THE REMEDY FOR THE EVILS THAT ISOLATION AND POVERTY HAVE BROUGHT—SOME RESULTS OF A FIRST-HAND INVESTIGATION

BY

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

[*In some parts of the southern Appalachian Mountains, as in some parts of the Adirondacks and of the mountains of New England, there are districts in which the population has grown beyond the slight power of the land to support it, so that the people have become poor and, in some places, their isolation and consequent inbreeding have added ignorance and degeneracy to their poverty. From a first-hand investigation Mr. Dawley has found that such conditions do exist among the people in the least accessible parts of the Appalachian Mountains. The remedy is to induce these people to move down to better farms or to industries, as some of them are doing. Because great sums have been wasted in mistaken missionary work to improve the lives of people in these places where they ought not to stay,* THE WORLD'S WORK *publishes Mr. Dawley's article in order, if possible, to hasten the migration from these really uninhabitable regions.*—THE EDITORS.]

THERE is a considerable section of our country where the conditions of our people (especially of the children) are so deplorable as to beggar description. It is the mountain region known as the Southern Appalachians. A great number of the inhabitants are insufficiently housed, and they do not get enough wholesome food or sufficient clothing. Their children do not go to school, either because they do not care to send them, or for the very good reason that in many localities there are no schools; and where there are schools, the average term is only four months of the year, and the teachers are worthless. There are localities where these people have intermarried, increased, and multiplied to such an extent, with no opportunity of making a living, that they are degenerating under the effects of poverty and isolation.

In saying this I do not include the entire region, for there are fine people among these mountains, who have good valley farms, and who grow an abundance to eat and clothe themselves well, even though they may not have adequate transportation facilities for the marketing of their crops. And there are mountain farmers who have transportation facilities, and who work and make money with varying degrees of success, as do people elsewhere. But poor people of the mountains, to whom I shall refer chiefly in this article, live in localities that are too densely populated, and that are economically uninhabitable.

I am able to state these facts of my own knowledge because I spent the better part of two years investigating the conditions for the United States Government. I carried on the investigation over a large territory, making a house-to-house visit among the people, and recording upon printed blanks or schedules all the conditions under which they were found to be living, with the amount of their crops, land cultivated, food consumed, earnings, and total income and expenditures for the year.

The work was the outcome of the Beveridge amendment, a measure proposed to prohibit the employment of children in any industrial enterprise, other than agricultural, throughout the United States. I was assigned to study the conditions of the people on the farms before they went to the mills.

I believe it is due to Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, of hookworm fame, that the special investigation which I carried on was undertaken. At that time I knew absolutely nothing about child-labor in the South, nor did I know anything about the conditions of the people either at the mills or on the farms. My particular field of investigation was the mountains of Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. With my headquarters

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most of the time at Asheville, N. C., I spent the winter of 1907–1908 and the following spring, until summer, in the mountains, journeying east into the Piedmont region of North Carolina, south into South Carolina, west to the borders of Tennessee and Georgia, and north into Tennessee, and thence into the Great Smoky Mountains, both north and south.

In order to get at the people and study them in their homes, a great deal of this traveling had to be done on horseback and in midwinter. I found families without poultry, without eggs, without milk or butter, and without sugar or molasses or sweets of any kind. And I found the little children of these families (as young as three years) chewing tobacco because it assuaged the pangs of hunger, and mothers giving tobacco to their babies because "it stopped their yelling."

I have been in cabin after cabin having only one room, in which the entire family lived, cooked, slept, and ate, without any other furniture than their rude beds, a few broken chairs, and a rickety table. I found in such cabins, six, eight, ten, and even sixteen children and grandchildren growing up in ignorance, vice, and in many instances in crime. I found families without the simplest articles of civilization, such as a looking-glass, a comb, a brush, or a wash-basin.

The section of our country where these conditions exist includes a mountainous region of nine states, with a population, according to the census of ten years ago, exceeding the combined population of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and California. This region has thousands upon thousands of physically and mentally fit people, but there are entire localities in these mountains, and many of them, which are economically uninhabitable, containing populations that are mentally and morally and physically degenerating from lack of opportunity.

It was not always easy to find this class of people. To a traveller on the railroads and on the highways, there was always the good class of farming people in evidence; and, until I learned their ways, they always refrained from saying much about the other class. But one day in a quiet mountain village, just as the fat, well-fed proprietor of the little hotel was telling me that there were no such people in that part of the country, a family of nomads came tramping by. Two gaunt, hungry-looking men went ahead, one of them carrying a long gun and a small child in his arms, while the other led a lean hound. Following the men was a long-legged, awkward boy, with his trousers reaching about half-way down his bare legs. He carried a baby, and behind him came an old woman, hobbling along with the aid of a staff, and behind her a younger woman with a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, and a tin cup dangling at her waist. When I asked a neighboring merchant where those people lived, he said:

"Oh, just take the first creek you come to and go up it — you can't miss them; and the farther up you go, the more you will find, and the worse they will get."

And so I went up the creeks and came in touch with the people of poverty. I found their cabins wherever there was a little patch of arable land between the precipitous rocks and hills, and even upon the mountain-tops. Picture to yourself a solitary log cabin, without windows or porch, on a little patch of land capable of producing only a few bushels of corn; and picture in one of these cabins the haggard old mother and the broken-down father sitting by the fireplace, chewing tobacco all day long, with eight or ten children, long-haired and dirty, scattered about — and you have a typical picture of the "farm" and of the family of the uninhabitable places. When you see one of these "farms" for the first time, you may ask, Where is the barn? Barn! There is not a barn, not even a chicken-coop, for miles around.

To get a more precise view of exact conditions, let us start from the top of any one of the many mountain spurs in this vast region. We are on the divide. At our feet there is a tiny stream. As it increases in volume our descent begins. On our left we see a little cabin in a sloping "pocket" of land. It is surrounded by rocks and cliffs on three sides, with the mountain stream separating it from us and our trail. The cabin is a miserable structure of upright boards, with great open cracks and nothing to keep out the cold. If the sun is shining and the day fairly warm, we may see a group of children scattered about in the warm sunshine. They are bare-legged and ragged. In such a cabin as this we shall find the old crone sitting by the fireplace, spitting tobacco-juice into the fire. If you ask her how old she is, she may not know; but she thinks that she is "going on forty something:"

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She looks to be a hundred. Inside are rude and filthy beds, rickety chairs and table, coffee-pot, frying-pan, and battered water-bucket; that is all. In such a cabin as this you will not find a looking-glass, a wash-basin, or a comb; and the "farmer," if he is at home, will tell you that he "made forty bushels of corn," last season, which was not enough to do him. Ask him how he made any money, and he will tell you that he went six, eight, ten — yes, I have known them to go sixty miles — to earn it. And his total earnings did not exceed ten dollars during the entire year.

As we continue our journey down the mountain we come to more of the cabins; and, as a rule, they become a little better in appearance, and the "farmer" may tell us that he "made a right smart of corn last year and enough to do him." Now we come to a cabin with a porch, where there are wooden pegs driven into the wall, and on the pegs are clothing, harness for a bull, and, perhaps, a looking-glass with a wash-basin under it. Perhaps this cabin has a crib and an out-house of some sort.

As we get near the foot of the mountain the country begins to open out before us; fields give place to the little pockets of land which we have passed, and the mule and the horse take the place of the harnessed bull. The rude cabins develop into houses, and the fields into well-cultivated farms with out-houses and stock. And it is here that we get a good meal of home products, while we talk to the good type of mountain farmer, who rears his children well, and sends them off to school to be educated. But the great number of these prosperous folk do not concern a child-labor investigator. Their children do not work at home. Neither do they or their children go to the mills to work. That was a fact soon established to a certainty. Some of their tenants go, and I could find out about them, or about the fellow up the creek with a family of eight or ten children who had gone to the mill. Occasionally I would hear of a fellow who had been to the mill and returned. He could not make a living there, and nearly starved to death, it was said; and then I would hunt him up, sometimes riding twenty miles to hear what he had to say about his experience at the cotton-mill, and he would tell me, as a rule, that he had no children old enough to work in the mill, and there was not much of anything that he could work at there.

Far away in the Chilhowee Mountains of Tennessee, where the sheriff advised me to fill my saddle-bags with rocks and pretend that I was a prospector looking for mines, the old moonshiner of the "cove" stood by the corner of his cabin holding the bridle of his old plough-horse in one hand, and his long-barreled rifle in the other. He told me that the revenue officers had recently come to the cove, broken up his neighbor's still, and burnt his cabin and hog-meat. He said that while he had given up making "moonshine" himself, and no longer believed in it, he did not think it was a very nice way for the "revenues" to treat his neighbor; "for God knows," said he, "he is poor enough without having everything he owns burnt up."

I asked him if any one ever went from his locality to the cotton-mills. After a pause, with his mind bent upon an answer to my inquiry, he said:

"Yes, there's Mandy Cooper and Laura Hughes down there in Tabcat. They was in pretty poor circumstances, makin' 'bout barely enough to live on, an' they went off to the cotton-mill."

"Do you think they bettered their circumstances?" I asked.

"My God!" exclaimed the old fellow, "they couldn't have worsted them."

The old moonshiner couldn't keep me overnight, for he did not have a particle of corn for my horse, so I rode on for ten miles before I could find a place to stay. On the way I stumbled upon the only industry in the locality — a moonshiner's mill in a dense thicket. It was grinding corn, probably for another run of "moonshine." The mill resembled a pig-pen more than anything else. A stream of water turned the stones, which were grinding away at the rate of about six grains of corn a minute.

At the farmhouse where I stopped that night, I asked about the two girls who had gone from Tabcat to the cotton-mills. Yes, the farmer knew them, for Mandy Cooper's mother did the washing for his wife.

"Have they improved their condition?" I asked.

"Wal, I don't know," said the farmer; "all I know that Mandy was back here a while ago, and I heard her mother ask her to stay home and help her put in a crop, and I heard Mandy say that she was through all the ploughin' she was ever goin' t' do; that it was the cotton-mill for her."

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At a little town in Jackson County, North Carolina, where I learned that conditions were very bad and that a great many families had gone to the cotton-mills, I went to a Methodist minister and asked him what he knew about these people. He took me into a cove scarcely more than a mile away from the town, which possessed three or four churches and as many schoolhouses, and there we visited several families of women and children living in a most abject state of poverty and immorality.

A REFORMED MOONSHINER

There are many who make whiskey because there is little opportunity to make anything else

"Now," said he, "you could build schoolhouses and churches for these people as much as you wanted to, but they would not go to them. You could preach to them, too, but what is the use? They are hungry, and want something to eat."

The following is taken from one of my notebooks of 1908:

"Tuesday, April 14th. Bald Creek: 18 miles from Flag Pond, where I spent Monday night. Stayed here last night. Mr. Hensley owns the place, and is a well-to-do farmer, owning a lot of good bottom land. He has taken several prizes at international fairs for his fine apples, was a soldier in the Confederate army, and fought all through the Civil War. Fine old fellow. Told me of his adventures in the Southern war, and I told him some of mine in the Cuban war. Asked if any one left his part of the country for the cotton-mills: he told me of Sis Dockery, who was one of his tenants. Her husband died, leaving her six or seven kids, and she could not make a living for them; so she pulled out and landed at the mills. Came home on a visit, and had money saved. Went back, and since then her father has been down to see her; he says she is living in a nicely furnished house and doing well; the kids are all going to school, with the exception of the big ones, who work in the mill.

"Tuesday, 12th. Stopped at Day Book. D. F. Young, postmaster, merchant, and farmer, reports that from Mine Fork — a very bad locality, where they make moonshine, shoot, fight, and kill — seven families have gone to the mills in the last six years. Annie Laws went six years ago, with two illegitimate children. Two of the families owned their own land but lived hard. Lem Phillips was not worth $25 when he went to Carolina six years ago with his wife and five children. He now owns two lots, one double team, and is doing well. People leave because they are hard up and can't make a living. Some leave or

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A "FARM" NEAR THE TOP OF A CREST

As a rule, the higher up in the mountains the people live, the worse are the conditions

WHERE PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO LIVE WITH NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT

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account of getting into trouble, selling whiskey and finding themselves indicted; then they skip out, and the authorities are glad to get rid of them."

I spent seven months on this kind of field work, getting such results as the above extracts. At the end of this period I returned to Washington, thoroughly convinced that the salvation of these families was for them to leave the mountains and go to a place where, for the first time in their lives, they may have a chance to make a living.

I was, however, instructed to make a more scientific investigation. I submitted a plan for making a house to house canvass in certain districts and recording upon printed schedules the exact conditions under which the people lived, with their earnings, crops, food consumed, physical, moral, and social condition, and their total income and expenditure. I was instructed to put this plan into operation. I carried on my investigations in fourteen counties of three states and was preparing to carry the work into Georgia and Alabama, when I was called off the job. However, I had succeeded in carrying on the work in detail in twenty-one townships and forty-five districts, scattered over a large area of mountain territory.

I obtained nearly nine hundred schedules of families on the farms, each schedule containing an answer to more than one hundred inquiries, with the age, conjugal condition, occupation, earnings, physical condition, literacy, and schooling of every member of the family. As a total result, I had recorded on these schedules the living conditions of fully 5,000 individuals.

A HOME TYPICAL OF THE BETTER CLASS OF COVE-DWELLERS

In addition to this detailed work, showing just how the families live on the so-called farms, I obtained for each district the last school report (when there was one to be had), a specific report on the educational facilities, a description of the territory or topography of the land, and a general summary showing the industrial, social, moral, and sanitary conditions of the locality, and its resources. I made a persistent search for families who had left their farms for the cotton-mills; and on another schedule blank I recorded, as far as ascertainable

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the previous conditions of these families and their condition at the mills. Of these families I obtained records of three hundred, representing, approximately, a thousand children, who were working or had worked in the mills, and in many cases I was able to show just what had happened to them.

Where the Blue Ridge Mountains swing down into South Carolina, there is a locality known as the Dark Corner. It is the Dark Corner because its deeds of evil and lawlessness have been known throughout the state for generations. It is in the upper edge of the state, bordering North Carolina, not very far from the Georgia line, just under and partially in the Saluda Mountains, the name given to that part of the Blue Ridge. Two immense mountain-spurs of almost solid rock, known respectively as the Hogback and the Hog's Head, shut the country in on the north and east; and on the south, high, precipitous rocks descend from a small, irregular plateau, which forms the principal cove of the Dark Corner. On the west the irregular folds of the Glassy Mountain roll upward and crumple with the mother range, so that the Dark Corner is naturally a country unto itself. Ever since man can remember, it has been the domain of the moonshiner and outlaw, and many are the blood-curdling tales told in both states of its illicit distilling, raids by revenue officers, battles fought, robbery, bloodshed, and wanton murder.

Into this Dark Corner I went to study the conditions there. In the little hollows, up the creeks, and over the mountain ridges are the little cabins, abandoned now, which once held the whiskey-makers and the whiskey-drinkers, with their families of besotted children. Upon

TWO "COVE" HOMES

Where people live in ignorance, poverty, and immorality because they have no opportunity to make a decent living

inquiring what had become of the tenants of these cabins, I received for reply:

"They have gone to the cotton mills."

"We hated to see them go," said a farmer to me, "we foresaw the depopulation of our mountains and a scarcity of labor on our farms, but our country is better off, and the labor we have left is better, too."

Upon leaving the Dark Corner I rode around mountains and down by the winding trail, through gullies and past high cliffs with mountain torrents roaring in my ears, as darkness closed in upon me. In the bottom of a deep

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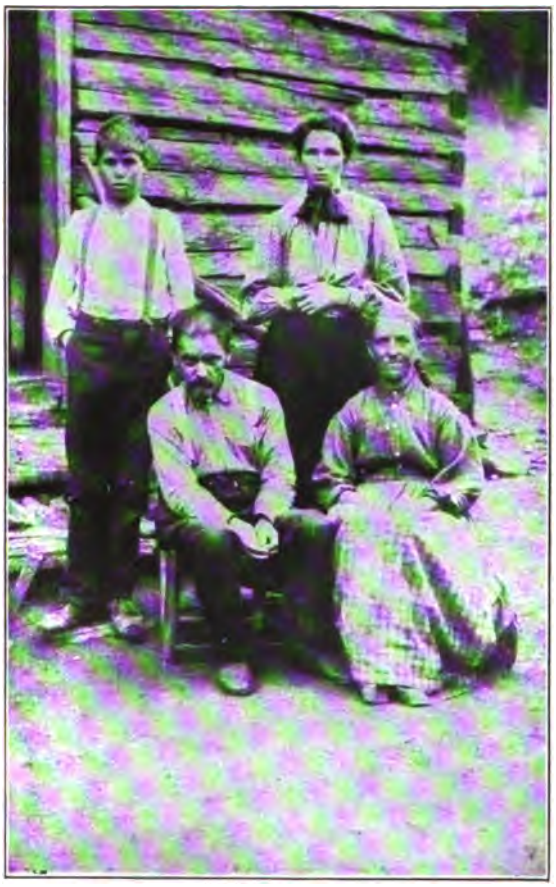
A "MOONSHINE" CORN MILL
"The only manufacturing plant in its locality"

gorge, at last, I could discern the dim light, bright in the intense darkness, of a cabin in which I might stop for the night.



THE LAST OF THE HOWARDS
A famous feudist family. In a country of industries and intercourse with the world, such types do not continue

The light was so far below me that it seemed as though I could toss a stone down upon it, but by winding back and forth along the mountain-side I soon reached the bottom of the gorge and rode up to it. I could see the white whiskers of a man by the blazing fire in the fireplace, and hear him as he talked in a deep voice. Leaning over my saddle I called out the customary salute of "Howdy!"

The old man jumped up from his seat by the fireplace and shouted back as he came toward the door:

"'Light, stranger; 'light!"

A DESERTED MOUNTAIN "FARM"
The owner at last went to the lowlands where he could make a living

As he came out, I asked him if he could put me up for the night, and his answer was:

"If you can put up with our fare."

That was all there was to it. One of the boys took my horse, and I was given a seat by the fire while the old man's wife insisted upon preparing me some supper. I watched her as she, with a clay-pipe in her mouth, sliced off the fat pork held against her breast, and her daughter swabbed out the frying-pan with a greasy rag. Biscuits were made and baked in the same frying-pan in which the pork was fried and the table was swabbed

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THE "FIRST CITIZEN" OF HIS LOCALITY, AND HIS FAMILY

HIS FARM OF FOUR HUNDRED ACRES

On which he raised 1,000 bushels of corn. Yet he lived in a log-house without the comforts which less capable men in the more accessible places enjoy, and without the ordinary opportunities for his children

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A "FARM" ON POSSUM TROT, TYPICAL OF THOSE HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS

A HOUSE IN THE "DARK CORNER" OF SOUTH CAROLINA

A region that has been noted for its lawless deeds for several generations

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off with the same greasy rag that had been used for the frying-pan; I ate the biscuit and pork by the light of a kerosene lamp which smoked all over the place because it had no chimney. Yet I ascertained that this man owned four hundred acres of land and made a thousand bushels of corn, the average crop of my North Carolina cove-dwellers being only forty or fifty bushels. This man had plenty of money besides, and several tenants on his land.

He gave me his bed to sleep in while he and his wife and daughter slept in the "lean-to," his two sons occupying the other bed in the cabin.

STARTING A 32-MILE HAUL TO MARKET

The distance from market makes much of the mountain country unprofitable for agriculture

Our breakfast consisted of sodden biscuits, fat pork, boiled rice, and coffee.

I merely mention these living conditions to show what isolation does in some cases where the mountaineer has ample land, is eminently respectable, works hard, and makes enough to support himself and family.

In conclusion, I wish to say that the people who go from the mountain-coves even to the mills are benefited by the change—as they would be if they entered any other industry where they could make a living. I do know that any law which keeps these people in isolation and its attending poverty and vice is a crime against child-life and against civilization, and that the assumption that these people are living in prosperity is false. I know, moreover, that thousands and thousands of dollars are wasted by missionaries in trying to uplift people who need good food and a chance to work. The people of the uninhabitable places can go to the industries, unless industries can come to them; or, failing these remedies, the awful conditions continue.

The industries are not going to the mountain-coves. The people must go to the industries—to places where they can earn a living. Their salvation depends upon moving out of the uninhabitable places. It is not with any desire to criticize the poor people of the mountains that I write. My criticism of conditions does not apply to those localities where there are good farms and lands capable of development, and where there is a sturdy farming class of citizens, as true and worthy a people as are to be found anywhere. But the cove-dwellers must move or be moved from a really uninhabitable country. To try to keep them there by schools and churches is useless.

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TEACHING MORALS BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE SUCCESSFUL WORKING OUT OF THE PLAN OF PRESENTING MANLINESS, FAIRNESS, AND OTHER MORAL QUALITIES BY INCIDENTS FROM THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF CHILDREN THEMSELVES—THE STORY OF A NEW IDEA IN THE MORAL EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

BY

WALTER H. PAGE

[NOTE.—*The photographs herewith shown are taken from Mr. Fairchild's lessons on "The True Sportsman," and "Personal and National Thrift." On the screen, however, the figures are life-size. The exact words of the lecturer are used as sub-captions.* — THE EDITORS.]

TWO hundred and fifty years ago a Moravian named Comenius published, in Latin and High Dutch, the first school book with pictures. Some of the pictures exemplified the homely virtues. His idea was that the primitive copper-plate pictures would "entice witty children to it, that they may not conceit a torment to be in the school, but dainty fare!" —and that children who were not "witty" would have their attention sharpened by it. This book ("Orbis Pictus") used drawings that were crude to the point of absurdity, yet it was

FROM "THE TRUE SPORTSMAN"

"Here is a crowd of young sportsmen who did the thing quite right. The meet was finished, and a megaphone announcer had the score officially. He stood before the grand stand, and announced the winnings. As each was given, a shout of honor came to greet the name of him who won. In such shouts of honor all should join — even those who lost should not withhold a tribute that is fairly won. They kept the sixth great law of sport — 'Honors for the victors, but no derision for the vanquished.'"

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FROM "THE TRUE SPORTSMAN"

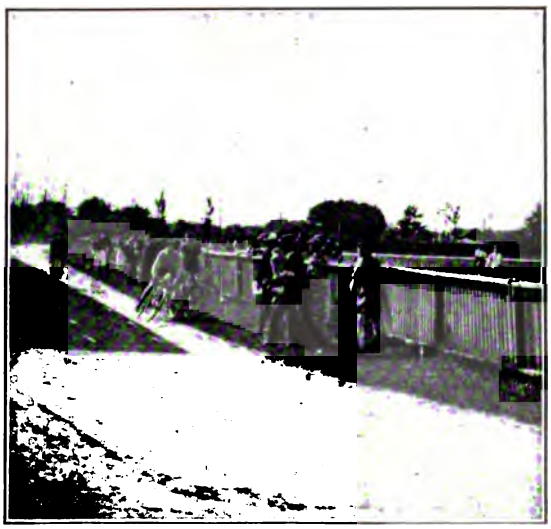
(1) "This half-mile bicycle race was on. They are making the first round on a one-third-mile track. It was in a High School meet, and considerable interest was aroused over the bicycle race, and the rivalry between the two speedy boys was running high. The inside boy shall be Thompson, and the other Jones."

FROM "THE TRUE SPORTSMAN"

(3) "The speed had slackened, else there might have been some broken bones. Both rose from the ground, and as they rose the cry of foul went up : ·! Jones denounced his rival in words that would not bear repeating, and was anxious for a fight. I thought myself that that was what was coming to disgrace the meet."

used as a text-book in Germany for two centuries, was translated into English, and established the author as a Luther of the schoolroom. His fame was so wide-spread that when President Dunston of Harvard resigned in 1654, tradition has it that Comenius narrowly escaped being brought over to New England to "illuminate their Colledge and country."

What Comenius did for morals with his picture-book, the Moral Education Board



FROM "THE TRUE SPORTSMAN"

(2) "Just before the finish, Thompson looked around to see his rival gaining on him at every stroke. The race was lost for him. His rival had reserved his strength, and would surely pass him before the finish. Then the foul, or accident, was done. Thompson chose the second lane: why did he choose the second lane? Jones would likely try to pass him in the inside lane. Thompson wavered and swerved toward the left, putting Jones in a pocket, and as you see, crowding him clear off the track. Was this intentional?"

FROM "THE TRUE SPORTSMAN"

(4) "Thompson straightened up his wheel, and rubbed his hip as if it hurt; but said no word to any one to let us know that he cared that he had fouled, for so the judges had decided. If the foul was accidental, should he not have been the first to express his regret and have volunteered the decision to the boy whom he had fouled? If he left his lane on purpose, and tried to win by holding back his rival, then he did what no true sportsman would consider right, and for his foul stands disgraced and despicable in their eyes."

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FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"I watched a dear old lady: neat and careful of herself she seemed. Suddenly, to my surprise, she stopped and stooped to pick some food from out that heap of garbage. It likely is not her fault that she is poor, and must sort the garbage pile for food. Some one has failed her in her old age through lack of thrift."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Some man lives here who has proved a 'ne'er-do-well.' It is no credit to his father. Father and mother may have failed to train him well. Perhaps he would not study, and they let him have his way. Perhaps they let him be a loafer in his youth — and make a habit of it."

(with its headquarters in Baltimore) is now doing in a more ambitious way with the stereopticon. It reaches the same kind of an audience — the children of the schools; and it has the same purpose — to "entice witty children" with pictures and tell a story. It deals exclusively with that higher realm of practical morality, instead of mixing an explanation of the virtues with instruction as to planets and the fields, the fish and the fowl. And its influence as an educational factor may become as far-reaching as that of Comenius in the German schools.

The movement comes with no startling message of a "new" morality, nothing that jars theologue or pedagogue. To teach children the simple truths — that it is unmanly as well as wrong to lie, that it is ungentlemanly to fight unless the cause be just, that it is contemptible to cheat even in boyish sports, that a gentleman respects the aged and his parents, that when they are grown they are expected to earn a good living honestly — that sort of thing is all there is to the message. The appeal is made to the good sense that is in every boy and girl.

It is in the method of impressing the

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"People like to be somebody, and do something in business, the professions, or the arts. This is the funeral procession of Whistler, the great painter. Two nations claim him — the United States and England. He made a name in art, and did a permanent good."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Here a common man, of true success, no doubt, is carried from his home to burial. From his home they take him to his church for sacred services. His friends and relatives are glad if he leaves an honored name. He does this if he achieves some permanent good."

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FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"When a man's income seems assured as a noted singer, clergyman, or lawyer, perhaps his throat will fail him, and the specialist must operate, with no success. His income ceases."

teaching — the use of photographs from real life projected by the stereopticon — that the improvement is found. It does not come into conflict with the old-fashioned idea that a boy's righteous instincts are to be strengthened by vigorous "thrashing" or by reading somebody's catalogue of "Christian Evidences," nor does it advocate that pious talks about David and Goliath have no efficacy. To throw upon a screen pictures taken from a boy's life of our own time, photographs of real boys doing the things that every boy does or sees done, and point out to him while he sees the picture the difference between wrong and right, between cheating and fair play, between contemptibleness and manliness — that is the method of the Moral Education Board. And, of course, this instruction is only a part of education and training, the whole school life being involved in the larger task, with the personal influence of the teacher as the chief factor.

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"An accident upon the street will send a man to the hospital half dead. The surgeons amputate and bandage, and he awakes to find himself a cripple, his occupation gone, his earnings almost nothing."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Many a fortune is disintegrated in a night. A fire destroyed the factory. To be sure, there was insurance, but the business was at a crisis, and could not stand the strain. Credit was not forthcoming, and the father failed. This is the history of many a family's poverty. Boys and girls have not a right to think: 'My father has his thousands, or his millions, and ought to let me have just anything I want.'"

For example, take the lesson on "The True Sportsman." The attention of the boys is caught and held by screen-pictures of a bicycle race, in which it can be plainly seen that the boy who is losing is deliberately running into the winner to foul him; while the meanness of the act is yet vivid in the minds of the indignant audience, the screen then lights up with the photograph of a great play in lacrosse which is shown as a part of "a gentleman's game." So on throughout the lesson of an hour,

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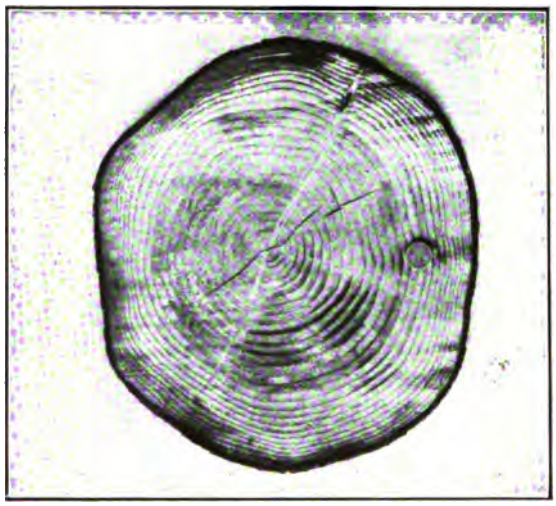

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Here is a section of a tree. Each year a ring of wood is added. That tree was planted as a seedling thirty-two years ago. Sixty years will grow a forest of trees, useful and valuable for lumber."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Here is a forest under careful cultivation. Year after year the larger trees are cut, leaving the smaller trees to grow, producing wealth. This is national thrift."

in pictures from real life, true sportsmanship is shown, until all of the "eight great laws of sport" have been emphasized:

(1) Sport for sport's sake.
(2) Play the game within the rules.
(3) Be courteous and friendly in your games.
(4) A sportsman must have courage.
(5) The umpire shall decide the play.
(6) Honor for the victors, but no derision for the vanquished.
(7) The true sportsman is a good loser in his games.
(8) The sportsman may have pride in his success, but not conceit.

The Board has prepared another lesson, more elementary, on "What Men Think

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"These boys were skating on that pond and, getting cold, they built a fire. They needed a fire. But they have built it right against a tree, probably one hundred years of age, and valuable for lumber and for shade. You stop that sort of thing in some way, even if you have to call the park police. Usually a little talk will stop it."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"It is not known how that particular fire was started, but many a million-dollar fire has been started by a camp. Boys will climb some mountain for a lark, build a camp, and start a fire. When darkness comes, they trail for home, neglecting to extinguish the burning embers of their fire."

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FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Fifty-two years ago, one evening after the sun had set, that man took a maple seedling the size of your little finger and the length of your arm. A helper took a spade and dug a hole in which to plant its rootlets. Then this man, at that time thirty-eight years of age, now ninety and a little over, planted that very maple, hoping it would grow into a tree fit for shade and full of beauty. That boy there is his great-grandson. His mother, he, and all who see the maple profit by the sight, and many an hour of cool refreshment comes to those who now enjoy its shade. That maple tree, from its huge trunk if you should tap it, would yield a barrel of maple sap, and many a cake of maple sugar at the sugaring-off. It is well worth while to plant a tree."

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FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"It is only the upper layer of soil that is useful for farm products. On this farm they trimmed the shrubs and cut the trees too close along this stream, and at its flood the surface soil was washed away, leaving a bed of shale on which nothing at all will grow."

About Boys' Fights." First, the question is thrown at the audience: "Is it ever right to fight?" The answer comes upon the screen in the form of a photograph of a canal, with a dog struggling out of the water only to be pushed back again by some boys.

"If I owned this dog," says the text, "I would not let the boys abuse him, as I know they do. The water is cold, and this is the third time they have thrown him in. A boy should certainly defend his dog against abuse."

It is morally certain that for some time the dogs owned by the boys of the audience will have an easier life.

Then, by way of contrast, the stereopticon shows two little girls "squabbling" over a skipping-rope, a group of street-urchins who are determined to "bruise up" any new boy that moves into their street, and a boy who fights with stones and lands in the police-station. The close is a series of athletic contests — the lesson of which is that this is the admirable, manlike way for boys to find out "who's the best man."

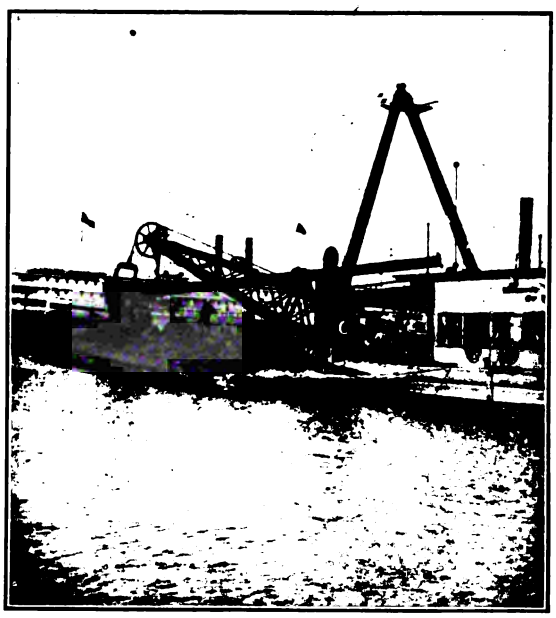
TWELVE YEARS' TEST OF THE IDEA

The organization in its present form is the result of nine years of preliminary work and three years of practical demonstration — an expenditure of $30,000 in time and money. The history of the movement is largely the personal story of Mr. Milton Fairchild, of Albany, N. Y., who is the Comenius of the Moral Education Board.

After some years of experience in teaching simple moral truths to children, Mr. Fairchild began in 1897 to concentrate all his attention upon the problem. In the same spirit that a chemist studies the properties of his substances, Mr. Fairchild studied the moral instincts in children, and the natural processes of the formation of moral habits.

"Boys and girls," he says, "frequently talk about the right and wrong of matters that affect their own lives, and often with the sincere determination to get at the right. The secret of moral instruction appeared to lie in some arrangement by which the teacher could influence this natural moral discussion. I thought at first that incidents from the newspapers and from history could be described to classes and used as the basis for discussion — but words alone will not make real to children that which they have not seen. Besides, after the recital of the incident to be discussed, the boys and girls want the moralizing skipped and the next story told."

At this point came the thought of using photographs of actual life — the life of to-day. He reasoned in this way: After a fight, the boys discuss the right and the wrong of it for days, sometimes for weeks. There are boy-



FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"The soil thus washed from mountain-side and farm comes down the streams and rivers as silt to clog the navigable rivers and obstruct our harbors. It has to be dredged out at great expense."

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FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Great natural reservoirs such as this are closed by damming up the stream. The water of the spring floods is stored for use throughout the summer drought.'

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"From these irrigation dams, canals carry the water to the plains when the season of drought is on. Ditches distribute it to the irrigation farms."

leaders in these discussions on morals. They argue and preach the other boys into thinking as they do about it. Could not a man arrange in some way to take the place of the boy-leader, whose ideas are crude? With photographs of the fight he could probably interest a crowd of boys in school in an intelligent argument as to the right and wrong involved in the reality shown on the screen, and thus assume the place of the boy-leader.

He considered also what happens when John comes home with a black eye and his father asks what the fight was about. The answer is something like this: "We were in swimming, and I was going to dive in backward. Jack gave me a shove sideways, and I hit my head against a stake. I asked him if he meant anything by it, and he said he did. I dared him to come out onto the bank, and the other boys said he dasen't; so he came out and — well, he reached me once in the eye, but he couldn't adone it if I hadn't aslipped in the mud." Then the father takes John into the study, and while the iron is hot argues it into the form of high morality — sometimes supplementing this with a method more vigorous than argument.

"Now, if that fight were shown on the screen," thought Mr. Fairchild, "the instructor might have the chance which comes naturally to the father. He would also have this advantage over the father — in that he could interrupt the argument as to the fight by showing pictures of other incidents which would help the boys to understand the principles involved in a fight and to solve their own difficulties through knowledge. In this way could

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"As a nation we are providing irrigation for the arid regions where nothing but lack of rain prevents fertility."

FROM "PERSONAL AND NATIONAL THRIFT"

"Hundreds and thousands of acres that otherwise would produce little or nothing useful are planted to fruit and vegetables."

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be grouped together a lot of facts just as real as the fight, facts which every boy ought to take into account when he is making up his mind about the right and wrong of fighting. Throughout the whole time spent in watching the pictures, a verbal argument could be made, suited to the limited intelligence of the boys, in explanation of a man's ideas about fighting and other moral considerations, and the appeal through eye and ear could be made to the will of the boys, inciting them to personal conduct in conformity to right, the instructor playing the part of the boy-leader and of the father at the same time."

Mr. Fairchild talked these ideas over with both educators and clergymen, and the theory stood the test of criticism. In the working out of the main idea, however, a number of experiments were made. It was first decided that, since these lessons would come within the range of church instruction, the Sunday-Schools should be asked to fit up a room for such stereopticon talks. Then it was thought that an independent church exclusively for children, a church modeled after the private school, might be organized. This Children's Church would be for moral and religious instruction only; it would be non-sectarian and its graduates would be encouraged to establish their own church relations when their course was finished. But this plan seemed too radical.

Then, in a flash, came the thought that all religious ideas might be omitted, and the lessons prepared for use in the public schools of the entire country. "For about an hour my mind worked over and over the plans," he says, "and I saw the thing accomplished in imagination. The way was open; nothing blocked it; and I saw it leading on and on through the years to the final complete incorporation of this purely moral instruction as a part of public education in a great republic where religious freedom is an inalienable inheritance."

To give the idea a practical test in the schools, Mr. Fairchild set to work to adapt the lesson on "What Men Think About Boys' Fights" to public school use. It is a difficult task to reason a boy into a gentleman's way of thinking about fights. The only impulses that he feels when a fight is on is that to hit, which urges him to pitch in, and that to avoid getting "licked," which holds him back. This first crude lesson was given in October, 1898, in a public school in Albany. On the evening of the same day it was delivered before the New York State Normal College, at the invitation of its president, as an explanation to teachers of a new method of moral instruction.

The immediate results were fairly satisfactory, but Mr. Fairchild saw that something was wrong with his pictures. The facial expressions which had to be relied upon to show emotion were blurred. A magnifying-glass showed that the trouble was in the original negatives, and he set to work to remove the handicap. First, he bought the "fastest" lens in the market, but even that did not give the necessary result. Finally he decided that no camera on the market would take sharp, instantaneous pictures in rapid series to tell the story vividly and impressively, and that one must be designed or the whole project abandoned.

For six months he worked on the design. Then he went to the shop of a cabinet-maker and, with the aid of a mechanic, made it himself — a box that looked like a suitcase, fitted with a "swift" lens, a focal-plane shutter with a self-capping blind, and a new kind of plate-holder and changing device. Those were months of intense excitement. Success with the camera meant success in the whole plan. He now had a camera that would take on glass plates photographs of unusual distinctness at the rate of thirty a minute. No hand camera had ever done this before.

With the best of the old and many new pictures, "Boys' Fights" was tried out in Boston, Springfield, Providence, and Montreal, before audiences of school-children, and seemed to work.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Fairchild began the making of a large collection of photographs from real life; it now runs up into the thousands. He found it very difficult to get just the kind of pictures that he wanted, for no "fake" photographs would answer. He knew that his audiences of schoolboys would look upon a posed photograph as a "put-up-job," and would reject the moral application as quickly as they reject a "goody-goody" story.

Five years had been spent in preliminary work, yet Mr. Fairchild patiently spent six years more in the gathering of his negative collection. With his camera ready for instant service, he tramped the streets of nearly all the large cities of the Eastern States. In 1903, he went to England for scenes that would give a larger scope to his argument, by showing that

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the older civilization supported the new in its convictions regarding morals.

By the autumn of 1905 there were enough pictures to allow a third re-writing of the lesson on "Boys' Fights," and for a new one on "The True Sportsman." In 1907 a third was written — "What I am going to Do When I Am Grown Up." The three made a set, so to speak — "True Sportsman," for high schools; "Grown Up," for upper grammar; and "Boys' Fights," for lower grammar grades.

The actual delivery of these lessons in the public schools began in January, 1906. The new idea was widely discussed by teachers, and invitations began to come in from many directions. During the school year from October, 1907, to June, 1908, about 35,000 boys and girls in the Eastern States heard one or more of these morality lessons, and liked them. During the next school year he made Chicago his headquarters and delivered them to an equally large number of children in sixteen different states, from Massachusetts to North Dakota. Most of the work was done in regular school hours by arrangement with the school authorities, and paid for as "special instruction." All the Washington, D. C., high schools took "The True Sportsman." This work was accomplished on a basis of $15 for one lesson, and $25 for two, with expenses. Mr. Fairchild became a traveling special instructor in morals. The third year of lecturing brought in $1,360. The lecturer found this sum a scant living, but wholly inadequate for the preparation of new lessons.

MR. BAKER FINANCES THE MOVEMENT

It was at this point that relief came from an unexpected source. A public-spirited citizen of Baltimore, Mr. Bernard N. Baker, a trustee of Johns Hopkins University, since retiring from business in 1907 had given a good deal of attention to the moral education of children and had determined to do something to promote it if he should find a hopeful plan. Mr. Fairchild had formed what he called "The Moral Education Board," composed of those with whom he was privileged to consult regarding the moral ideas to be taught in these illustrated lessons, and Mr. Baker joined it. He has now given it permanent offices in Baltimore, and is furnishing funds for expansion. His decision to take an active part in the enterprise came about in this way:

Mr. Fairchild was invited by Mr. Baker to come to Baltimore and deliver one of these illustrated lessons in his presence. Seven hundred boys of the Baltimore City College (high school) were asked to look and listen while the "True Sportsman" was being delivered. Mr. Baker sat among them. Attention and interest proved satisfactory and the boys voted their approval and thanks sincerely. Every boy had been supplied with an addressed postal card and was asked to express his opinion of the lecture.

The responses were as convincing in language as they were in number. Here are two fair specimens:

"Your lecture was very entertaining and instructive. From it I have learned to take victory or defeat as I should, no matter in what it may be."

"Your lecture was excellent, in my mind. I enjoyed it very much, and I have many times 'yelled' at the opposing team, but I will not do it any more, after hearing your lecture."

The teachers recognized that the lesson had carried real influence.

Mr. Baker is now furnishing money to secure additional pictures and is personally superintending the expansion of the movement. New lessons on "Personal and National Thrift," "Who Is the Gentleman?" and "Who Is the Lady?" have been prepared. "The Ethics of the Professions," "The Ethics of Business," "The Law of the Schoolroom," "What Belongs to Me and What Does Not," etc., are in preparation. A second moral instructor will be engaged, with headquarters at Chicago, and as the demand for instruction increases, others will go into the field. Slides and manuals will also be supplied by a form of leasing for use in schools that prefer to provide their own instructors. Institutions that use the lessons will still be expected to pay a nominal fee, but headquarters expenses will be borne partly by endowment. Headquarters are to be an incorporated educational institution under a board of trustees, not a money-making affair.

Mr. Fairchild says: "All institutions of learning interested in child psychology and the practical affairs of the lives of boys and girls are to be related by organization in some way, if possible, with the research work of the headquarters of the Moral Education Board. A wealth of effort never before contemplated is to be expended in developing each illustrated lesson

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by more and more impressive pictures to the point of intense interest and powerful influence over the mind and will of its special audience. Every topic of morality appropriate to public and private schools will have its illustrated lesson, expressing intelligent public opinion in its topic. The members of the Moral Education Board are our source of criticism and enrichment for the text. A small corps of special students of practical morality will be trained as photographers, and sent into all parts of the world to gather ideas and photographs, keeping a record at the time of photographing the actual conditions of view, for the enrichment of these lessons for American schools."

Just what modifications the present plans of the Moral Education Board may undergo in the course of time no one can now forecast. The important thing to remember is that the men who are directly in charge of the work are in close touch with many of the most prominent educational specialists in the country, and the lessons are naturally prepared in accordance with their ideas, since the purpose is to make them a part of the public school system. It is not intended that the work of this Board shall replace anything that is now recognized as a part of the school system.

The idea of "Illustrated Morals" has come within sight of the point where it may become a system of moral instruction recognized by the schools of America. Its patron is giving it not merely money-backing but the daily attention of a successful business man. The enthusiasm of the apostle is directed and made practical by the experienced conservatism of the man of the world.

The fundamental need has been expressed by Professor Swain of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology perhaps better than any other:

"The safety of the nation does not depend upon whether our young people are taught the location of Lake Titicaca or of the River Ebro, nor upon their ability to add up columns of figures, but it does depend upon their realization of the obligations to their fellowmen, and the necessity of playing the game of life fairly."

Mere preaching doesn't do it.

Mere reading doesn't do it.

Even personal examples of teachers and others go only a part of the way.

The great value of the method that Mr. Fairchild has worked out consists in this — *that the material used in teaching moral qualities are the actions of the boys themselves in their everyday conduct.*

This may not seem a great discovery to the merely casual reader. But to the teacher who is confronted with the hard task of strengthening the character of the young it is practical, concrete, definite — in a sense revolutionary.

You cannot withhold your enthusiasm at the work that Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Baker are doing. Mr. Fairchild has given his life to the patient working out of the plan. He spent all his money. He gave all his time. He never became tired. He worked with the certainty of success but without seeing just how it would come. He knew that he had worked out the application of a sound principle, and the application was to a subject wherein modern teaching had made no progress — had, in fact, slipped back.

There had been new methods of teaching arithmetic, penmanship, geography, all the sciences, new methods of teaching law, languages, agriculture — new methods in teaching everything but moral qualities. And this, to say the least of it, is a matter of some importance in comparison with mere problems in pedagogy.

It is some such general view of the subject that we must take to put Mr. Fairchild's achievement in its proper relation.

And Mr. Baker's part in furthering the work is not less admirable. He has given not only money to develop the work, but his time as well. He is not "financing a movement"; he is throwing his life into it as a companion worker with Mr. Fairchild. After conference with the Board, he delivers addresses, puts the lectures to the severest test, seeks the advice of the best masters of educational methods, and is putting the work on a business basis. It is managed by sound financial methods — it must ultimately pay its way, but it must not become a money-making movement. That is his principle.

He has expressed his hope in this way:

"We are endeavoring to organize an educational institution with trustees, building, and endowment devoted to the great cause of moral education for the children of this nation. Of all the different methods that have been called to my attention, this one with pictures from real life, I believe, is the only one that can be carried forward to reach successfully the greatest number, and meet the requirements in an educational way of all schools, public or private, free from sectarian or denominational objection."

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THE RULERS OF THE WIRES

A SINGLE HOLDING-COMPANY CONTROLS THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND THE COMMERCIAL CABLE, AND IS THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDER OF THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY—A QUIET OCTOPUS AND THE MAN WHO RULES IT

BY

C. M. KEYS

EVERY now and again there meets at No. 253 Broadway, New York, a board of seven men, which constitutes the "unknown factor" of the wire-world on this continent. It is the board of trustees of the Mackay Companies. The seven men who met at the last meeting in 1909 were Messrs. Clarence H. Mackay, G. G. Ward, W. W. Cook, E. C. Platt, Dumont Clarke, R. A. Smith, and H. K. Meredith. Mr. Clarke has died since then, and, as this paragraph is written, no successor has been chosen.

In Wall Street, they call this a "business" board, as distinguished from the usual "financial" board that rules most of the big corporations. With the exception of Mr. Clarke, none of the members was ever reckoned a financier, and Mr. Clarke's financial standing rested upon his presidency of a great national bank alone.

Messrs. Ward, Cook, and Platt are active officers of the telegraph companies controlled by the Mackay Companies. Messrs. Smith and Meredith are Canadians, the latter being a direct representative of the Bank of Montreal, and the former a proxy for the large stockholders of Toronto. Mr. Mackay, the head of the board, is an "undeveloped equity" from the estate of the late J. W. Mackay.

The seed of the consolidation, personified in this little board of seven trustees, was sown many years ago. Mr. J. W. Mackay, coming East from the California goldfields, went into business of many sorts. A pioneer by instinct, he turned from the opening of the West to the pushing of new projects wherever new projects promised rich returns. Few of the great new transcontinentals called to him in vain.

The business of transmitting words by cable was new in the world, so far as commercial use was concerned. He took to it with eagerness. He headed a group that pushed through to completion the original lines of the Commercial Cable Company, linking the old world with the new.

Even more daring was the establishment of the Postal Telegraph Company, to invade the iron-bound monopoly of land telegraphing held since the beginning by the Western Union. Men prophesied little but failure of the venture — yet the infant grew. Finally, in 1897, the Commercial Cable Company, grown into a giant's strength, bought out the Postal Telegraph — and the name of Mackay headed the list of directors of the joint company.

After the death of the older Mackay, the control continued. New ambitions were born in the minds of the men who held the reins of power, ambitions for expansion, for consolidation, for greater strength against the time-honored enemy, the Goulds' Western Union. In 1903, the men who had inherited power from the pioneers formed a new association. They capitalized it at $100,000,000 — half in preferred stock, half in common. They called it the Mackay Companies. They offered to exchange for every share of the old Commercial Cable stock $200 in new preferred stock and $200 in new common stock. Most men made the exchange. At first, it seemed a mere swapping of names, with no great financial meaning.

That was seven years ago, and for a time things moved but slowly. The Mackay Companies took in the conservative dividends of the Commercial Cable, and paid them out again in the conservative dividends of the Mackay Companies.

Four years ago in February, the trustees issued a report in which the new ambitions of the company stood fairly revealed. In that report, they made the succinct statement:

The Mackay Companies is *one of the largest stockholders* in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, commonly known as the Bell Telephone Company.

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In the same report, they stated that during the year the company had bought control of the North American Telegraph Company, a twenty-year-old concern that did a telegraph business out in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois.

In the next year, 1907, the simple statement above was amplified into this:

The Mackay Companies is *by far the largest stockholder* in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, commonly known as the Bell Telephone Company, its holdings being *more than four times those of any other stockholder* in that company. Your trustees believe that the present friendly relations with that company should be cemented in the interest of the shareholders of both companies and also of the public at large.

In the two following years, the cement pot was used to fairly good effect, though not lavishly. In the 1909 report, the progress of the cementing was reported in a single sentence:

The Mackay Companies' holdings of stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, commonly known as the Bell Telephone Company, are *nearly six times larger* than those of any other stockholder.

What was going on elsewhere may be merely indicated, no more, by the fact that in the 1906 report the trustees announced that the Mackay Companies held stock in seventy-four other telephone companies; while in the 1909 report the number had grown to one hundred and two.

While the Mackay Companies wielded the cement brush so successfully, the Western Union fell into hot water — and the opposite of the cementing process took place very rapidly. The Gould estate, with the Russell Sage estate and others of a passing generation, held the dominating interest in the old Western Union. The troubles of the Goulds in the panic of 1907 are too well known to need sketching. They resulted in a great anxiety to raise money. The Western Union was called upon to take its share in the stock of the New York Telephone Company, in which it was the largest stockholder.

Its directors were not very eager. Money was hard to get. Dividends had been cut in the panic, and times were hard. The Western Union decided to sell the stock of the New York Telephone Company, instead of buying more. Naturally, the buyer was the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

The process of Gould rehabilitation went on. More cash was wanted in the strong box of the Gould estate. The A. T. & T. offered to supply it, in exchange for the Gould holdings of the Western Union. Mr. George Gould, thinking of his many railroads, all clamoring like hungry fledglings, sold out.

So here, for the past little while, the old story has been reënacted on a new stage. While the mackerel has been swallowing the herring, the whale has been swallowing the mackerel. Things have changed quite a bit since five years ago.

The Mackay Companies does not as yet control the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, and possibly never will control it. There are many reasons against it. The chief reason is that the men who are the leaders in both companies know very well that the process of consolidation is carefully watched these days by the Government of the United States. To make such a merger at this time would be to invite a Government suit.

Financially, it would not be very difficult to bring about a merger. Of course, there are about 25,000 stockholders of the company, and more than three-quarters of the entire stock is owned in New England. The amount owned by the Mackay Companies is not considerable, and even if one were to find out how much of the rest is owned by private capitalists in sympathy with the Mackay Companies the aggregate would not be very much.

This condition, while possibly reassuring to the Government and to that part of the public which takes any interest in such matters, does not by any means preclude the purchase of control. Experience, in the case of such corporations as the Boston & Maine, the old Rock Island, the Northern Pacific, and many other similar companies has demonstrated that it is not a very difficult matter for one company, even though new, to gather in the stocks held by small holders. It is only a matter of offering a favorable exchange.

The fact is that the Mackay Companies has kept its financial position so strong that it could offer any reasonable price for this stock. It has never made a bond issue of any sort. It has distributed its own profits so sparingly to the stockholders that out of what was left in the treasuries it built the cable to Cuba a year or so ago without any financing at all, took up its allotment of the new stock of the Bell Telephone Company, and built all the new

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extensions of the Postal Telegraph — all without borrowing a cent. In addition, it has allowed the Commercial Cable Company to tuck away a nice little surplus of $500,000 a year, so that, when the time is right, there will be ample opportunity for a good ripe "melon" for its own stockholders.

Obviously, such a company could offer a very good price for the Bell stock if it wanted to do so. It could offer $200 in 4 per cent. bonds, and the dividends, at the current rate on the Bell stock, would pay all the interest charges on the new bonds. That price, for a stock worth in the market about $140 per share, might tempt a few. If not, a few shares of Mackay Common stock might be added. There is hardly a capital resource known to the financial world that the Mackay Companies could not practice with excellent chance for success.

But, at the present time, the Bell Company is run by its own directors, elected by the stockholders. These directors are a scattered group, not a homogeneous entity such as rules most of the big corporations of the country. Most of them are proud to proclaim themselves representatives of the New England stockholders. New Englanders still believe that they have one of their great corporations. Perhaps the Santa Fé, the New Haven, even the Boston & Maine, and the copper business have slipped away from Boston — but the Telephone remains nominally a New England concern.

What every one in the financial district knows, however, is that within the last five years Boston has found the job too big. It was all right for the Boston houses and their New England clients to look out for the Telephone business so long as a few hundred thousand dollars a year measured the needs of the company for new lines, new companies, new debts. But business is an evolution. The time came when the Bell Telephone Company needed far more capital than New England could supply. Instead of a few millions, $100,000,000 became a unit.

There is only one market in the United States where men deal in $100,000,000 units. That market is Wall Street. Therefore, the feet of the telephone managers turned, quite unwillingly, from the friendly offices of State Street, Boston, to the strange, cold, and critical offices of Wall and William Streets, New York. The job was a big one; therefore, it needed the biggest bankers. Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and J. P. Morgan & Company modestly admitted that they were the people the Boston Diogenes sought. The Bell Telephone Company became a client of these two firms to the extent of $100,000,000.

When a man borrows money on a mortgage, he pays the broker who found the money for him a certain commission. That ends his obligation to the broker. With a corporation it is different. If the Bell Company borrows through Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and J. P. Morgan & Co. in 1906, it is listed as a "Kuhn, Loeb," or a "Morgan" corporation. If it needs more money in 1908, the financial world expects it to go to these same firms again. If it does not, rumors fly about. Much harm can be done by rumors. Men and corporations have been ruined by rumor, more than once. Corporation credit is so sensitive, because so many men make up the corporation, that these little things weigh very heavily.

Therefore, through the very act of borrowing, a certain obligation has been created between the two greatest Wall Street firms and the Bell Telephone Company. I should not say that either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Schiff could forbid the Telephone Company to do this or do that — but I have not the slightest doubt that if Mr. Morgan or Mr. Schiff intimated, ever so gently, that perhaps the directors of the Telephone Company might see their way clear to authorize the purchase of this outside company or that outside company — provided the funds could be raised — the directors of the Telephone Company would at least hear about it. Nobody would even think to ask whether either Mr. Schiff or Mr. Morgan own a single share of Telephone stock.

So strong is this subtle sort of power in the affairs of great corporations that it has come to be an accepted fact in Wall Street that the American Telegraph and Telephone Company is controlled by Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Schiff, particularly the former. The "control," of course, is merely the power to dominate its policy.

Now, there has been a long and bitter fight between the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the so-called "Independents." When, therefore, it was announced at the close of the year that J. P. Morgan & Co. had bought the control of a big group of Middle-Western independent telephone companies, Wall Street thought it very interesting. For

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it is taken for granted, rightly or wrongly, that there will be no fight between the independent companies that rest in the hands of Mr. Morgan, and the Bell ompany, a recent recruit to the list of corporations whose directors sit, metaphorically, at the feet of the modern financial colossus.

Perhaps, therefore, the era of war is over. If Mr. Morgan buys in the strongest of the independents, there is left much less danger of real fight, because the danger of consolidations among the scattered outsiders is diminished. As the power of outsiders is mobilized, in all probability the Morgan experiment will extend enough to remove, again, whatever group promises the greatest resistance to the Bell interests. Mr. Morgan is simply guarding his new client from danger. He does not figure it will cost him anything. In fact, presumably, he expects to make money. But the main thing is to look out for the interest of the A. T. & T., the new Morgan client.

If we consider the Mackay Companies, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Western Union as all one big consolidation, it appears to be about the flimsiest of such consolidations. The Mackay Companies absolutely controls the Postal Telegraph and the Commercial Cable and other smaller companies. It is merely the biggest stockholder in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

Again, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company does not control the Western Union. It is merely the biggest stockholder in that company. It comes much nearer, however, to controlling it than the Mackay Companies comes to controlling the American Telephone & Telegraph, for its interest is so big that it can elect its own directors and officers.

The inter-relation of the group of companies that control nearly all the wire business of this country is quite clear. How far it will ultimately go depends on a variety of factors. The first is the attitude of the Government. The second is the attitude of Mr. J. P. Morgan or his successors in the power he wields. The third is the personal ambition of Mr. Clarence Mackay, the first trustee of the Mackay Companies.

Mr. Mackay is a "second generation" financier. In the list of such, he is always placed near the top; for he has to be reckoned with in all contingencies. His personal character, his attention to business, his innate business ability have earned for him far more respect than his money alone could have commanded. The financial world is not, one might say, very warmly for him; but it is not against him, as is usual in such cases. It is simply lukewarm, waiting for him to take the centre of some stage and play his part. The stage is already set; and the play is ready. The plan and scope of the Mackay Companies presupposes for the leading part the genius and the courage of a real financial leader.

Whether Mr. Mackay is the man or not remains to be seen.

Certainly, some wise heads guide the destinies of the company. Common sense and progressiveness are taken for granted in the management. The organization appears to lack a press agent and a brass band; but it has done some things that are worth noting as evidences of the kind and character of its administration.

In August, 1907, some of its employees went on strike, in sympathy with the Western Union strikers. At once the officers and many of the clerks of the company turned in and became operators again. At the end of twelve weeks, the strike was broken.

Then the company itself organized "The Postal Telegraph Employees' Association." This concern was open, without dues or fees, to all employees who would abjure all unions, and it guaranteed benefits in case of sickness or disability. Now, practically all the employees of the Postal Telegraph Company are members.

The management also adopted the plan of allowing employees to purchase stock, at fair prices. At the last report more than $2,000,000 of the company's stock was owned by employees of the Mackay Companies, the Postal Telegraph and the Commercial Cable Company. This process is going on all the time.

This company, so powerful in its financial resources and credit, so imperturbable in its business policies, so aloof from the trammels of the speculative world and so capable in the handling of its own men, is a factor to be reckoned with. It was and is designed to be the giant of the telephone, cable, and telegraph world. How soon its destiny will be fulfilled is a matter of more than passing interest.

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HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

FOURTH ARTICLE

HOW TO REGULATE CORPORATIONS

INEVITABLE CONSOLIDATIONS — THEIR BENEFITS AND EVILS — WHAT THE TARIFF DOES — THE RESULTS OF RAILROAD LEGISLATION. THE REMEDY

BY

JAMES J. HILL

THE tendency of interests engaged in large industrial undertakings toward combination is simply a part of that coöperation in the production, the distribution and the exchange of wealth with which everybody has been familiar for centuries. When the pioneers in this country united to help build one another's houses, when they had a "barn-raising," it was combination. When the owner of land or implements or capital in any other form first entered into partnership with labor to create more wealth, it was combination. When the corporation came into existence, through which many small amounts of capital could be massed, it marked a new era, just as much as when two men first lifted by their united strength some stone or tree trunk too heavy for them singly. Exactly as society and the work of the community have become more complex, so have the means by which material ends are achieved grown larger and more powerful. The union of numerous disconnected and weak railroads in one orderly and efficient system, the substitution of one great establishment for many small plants, are part of the natural and inevitable evolution of united action among men.

A MISCONCEPTION OF CAPITAL

One misconception needs to be removed at the outset, in considering combinations of capital. I know no theory so fallacious as the popular conception of the nature and purpose of the consolidation of wealth. It does not mean the hoarding of money in a bag, so that its one possessor may delve in it up to his armpits. It means rather the effective organization of effort, the intelligent use of money which represents exerted physical or mental energy. The common conception of the capitalist as a man who hoards money, and of Wall Street as a place where the money supply of the country may be cornered and kept, to be doled out to the people only as they submit to terms imposed by its owners, no more represents any existing reality than does the picture of a dragon. For few things are more worthless or uneasy than capital unemployed; and wealth locked up in vaults in a great city is just as useless to its possessor as heaps of gold to Robinson Crusoe. Idle capital may create a national problem, and has caused widespread national distress, as surely as idle labor.

The people who propose to sweep the new business method out of existence as a public menace forget one thing. We have reached a stage of national development where business must be done on a different plan from that which served half a century ago. In 1865 we had thirty-five millions of people. To-day we have nearly ninety millions. By the middle of the century we shall have two hundred millions. Less than thirty-five years ago horse-cars filled the needs of urban transportation. To-day we could not possibly get along without the trolley. In economic conditions, as in physical conditions, we must keep pace with the times. If the masses of the people are to continue to enjoy the prosperity and the comforts which they desire, old-fashioned methods are inadequate. People in this country live better to-day than they ever did before. They are better fed, housed and clothed. There are fewer drones in the hive, fewer

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people who share the results of work without working themselves, less waste in the necessary processes by which population is sustained and business conducted.

These are consequences of the better organization of industry, of which large combinations are an important feature. It is as useless to propose doing without them as it would be to go back to the horse-car, or to insist that the shoemaker at his bench should make with his hands the entire amount of footwear used by all the people of the country. And this expansion and improvement of method must continue. It will not move backward.

There has been and still is a more or less common feeling of hostility on the part of the public toward consolidations, though it is yielding perceptibly to the growth of intelligence and to the demonstration of benefits in many instances by the conduct of industry on a large scale. This attitude is pronounced, but the reasons for it are not always plainly stated. Some of it is due to the unfortunate form taken by combination at the beginning in this country. To obviate ruinous competition, what were called "trusts" were formed. Under this system the stocks of various and competing organizations were "trusteed" in the hands of a few men, to whom was given arbitrary authority to do as they pleased with the properties under their control. This was not a wholesome arrangement. It was a cumbrous structure, and it was declared illegal by the courts. It exists now, if at all, secretly, and must not be confounded with the rise of one big company out of many small ones, which is the feature of industrial consolidation. But it lasted long enough to stir up prejudice that has been transferred to some extent to a successor altogether different.

IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT TRUSTS

Most opposition, however, is based upon the proposition that the so-called "trusts" — for we still lack in common usage a more fitting name for industrial combinations — work toward monopoly. The monopolistic feature, with its supposed control of product and command of prices, fills the public mind to such an extent that the underlying principle has been too little considered.

On this point several facts contrary to the extreme monopolistic theory may be noted:

First: The largest manufacturing combination in this country does not control 50 per cent. of the product of the commodity it deals with.

Second: Unrestricted competition has shown itself no unmixed blessing. In many cases it has produced results as evil as those of complete monopoly would be if such a thing existed.

Third: No combination in this country will ever rise superior to public opinion or be able long to defy it. Virtual monopolies that control through price agreements certain lines of manufactured articles would be smashed by the abolition of protective duties on these articles. An actual monopoly, controlling all production and squeezing the people, could and would be driven out of business by popular revolt.

Fourth: Steadiness of prices and profits is regarded by capital everywhere, and by every management intelligent enough to hold its place, as far more desirable than excessive price and undue profits.

Fifth: It thus appears that there is a law of balance and proportion in the operation of consolidated industries, not at first perceived or known, which insists upon moderation as a condition of their very existence and will destroy them, sooner or later, if violated.

Sixth: There is the regulative power of actual law, exhibited in "anti-trust" statutes all over the country, which at present tend rather to bind industrial development harmfully than to allow it dangerous freedom. Undoubtedly if consolidation should ever threaten the public welfare or the place of the individual as a free industrial unit, this authority would be further asserted and extended.

These are all valid reasons why the popular antipathy to all forms of combination should be laid aside, and the subject investigated without prepossession like any other phenomenon, such as different systems of land tenure, or the value of synthetic chemistry in manufacture, or other changes in industrial method within very recent times.

Assuming the public to be able to protect itself against extortion, there are only a few men in the community who can advance good reasons for opposition to the new system. These are the middlemen, and the small competitor who is unable to meet the larger concern in open market. They are caught between the upper and the nether millstones. The former has no just reason for complaint.

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He is not a producer. His work was just so much economic waste, which is saved by shortening the connection between producer and consumer. The latter is less freely forced to the wall than is supposed.

THE "TRUST" AND THE "SMALL PRODUCER"

It has appeared in nearly all the investigations recently conducted under the Sherman anti-trust law that the small competitor still exists; that as soon as he is forced out or bought out, another of him appears; that no pressure is strong enough to eliminate him altogether, and that the wisest concerns neither try nor desire to do so. But, in so far as the small business man is put at a disadvantage, we must consider his injury, if the principle of consolidation has come to stay, as only one more instance of the hardships that always accompany progress.

As far as we can see now, the greatest number — whose good must be considered first — is benefited, just as it has been by the invention of machinery. Yet every machine displaces many men. The printer who set type by hand has had to find another job since the linotype came into general use. Almost every improvement that helps the many brings injury to individuals here and there. The building of a railroad puts the owner of the stage coach out of business. All the trades have been revolutionized by machinery that threw men out of work or forced them to learn a new trade. But the community gains by the cheapening of processes and of prices, so that the balance is in favor of the improvements. We are so alive to the blessings of progress that we are apt to forget that they always cost something. But the advantage is great and sure, and the world has never refused to grasp it and pay the necessary price.

THE ADVANTAGES OF COMBINATION

On the other side of the balance sheet we may see what this compensating advantage is. In every such industrial improvement the chief beneficiary is the workingman. For his gain is double; one in wages, and another in cheaper and more abundant food, shelter, and clothing. By combining several concerns in one, many economies are made possible. Useless officers and unproductive middlemen are cut off. The systems of purchase and distribution are simplified. Economies are effected by the direct purchase of material in large quantities, or, better still, by acquisition of ample supplies of raw material. This enables the United States Steel Corporation to make high profits on its immense capitalization, at prices which give to smaller concerns only a modest return.

The utilization of waste products is another economy which now not unfrequently furnishes the entire dividends of important factories; and when this has been carried as far and with as careful direction by practical chemists in the United States as in Germany, the results will be still more marked. The Carnegie Company built up its great success upon the fact that it took its iron from its own mines, made its coke in its own ovens, worked up its material in its own furnaces and shipped the finished product over its own railroad or in its own vessels. In the great Krupp Iron Works, of Germany, this system has been in operation for two generations; and, instead of arousing public antagonism, the Krupps have the admiration and good-will of the entire German nation from the Emperor down.

Now this system obviously enables capital and labor to produce a better article at a lower first cost; and that is the rule of industrial progress in this country. Sometimes the demand for cheapness is too pressing, and quality deteriorates; but this quickly rights itself. Sometimes prices are forced up, but there is always in reserve capital and enterprise enough to enter the field when these pass the boundary of a reasonable profit. It is a common habit to attribute the rise of prices during the last ten years entirely to combinations and resulting monopoly.

In some instances these have contributed, but there are other powerful causes. The increase in wages and the decrease in hours of labor, the protective tariff that excludes foreign competition, and, more effective probably than all other influences, the enormous increase in the volume of money and credits might account for the whole of the increase in prices.

The total stock of money in the United States in 1897 was a little over $1,900,000,000; now it is well in excess of $3,300,000,000, an increase of over 77 per cent. in eleven years. In 1896 the total transactions of the New York Clearing House were $29,350,894,884, and in 1906, $103,754,100,091. As there has been a similar expansion of all forms of credit, prices must have risen from this

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cause alone. The increase in the banking power of the world between 1896 and 1908 was 185 per cent.; that of the United States, 233 per cent. As far as modern industrial methods are concerned, we may fairly say that their net result has been to cheapen production, and thus to place more of the comforts of life within the reach of the people.

That the condition of labor has been improved by the growth of big employing concerns is patent. Strikes are more infrequent when a general schedule of wages is fixed by a central management. This can be done when the danger of disturbance to trade through erratic action by some individual operator is lessened. It is easier for organized labor to deal with organized capital. Within the last ten years it has been shown repeatedly how much more infrequent are ruptures between large corporations and their employees, and how much more prompt and satisfactory the settlement than when disturbance might arise in any one of a score of centres and be prolonged through the obstinacy of any one of a score of managements or labor committees. The big concern can afford to purchase and must have the latest and most improved machinery. It cannot afford to lay off its men except in extreme cases, because the loss of a day is a serious item in its business.

HOW THE WORKINGMAN PROFITS

The workingmen, too, may participate in profits by investing their savings in the shares of the more solid and prosperous concerns. The profits of the old corporation went to a very few persons. It is easy for even a laborer to know in these days what consolidations are organized and run on a business basis, and he has such an opportunity as never before for safe and lucrative investment that will enable him to share in the gains of his own labor and his employer's capital. Of the nearly $4,000,000,000 of deposits in the savings banks of this country, the bulk consists of the savings of labor; and this represents but a portion of its accumulations. With such resources, the workingmen of the country might, if they chose, practically control a large part of its industry within a few years. From every point of view, the workingman, who represents the greatest number whose good a sound industrial order must seek, appears to be the principal gainer from the new order in the world of wealth production.

THE BALANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL

We must beware, however, of rash and sweeping conclusions in either direction. One of the great faults of the American public is its readiness to accept extreme views. The system of combination in business has been denounced in unmeasured terms. We have seen that it does not deserve such abuse. Neither, probably, is it the universal panacea that many people think it, or destined to be final in its present shape. We are, as yet, no more than on the threshold of the new era. We must draw proper distinctions.

Already it is clear enough that the greatest value of industrial combination lies in the fields calling for immense capital, where big quantities of raw material must be controlled, huge plants erected, costly machinery provided, and a universal demand supplied. The big instrument is for the big work, such as the iron and steel trade and its like. In some lines the old-fashioned small corporations will do the work better, and they are doing it. A railroad does not use the same locomotive for its mountain division and its switching yards.

The theory that business consolidation in certain employments is a good policy for everybody appears to be justified by experience. Against the alleged injury that is intangible can be set the benefit which figures prove — benefit to the workingman, to the consumer, to the capitalist. Wages are higher, prices have not risen in proportion, well-chosen investments are safer, more productive, and more certain of return. The unsound combination must be weeded out; and time is doing that. The proper boundaries within which consolidation is the best working principle must be ascertained; and time and experience are doing that. When a longer trial has taught us more of the new method, and removed or restrained its abuses, it will undoubtedly be discovered that much has been added by it to the resources, the productive power, and the well-being of man as an individual worker, and still more to the efficiency of the industrial association of mankind.

THE FIERCE CONTROVERSY OVER RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

Fiercer than the controversy over the relative merits of competition and consolidation

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as applied to manufacture has been the discussion of them as applied to transportation. Originally the railroad property of the country consisted of a large number of small pieces of track, operated by companies unconnected with and often hostile to one another. This was natural in a period when the main purpose of the railroad was still to serve local needs, to connect with the larger business centres of the country the territory immediately served by them.

With the settlement of the West, and especially with the growth of through traffic, a new condition arose. The difficulty of sending commodities over half a dozen lines, operated by as many companies, in one quick and continuous journey became too great for business to bear. What happened to the currency of the country happened to its railroad business. In the period before the war it was possible for the people to get along with notes issued by state banks because business was largely local, travel was limited, and financial enterprises comparatively small. Such a system would be intolerable to-day. And to handle the immense through railroad business of this country by a host of small and isolated lines would be just as impracticable as to carry on our commerce with forty-six different kinds of money. Consolidation appeared as naturally and as inevitably as the triple-expansion engine displaces that of an earlier type.

Now this was an economic evolution, independent of the plans or wishes of men. It had to be, just as men had to learn the use of fire if they were to become civilized. But a vast pother arose over the change; a cloud of law-making appeared; the comparative desirability of free competition and general consolidation in the transportation business was debated with a sort of frenzy, as if it could be settled by words; and men are still talking and legislative bodies still passing new laws to establish or save competition in railroading, as if this were something under their control. The building of parallel lines has been encouraged and bitter rate wars have been welcomed as an assurance to the people of competition for their benefit.

WHAT RAILROAD COMPETITION COSTS THE PUBLIC

As a matter of fact, these things mean the waste of capital supplied by the people; mean losses paid by the people. If there are two lines where one would suffice, the added burden falls on the public. A railroad must either earn money to operate it, or borrow. In either case the people foot the bills. The fortunes of railroad companies are determined by the law of the survival of the fittest. This has already grouped the railroads of other companies into a few great systems, operated in harmony with one another. It has reduced scores of railroad corporations in New England to two systems, whose merger is substantially accomplished. All over the country it has built up big, efficient transportation machines, out of little scraps of lines that served neither the public nor their stockholders satisfactorily. And the interesting fact, as we shall see, is that this process has been contemporaneous with such a cheapening of the cost of transportation to the public as was never known before in the history of the world, and with a remarkable development of efficiency in the handling of an unprecedented volume of business.

The law-making authority has fluttered about this natural and necessary transformation much as a fly buzzes about a horse. It can sting and annoy, but it neither hastens nor impedes the progress of the horse unless the flies are thick enough and can bite hard enough to bring him to a halt in the effort to drive them away.

THE FUTILITY OF OPPOSING CONSOLIDATION

In the first place, railroad consolidation was prohibited by law almost everywhere, because it was considered destructive of competition. Now, whatever may be argued about competition in the abstract, it can apply to transportation only in the large field and the large sense. To a certain extent, a railroad is a natural monopoly. There is room for only so many in a given territory. Excessive competition may encourage temporary rate cutting; but no business can ever continue long on a losing basis. Sooner or later a restoration of rates, some understanding or agreement, comes to make existence possible to the railroads; and then for every line in the territory in excess of what is required to carry its business, the public will pay and continue to pay. Self-preservation, which is a law stronger than any legislature, has nullified competition over large areas, manifestly to the welfare of their people. Consolidation still proceeds, and the impossibility of arresting

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it or doing the business of the country without it is now admitted even by those who would protest against removing these inoperative laws from the statute book.

It also happened, curiously enough, that while legislative bodies were forbidding consolidation through one set of laws, they were compelling it through another. The assertion by the state of control of the rate-making power, in the slightest degree, at once logically destroyed the possibility of competition. For universal competition can exist only where prices are absolutely free to go up and down without regulation or limit; until the competing concerns and the public that they serve meet on the level of the cheapest service that is consistent with a reasonable profit, or until some competitors are forced to the wall. Competition involves and requires charges which are at times unreasonable, unequal and unfair. It thrives on discrimination. From the moment when these things were banned by the law, combination was authorized and forced. Some rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission have tended to destroy the competition naturally existing between different points on the same system, and throw all the business to a few big centres. Thus, were I allowed to compel the making of a through rate that is less than the sum of the intermediate local rates, the smaller distributing points could no longer compete with the few large ones thus favored.

COMMISSION RULINGS WHICH PROHIBIT COMPETITION

The principles of rate-making laid down in the Interstate Commerce law and the decisions rendered under it absolutely prohibit competition. Ever since they became effective, railroads have been obliged to come together, to agree on rates over large areas, to save expense by making one management do what it had taken many to do before. As has been shown, permanent competition in railroading would be impossible in the nature of things. But the force which has hastened consolidation and imposed it upon all railroads that would render good service at a fair price and also keep out of bankruptcy is the rate regulation of the last twenty-five years. To this end the wholly contradictory ideas of law-makers, supporting competition, opposing combination, and yet ordering uniformity of rates under heavy penalties, have worked together until the public itself has accepted the modern method as a necessity. It will presently recognize it as a good.

For, in addition to the benefits pointed out as consequences of consolidation in industrial growth, especially as affecting the workingman, many others have accrued to the public by reason of the grouping of railroads into large systems. In Europe, where the population is dense, this fact has long been recognized, and the paralleling of a railroad is forbidden by law. Good service can be given only by a road that is making money. The people are the chief sufferers wherever a railroad is operated at a loss. Formerly every small railroad that began nowhere and ended at the crossroads had its president, vice-president and full complement of other officers, all drawing good salaries. For these there is now one series of officers and one set of salaries. Economy has marked every stage of the welding of these little railroads together; but all other gains are insignificant when compared with the enormous increase of efficiency in operation and the decrease in cost to the public.

I will not go into this matter here at length, since I shall discuss it fully and with the necessary statistical comparisons in other articles, and give a measure of the practical transformation of the transportation business by consolidation; of how, by this means alone, the carriers of the country have been enabled to handle its business and, at the same time, reduce rates until the freight charges on American railroads are only a fraction of those in other countries.

THE INCREASE IN CONSOLIDATION AND DECREASE IN RATES

The whole story can be compressed into a single statement. The last twenty-five years cover the period of active consolidation among the railroads of the United States, until the extent of the groups that will finally survive and the territory served by each can be roughly approximated. While this was going on, the average receipt per passenger per mile on all the railroads of the United States dropped from 2.42 cents in 1883 to 2.01 cents in 1906; and the average freight rate per ton per mile fell nearly 40 per cent., from 1.22 cents to .77.

In fact, every legitimate railroad combination, by which I mean one having a business

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as distinguished from a stock-jobbing motive, is intended to produce and does produce better service and lower rates on the side of the public, and either larger or more certain profits or both on the side of the stockholder.

Take the Northern Securities Company for example. It contemplated no power and had no power under its charter to operate a railroad. The purpose of it was to enable owners of large amounts of stock in both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific companies to put them into a common holding concern, where they would be secure against change. It was a labor-saving device, and a device contributing to the welfare of the public by assuring in the management of great properties that security, harmony and relief from various forms of waste out of which grow lower rates just as surely as dividends. The courts asserted that it had the power to restrain trade; that the power to do a thing is as objectionable as the doing of it; that is to say, that since with your hand you may kill a man, it is against public policy for a man to have hands.

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE

So the Northern Securities Company went out of business. What has been the result? What is the difference? To the owners of the properties, merely the inconvenience of holding two certificates of stock of different colors instead of one, and of keeping track of two different sets of securities. To the public, no difference at all except that it has missed the advantages which the simpler and more businesslike plan would have secured.

Take the purchase of the Burlington property by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific jointly. What was the purpose and what the results of that? The public seems to think that when a consolidation of properties is effected, all the small stockholders will, by some mysterious and awful process, be "frozen out," and that their property will be gobbled up by a few men. Nobody has lost anything by this transaction. The Burlington reaches over its own rails Chicago, Peoria, Rock Island, Davenport, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, and thus connects with the main arteries of traffic of the whole country. All the large slaughter-houses of the country are located in centres reached by that road. Four-fifths of the silver and lead smelters in the United States are situated along it. In counties reached by the Burlington system in Illinois, 90 per cent. of the manufacturing in the state is done. Much of its territory offers a market for the lumber of the Pacific Coast. To put these markets and products in touch with one another is worth something.

If hundreds of millions of dollars had been raised to construct this system, or if another like it had been built beside it with new capital, it would have been hailed everywhere with approval as a means of bringing the Northwest and Southwest together, of increasing the business of all the lines concerned and adding to the prosperity of both sections of the country. This is what has been brought about without the waste of capital involved in duplicating construction; and the service is just as real, the benefit just as susceptible of proof.

THE KIND OF COMPETITION THAT DOES REMAIN

The question of stock ownership is to be considered in the light of a great competitive condition between the territories served by different large systems. There is competition between the Northwest and the Southwest. There is effort to develop each section of the country, to secure business for and from one as against another. This form of competition has not been destroyed, and it is probably the only kind that is destined to remain fully operative in the transportation business. Consolidation is merely an incident on the road to efficient service. It cannot be against public interest, for we have already seen the greatest decline of rates in the period when it was proceeding most rapidly. It threatens no other dangers, because railway companies are subject to supervision and control, now extended to almost every detail of their operation, by the public. The amount of their capital is public. Their rates must be public and uniform. Reasonableness of rates and service does not depend upon whether one man owns the capital stock of a railway or whether it is held by ten or ten thousand; by persons or corporations. And the courts are always open to see that the obligations of the common carrier are performed.

WHAT THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW

The public, on its part, must understand that it cannot afford to build up a commercial system based on the supposition that the transportation business will be done at a loss. No such arrangement can possibly be permanent. Railroad rates and regulations, when prescribed by public authority, may easily

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be made such that no financial return for service remains after paying expenses. Somewhere before this point is reached the line must be drawn. Otherwise, if hope of a fair profit is cut off, private capital will no longer be put into railroads. Such conditions have been known in this country recently, and might easily become fixed. Then, since the traffic of the country must be carried, the only recourse would be to have the government do the work. We can know what this would certainly mean.

The experience of state-owned railroads in Europe, in Mexico and elsewhere, unable to sustain themselves without rates much higher than ours, although labor is far cheaper, our own experience in the conduct of all large undertakings by the government, proves that the work would cost from 50 per cent. more to several times as much as now. This added cost, together with the disadvantages of an inferior service, would fall on the people. They would have to carry the burden forever. They should take a second serious thought before inviting this possibility by measures so drastic and unfair that capital will no longer engage in railroad enterprises.

Whatever, then, may be thought of the application of the principle of combination in manufacturing, its work in connection with transportation appears to have been as beneficent as we have learned all natural laws to be when we have ceased to fear and begun to understand them. It is introducing system into the railroad business of the country. It is cutting out waste, driving out speculative interests, organizing transportation in a national sense as has never been done before, to the advantage of everybody concerned. For in the end the only community of interests that can exist permanently is the community between the producer of tonnage and the carrier. The railroads depend for their existence upon the products of the land they serve. The man out on the farm or in the forest or down in the mine must be able to sell his product at a profit, or he will cease to labor. When he has nothing to sell, there will be nothing for the railroad to carry. Individuals come and go, but the land of the country, its resources and the railroads will be here permanently; and they will either prosper or be poor together.

A PLAIN EVIL AMONG CERTAIN CORPORATIONS

There is one plain evil connected with the creation of certain great corporations that has not been corrected, although it is easily reached. The valid objection to many concerns, especially some of those known as "industrials," is that they appear to have been created in the first place not so much for the purpose of manufacturing any particular commodity as for selling sheaves of printed securities which represent nothing more than the good-will and prospective profits of the promoters. Nearly all the large concerns engaged in manufacture or trade that have come to grief owe their downfall to excessive capitalization. This is a real menace not only to their successful existence but to the public, which pays prices based to some extent on the desire to make profits on more than the money invested.

If it is the will of the general government to prevent the growth of such corporations, it has always seemed to me that a simple remedy was within its reach. Under the constitutional provision allowing Congress to regulate commerce between the states, any company desiring to transact business outside of the state in which it is incorporated should be held to a uniform provision of Federal law; namely, that all should satisfy a commission that their capital stock was actually paid up in cash or in property taken at a fair valuation, just as the capital of a national bank must be certified to be paid up by the Comptroller of the Currency.

It is only fair to a dealer in Minnesota or California or Oregon that if a company claims to have ten, twenty, or fifty millions of capital, and wishes to do business in that state, he should know that its solvency and the honesty of its alleged capitalization have been passed upon by a Federal commission. With such a simple provision of law, the temptation to make companies for the purpose of selling prospective profits would be at an end; and, at the same time, no legitimate business would suffer. Nor could any number of individuals desirous of engaging in business as a corporation suffer any hardship by being obliged to prove that their capital was as advertised; that they were not beginning to deal with the public under false pretenses.

I am convinced that this is the simplest, most effective and necessary regulation to be applied to modern business methods. It begins at the beginning. It not only attacks the practice by which millions of the people's money have been coaxed into bad investments, but it also bears directly upon the main evil attributed to

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the existence of big corporations. With it they would lose most of their incentive to any such wrongdoing as may be within their power. With it there would be little inducement to claim exorbitant profits by raising prices, because the fact could no longer be concealed by spreading the net return over a fictitious capitalization.

And of course it follows equally that where capital has been fully paid in, no interference should be allowed, because no injustice would be likely to be done. Yet, although this remedy has been all the time within easy reach, although it has been before the public, I myself calling attention to and recommending it in an address and in published articles seven years ago, it is still untried, while legislators go on debating the impossible suppression of a natural law.

AN IRRESISTIBLE ECONOMIC LAW

The laws of trade are as certain in their operation as the laws of gravitation. The combination of forces to accomplish ends to which singly they are unequal is one of these natural laws. You might as well try to set a broken arm by statute as to change a commercial law by legislative enactment. We have been as a nation too ready to look to State and Federal legislation for remedies beyond their power to give. You may obstruct and delay for a time, but in the end the inexorable law of experience and the survival of the fittest will prevail. That is a law of universal operation, and in its working it appears to be eternal. The wise course for us is to try all things, to keep that which is good, to work with intelligence and by the light of past experience toward that which is better, and thus to sift methods and secure in the end results beneficial to every individual, to every interest, to national development and prosperity.

THE SELF-DESTRUCTION OF EVIL COMBINATIONS

Such combinations as are evil, and some there are, will be found self-destroying. The large material view of things, as well as the moral, shows that the affairs of men are subject to a moral order. That which is wrong cannot continue indefinitely. Every mistake carries within it the seed of failure. Every device of man is tried by final facts; and not one which is not fitted to promote his progress and to assist in the betterment of human conditions and the advance of human societies will survive. All history shows this. Therefore, in so far as the principle of collective effort through great corporations is wholly self-seeking, aims at unjust ends or offends the law of national growth, it will perish.

Especially in a country of free institutions and among a people accustomed to act independently it is impossible to conceive of any lasting triumph of a bad method. The people of this country could to-morrow, if they saw fit, and if they thought that the emergency called for measures so radical, starve any great industrial concern by refusing for the time to do business with it. It is always possible, however inconvenient or unlikely, for mankind in a crisis to go back for a time to the mode of life in which needs were simple and could be satisfied near at hand. A month of starvation would bring any big business to terms.

THE TEACHING OF THE PAST

But no such extreme course will ever be necessary. For already a survey of the last quarter of a century will show how rapidly industry is conforming itself to the law of combination, how excellent is the result in abundance of product, a raising of the general standard of comfort, improvement in the condition of working people and greater steadiness of markets and prices of both raw materials and finished products. These advantages the world will not part with. The undesirable consequences of the new method have already been guarded against to a great extent; and the remainder will either be remedied in like manner or cast off just as the human system rejects the poisons and retains the nourishment generated from food by the bodily processes.

The principle of consolidation in business within proper limitations and safe-guards is a permanent addition to the forward-moving forces of the world. We shall no more abandon it, we could no more live our lives now without it, than we could consent to dissolve our governments, forget all our complex social relationships and return to the simple but barren life of isolation bought by hardship and a stunted existence supported by the chase.

[*The next article in Mr. Hill's series will discuss Inland Waterway traffic.*]

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.WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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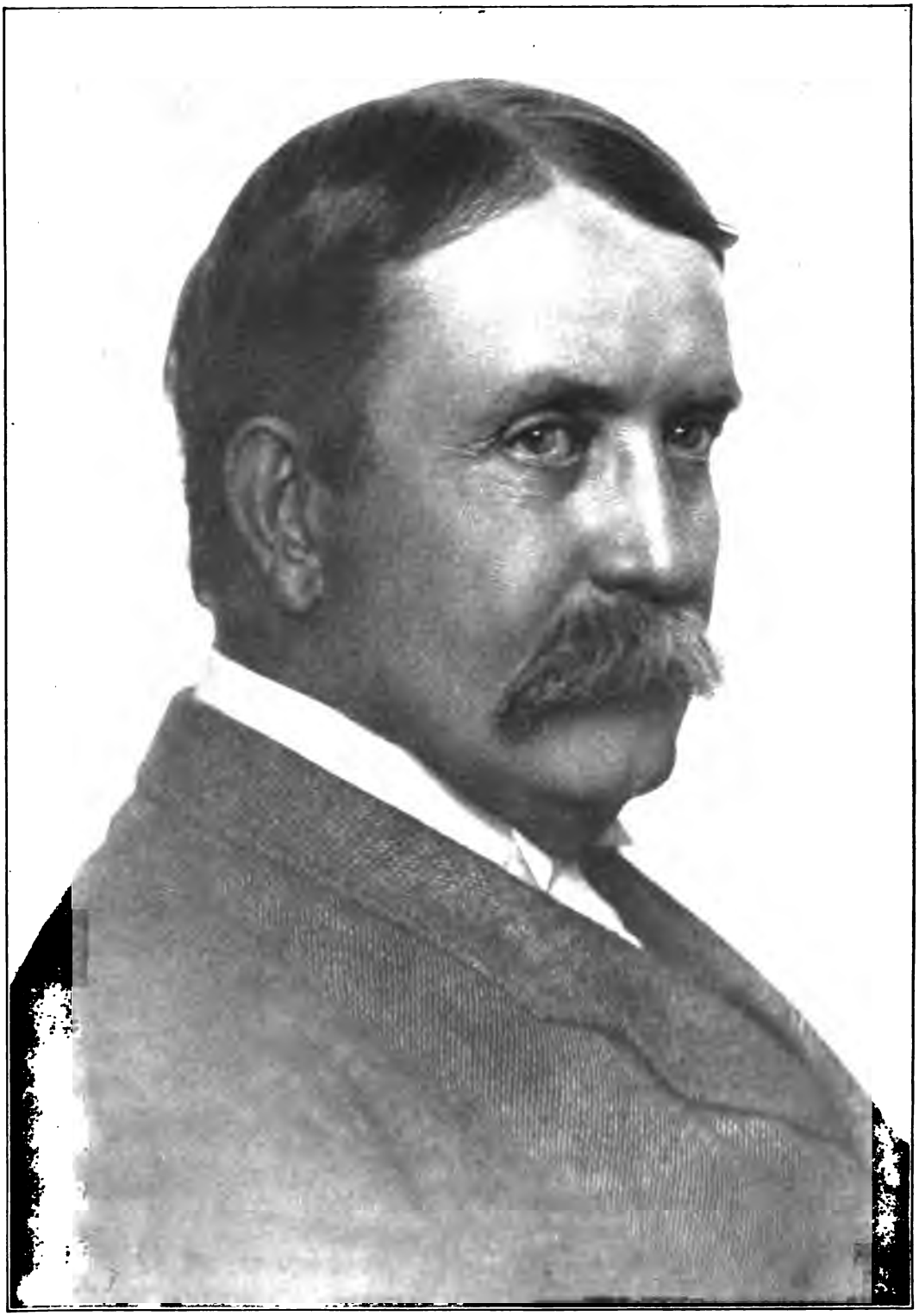

MR. DANIEL H. BURNHAM

WHO WAS CHIEF ARCHITECT OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, AND IS NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL COMMISSION FOR BEAUTIFYING WASHINGTON, AND ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF A GREAT "PLAN OF CHICAGO"

[See "Chicago—its Struggle and its Dream," page 13703]

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THE WORLD'S WORK

APRIL, 1910

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 6

The March of Events

THE increased cost of food reminds us, among other things, that we have not so much for every person to eat as we used to have. Facts like this turn our minds toward individual economics. The wasteful use of our forests and our coal and such things has begun to come home to us — most of all, the wasteful use of our soil; and an awakening national conscience has put us on the way toward frugality in large ways. These experiences come naturally after a long period of reckless exploitation, after a generation of gigantic organization, after our frontier has disappeared, and after the practical exhaustion of our free land.

May it not be that, by reason of these experiences, we are come to a time when we may hope gradually to change our mood and our methods? May we not become individually more frugal, less reckless in expenditure, more methodical in management, more careful in investment? One could find many facts to prove that such a change is beginning to take place in American character.

Of course no such change can come suddenly. Old habits are not easily nor quickly thrown off. In many times and places, in fact, they assert themselves with the greater energy because of a little repression. After a "land boom" has been discouraged a long enough time in any community, the community for that very reason gets ripe for another "land boom," and again loses its standard of values and its money. After a period of forced economy, too, such as followed the panic of two years or more ago, the natural man has a tendency to get the better of the prudent man and again to make excursions into unwarranted extravagances.

Still the larger, general, and more or less steady tendency in American life is toward frugality, prudent economy, and care in management. Our educational work reflects and helps forward this tendency. Women are now taught scientific management of household work, and scientific management is the basis of all frugality. The demand for instruction in orderly business methods means frugality. Better use of the soil is the cry and the effort of all rural teaching; and that is perhaps the best road of all to sensible frugality. And the general diffused prosperity of the people — for more of our people are well-to-do than ever before — helps the same tendency. A poor man can't easily be prudent and frugal and careful in management. Well-ordered habits of life require at least some remove from a hand-to-mouth existence.

But in personal economy poor men and rich alike must begin by saving.

As Mr. MacBrayne sets forth in his article in this number, the frugal habits of the alien put our native habits to shame. The superiority of the foreigner in this respect is just this — that he puts something away no matter how small his income. That enables even a poor man to make a start toward independence. But the main matter is to come into a state of mind that appreciates and cultivates constructive economies.

There could be no better national aim for a generation or two than "Let us stop waste."

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THE PHILLIPS BROOKS MEMORIAL, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

WHICH WAS RECENTLY UNVEILED AT TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON. THE BRONZE MEMORIAL IS A POSTHUMOUS WORK BY SAINT-GAUDENS; THE GRANITE CANOPY WAS DESIGNED BY THE LATE CHARLES F. McKIM

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MR. CHARLES E. MERRIAM

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND CITY ALDERMAN, NOW HEADING AN INVESTIGATING COMMISSION WHICH HAS UNEARTHED GROSS FRAUDS IN THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

[See "Chicago—its Struggle and its Dream," page 12702]

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DR. EDWARD L. TRUDEAU

OF SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WORK IN THE HEALING OF TUBERCULOSIS VICTIMS, AND "WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN ONE LONG CONSECRATION TO HIS FELLOW-MEN"

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

"A MAN WHO SEES CLEARLY THE COMPLEX TASK OF TRAINING YOUTH IN A DEMOCRACY AND SEES IT WHOLE, AND WHO HAS THE COURAGE TO WORK BY A WELL-MATURED PHILOSOPHY TOWARD LARGE ENDS"

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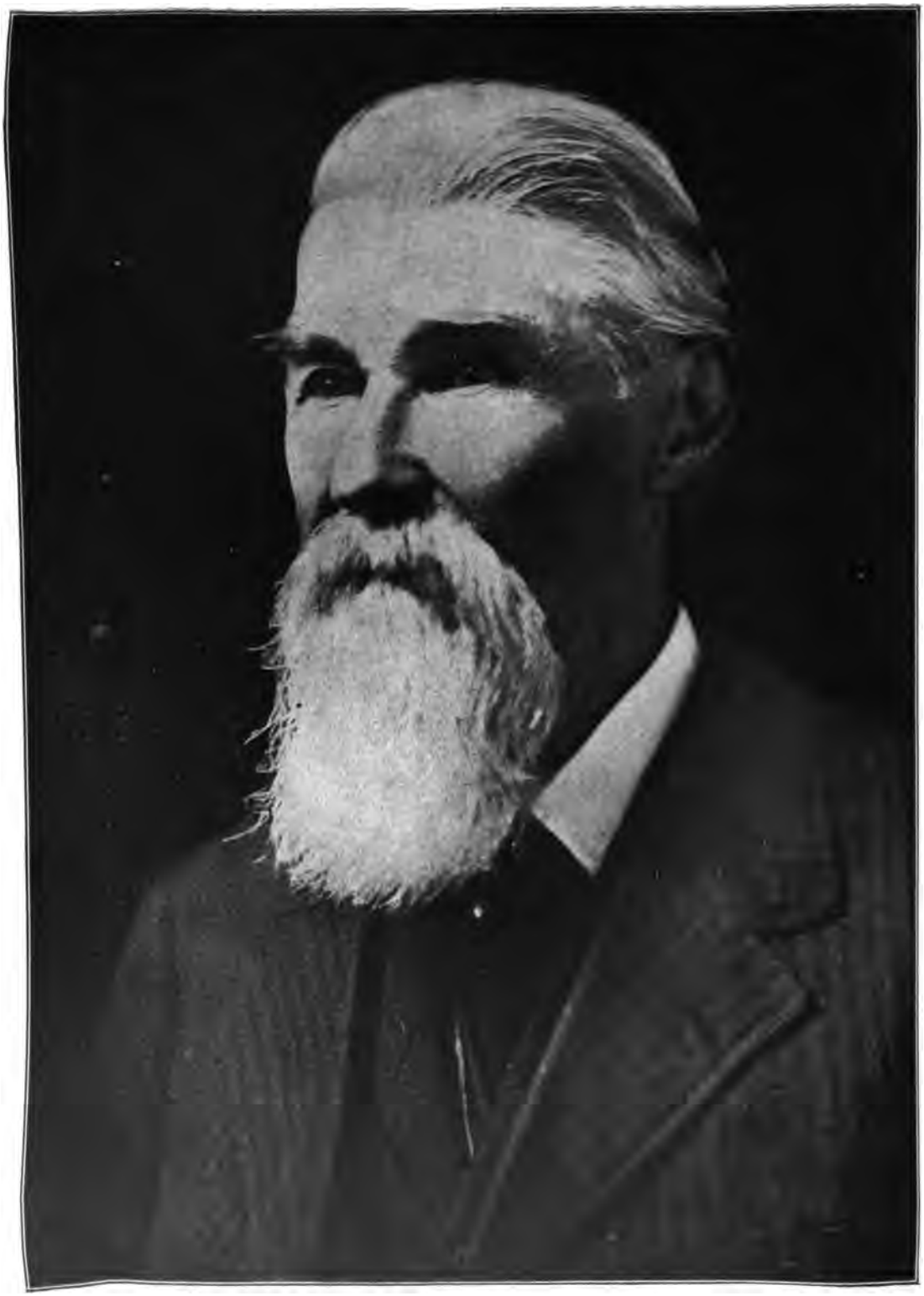

HON. JAMES GORDON

RECENTLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI FOR AN UNEXPIRED TERM OF FIFTY DAYS, WHO BY HIS KINDLY WAYS BROUGHT "THE MOST AUGUST LEGISLATIVE BODY IN THE WORLD" UP INTO A HUMAN MOOD

[See "*A Kindly Presence in a Cold World*," page 12759]

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

MR. J. J. CARTY

THE FOREMOST TELEPHONE ENGINEER IN THE WORLD, TO WHOM ARE DUE MANY OF THE SCIENTIFIC CONQUESTS THAT HAVE MARKED THE ADVANCE IN LONG-DISTANCE CONVERSATION

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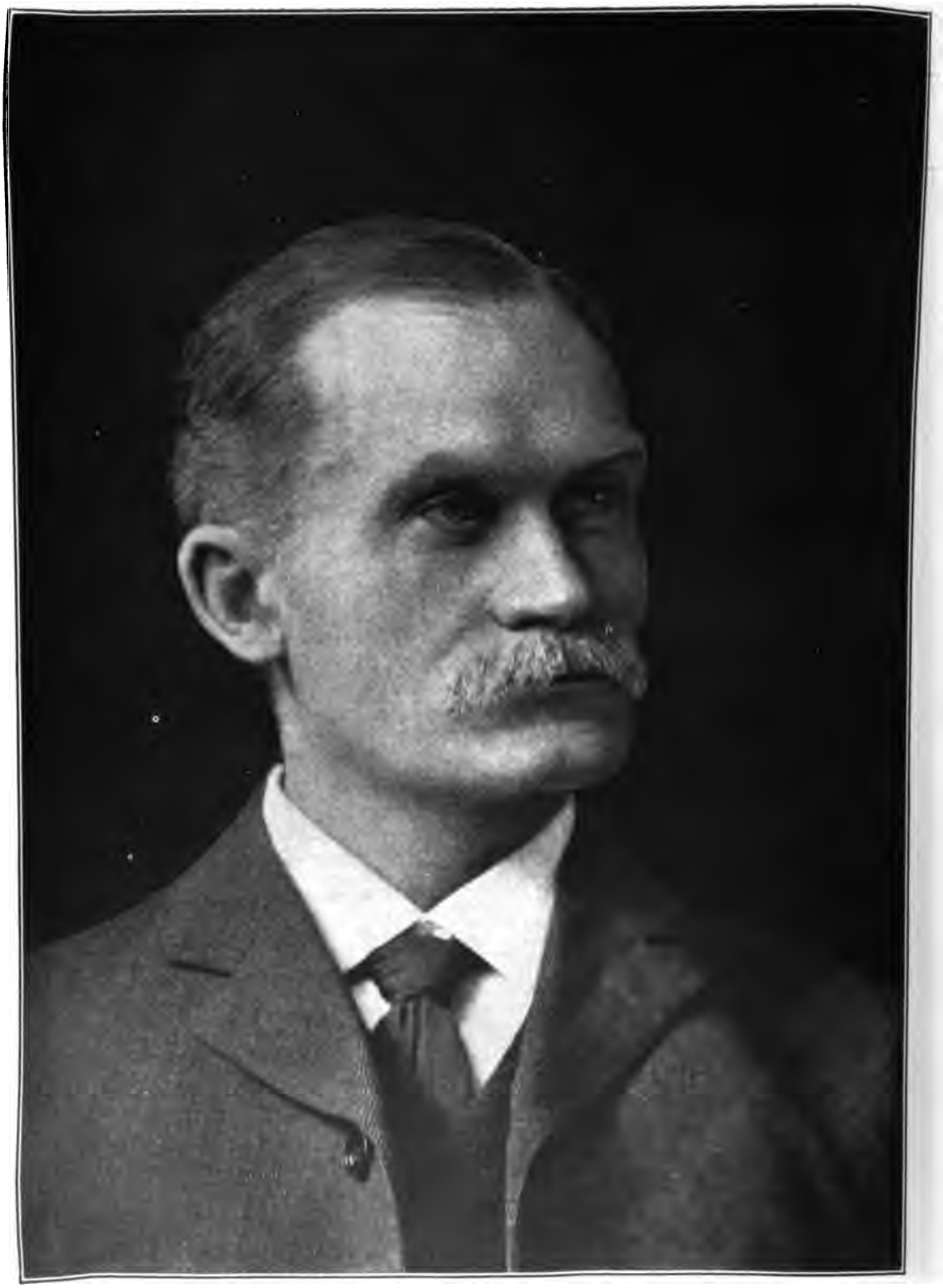

PROF. J. W. ROBERTSON

OF OTTAWA, CANADA'S FIRST COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE AND DAIRYING, WHO IS NOW THE WORKING HEAD OF THE CANADIAN COMMISSION ON CONSERVATION

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MR. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON FATHER HUGH ROBERT BENSON MR. EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON

THREE LITERARY SONS OF AN ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

[See "An Archbishop's Literary Sons," page 12763]

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MR. JAMES CARLETON YOUNG

OF MINNEAPOLIS, WHO HAS DEVOTED HIS FORTUNE AND HIS LIFETIME TO THE FORMATION OF A UNIQUE LIBRARY OF MODERN BOOKS, EACH OF WHICH CONTAINS AN INSCRIPTION BY ITS AUTHOR

[See "A Library of Autographed Books," page 1283]

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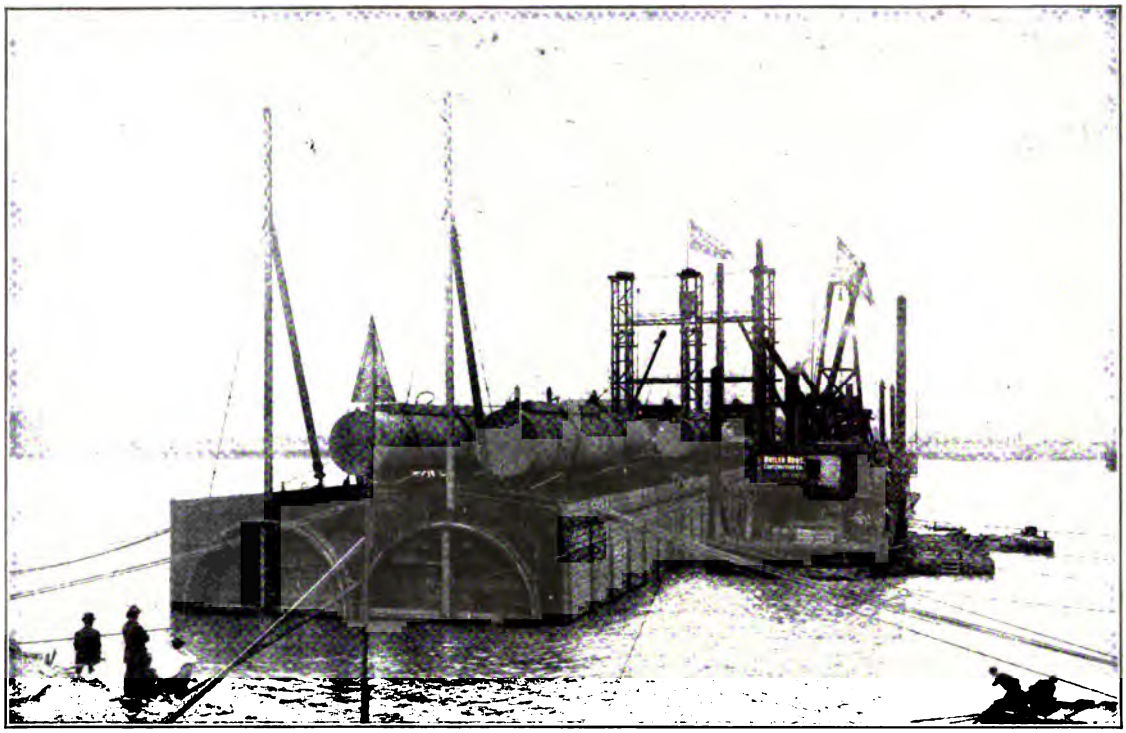

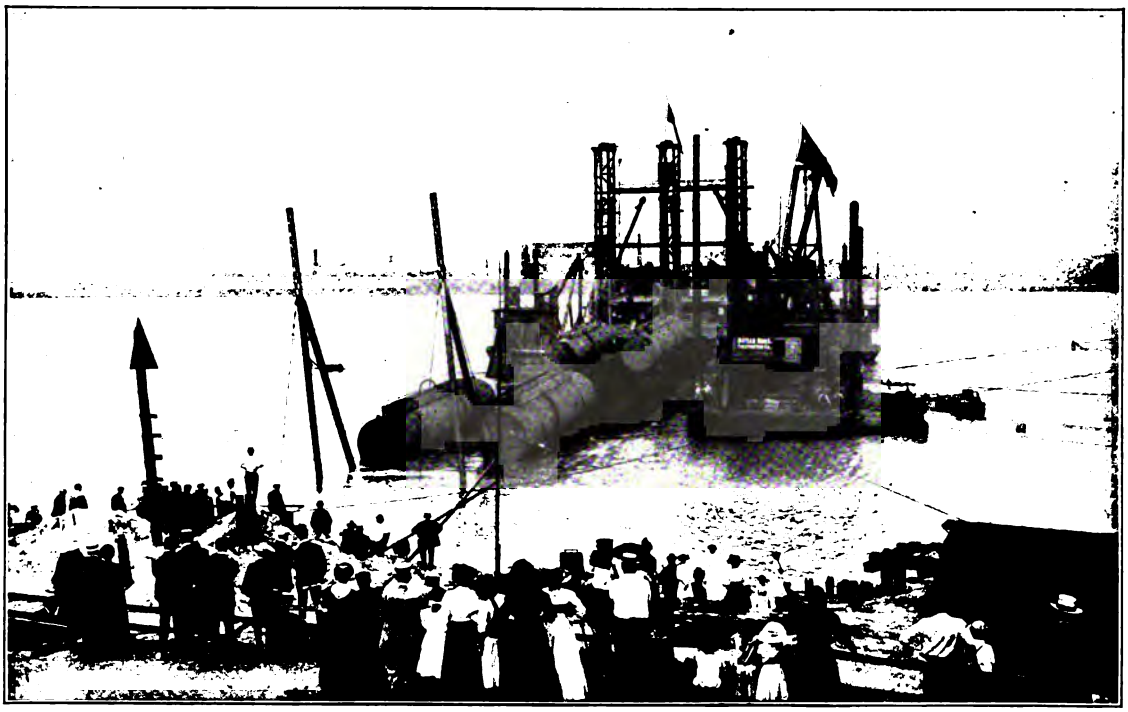

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SINKING A TUNNEL TO THE BOTTOM OF A RIVER

TO CARRY THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD TRACKS FROM DETROIT TO WINDSOR, CANADA, UNDER THE DETROIT RIVER, AND THEREBY GET RID OF THE DELAY IN FERRYING THE TRAINS ACROSS. THE TUNNEL WAS BUILT IN SECTIONS, WHICH WERE FLOATED OUT INTO THE RIVER AND LOWERED INTO PLACE — AN INTERESTING MECHANICAL FEAT

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MR. ELIHU VEDDER

WHOSE FORTHCOMING "DIGRESSIONS" WILL MAKE A BOOK TO ENLIVEN DULL HOURS

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"THE HIGHLAND FLING" AS AN EXERCISE FOR EFFICIENCY, IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A CLASS OF BUSINESS MEN, MOST OF THEM ADVANCED IN YEARS, WHO PRACTISE ATHLETIC DANCES AS AN AGREEABLE FORM OF EXERCISE, AND HAVE KEPT IT UP FOR A LONG TIME

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THE SENATE COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE HIGH PRICE OF FOOD

SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT: JAS. P. CLARKE, ARK.; JOS. F. JOHNSON, ALA.; REED SMOOT, UTAH; HENRY C. LODGE, MASS.; JACOB H. GALLINGER N. H.; COE I. CRAWFORD, S. DAK.; P. J. McCUMBER, N. DAK.; F. M. SIMMONS, N. C.

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THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEXT CONGRESS

THE Republicans have a majority of 47 in the House of Representatives. A new House will be elected this autumn. At the last election 29 districts were so close that 20 Republicans and 9 Democrats went in by majorities of less than 1,000. That is to say, there are more Republican seats near the danger-line than there are Democratic seats. A change of 500 votes in each of twenty close districts would reduce the Republican majority in Congress to seven. There are four more districts which at the last election chose Republicans by less than 1,300 majority. A change in the political faith of 12,600 voters, provided they resided in the necessary twenty-four close districts, would give the House of Representatives to the Democrats. This assumes that the Democrats lose no seat.

It is probable, of course, that the Democrats will lose some seats. But they have the better of the starting odds.

The wide dissatisfaction with the Payne tariff and with Aldrichism and Cannonism indicates that, were an election to be held to-day, many Republican Representatives — not only in the close districts but in former strongholds of the party — would meet defeat.

II

The Republican majority in the Senate is 26. The terms of 24 Republican Senators expire March 4, 1911, but the Republican majority is safe. There is, however, an interesting possibility. The progressive Republicans in the Senate may be so strong that, with an increased Democratic membership (which is likely) and a Democratic House (which is very possible), an effort to dethrone the Aldrich organization and revise the tariff again might hope to be successful.

There are seven Insurgents among the Republican Senators of the Sixty-first Congress. Three of them have to seek re-election; two will certainly get it. If Senator Beveridge does not return, it will be because he is superseded by a Democrat. Progressive Republicans hope to elect successors to Burrows of Michigan and Piles of Washington. Democrats believe that they will defeat Dick of Ohio, Burkett of Nebraska, McCumber of North Dakota, and Warner of Missouri, and convert Jones of Washington and Page of Vermont. These hopes fulfilled would reduce the Aldrich men in the Senate to 46, and allow the Insurgents and Democrats in alliance to tie them.

These hopes are probably visionary. It is not, however, idle to predict that this fall's election may make so clear the estimate in which the country holds the present tariff settlement, that the Aldrich domination will meet its doom.

WHAT "CANNONISM" IS

MR. HALE'S article, "The Speaker or the People?" in this magazine was read in proof, with the request for comments and corrections, by several members of Congress of different groups, and by other well-informed persons. All these gentlemen declared it correct, except one, who maintains that it is wholly wrong, but he refused to permit the publication of his comment. His idea is that the method of procedure in the House is a thing that has been evolved by the experience of more than a century, and that it is excellent and necessary.

As an almost perfect piece of mechanism to prevent the House from being a deliberative body — yes. For in no other legislature outside of Turkey and Russia has one man so much power as in our House. By the Committee on Rules, three men (including the Speaker, and the others appointed by him) can and do prevent the consideration of any legislation that they disapprove of. This is the main point. Incidentally the personality of the present Speaker and the old-time school of politics in which he was trained tend to tighten this methodical tyranny to the utmost. The rules must be and will be changed. "Cannonism," against which there is now a strong and hopeful revolt, means the continuation of the present method.

CORPORATION REGULATION INEVITABLE

IT WILL come to pass in some way at some time that the big corporations, perhaps all corporations, will be held accountable to the National Government. Since the state governments have failed to hold them to account, and since uniform state corporation laws are unlikely ever to be passed, the National Government is the only power left to regulate these powerful artificial entities. State laws permit and even encourage their creation, but state laws have not and will not sufficiently hold them to fair dealing.

Two things have been demonstrated by the

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rapid growth of corporations — their necessity and their need of proper governmental supervision. The corporation — even the small private corporation — is such a convenience that we are not going to give it up; and for large undertakings and enterprises there is no other adequate machinery. And the present popular demand for stricter supervision is not a passing mood. It is a permanent conviction. If the people have made up their minds to anything it is that competition shall not be throttled, and that corporations which put their securities on the market shall not be conducted secretly. The conviction has sunk deep that these things are necessary for what we call "liberty"— that is, for a fair deal, and for ordinary safety in the commercial world.

II

But the devising of any proper form of Federal regulation is a very difficult and slow task. The history of the Interstate Commerce Law proves this as regards railroads, and the history of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law proves it as regards other kinds of corporations. We bungle along. We make absurd statutes. We wrangle over amendments to them. We make them better, we make them worse. The Supreme Court confirms this law or that, or this amendment or that, and declares another law or another amendment unconstitutional. And so we go zigzag. A President proposes a new set of laws or amendments. Congress acts, or refuses to act, or twists the President's recommendations out of recognizable shape. And then we wrangle about the latest phase of the subject in the newspapers and on the stump.

But, all the while, any man who can discern the direction of the people's deliberate thought and our sure if slow approach toward democracy in industry knows that this agitation will not cease till its purpose is accomplished.

Such a man may be made weary by the haggling in Congress, by the insincerity and the indirection of leaders and of parties, and by the general dilly-dallying, but he will not become impatient. We must go through a long series of experiments before we learn how to do so complex a task. In the long run, it matters little to this large, long-time movement what any particular Congress does or fails to do, or whether any particular President hits on the best plan or can carry his plan through. But what progress is made may make a great difference to any particular President or to any particular Congress; for they will be pretty sure to suffer at the next election if the people doubt their sincerity. The great task will get itself done under some leadership at some time by some party.

III

One dirty low trick to set back this task is the (at present) apparent unwillingness of Congress to give force to an act that it passed during the extra session last year. The one per cent. corporation-tax was enacted with the requirement that the reports of corporations should be open to the public for inspection. Everybody supposed that this publicity clause would go into effect. But it has turned out that a specific appropriation is necessary to put it into effect — of $50,000 a year for clerical labor. And now the disposition is to defeat this publicity clause by a trick — the trick of withholding such an appropriation.

If this publicity clause was a good clause when it was passed last year, it is a good clause now. But many corporations have had time and a chance to object to it; and Congress seems likely to starve its own offspring.

Of course, there is a chance that the Supreme Court — even before this paragraph is read in type — may declare the whole act of imposing a corporation tax unconstitutional; and in this event we shall have to try regulation by some other statute.

But the reopening of the whole subject has this plain meaning for the moment: the reactionary leaders in Congress were forced to pass the Corporation-Tax Act in order to head off an Income-Tax Act and to bring the President to sign the Payne Tariff Bill. The President then had the cold end of the poker.

Now the Payne Tariff Act is signed the Income-Tax amendment to the Constitution is not likely to be ratified at any early time, and the Reactionaries say to the President: "Now you can't help yourself, and we'll starve to death your corporation-tax bantling; and what are you going to do about it?" It is a piece of the bullying that they do to Mr. Taft and to the people — thoroughly characteristic and thoroughly cynical.

IV

Of course there is much to say against forcing small corporations — especially the

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so-called private corporations — to make their business public. But the same reasons existed last year. And it is only fair to recall what a corporation is. It is an artificial entity which may do business without the same personal responsibility for debt that the men who own it would have if they did business individually, or as a copartnership. In other words, the State grants a corporation a certain kind of immunity that it does not grant individuals. On what theory and by what justification? Men who incorporate their business are surely under a moral obligation not to use their corporate privileges to escape liability or to deceive the public; and the best safeguard that the public can have against such abuses is publicity. There is a sound moral reason, therefore, for publicity about corporations, especially about corporations that offer their securities to the public.

Any publicity law will work harm to some honest men and to more dishonest men. The honest men's chance of escape, whose business will really be hurt by publicity, is to give up the corporate form and to organize copartnerships. The convenience and the partial immunity from liability for debts have brought into being an abnormal and unnecessary number of private corporations, many of which have no sufficiently good reason for a corporate existence. If the number of these were lessened business would suffer no harm.

If the public grants special privileges or immunities or advantages to corporations, it has the right and even the duty to hold them, for that reason, to a strict accountability; and there is no form of accountability more wholesome than a fairly administered publicity.

In general, then, whatever may be the fate of the present Corporation-Tax Law, or of its publicity clause, the central principle of both will be put into some statute that is constitutional and that cannot be starved out of operation by reactionary members of Congress.

THE SMALL CHANCE FOR THE INCOME-TAX

IT IS too early to say with any positiveness that the amendment to the Constitution allowing the collection of a national income-tax will or will not become the Sixteenth Amendment; but a survey of the situation leaves grave doubts about the success of the proposal.

The Governors of New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, and a few other influential states have spoken in favor of the new form of taxation; and Governor Hughes of New York has spoken plainly against it. The legislatures dally with the subject in a manner that shows clearly enough the lack of systematic knowledge of the effects of such taxation.

If twelve states refuse to ratify the plan, it will fail. At the time this is written, eleven have practically refused, and five others seem likely to refuse. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Vermont, Maine, Colorado, and West Virginia seem to be committed against it.

It will be noted at once that the legislatures of the capitalistic states have been the first to cast votes in the negative. This is natural enough. These are the states where large personal incomes prevail, based on forms of property that permit existence without great taxation. An income-tax — the most direct and infallible of all taxes — would fall heavily upon the wealthy citizens of the wealthy East. Therefore the East is against it.

II

Meantime the iniquities of the "personal-property tax," once so universal a basis of all local taxation, are coming to be recognized. Nearly a dozen of the Eastern States and the Provinces of Canada also are moving away from the time-honored standard.

For it has come to be recognized that, as wealth has taken on more intangible forms, the wealthy have succeeded more and more in dodging the personal taxes. It is easy to assess a personal-property tax on a farmer, whose property is all perfectly visible, or on a small trader, whose wealth is very tangible and all in one place; but, when a man has bonds and stocks piled up in safety-vaults in three states, it is impossible to do more than take his word for it.

The smaller people know that they are paying more than their share of the burden under the personal-property form of taxation — and the smaller people are learning to talk and legislate. A little Quebec farmer with a real grievance can make as much noise as a steel magnate with an evil conscience.

Out of the general feeling of unrest over forms of taxation we are almost certain, sooner or later, to evolve something better than the present hodge-podge of special favor, uneven burden, wicked injustice, and blind

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grabbing. We have been so rich that we didn't care; but the awakening conscience of the people as a nation is forcing us, money-bags and all, toward civilized standards in this as in every other matter that touches national life.

THE "PORK BARREL" CONTINUED

THE Rivers and Harbors Bill, to appropriate $42,000,000, is a continuation of the old "pork barrel" system of wasting money. This system is to equalize, as far as may be, the distribution of piece-work and patch-work, some good, much bad, a part of it shameful — without any comprehensive plan.

The public would cheerfully pay $42,000,000 toward carrying out a well-laid general plan to improve rivers and canals for transportation, and for the control and conservation of water. But there is no public demand for an opportunity to pay $42,000,000 or any part of it upon many miscellaneous projects which give no aid to the transportation system of the country.

For an indefinite time appropriations have been made, money has poured into certain districts from the Federal treasury, local representatives have won praise for "getting things," dams and locks of good construction have been built by the army engineers — and the railroads continue to carry the freight. Single-track, light-rail roads of thirty years ago, with inferior equipment, began to take the freight from the rivers and canals which had enjoyed it for many years. Since that time the roads have constantly been improved. But our waterways, in spite of the millions spent upon their "improvement," are relatively less efficient than ever. Mr. James J. Hill explains it in this number of THE WORLD'S WORK, and the two-volume report of the Commissioner of Corporations on Transportation by Water in the United States is full of statistics which show the failure of our past river and canal policy. Even the traffic on our greatest waterway, the Mississippi, continues to decline. Yet this year's bill calls for the improvement of the Missouri 391 miles from Kansas City to its mouth.

If a permanent Waterway Service, such as has been suggested by Senator Newlands, the father of the Reclamation Act, and such as is outlined by Mr. Hill, could be formed, we should go about this great task intelligently. Under the present system we go about it only expensively.

A NEW CHAPTER IN IMMIGRATION

PROVIDENCE, Incorporated" is the new nickname of Canada's great railroad. A Danish immigrant agent of the road invented the phrase and it ought to stick. The occasion was the inauguration of a new method of bringing farmers into the Northwest, and the method itself is so radical that it deserves some free advertising.

The road owns much land. It needs many thousands of farmers. It wants the best men. It is not satisfied with the man who lands at Ellis Island with $23 in his pocket. It goes after the very best class of farmers in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the mid-Continental areas. Its agents, who swarm everywhere, found much trouble in persuading satisfied and prosperous farmers on well-tilled farms to leave those farms and take to the back plains, with the hardships of the pioneer's life before them. That problem was put before the Canadian Pacific officials. They set to work to solve it.

So, to-day, pioneering is going out of fashion. Instead of selling raw land to raw settlers, the railroad itself has gone into the pioneering business. It sells the land, builds the house and the barn, breaks the fields, plants the first crop, puts all the necessary tools under cover on the farm — and hands over the farm ready-made. The new settler comes from a finished farm to a finished farm.

Two years ago this was an experiment; now it is a policy. As a result, the cream of the industrial farmers of central Europe and of our own Middle West is drifting into Canada by trainloads.

Again, while our own Government went slowly at the task of reclaiming arid lands in the West, this railroad went into the irrigation business itself. It could not afford to wait for Government methods or for the wasteful selections of private capital. Five years ago the financial papers announced that the railroad was going to reclaim some millions of acres of land in the Bow River country, Alberta. Now, a million acres are watered, sold to farmers — settled. The railroad's ditch-diggers are moving on to the second million.

No ordinary farmer is wanted on these new acres. The railroad's agents are instructed to call for and demand the best irrigation farmers on earth to till these fields. A scientific farming expert is travelling through selected areas of Europe, lecturing on irriga-

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tion farming in Alberta. His lectures draw the very best of the farming experts of the old hard-working nations — and the promises that he makes are backed by a guaranty that never has failed, the word of a railroad that does not lie.

In the face of such efforts, directed by the wisest brains in the pioneering business, free from every sort of Government trammel, liberal beyond the experience of the past, is it any wonder that more than 80,000 of the best farmers in the United States last year went into Western Canada, carrying with them probably more than $100,000,000? The settlers on the new farms that are sold ready-made need nearly $2,000 each to start with — and the figure is put high to be sure of getting the best men.

What machinery have the railroads of this country to compare with methods like these? When the Grand Trunk Pacific opens up, it will undoubtedly follow the same methods. It takes no prophet to see, in the regions settled under these principles, the nucleus of the most efficient agricultural nation in the history of the world.

IS BUSINESSLIKE GOVERNMENT POSSIBLE?

SENATOR ALDRICH has a plan that, if successfully carried out, will bring him the grateful appreciation of a long-burdened people. It is to give to a Business-Methods Commission the task of finding practical ways of reducing the cost of the National Government. He said in the Senate:

"If I were a business man, and could be permitted to do it, I would undertake to run this Government for $300,000,000 a year less than it is now run for."

That is a severer indictment than any critic of Government methods has hitherto made; but those who know most about the subject will be slowest to call it an unjust criticism. The President has this subject much on his mind, and he is making efforts to reduce the recommendations for appropriations to the executive departments to the orderliness of a budget.

The subject ought to be taken up thoroughly by some body of men with authority to go through the whole range of the public service as business engineers, as accountants are periodically engaged to go through private or corporate business concerns. If the President or Senator Aldrich can bring this about, a practical way might be opened to most of the reforms that are now proposed from merely doctrinal or party points-of-view. The conduct of the Government is, after all, the conduct of a vast business machine. But it is conducted in most unbusinesslike ways.

Take, as one example of many, the Post-Office Department. The proposal to increase the postage on magazines has brought out facts that would stagger any business man, for any private business conducted as the Post Office Department is would argue idiocy as well as bring ruin. And the Postmaster-General's proposal to remedy the matter is as unbusinesslike as any evil that now exists. He would simply add another stratum of wrong method to the deep series of wrong methods that have accumulated there.

Senator Carter, on the other hand, has introduced a bill that goes to the bottom of the matter and is constructive. It provides for a permanent Director of Posts who shall be freed from political influence, and for a modern and effective system of book-keeping in the department, which has been sorely needed for fifty years and more, and for a systematic and efficient management of this great business.

This recommendation was made several years ago after a thorough investigation which Congress ordered. But there the subject was dropped. If the public would take the trouble to reinforce Senator Carter's plea with letters, and with an awakened opinion and discussion, it would do a definite, constructive service.

A KINDLY PRESENCE IN A COLD WORLD

MR. HEYBURN, of Idaho, a little while ago "waved the bloody shirt" in the Senate. He found this ancient pastime much out of date. Nobody applauded, and not a Senator but himself voted for the resolution to which he spoke.

A little later Senator Gordon, who served a two-months' appointment from Mississippi, delivered a long farewell address to the Senate, in prose and rhyme, apropos of nothing but his good feeling toward his fellows and toward the whole Union, and his old-fashioned appreciation of the great honor and high privilege of serving in the Senate even for so brief a time. His speech was the homely, rustic, genuine expression of right feeling; and it was one of the events of the session — a touch of kindly human nature in the Senate! Senator Gordon subsequently invited the President and the Cabinet and his associates

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to a theatre party, and most of them accepted his invitation; and the kindly, good old gentleman returned to Mississippi and private life, having done one of the most genuine bits of service to political society at the Capital that it has received for many a day. Even Senators become human under a sufficiently human touch.

THE RED FLAG OF WARNING

THIS is clipped from a New York newspaper, published the day after the failure of Searing & Co., a Wall Street banking-house which collapsed late in February:

"Early in the day the uptown branches of the firm were shut up, and the small depositors who had been confidently intrusting their savings to the branches at 4½ per cent. interest, impressed by the similarity of the office lay-out to a regular bank and the large signs bearing the firm's Wall Street address, began to pour into the offices of counsel for the receiver before noon. James, Schell & Elkus, counsel for the receiver, referred all callers to McLaughlin, Russell, Coe & Sprague, across the street, counsel for the petitioning creditors. Lindsay Russell of that firm is the receiver of Ennis & Stoppani, and has had a lot of experience handling desperate small creditors, but he was unnerved yesterday by the throng of poor people who besieged him with pleas to get them back at least some of their savings.

"When he came out to talk to the reporters late in the afternoon there was a little old woman in black weeping in the chair behind him, who had only a week ago put $1,000 of borrowed money in one of the Searing "banks." Her husband died in January, leaving her penniless, and she had borrowed the money from friends and relatives to start a little notion shop. She was just about to open up when the smash came.

"Another of Mr. Russell's visitors was a grocer in the neighborhood of the Harlem branch. He began depositing with the 2,611 Eighth Avenue office when it opened two years ago, and as the 4½ per cent. was paid regularly he finally put into the concern his savings of fifteen years as a grocery clerk, amounting to $765. He had been planning to start a little business of his own this spring, and only on Thursday deposited a week's pay of $20, leaving himself without a cent of cash. He said yesterday that he had dozens of customers in the store, all poor people, whom he had persuaded to put money with Searing & Co., and didn't know how he was going to face them."

It points the truth so often written in these pages. There is no single institution in the land that is a more vital and necessary part of the growth of the nation than the savings-bank. The small investor or depositor who passes by the well-founded, carefully restricted, conservatively managed savings-bank in the mad effort to gain five or ten dollars a year extra revenue out of his $1,000 deposits runs a risk of losing all.

Almost at the same moment, accounts came from England of a remarkable piece of folly. England goes mad financially every now and again. This time it is rubber-plantation shares. Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of such stocks are now bought by the ignorant and the poor of that nation at prices that are perfectly ridiculous. A few gather quick fortunes as the wheel turns. The many pay the bills. The crash is inevitable — just as it was in the Kaffir Boom and in our own little mining-stock boom of less than ten years ago.

Every generation, every year, every day of every year supplies its large crop of easy victims.

SWIFT AND FINAL JUSTICE

A SUMMARY, kindly supplied to THE WORLD'S WORK from an official source, of the record made by the Municipal Court of Chicago during the three years of its existence is so remarkable that attention deserves again to be called to this extraordinary bench.

In the years 1907, 1908, and 1909, this court tried 197,347 criminal and quasi-criminal cases. Eighty per cent. of these cases were disposed of within twenty-four hours of the moment of arrest. Ninety-five per cent. of these cases were finally disposed of within ten days of arrest. Out of the whole number, 197,347 cases, only sixty-eight cases went up on appeal or writ of error, and of the sixty-eight that went up only thirty-one cases were reversed.

Here is an illustration of speed, certainty, and finality in the administration of criminal justice in a great city which ought to shame the loitering methods of the vast majority of American courts, dragging months and years behind their dockets.

POLITICS WITHOUT THE POLITICIAN

CAN you name the State Auditor you voted for at the last election, or the coroner, or the county clerk, or your State Representative? Did you really have a choice among the candidates for these and the dozens of other offices you think you helped to fill? Can you

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assert that you knew anything concerning the characters of half the candidates on the long ballots you have been marking? A voter who participates in the full four-year cycle of elections, national, state, county, city, township, has to record his choice for about five hundred offices, for each of which there may be an indefinite number of candidates. Can any elector rationally be expected to have the wide personal information which he should have to vote in this wholesale fashion?

It is a just criticism of the republican system that it loads the citizen with electoral responsibilities for which he is not and cannot be competent. The average citizen, as a rule, knows little or nothing about the minor offices, the candidates for them, the qualifications required, the lengths of the terms, and the recurrence of elections.

Somebody does know, however. The citizen being too busy with his private affairs to keep himself informed on these multitudinous public matters, there has grown up a profession which manages his voting for him. Necessity has created the politician — the specialist in the election business.

The profession of the politician is a thoroughly honorable and useful one. In Chicago and a few other cities, organizations like the Municipal Voters' League maintain honest election specialists, paying them to place their knowledge and skill at the service of the public.

Generally, however, the professional politician is in business for himself. He trades in the people's ignorance and fills at least the minor offices with men who will serve his own interests.

A new idea is abroad, offering to remedy many of the ills of rule by politicians. It advises: Shorten the ballot; take the minor offices off the voting-papers. The citizen can post himself concerning conditions for the Presidency, Governorship, Mayoralty. There will be greater certainty in getting the right men in the high places if the little places are not voted for at the same time. Then let the big men appoint the little ones — and be responsible for them. Drive the political specialists out of business by making them unnecessary.

The Short Ballot means the concentration of responsibility.

THE MORAL STANDARDS OF TWO PERIODS

THE victims of the British muskets fired in State Street, Boston, on a fatal day in 1770 were three inconspicuous persons; the best-known was a Negro servant. The other day a solitary Britisher, domiciled in Boston, fired a volley which he meant should play havoc with the reputations of the whole array of Revolutionary heroes. Sam Adams was a dead-beat; John Hancock was an embezzler; the whole Revolutionary outfit was a motley crew of crooks and ne'er-do-wells — so declared Mr. James Stark, offering evidence of the truth of his charges.

Who cares? What does it matter, beyond the momentary discomfiture of a few complaisant Bostonians? It is altogether probable that if the Sons of the Revolution were to meet the fathers from whom they derive their glory, many of them would hesitate to shake hands with the uncouth, ignorant, slave-trading, rum-guzzling rascals who were no small element of the Continental armies. Respectable folk were largely Tories in the good old days.

What does it matter? Only that we have had, some of us, the wrong idea of history. Saints and heroes were only men. It is perhaps a natural, but it is a foolish, idea to erect them into viceless, passionless paragons. Washington was profane and had an eye for the ladies; Lincoln, in his early days, was a vindictive infidel and a purveyor of unprintable stories. When Ward Lamon published a book telling the ordinary, homely truth about the martyred President, such a storm of abuse broke on the author's head that he dared not print the second volume of his work. To-day we welcome the truth about Lincoln and Washington — and think no less of the mighty heroes because we know their faults.

The Revolutionists whom Mr. Stark relentlessly exposes were probably — very human, let us say; but they made some mighty interesting history; and it is reassuring to know that they were human.

Mr. Stark is not alone in his reflections on the morals of the earlier generation. Professor Borden Bowne — who also lives in Boston, thus proving the truth of the proverb that Boston is not so much a city as a state of mind — says that everybody was wicked in the old days. Most of the forefathers, according to Professor Bowne, were slave-traders and drunkards. Colleges and churches raised

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money by lotteries and in other such ways. Ministers could not meet to ordain a new brother without consuming enough liquor to stock a bar.

II

All this is true, and more. Times have changed. If the patriarchs and prophets were to return to earth to-day, one would not introduce many of them to his family. Most of them would go to jail if the law were enforced on them.

Look about on the world and remark the moral elevation that has been going on in the last half-century. It is like some terrestrial upheaval that has thrust up new plateaus on the site of half-submerged swamps. Society has grown merciful. Conscience, both private and public, has acquired a delicacy which former days could not have understood. The law recognizes new rights and new wrongs. The insane, no longer chained in cellars, are tenderly cared for. The criminal is beginning to be seen as a pathetic figure to be cured rather than to be punished. The heart of mankind has become responsive to a thousand forms of suffering to which it was formerly indifferent. The gallantries of war are no longer acclaimed as are the heroisms of peace — the self-devotion of the physician, the patience of the scientist. Conversation has become decent.

We in America have entered so definitely upon a new moral dispensation that when some belated trial brings to view acts of corporations or of politicians now universally seen to be intolerable, we are asked to excuse them because it was ten years ago "and everybody did it then." The ribald personal epithet of the days of Greeley, Dana, and Bennett, the general corruption of the day of the Credit Mobilier and the Star Routes revelations, the defiant crookedness of the day of Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, seem already a long way off. There are wrongs enough to right, piteous sorrows enough to salve, still, but the world has come to the dawn of a new moral era, a new birth of the human conscience. There can be no doubt about that.

A TASK FOR THE CONSCIENCE OF THE FUTURE

YET our social conscience has a long way to go before it reaches the gates of efficient perfection — a very long way to go. Consider its lagging, for example, in such a mire as this: The daily newspapers reported the other day "the retirement from business" of a firm of speculators who have "made their pile" and propose to enjoy themselves henceforth. There is nothing immoral in a rational enjoyment of life, after middle age or at any period; and surely it is in every way commendable to retire from a career of speculation.

But the career of speculation itself? Here are men (and there are many such) who have added not a grain of wheat nor a boll of cotton to the world's wealth, who have added not a dollar to real value by a necessary service, such as merchants or millers or shippers legitimately add. But they have acquired fortunes by betting on the rise and fall of prices.

Now comes the place where our social conscience has play — or ought to have. If such retired men have worked according to the usual rules of the "exchange" or the "pit," and if in their retirement they run the usual course of touring the world as rich Americans — an automobile-champagne life — and conform to the conventions of this life, and die prematurely of over-eating or of over-speeding, we put no especial condemnation on them, and we write respectable obituaries of them. Fortunes got in this way and lives spent in this way are yet tolerantly and sometimes even approvingly regarded.

Suppose they have their portraits painted and leave more or less interesting records or traditions behind them, and a hundred years hence their descendants look back at them as forefathers or as founders of their families — if they know the truth about them will these descendants reverently regard them? or will they wish to forget how their fortunes were made, and how their period of retirement was spent?

It is a good and cheerful and hopeful guess that the social conscience will, in a generation or two, regard them as a kind of highwaymen — as strong parasites — and that their descendants will have to console themselves by recalling the great advance in morals between "our day" and theirs. "Everybody did it then."

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON OF PRINCETON

IT MAY be an old-fashioned notion but it is a sound notion, that a college is an institution to teach boys. It is not primarily a place for research, or an institution for the maintenance of eminent men, or for the production of learned treatises. These are all very

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valuable and a college or university that has them is thereby the more famous and sometimes the more useful. Still, the main job of schools, of high or low degree, is to teach youth.

Now one of the most noteworthy efforts to emphasize good teaching that has been made in our college life in recent times is the tutorial system that President Woodrow Wilson introduced at Princeton. That helped toward good teaching and good training by dividing the undergraduates into small groups, and putting each group, and consequently every individual student, under the personal direction of a teacher. This is a great achievement.

Along with this, President Wilson, as all the academic world knows, has striven to break up the cliques in Princeton college-life, and to make the student community in fact a democracy. This is another great achievement.

Now these two changes, if there were no more to his credit, would give Mr. Wilson a high place in our educational history — so high and useful a place that any impediment in his way must be regarded as a grave misfortune. In every way regrettable, then, is the unfortunate, bitter controversy about the proposed graduate school at Princeton, which has divided the faculty, the trustees, the alumni, and the friends of that school into two camps. The intricate course of the controversy is too much for the patience of any man outside the Princeton family. But the world in general, and the outside educational world in particular, takes an interest in it because it has threatened — or seemed to threaten — the full development by Mr. Wilson of these two great innovations in college life.

Here is a man of originality and of constructive imagination in educational work, a man who sees clearly the complex task of training youth in a democracy and sees it whole, and has the courage to work by a well-matured philosophy toward large ends; and it is worth more to real educational progress that he should be left free and unhindered than any conceivable graduate school or any contribution of money could possibly be worth. If the unfortunate controversy be kept alive, it will be Princeton that will be put on trial, and not he.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S LITERARY SONS

IF THE three sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury were remarkable in nothing else, they would be sufficiently notable in that they are jointly responsible, before the oldest has reached the age of fifty, for sixty books. But fortunately this remarkable productivity is a matter for which the reading public may well be thankful. The eldest, Arthur Christopher Benson, has to his credit more than a score of books, poems, essays, biographies, and letters; and he is a rare example of the writer with a true literary touch who can still talk to the large public through that essay medium which is so often declared out-of-date in this driven generation. Edward Frederic, the novelist, who produced anonymously that delectable frivolity, "Dodo," while engaged in archæological research at Athens, has gone steadily on with an average of three books every two years since 1893 — and his art has steadily deepened, until he has built a firm reputation as a writer who can at once depict the charm of the fascinating modern woman of the world, can point the keenest satire upon the follies of "smart" society, and can strike the deepest human note of ideality. The youngest son, Father Hugh Robert Benson, Catholic priest and sportsman, has published over a baker's dozen of books before he is forty — ranging from "The Religion of a Plain Man" to highly colored, almost melodramatic, fiction. All three are unmarried.

EFFORTS TO HARNESS THE WAVES AND THE SUN

A NEW YORK machinist has a small tank with two compartments which are connected. Into one he pours a pail of water, and in the other is a series of floats. Mechanically he agitates the water in such a way that he produces the up-and-down motion of the waves, and the floats rise and fall as ships at anchor. By means of an ingenious gearing, the movement of the floats is made to revolve a shaft, and the shaft is so connected that it transforms the mechanical force into electric current. Within a minute from the time he starts to make his waves, a small electric fan will begin to revolve, or a tiny electric bulb will light up.

The inventor says that this experiment has been carried out on a large scale in the ocean itself. Moreover, this harnessing of wave-power by means of floats is no new achievement. It has been accomplished by several men in several ways.

This particular inventor is not a dreamer. He is a practical machinist who daily directs the energies of a dozen other machinists in a

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typewriter factory. He now proposes a system whereby power stations may be established anywhere along the seashore, connected with large floats anchored off-shore. It is the connecting device, only, for which he claims originality.

Another man in New York would harness the sun. He, too, is a practical man and will show you that he can drive fans and light lamps with electricity drawn from the sun's rays. Nor is the principle of this achievement a new discovery. His invention is merely which of an alloy that will transform heat energy into electric power.

This inventor has a much wider horizon. All that he asks is a flat surface exposed to the direct rays of the sun. He has a vision of busy factories whose wheels are turned by the power that comes from the alloy on the roof; of ships crossing the Atlantic with power being steadily manufactured on the topmost deck.

"But what will happen in cloudy weather?" you ask. The surplus energy that is generated on bright days will be accumulated in storage batteries for emergency use.

It is quite possible that neither of the inventors may have actually brought these alluring possibilities within the limits of commercial success. Yet the fact that even experimental success has been attained shows the way in which another generation may carry on its work, even when coal and wood are on the road to exhaustion.

It would certainly not be amazing if we should live to see both the ocean and the sun working in harness. Neither task is as incredible as the wireless telephone was. There are dozens of other inventions that startle the imagination — inventions which are also yet in the experimental stage. But these two tap inexhaustible sources of power, at a time when alarm is rising of our vanishing resources. And, by a coincidence, these two experiments were brought to the attention of this magazine within twenty-four hours of each other.

RURAL HEALTH BY COÖPERATIVE WORK

TO South Carolina belongs the distinction of having called the first State Conference on the Conservation of Public Health. A committee, composed of President S. C. Mitchell, of the State University, J. W. Babcock, and W. E. Gonzales, Editor of the Columbia *State*, prepared a practical and comprehensive plan of state-wide work. Prevention is the key-note of it all. The churches, the schools, the boards of commerce, and other voluntary organizations are asked to make a vigorous campaign of education. The medical profession will be encouraged to further this educational work in every possible way. The legislature and state officials will be urged to increase the efficiency of health officers, and both to extend and to enforce the sanitary laws. The problem of rural sanitation can be solved by the coöperative endeavor of all such agencies, and in no other way. This plan has both novelty and directness, and surely no more useful work can be done in the world.

PRAISE AND BLAME AND ERRORS

THE praise of THE WORLD'S WORK that some of its readers are kind enough to write is highly appreciated by those who make the magazine — is, in fact, among the best rewards of the editorial life. For instance, from Salt Lake City comes the assurance that "your analysis of the situation at Washington is marvelous" — that is to say, satisfactory to that subscriber. On the same day a subscriber from Kansas City was kind enough to say: "I want to tell you of the friends that your magazine has made here." Another from San Francisco: "Permit me to express my admiration of your magazine and of the high standard of articles it contains." From South Carolina comes a more definite letter:

"A month since I read to the superintendent of schools of this county an article in your magazine entitled 'Education from the Ground Up.' That article has been the means of establishing probably the first rural high school in the state to acquire land for agricultural purposes. Cross Keys High School is to be built and conducted along the same lines as the school described in the article. Won't you give me permission to publish that article in the local papers, as I want every man and woman in this county to read it?"

Of course this tune, like every other one, has variations. Here is one variation, by a gentleman who lives at Orrville, Ohio:

"I think I will drop THE WORLD'S WORK, although I have been a constant subscriber since the first. I think I commenced the second year. I like most of its contributions. I like it because it is not filled with stories, which are worth nothing to me, as life is too short to read them. But your editorials are too optimistic and too strong in support of the powers that be, instead of digging

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after frauds and finding fault where faults are plain to be seen. The people don't want the Central Bank, the Ship Subsidy, and the Aldrich Tariff, etc. And no doubt it is owned by the 'Interests.' Yet withal this it has many good articles, and I shall miss it, and likely will resume some time. You know it is natural for man to want a change.

ISAAC PONTIUS."

"P. S. I have taken THE WORLD'S WORK longer than I ever took any other magazine."

We should be glad to pilot Mr. Pontius out of his error about the ownership of THE WORLD'S WORK, if he cared to know the truth. But we suspect that he forms opinions somewhat too easily to expect them to be very seriously considered.

And good and bad as THE WORLD'S WORK is, it has the merit also of being fallible. In a recent number, Winona — thrown into unprecedented prominence last year by President Taft — was put in Wisconsin instead of Minnesota, for which an apology is due to — whom? Worse yet, in one of our "Men in Action" stories a writer told an incident which showed that (at that time) the jail at Pensacola, Florida, was a bad one. The context (so the writer thought) made it clear that the time referred to was long past. But THE WORLD'S WORK was quickly and authoritatively informed that Pensacola now has an admirable jail. We pass this information on to all the world and express the hope that it is empty, as a jail ought to be in so proud and prompt a city.

It's a human world that we live in. Praise and blame and misjudgments and mistakes play large parts in its activities; and so do our vanities and so does our patience with one another. And these qualities and other such must all go to the making of a magazine if it be genuine — that is, if it, too, be a natural part of life in a fallible but good-natured, serious, cheerful, active world, full both of suspicions and (thank Heaven) of inspirations.

HOW TO BECOME A WRITER

A LETTER FROM MISS HELEN KELLER TO A BLIND BOY

YOUR letter interested me very much, and I would gladly tell you how to become a writer if I knew. But alas! I do not know how to become one myself. No one can be taught to write. One can learn to write if he has it in him; but he does not learn from a teacher, counsellor, or adviser. No education, however careful and wise, will furnish talent. It only gives material to one who has talent to work with. If I could explain the process and command the secrets of this strange, elusive faculty, the first thing I should do would be to write the greatest novel of the century, an epic and a volume of sonnets thrown in. I should at once set about making great writers of some hundreds and thousands of Americans. I should "stump" the states and get bills passed for the promotion of high-grade literature. I should see to it that among our national products authors with noble powers had the chief place.

I believe the only place to look for the information you desire is in the biographies of successful authors. As far as I know, one fact is common to them all. In their youth they read good books and began writing in a simple way. They kept the best models of style before them. They played with words until they could criticize their own compositions and strike out dull or badly managed passages. They journeyed on, now taking a step forward, impelled by the desire to write, now at a standstill, held back by defects of style or lack of ideas. One day they wrote a real book, they awoke to find that they had a literary gift — the idea had come, and they were prepared to express it! I would suggest that you read the autobiographies of Benjamin Franklin and Anthony Trollope. In these books the authors tell us, not how they learned to write — that was a thing not in their power to divulge — but what steps they took to improve their powers. And simple steps they are, such as you and I can follow. Mr. Macy's new book, "A Guide to Reading," may also be useful to you.

You see, there is but one road to authorship. It remains forever a way in which each man must go a-pioneering. The struggles of the

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pen may be as severe as those of the axe and hammer. One needs right mental eyes to discern the signs of talent which writers have left on their pages, like so many "blazes" upon trees in the forest. Well! I am not a novelist or a poet, I fear, and that metaphor is running away with me. What I mean is, we can follow where literary folk have gone; but, in order to be authors ourselves, to be followed, we must strike into a path where no one has preceded us. Before we publish anything, or set ourselves up as writers, we may imitate and even copy to our hearts' content, and when the time comes for us to send forth a message to the world, we shall have learned how to say it.

From your letter I judge that you do not read with your fingers. You can do this, and you ought to learn as soon as possible. You are indeed fortunate that your parents can read aloud to you. But there is danger in only hearing language, and never seeing or touching it. Your memory will do you all the more service if you have embossed words placed at your finger-ends. Then reading for yourself will give you a better sense of language, and a good sense of words is the very basis of style. Would you like me to get some alphabet sheets in raised letters for you? The seeing members of my family tell me your letter is correctly written, and I am sure you can overcome that little difficulty in your spelling.

Wishing you every success in your work, I am,

Sincerely yours,
HELEN KELLER.

A LITTLE DEAL IN REAL-ESTATE

A LITTLE more than a year ago, a group of business men in a Western city bought an option on a lot near the business heart of their city. It ran for six months, and called for a price of $125,000, with $50,000 of it on mortgage. These men formed a company, with a capital stock of $100,000, none of which was paid in, but all of which could be called for if wanted. Then they appointed a president, secretary, and treasurer at nominal salaries.

They determined to build an office-building on the plot. They wanted money. They conceived a brilliant plan, and put it into execution. They made a bond issue for $500,000, at 6 per cent., to run for ten years. Having this, they set to work to sell it.

They did it by advertising and by agents. In less than three months they had sold these bonds for $500,000 gross. The cost of selling was a little over $100,000, for they paid agents 15 per cent., and the advertising was done on a wholesale basis. About $400,000 lay in the bank. At the moment, all that there was to show for it was an option on a plot — and the option had cost nothing.

They took it up. They cleared the title by paying off the mortgage. Plans cost a little, but in the middle of the fourth month ground was broken for a building that was to cost, completed and turned over, $225,000. The salaries were raised, the president getting $6,000, and the two other active officers $5,000 each. Work went ahead rapidly.

A year after the option was taken, a handsome office-building stood on that plot. The bondholders were told about it in letters. For the bonds — very liberally — had been made profit-sharing bonds, and the company intended to keep the holders just as well informed as though they were real partners, not half-and-half creditors and partners. The profits, it may be noted, were to go one-third to the bonds and the other two-thirds to the stock.

At that date, the actual cash cost of the whole plant was about $350,000. The bonds were $500,000 and the stock was $100,000. Of course, the balance sheet did not state it thus boldly. Included in the "cost" as the bondholders saw it were several other items, for instance: discount on bonds, taxes and insurance, salaries during construction, interest on bonds during construction, and other items of miscellaneous expense. In addition, the company had $11,500 in the bank, kindly left there by the managers after paying all bills and other things.

And so they started in business, with a $350,000 plant pledged to earn, net, $30,000

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a year in interest, after paying three quite useless officers $16,000 a year in salaries.

The record, up to this point, looks like one of the ordinary tales of a development gamble, wherein some men get good money and many men get left. But this was in a Western town — a town gone mad on real-estate this last year. Therefore the end is cheerful.

An Englishman came along looking for a chance to make a prime investment. He saw the new building, not yet half full of tenants. He interviewed the cheerful secretary, the placid president, and the quietly confident treasurer. Finally, he offered $600,000 for the whole business.

The board of directors met and decided to sell. The secretary drafted a letter to the bondholders telling them that, in view of the remarkable rise in values, it was better to sell. They sold. The bondholders later received a statement showing profits of $93,000, of which they were entitled to one-third. The bonds were paid off at $1,062 per $1,000. The investment had netted more than 12 per cent. in a single year!

Most of the bondholders were delighted. When, a month ago, they received letters from the same people telling of another venture exactly like the last — only much better — most of them jumped at it. It looks now as though the new company will raise its own money without having to pay any advertising bills or commissions at all.

Somebody will, perhaps, make much money. Now, this is the gist of the tale: Certain men in that Western town took in, during the year, $400,000 net from the bondholders, gained out of it $16,000 odd in the shape of salaries, pocketed a profit of more than $60,000 net cash when they sold the property, then turned back the money and some profits to the bondholders, and quit. To do this, they did not put up or risk a single cent of their own money. They ran a successful but utterly reckless gamble in real-estate — and the money they used was — yours!

This country and Canada are full of plans just like this. Perhaps there has not been in the last twenty years a period when so many concerns, big and little, were doing just this sort of thing with the money of the people. The thing can be done — has been done very successfully — so long as values rise. When they stop rising — it is not even necessary that they should fall — the game is up. For it is self-evident that city properties built this way cannot earn charges, expenses, and depreciation, in competition with similar plants that represent a real investment all the way through.

It is a fallacy of the real-estate market that all the "water" has been soaked up by the stock and bond markets. As a matter of serious fact, a new real-estate development company that raises capital in the investment world must pay close to 25 per cent. in cost of selling its securities. In the case of the company whose short and glorious record is sketched in this story, all the capital stock and one-quarter of the bonds were pure "water."

You may go to any city of any considerable size on this continent and find instances that are even worse than the one cited here. A huge mass of this sort of investment is offered to the public all the time — and the public buys.

People will buy any sort of bond or security that represents standard property in their own city. Cities like New York and Chicago produce and market, month by month, millions of dollars' worth of such securities. The slogan of the trade is this: "You cannot go wrong in central city real-estate!"

A man who questions that slogan is usually called an enemy to the country. But it is not true. You *can* go wrong in central city real-estate. You cannot go wrong so long as the real-estate keeps on going up; but the men that build office-buildings in the highest-priced region on earth — downtown New York — are mighty glad to get out whole with 4 per cent. a year.

There are plenty of good securities in this market, and a man need not go blindly buying equities in the dreams of promoters. You can buy gilt-edge first-mortgages, if you like; but they will not pay you much over 4½ per cent. at best. You can buy second mortgages, and they won't give you much over five per cent. Or you may buy debentures and other credit-secured obligations of old, strong, reputable, panic-tried real-estate companies — and they will yield you as much sure revenue as the new experiments.

Now, what is the use of being the tail to another man's kite? If you want to speculate in real-estate, go and do so somewhere where you know the town. Don't go into a game where you take all the risk and are generously allowed to get one-third of the profits — reckoned after all possible deductions. C. M. K.

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INSURING YOUR LIFE INSURANCE

A MAN in a small Connecticut town wrote to THE WORLD'S WORK in February, setting forth the details of an episode that made him think very deeply about his life insurance, of which he carries $20,000, all in standard companies.

Three years ago his brother died, leaving a widow with two sons, aged thirteen and fifteen. His estate consisted of $20,000 life insurance, a comfortable home, and a small amount of savings and investments. The widow had been only slightly in touch with the business affairs of her husband, but she thought that she understood how to use the money. She declined all assistance from her relatives and connections, and announced her intention to administer the estate herself.

Two years passed without any apparent trouble. Once the brother heard that the two boys had been taken out of the public schools and sent to an expensive preparatory school in New England. "Successful investments" was the only explanation given. Then, about a year ago, he heard again of the family; this time the older boy had gone to work, and the younger was back in the public schools.

Six months ago a letter called him to the aid of that family. Investigation revealed a state of affairs that is too familiar. The vicissitudes of the so-called investment market had reduced the total capital of the family to one bond, worth about $900, a group of industrial stocks worth practically nothing, and the house, now pledged under a mortgage to the extent of nearly two-thirds of its value. It was the refusal of the bank to increase the mortgage that led to the call for help.

The details of the catastrophe are the ordinary record of the usual sordid transaction whereby money is transferred from the pockets of the ignorant to the pockets of the experienced. The larger part of the fund was at first invested in good mortgages. The purchase of the mortgages had attracted the attention of a local lawyer, a young, enthusiastic man. A friend of his in the East had recently become the secretary of a plantation venture in South America, whose stock paid dividends of 1 per cent. a month.

The moving of the boys from the public schools to the preparatory school marked the transition from 5 per cent. and safety to 1 per cent. a month with glowing prospects. Presently the crash came. To protect her investment, the widow mortgaged her house, and all the cash was poured into the gap between the home and ruin — and, of course, the boys came down the ladder again. The one solitary bond that remained was a bond bought some years before by the father of the family, and the only reason it remained was that the widow had been unable to find anybody that knew where it could be sold.

When our correspondent wrote about his own insurance, he had just come back from a careful contemplation of the wreck.

"What can a man do," he asks, "to protect his own family? My own wife is just like her — too busy in her home duties to learn anything about the business world. It seems that the better wife and mother a woman is, the surer she is to be an easy mark for sharpers when protection is removed."

Here is a practical question, and one that occurs every day. There are a dozen answers, all sufficient, but offering various advantages.

A retired clergyman in Ontario thought that he solved it when he stipulated, in his will, that the estate should be "immediately turned into cash and invested in securities legal for trustees in this Province."

Literally followed, the instruction would have cut nearly 25 per cent. from the principal of the estate, for the administration began at the depth of the panic of 1907. When liquidation was possible at reasonable prices, the "legal" investments for Ontario were paying little more than 3.70 per cent.

Yet, in spite of some drawbacks, the disposition of an estate by will remains the standard method for securing safety to the family. A direct warning against unsafe investments, written into a will, carries more weight than the same warning given in any other way.

In many parts of the country, the habit of naming as executor or trustee some well-known trust company is growing. It has

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many advantages. The fees that can be charged for such service are fixed by law, and there need be no fear on that score. The only material drawback is that the rate of interest obtainable under the law governing investment of trustees in most states is very low, and when the taxes and fees are subtracted from the income the net result will be not much if any over 4 per cent., particularly in the Eastern States.

A friend of the editor, the manager of an agency that writes all sorts of insurance, has a clause in his will directing the use of a fund of $20,000 represented by a life-insurance policy. He directs that if he should die before his wife is thirty, she shall invest the fund in certain specified bonds, all of which yield 5 per cent. net. During the next twenty years following his death, the will allows her to withdraw, in addition to the semi-annual interest, $5,000 of the principal, this provision being intended to cover the education and maintenance of the children until they are self-supporting.

At the end of the twenty-year period, he figures that her fund will be $15,000. At that time, with the family earning its own living, he wishes an income of $1,000 a year for his wife. The capital fund of the $15,000 remains to provide it.

His instructions are "at that time she shall buy an annuity of $1,000 a year from the ——— Insurance Company, and use the residue of this fund, if any, for her own personal comfort."

A good many companies write such annuities. I find the cost of a non-participating annuity for a woman of fifty to be about $15,500. It will give her $1,000 a year for the rest of her life.

The instructions in this will were drawn very carefully by a skilful lawyer, for a specific and well-defined purpose. The annuity is probably the very best thing that could have been used for that purpose. The purchase of annuities for people below fifty years of age is not usually recommended. As a matter of fact, if this man had instructed his wife to buy an annuity for $1,000 at the age of thirty, she would have had the income of $1,000 a year for the rest of her life; but she would not have had the $5,000 to educate her children and help meet the strain of the heavy years. As it is, he has provided nearly the same income and the extra fund of $5,000 without sacrificing any safety — for the bonds are bonds that the insurance company itself buys for its funds.

In all probability, the heavy years in her case will be, if he should die before she is thirty, the ten years from forty to fifty. For the first ten years, she will have $1,000 a year. For the next ten years, taking out $500 a year of principal, she will have an average of $1,382.52. After that, the annuity of $1,000 a year will provide for her.

Other clauses in the will provide for the use of the fund in case he should die when she is "between thirty and thirty-five," "between thirty-five and forty," etc. They follow the same general lines, being designed to give her the income necessary to meet the probable conditions.

The simplest and the easiest of all methods to guard against unhappy accidents of the nature described in the introductory story is to buy life-insurance policies that provide for regular payments to the beneficiary at stated intervals — a year, six months, a month, etc.

These policies are quite common, and many of the biggest and best of the companies write them. The insured may himself direct the payment to be made in this way, or he may instruct his beneficiary, in his will or in any other way, to choose this option when the policy falls due.

There are all sorts of variations possible under these policies. A policy of $20,000 may be made to yield $2,270 a year for ten years, or from $800 to $1,300 a year for life, depending on the age of the beneficiary.

These are all perfectly safe methods to guard against the danger of loss. What might be best for one man to do might not be best for another, and special knowledge of the conditions must decide in each case what ought to be done. The age and health of the wife, the number and sex of the children, the kind of home that must be kept up with the proceeds of the policy — these and a dozen other all-important factors have to be considered. A little bit of honest advice from the insurance company itself may determine the best thing to be done — but of course a good many companies will choose for you the option that will pay the company best.

It is not very hard to figure it out for yourself. Take out your policy, get a pencil and a piece of paper, borrow an interest table from the bank cashier, and spend half an hour "doing sums." A good many men who are very wise while they are alive turn out to be pretty stupid after they die.

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING TO CONTINUE

BY

ARTHUR W. PAGE

THERE may be a large number of subsidiary causes for the advance in the cost of living which can be eliminated by prosecuting somebody, but the main cause is fundamental and (for a time, at least), continuous. We are outgrowing our food supply.

Let us take meat for example.

The price of meat is as high as it has been in the memory of the oldest housekeeper. People grumbled when the advance in prices began, changed butchers as it went on, changed back as it continued, and then the storm broke. Every newspaper ran columns about the cost of living. A great meat boycott was inaugurated in the Middle West and spread rapidly from town to town. Reforming women made speeches on street corners, and in Congress committees were appointed to investigate the causes of the phenomena. The papers and the public blamed the farmers, the meat trust, and the retailers.

Beef that yielded the farmer $1 in 1900 yields him $1.39 now. But he will tell you, and prove his statements, that at that price his profit is less than it used to be. He will show you, first from his own accounts, and then from the statistics of the Department of Agriculture, that "raw" cattle bring no more than they used to. To change "raw" cattle into finished cattle requires, usually, one hundred days' feeding—approximately sixty-five bushels of corn.

Ten years ago corn cost thirty-five cents a bushel; now it costs sixty cents, or more. On sixty-five bushels the difference is $16.25, which is a large increase in the cost of an animal that sells for $100. The extra cost of feeding is the farmer's reason for the higher price he charges at Chicago. And the farmer is aware that it is often more profitable to sell his corn as corn.

If the testimony of New York retail butchers is correct, there is no doubt that all the packers have combined, and that they maintain uniform prices. The meat trust has been on the public's black-list before, and is looked upon with suspicion. But the packers can point to the price they pay for corn-fed cattle. Without doubt, they are in a position to exert some control over the price of beef, but recently it would seem that they have not arbitrarily raised prices, but, on the contrary, have in some measure kept them from increasing.

Then comes the case of the retail butcher, with whom the public comes in contact and who bears the actual brunt of their displeasure. In Washington the retailers are accused of being in combination, of being too numerous, and therefore of putting an unnecessary burden upon the public. There are 3,500 provision stores of one kind or another in that city of 300,000 people, approximately one store for every eighty-five people, or about every seventeen families. For seventeen families to pay the rent of a store, the living of the proprietor, his clerks, messengers, the cost of delivery-wagons, etc., from the profit on the food they buy seems excessive. The figures bear this contention out. The retail prices in Washington are 42 per cent. higher than the wholesale prices. The distributing system in the capital is too costly.

But, in contrast, let us look at New York, where there has been as much discontent as there has been in Washington. The retail margin over the wholesale price is 20 per cent. If the butcher makes a 5 per cent. profit, he has 15 per cent. upon which to do business, which for a dealer in semi-perishable goods at retail is not high. The butcher shops furnish a good example of the old maxim that "competition is the life of trade."

A reform in the distributing system might help if some master mind of organization should take control of the cattle from the time they are born until they reach the table as beef, but to the public mind the dangers of such centralized power more than offset its advantages.

The fundamental trouble is with the forces of production. We have grown too fast for our food supply. The lean years are upon us and no patent "trust-busting" nor retail regulation is going permanently to relieve our embarrassment.

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For the last seventy years the average consumption of meat in the United States has steadily declined, and likewise has the relative number of cattle to the population; but always, until lately, there was a large margin for export. But settlement has invaded the Western ranges, and while the population is constantly increasing, the free grazing-land is constantly decreasing. The corn crop is not keeping pace with the needs of the country, and the farmers are not making good the deficiencies in the Western cattle.

The number of cattle (other than milch cows) in the United States between 1905 and 1910 remained practically stationary.

NUMBER OF CATTLE IN THE UNITED STATES

January 1, 1906	47,067,656
January 1, 1907	51,565,731
January 1, 1908	50,073,000
January 1, 1909	49,379,000
January 1, 1910	47,279,000

In the meanwhile, the population has steadily increased.

The result of this relative decrease in the number of cattle has been sudden and painful. What we export represents our surplus. In 1906 it was 733,000,000 pounds; in 1909 it had fallen to 419,000,000 pounds. As our surplus decreases, the price goes up, and we need not look for an increased production to lower it to its old level again, for the old conditions are no more. The Western ranges cannot be enlarged and the price of Eastern farmland where cattle and corn are raised is not going down. There are 2,100,000 fewer cattle in the United States than there were a year ago.

In the United States there are about 90,000,000 people, and less than 50,000,000 cattle. In the Argentine Republic there are about 5,250,000 people and 30,000,000 cattle. In the United States there are nearly two people per steer, and in Argentina nearly six cattle per person, and in the Argentine the ranges are still adequate. Senator Lodge has spent hours to show that the tariff enables the seller to get more for his product without the buyer paying more for it. Yet, in spite of his explanations, it might be wise to repeal some of these paragraphs of the last tariff act.

THE TAX ON FOOD

Cattle, if less than one year old, $2 per head; all other cattle, if valued at not more than $14 per head, $3.75 per head; if valued at more than $14 per head, 27½ per centum ad valorem.

Swine, $1.50 per head.

Sheep, one year old or over, $1.50 per head; less than one year old, 75 cents per head.

All other live animals, not specially provided for in this section, 20 per centum ad valorem.

Meats of all kinds, prepared or preserved, not specially provided for in this section, 25 per centum ad valorem.

Poultry, live, 3 cents per pound; dead, 2 cents per pound.

Taking off the tax on food would enable us to draw upon other countries to meet our own deficiencies. Probably, if this duty on food were removed, there would be no Argentine beef brought to New York immediately, for the grooves of trade between Chicago and New York are worn smooth, while those from Buenos Ayres are rough and untried; and, because we have built up the trade, we shall probably ship beef to England at times when it might well be used here, but the time when foreign competition *could* help to keep down the prices here would be nearer if the tariff were removed.

Without this help, and perhaps even with it, the consumption of meat, that had fallen from 308.9 pounds per capita in 1840 to 182.6 pounds in 1900, is lower now, and will drop still further.

As with meat, so with other food. A consumer in New York went to a grocery store and purchased some standard canned and package goods. The following table shows what he asked for, what he paid, and what he got:

A CONSUMER'S PURCHASES

Item	*Supposed Weight*	*Actual Weight*	*Cost*
A prepared breakfast food		12 ounces	15c.
Another breakfast food		14½ ounces	10c.
Package of sugar, labelled	2 lbs. net	2 lbs. net	20c.
Package of raisins	1 lb. net	1 lb. net	15c.
Canned corn	1½ lb.	1½ lb.	10c.
Canned corn	1½ lb.	1½ lb.	15c.
Baked beans, two cans of one brand	1 lb.	13 ounces	15c.
		14 ounces	15c.
Baked beans, another brand	1 lb.	16 ounces	15c.
Can of cocoa, labelled	½ lb. net	½ lb. net	23c.
Loaf of bread	1 lb.	14½ ounces	5c.

The grocers do not talk weights any more. They ask you if it is a ten, fifteen or twenty-cent can or package you want; a small, large or "jumbo" size — not half-pound, pound, or two-pound. It is not the grocer's fault — this situa-

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tion. Many of them have protested to the New York authorities. The mischief is done before they receive the goods. For example, it is the baker, not the grocer, who is responsible for the under-weight bread. The recognized price of a loaf of bread is five cents, and the loaf is supposed to weigh a pound. That was a normal state of affairs in 1900, when wheat sold for about sixty cents a bushel and flour for $3.50 a barrel. Now, when wheat is $1.30 a bushel, and flour $5.40, it is hard for the baker to sell the same-sized loaf for five cents, and five cents is so indelibly fixed in the public mind as the price of a loaf of bread that it cannot be changed. So the weight is lowered instead.

When he buys meat, the consumer pays 10, 15, or 20 per cent. more than formerly; when he buys groceries he gets 10, 15, or 20 per cent. less than he used to get.

This condition is widespread. The NewYork Superintendent of Weights and Measures says:

"There is sufficient data before me to warrant New Yorkers in uniting in a demand on Congress and the Legislature to enact immediately laws compelling manufacturers, packers, and dealers to mark the weight, measure, and numerical count of their goods, or risk rigorous legal punishment.

"Cracker and cereal packages have shrunk and are still purchased in the belief that they contain what they formerly did. These package goods are enormously more expensive for the ultimate consumer than the same quality of bulk goods."

In spite of the fact that most manufacturers are not specifying weight on their labels, there are hundreds of cases against short-weight being prosecuted by the Federal authorities, under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. For example, on March 15, 1909, an inspector of the Department of Agriculture found a consignment of flour at Wake Forest, N. C., from a Virginia mill. When weighed, the whole consignment showed a shortage, and it was condemned as under-weight.

The Government has recently found three Iowa canners, two Nebraska canners, and one Illinois canner guilty of selling canned corn of less than the weight marked upon the labels. In one case the gross weight of cans labelled "two pounds" ran from one pound seven ounces to one pound ten ounces. In another case each "two-pound" can was found to weigh 1.5 pounds.

This brings us back to the price of corn again; and the price of wheat, like the price of corn, is twice what it used to be.

Six months ago, in an article in this magazine, called: "What we Must Do to be Fed," Mr. James J. Hill said:

"We grew 504,185,470 bushels of wheat in 1882, when our population was a little over 52,000,000, and 634,087,000 bushels in 1907, twenty-five years later. The increase in wheat-yield during these years, when much of the new land of the West was being brought under the plow, was a little over 25 per cent., while population increased 33,000,000, or over 63 per cent. Obviously, the supply and demand of bread will not keep pace through the working of any law of nature. Moreover, possible increase in wheat production by increasing acreage is limited. We have no longer a great area of free public lands. Some lands will be drained, and there are a few acres of public land left on which wheat may be raised. But a denser population makes new demands upon the soil, and it is more likely on the whole that wheat acreage will be reduced."

Mr. Hill sees a solution for the whole problem in better farming methods. But better farming methods cannot be acquired in a day. This solution will take time.

In the meanwhile, what can an individual consumer do? A man moved from Iowa to Washington, D. C., not long ago, from a community in which people had not become agitated over the cost of living to a community where it was an ever-present topic. He had been there about two months when I saw him, and he said that with the exception of chickens and eggs, which he had raised in Iowa but had to buy in Washington, his food bills were about the same in one place that they were in another, and considerably below the expenses of his neighbors who lived with the same degree of comfort. This was because both he and his wife were skilled purchasers, and they bought in somewhat larger quantities, and paid cash. A barrel of potatoes costs $2.50 if bought all at once. If bought in small quantities, it costs $4. A retail butcher told me of one woman who, with care, might have saved 15 per cent. of her bill; of others who allowed the servants to do the ordering, even when it was wastefully done, and he pathetically remarked that he wished more consumers knew their business. That is the vital point now, for whatever happens to the retailers or the manufacturers, the consumer must face the fact that food is not so plentiful as it was, and it is not likely to be unless the improvement in farming be sudden and general, and the tariff tax on food be removed.

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THE WAY TO HEALTH

I. GETTING WELL AT HOME

BY

ONE GETTING WELL

"When the disease [tuberculosis] is limited to an apex, in a man of fairly good personal and family history, the chances are that he may fight a winning battle if he lives out of doors in any climate, whether high, dry and cold, or low, moist and warm." — DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

I GOT my warning before tuberculosis was very far advanced. In the spring of 1904 I was drafted into the army of health-seekers ordered West. As a member of that great army, whose forces are chiefly concentrated in or near the cities and towns of eastern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, I was in no way remarkable. My experience was typical of that of thousands of others. I became familiar — in Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and California, in boarding-houses, health-resorts, and sanatoria — with most of the conditions which are likely to confront the health-seeker in the West. I was fortunate enough to get good advice almost at the outset (particularly with regard to the dangers of over-exertion), and was sensible enough to heed it. My misfortune did not involve others, and I was free from serious financial worry. I had inherited a rugged constitution and was blessed with an almost perfect digestion. Everything considered, I was fighting under favorable auspices.

During the struggle of four and a half years, the advantage was sometimes with and sometimes against me. At last, however, in the fall of 1908, the disease seemed about to win a definite victory. I had by no means given up the fight, but my last relapse had been of longer duration and my recovery was less elastic. One or two more relapses, and the final phase would undoubtedly set in.

It was certain that I had "worn out" the climate; yet to move into a "less favorable" climate would, according to the general opinion, be equivalent to suicide. Yet, though I was plainly on the decline, I had not yet reached the stage where the doctor suggests as tactfully as possible that perhaps the patient would be better off at home, where he could be made more comfortable.

It was at this time that, acting on the advice of an able specialist, I decided to try the somewhat desperate experiment of going *East* for my health. Accompanied by my mother, who was visiting me at the time, I started for my home in Vermont about the middle of October, 1908. My instructions were to go to bed and stay in bed, through the coming winter at least, *in the open air*.

I lost no time about it. While a sleeping porch was being built adjoining a second-story chamber in the rear of the house, I was installed on a side piazza, where privacy was secured by means of portable screens. My meals were served in the house, but I spent nearly twenty-three hours a day in bed. The same regimen was continued when I moved into my sleeping-porch. My meals (identical with those of the rest of the family, with the addition of about three pints of milk and six raw eggs daily) were now served in the chamber adjoining, one of the windows of which had been made into a door. Physical exertion was reduced pretty nearly to the minimum. I got up for my meals (dressing was a mere matter of putting on slippers and bath-robe); baths, and an alcohol rub at "bedtime."

The rapidity of my improvement under these conditions was astonishing. I began to put on flesh at once; within three or four weeks my daily fever of from one to two degrees had disappeared; my cough steadily diminished. By New Year's my clothes (which I had put on only once before, at Thanksgiving) had become so tight as to be uncomfortable. A normal temperature and an expanding waistline! — the rigors of a Vermont winter were easy to bear.

Nor were these rigors so severe as might be supposed. Any "graduate" of an Adirondack sanatorium can testify that it is possible to

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sleep in a temperature well below zero with entire comfort. I wore no head-covering of any sort, day or night. During the day, while propped up in bed reading, I wore a hunter's jacket lined with sheepsskin, in addition to a coat-sweater. On cold days I could turn the collar above my ears. At night, the pillow below and the blankets above afforded ample protection. I mention this because the fresh air benefited my scalp as well as my lungs. My hair thickened perceptibly.

By the middle of May, 1909, my lungs had healed to such an extent that my physician could hardly detect any "moisture." My cough, though it had not wholly disappeared, was comparatively infrequent. My weight had increased from less than 130 to more than 180. Even to so enthusiastic an advocate of the rest-cure as I had become, it seemed rather absurd to continue to spend all my time in bed.

Little by little, very cautiously, I have resumed normal habits. I still spend a good part of the day in the open air and sleep in my porch — no one who has accustomed himself to refreshing sleep in the open will ever willingly return to a stuffy chamber. Three laboratory examinations of my sputum, at intervals of more than a month, have failed to discover any tubercle bacilli. For the first time in five years, it seems reasonable to hope that before very long I can safely resume a moderately active, if somewhat restricted life. In estimating the significance of this statement it should be borne in mind that when my real rest-cure began, mine was *not* an incipient, but *an advanced case of four and a half years'* standing. Both lungs were widely involved. Neither the "opsonic" treatment nor the hygienic methods learned in a first-class sanatorium had availed permanently to check the progress of the disease. Neither my physician nor any one else hoped more from my novel experiment than that it might prolong my life for a time. Any ultimate recovery seemed out of the question. It is true that my ultimate recovery is not yet assured. Serious imprudence, like undue exposure resulting in a hard cold, might bring on a relapse which would speedily undo a year's progress. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the chances, instead of being almost hopelessly against me, seem now decidedly in my favor.

If absolute rest under the conditions which I have described could accomplish this result for me, what might not be hoped from it in the case of one whose disease is still incipient?

II. SELF-CURE WITH FRESH CREAM

BY

DR. B. J. KENDALL

"The cure of tuberculosis is a question of nutrition; digestion and assimilation control the situation; make a patient grow fat and the local disease may be left to take care of itself."

—Dr. William Osler.

THE all-important thing is to drink large quantities of milk strippings (the very last of the milking, which is all cream when a proper cow is selected). This seems so simple and easy that many have refused to follow directions, and demand medicines to cure them; but there has not yet been discovered any medicine that is a specific for consumption.

To get the best results a healthy cow should be selected, one that does not cough and one that gives very rich milk. A Jersey cow is preferable. The milk should always be tested, to be sure that there is a large per cent. of cream in it.

The last quart should be milked into a separate dish which rests in a larger vessel containing warm water just sufficient to prevent the strippings from cooling below blood-heat. The cow should be thoroughly cleaned to prevent any dirt getting into the milk, so that the patient can blow back the froth and drink at once without straining it, which cools it too much.

Begin by drinking nearly a pint in the morning and the same at night; increase the quantity gradually so that in ten or fifteen days a full quart will be taken twice a day. It should be taken immediately after milking, before it has had time to cool. Take as much as you can without too much discomfort; then rest

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two or three minutes, drink more and rest again; and so on until a full quart has been taken. In about fifteen minutes the patient should eat at the table such articles of food as are known to agree with the stomach. At noon eat as usual.

When the strippings are not allowed to cool below blood-heat and are taken immediately after being milked, a full quart will be transfused into the circulation in a remarkably short time.

I have never seen a patient who could not take the strippings without any discomfort worth mentioning when directions were followed strictly, although some have declared before trying that they could not; but when they delayed taking it for half an hour and the milk had cooled ten degrees, I have seen half a pint make them very sick. The great secret of success is in taking it immediately after milking and not allowing it to cool below blood-heat, taking a full quart morning and evening and having milk that is *very* rich.

The following is a typical case: Mrs. A. E. was suddenly startled to find that her weight was forty pounds below normal. She was coughing terribly and soon had a very profuse hemorrhage from the lungs that came near taking her life. She at once began the use of the milk strippings after the hemorrhage was stopped, and after ten or fifteen days she found that she had gained nearly a pound a day. She was soon able to get out of bed and go around the house. She continued to gain quite rapidly; and as her weight and strength increased her cough decreased. When she had gained thirty pounds in about three months, her cough left her. I had her continue the same diet for six or eight weeks longer; she gained ten pounds more and then would not take on more flesh. By that time she was as well as she ever had been, and continued well after the strippings were discontinued.

She took no medicine after the hemorrhage was stopped except a little pepsine and some other digestive and a simple remedy to ease the cough.

I do not remember any case that followed the directions strictly that was not cured.

I have found the same diet, when above directions were carried out carefully, equally successful in increasing the weight and strength of those run down and debilitated from other causes.

THE TELEPHONE AS IT IS TO-DAY

MORE THAN 50,000 COMMUNITIES CONNECTED BY THE BELL COMPANY ALONE—A NETWORK OF NERVES REQUIRING ELEVEN MILLION MILES OF WIRE

BY

HERBERT N. CASSON

THE telephone business did not really begin to overspread the earth until 1896, but the keynote of expansion was sounded by Theodore Vail when the telephone was a babe in arms. In 1879 Vail said, in a letter written to one of his captains: "Tell our agents that we have a proposition on foot to connect the different cities for the purpose of personal communication, and in other ways to organize *a grand telephonic system.*"

This was brave talk at that time, when there were not in the whole world as many telephones as there are to-day in Cincinnati. Most telephone men regarded it as nothing more than talk. They did not see any business future for the telephone except in short-distance service. But Vail was in earnest. His previous experience as the head of the railway mail service had lifted him up to a higher point of view. He knew the need of a national system of communication that would be quicker and more direct than either the telegraph or the Post Office. "I saw that if the telephone could talk one mile to-day," he said, "it would be talking a hundred miles to-morrow."

Four months after he had prophesied the "grand telephonic system," he encouraged Mr. Charles J. Glidden to build a telephone line between Boston and Lowell. This was the first inter-city line. It was well-placed, for the

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owners of the Lowell mills lived in Boston, and it made a small profit from the start. This success cheered Vail on to a master effort. He resolved to build a line from Boston to Providence, and was so stubbornly bent upon doing this that, when the Bell Company refused to act, he organized a company and built the line. It was a failure at first and went by the name of "Vail's Folly." But one of the experts, by a happy thought, *doubled the wire* and thus in a moment established two new factors in the telephone business — the Metallic Circuit and the Long-Distance Line.

At once the Bell Company came over to Vail's point of view, bought his new line, and launched out upon what seemed to be the foolhardy enterprise of stringing a double wire from Boston to New York. This was to be not only the longest of all telephone lines, strung on 10,000 poles; it was to be a line *de luxe*, built of glistening red copper, not iron. Its cost was to be $70,000, which was an enormous sum in those hard-scrabble days. There was much opposition to such extravagance and much ridicule. "I wouldn't take that line as a gift," said one of the Bell Company's officials.

But when the last coil of wire was stretched into place, and the first "Hello" leaped from Boston to New York, the new line was a success. It marked a turning point in the history of the telephone, when the day of small things had ended.

While this epoch-making line was being strung, Vail was pushing his "grand telephonic system" policy by organizing The American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It was the introduction into business of the staff-and-line method of organization.

Seldom has a company been started with so small a capital and so vast a purpose. It had no more than $100,000 of capital stock in 1885; but its declared object was nothing less than to establish a system of wire communication for the human race:

"To connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place in the State of New York, with one or more points in each and every other city, town or place in said state, and in each and every other of the United States, and in Canada and Mexico; and each and every of said cities, towns or places is to be connected with each and every other city, town or place in said states and countries, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world."

So ran Vail's dream, and for nine years he worked mightily to make it come true. He remained until the various parts of the business had grown together, and until his plan was fairly well understood. Then he went out, into a series of picturesque enterprises, until he had built up a four-square fortune — and recently, in 1907, he came back to be the head of the telephone business, and to complete the work of organization that he had started thirty years before.

The man who was chosen to succeed Vail was John Elbridge Hudson, a long-pedigreed New Englander, whose ancestors had smelted iron ore in Lynn when Charles the First was King. He was a lawyer by profession and a university professor by temperament. His specialty, as a man of affairs, had been marine law; and his hobby was the collection of rare books and old English engravings. He was a master of the Greek language, and very fond of using it. He even carried this preference so far as to write his business memoranda in Greek.

He gave the telephone business tone and prestige. He built up its credit. And he prepared the way for the period of expansion by borrowing fifty millions for improvements and by adding greatly to the strength and influence of the company.

Hudson remained at the head of the telephone table until his death in 1900, and thus lived to see the dawn of the era of big business. By 1896, the telephone engineer was able to handle his wires, no matter how many. By this time, too, the public was ready for the telephone. For the next ten-year period the keynote of telephone history was expansion. Under the prevailing flat-rate plan of payment, all customers paid the same yearly price and then used their telephones as often as they pleased. This was a simple method, and the most satisfactory one for small towns and farming regions. But in a great city such a plan proved to be suicidal. In New York, for instance, the price had to be raised to $240, which lifted the telephone as high above the mass of the citizens as though it were a piano or a diamond sunburst.

How to extend the service and at the same time cheapen it to small users — that was the Gordian knot, and the man who unquestionably did most to untie it was Edward J. Hall. It was he who "broke the jam," as a lumberman would say, by establishing the *message-rate* system.

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By this plan, which is now general in the larger American cities, a user of the telephone pays a fixed minimum price for a certain number of messages per year, and extra for all messages over this number. The large user pays more, and the little user pays less. It opened up the way to such an expansion of telephone business as Bell, in his rosiest dreams, had never imagined. In three years, after 1896, there were twice as many users; in six years there were four times as many; in ten years there were eight to one. What with the message-rate and the pay-station, the telephone was now on its way to be universal.

When the message-rate was fairly well established, Hudson died and in his place came Frederick P. Fish, also a lawyer and a Bostonian. Fish was a popular, optimistic man, with a "full-speed-ahead" temperament. He pushed the policy of expansion almost to the point of explosion. He borrowed money in stupendous amounts — $150,000,000 at one time — and flung it into a campaign of red-hot development.

To describe this growth, we might say that the Bell telephone secured its first million of capital in 1879; its first million of earnings in 1882; its first million of dividends in 1884; its first million of surplus in 1885; paid out its first million for legal expenses by 1886; began first to send a million messages a day in 1888; had strung its first million miles of wire in 1890; and installed its first million telephones in 1898. By 1897 it had spun as many cobwebs of wire as the Western Union itself; by 1900 it had twice as many miles of wire as the Western Union, and *five times* as many in 1905. Such was the plunging progress of the Bell Companies in this period of expansion that by 1905 they had swept past all European countries combined, not only in the quality of the service, but in the actual number of telephones in use. This, too, without a cent of public money, or the protection of a tariff, or the prestige of a Governmental Bureau.

By 1893 Boston and New York were talking to Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and Washington. One-half of the people of the United States were within talking distance of each other. The *thousand-mile talk* had ceased to be a fairy tale. Several years later the western end of the line was pushed over the plains to Nebraska, enabling the spoken word in Boston to be heard in Omaha. Slowly and with much effort the public was taught to substitute the telephone for travel. A special long-distance salon was fitted up in New York City to entice people into the habit of talking to other cities. Cabs were sent for customers; and when one arrived, he was escorted over Oriental rugs to a gilded booth, draped with silken curtains. This was the famous "Room Nine." By such and many other allurements a larger idea of telephone service was given to the public mind, until by 1909 at least 1,600 New York-Chicago conversations were held per month, and the revenue from strictly long-distance messages was $22,000 a day.

By 1906 even the Rocky Mountain Bell Company had grown to be a $10,000,000 enterprise. It had begun at Salt Lake City with a hundred telephones in 1880. Then it had reached out to master an area of 413,000 square miles — a great Lone Land of undeveloped resources. Its linemen had groped through dense forests where their poles looked like toothpicks beside the towering pines and cedars. They had driven off the Indians, who wanted the bright wire for ear-rings and bracelets; and the bears, which mistook the humming of the wires for the buzzing of bees, and persisted in gnawing the poles down. With the most heroic optimism, this Rocky Mountain Company had persevered until, in 1906, it had created a 70,000-mile nerve-system for the Far West.

But it was New York City that was the record-breaker when the era of telephone expansion arrived. Here the flood of big business struck with the force of a tidal wave. The number of users leaped from 56,000 in 1900 up to 310,000 in 1908. In a single year of sweating and breathless activity, 65,000 new telephones were put on desks or hung on walls — an average of one new user for every two minutes of the business day.

Literally tons and hundreds of tons of telephones were hauled in drays from the factory and put in New York's homes and offices. More and more were demanded until to-day there are more telephones in New York City than in the four countries of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland combined. Mass together all the telephones of London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and Belfast, and there will even then be barely as many as are carrying the conversations of this one American city.

In 1879 the New York telephone directory

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was a small card, showing 252 names; but now it has grown to be an 800-page quarterly, with a circulation of 500,000, and requiring 20 drays, 40 horses, and 400 men to do the work of distribution. There was one shabby little Exchange thirty years ago, but now there are eighty-five Exchanges, as the nerve-centres of a vast $50,000,000 system. Incredible as it may seem to foreigners, it is literally true that in a single building in New York — the Hudson-Terminal — there are more telephones than in Greece and Bulgaria combined.

Merely to operate this system requires an army of more than 5,000 girls. Merely to keep their records requires 235,000,000 sheets of paper a year. Merely to do the writing of these records wears away 560,000 lead pencils. And merely to give these girls a cup of tea or coffee at noon compels the Bell Company to buy yearly 6,000 pounds of tea, 17,000 pounds of coffee, 48,000 cans of condensed milk, and 140 barrels of sugar.

The myriad wires of this New York system are tingling with talk every minute of the day and night. They are most at rest between three and four o'clock in the morning, although even then there are usually ten calls a minute. Between 5 and 6 o'clock two thousand New Yorkers are awake and at the telephone. Half an hour later, there are twice as many. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, 25,000 people have called up 25,000 other people, so that there are as many people talking by wire as there were in the whole city of New York in the Revolutionary period. Even this is only the dawn of the day's business. By 8.30 it is doubled; by 9 it is trebled; by 10 it is multiplied six-fold; and by 11 o'clock the roar has become an incredible Babel of 180,000 conversations an hour, with fifty new voices clamoring at the Exchange every second.

This is "the peak of the load." It is the topmost pinnacle of talk. It is the utmost degree of service that the telephone has been required to give in any city. And it is as much a world's wonder, to men and women of imagination, as the steel mills of Homestead or the turbine leviathans that cross the Atlantic Ocean in four and a half days.

Already this Bell system has grown to be so vast, so nearly akin to a national nerve system, that there is nothing else to which we can compare it. It is strung out over 50,000 cities and communities. And its old-time rival, the Western Union, is now its lesser rival and companion.

If it were all gathered together into one place, this system would make a city of Telephonia as large as Baltimore. It would contain half of the telephone property of the world. Its actual wealth would be fully $760,000,000, and its revenue would be greater than the revenue of the City of New York.

Part of the property of the city of Telephonia consists of 10,000,000 poles — as many as would make a fence from New York to California, or put a stockade around Texas. If the Telephonians wished to use these poles at home, they might drive them in as piles along their water-front, and have a 25,000-acre dock; or, if their city were a hundred square miles in extent, they might set up a seven-ply wall around it with these poles.

Wire, too, eleven million miles of it! This city of Telephonia would be the capital of an empire of wire. Not all the men in New York state could shoulder this burden of wire and carry it. Throw all the people of Illinois in one end of the scale, and put on the other side the wire-wealth of Telephonia, and long before the last coil was in place, the Illinoisians would be in the air.

What would this city do for a living? It would make two-thirds of the telephones, cables, and switchboards of all countries. Nearly one quarter of its citizens would work in factories, while the others would be busy in 6,000 Exchanges, making it possible for the people of the United States to talk to one another at the rate of *seven thousand million conversations a year.*

The pay-envelope army that moves to work every morning in Telephonia would be a host of 110,000 men and girls, mostly girls — as many as would fill Vassar College one hundred times and more. Put these men and girls in line, march them ten abreast, and six hours would pass before the last company would arrive at the reviewing stand. In single file this throng of Telephonians would make a living wall from New York to New Haven.

Such is the extraordinary city of which Alexander Graham Bell was the only resident in 1875. It has been built up without the backing of any great bank or multi-millionaire. There have been no Vanderbilts in it — no Astors, Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Harrimans. There are even now only four men who own as many as 10,000 shares of the stock of the central company.

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HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

SIXTH ARTICLE

THE FUTURE OF OUR WATERWAYS

HOW THE FREIGHT-CAR SUPERSEDED THE CANAL-BOAT—THE WAY TO MAKE RIVER TRAFFIC SUCCESSFUL—THE LESSON OF THE GREAT LAKES

BY

JAMES J. HILL

FOR ages the development of every country was determined by its rivers, coasts, and harbors. The improvement of these, to fit the needs of commerce, was a national care. "Internal improvements," in the early history of the United States, meant just this. The coming of the railroad pushed the waterway, for a time, into the background. This was true in the United States to a degree unparalleled anywhere else in the world, because nowhere else has it met that need so fully; nowhere else did it begin with the early life of communities and keep pace with or anticipate their growth; nowhere else has railroad expansion been marked by such admirable system and the cost of service been reduced so rapidly and so far. The improvement of rivers and harbors went on, it is true, upon a great scale; but these, after all, were secondary agencies of commerce. Most of the history of the development of the United States is written in the history of its railroad systems.

Recent events have directed attention anew to the importance of extending and improving our waterways. Two main reasons appear. One is the check put upon railroad expansion by legislation that passes the boundary of proper regulation and represses legitimate enterprise. The other is the enormous pressure of traffic upon terminal facilities and trunk-lines that cannot be duplicated except at prohibitive cost. The business of the country, under normal conditions, will have need of all its carriers. The public, however, has been led by visionaries and appropriation hunters to suppose that waterway improvement and extension will solve every problem and make everybody rich and happy. Only after a disillusioning experience and much waste of public money will they learn the truth. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that the situation should be understood, and that a true and permanent theory of the function of waterways and the steps which the people ought to take to utilize them more fully, should be generally known and accepted.

It will clear the ground for this if a few widely prevalent errors are disposed of first. The foremost and most persistent of these is the idea that the railroad and the waterway are antagonistic, and that either can gain business only at the expense of the other. It has actually been proposed in Congress to forbid railroads to reduce their rates when competing with water-routes. But there is nowhere any evidence of an unfriendly disposition on the part of railways toward water transportation. There is no rivalry for an exclusive service. Each is fitted for a particular office in transportation. In any well-ordered national system they will supplement each other. For reasons just stated, the railroad has developed more rapidly in this country from economic causes solely, as is proved by results wherever the two come into actual competition. Some of the facts about the division of transportation work in America between river and rail are interesting.

The trunk-lines between Chicago and New York were built and have created their enormous traffic subject, from the beginning, to the competition of the Erie Canal. It had occupied the field before there was a mile of railroad anywhere in the United States. St. Louis has become one of the important centres of the

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THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE RAILROADS

The great river which brought nearly $80,000,000 worth of traffic to New Orleans in 1855-56, and the railroads which paralleled it and have taken all but $3,000,000 worth of the trade from the river. The black lines are the levees and the shaded area represents the land overflowed since 1897

country's railroad business, while all the time the Mississippi was at her service. On the Ohio is some of the cheapest water carriage in the country. Its cost in 1905 is reported as .76 of one mill per ton per mile for moving freight by river from Pittsburgh to Louisville, and .67 of one mill from Louisville to New Orleans; but these rates, though frequently quoted, have not been verified. It is also said that rates much lower than these have been made on barge tows during the season. But the quotation of a single rate is meaningless unless we know whether it covers the cost of the return trip, its due share of the whole season's necessary outlay, and of all the expenses that must be met by any carrier forming part of the transportation system of the country and assuming to regulate its charges. Here, however, is a cheap and convenient route by which the coal of Pennsylvania and Ohio may be moved to the factories of the lower river. Coal can be shipped profitably by water, if anything can. What is the fact?

Of a total of 8,743,047 tons of coal received at St. Louis in 1897, just 155,470 tons were carried by boat. A large part of this came from local mines. Every pound of the 1,155,645 tons shipped out went by rail. And of all the commodities received at and shipped from that city, amounting in 1907 to nearly 48,000,000 tons, only 368,075 tons, or less than .79 of 1 per cent., were brought in or sent out by water.

The chairman of the freight committee of the New Orleans Board of Trade says in his official report:

"It is a well-known fact that the steamboats plying out of this port find a number of prominent railroad competitive points on their route. It is also, we regret to say, a positive fact that our boats are accorded but little business shipping out of this city to said points. Practically the only outbound freights that are shipped on the boats are such as cannot be delivered by a railroad."

Galveston, with no such waterway from the interior at her doors, exported 14,172,071 bushels of wheat in 1907, as against 5,496,935 for New Orleans. Up to this time the river has been unable to compete with the railroad. In the year 1855–56 the domestic exports from New Orleans amounted to $80,000,000 and were practically all carried by water. Not in recent times has the commerce of the lower river reached $3,000,000, although the total imports and exports of New Orleans in 1907 were more than $200,000,000. These figures expose the absurdity of the theory that the railroad need feel either jealousy or fear of the waterway.

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The two systems of carriage have developed together effectively in many European countries; and errors are constantly made in our current discussion by drawing an analogy that fails in essential particulars. In such countries conditions differ from those in the United States in two all-important respects: first, their railroad freight-rates are so much higher than ours that a cheaper mode of transportation must be provided or certain kinds of freight could not be carried at all; second, necessary facilities for water shipments, such as modern barges, commodious and convenient wharves, and loading and unloading appliances are provided so abundantly that water carriage loses the element of uncertainty and delay which has helped to reduce it to a negligible quantity on most American rivers.

A recent consular report to our State Department concludes with these fervid periods:

"The United States could, perhaps, reach no more practical result nor one of possibly greater advantage to its enormous producing interests than by turning its attention in the direction of the improvement and development of its waterways. The mileage of the inland waterways of Germany, if possessed by the United States in proportion to our area as compared to that of Germany, would be equivalent in linear measurement to 40 parallel waterways east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and 20 parallel waterways north and south from Canada to the Gulf; and that would mean a network of canals for a state like Ohio, say, running east and west and north and south, which would be something like 40 miles apart from boundary to boundary in all four directions. With this in view, the importance of Germany's waterways may be properly appreciated by the American student of this subject."

This half-baked stuff is a type of much that has been written and spoken in this country on waterway improvement. The waterway is to be the saviour of the producer, as against the railroad. Yet most German railroads are state-owned; and waterways are resorted to there as an escape from the intolerable burden of the rates the railroads impose.

There is more freight traffic on the Rhine than on any other stream in Europe. Many of the rivers of that country carry tons where ours carry pounds. Why? Dr. George G. Tunell, in a recent report to the Chicago Harbor Commission, says:

"The average freight rate per ton per mile on the United Prussian and Hessian State railroads during 1906 was 13.41 mills, while the average rate in the United States was but 7.48 mills. Unlike the railroads of Europe, those of this country compete vigorously with the water carriers for even the lowest kinds of traffic. The average rate on coal and coke on the United Prussian and Hessian State Railways in 1906 was 9.79 mills; on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway it was but 3.27 mills."

And not only are European freight-rates from two to four times as great as ours, but even their boasted canals are also more expensive highways. The following table is compiled by Dr. Tunell from official documents:

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN FREIGHT-RATES

Route	*Miles*	*Rate per Bushel*	*Rate per Ton*
Buffalo to N. Y. by Canal	500	$ .0400	$1 .33
Buffalo to N. Y. by Rail	410	.0427	1 .42
Antwerp to Strasburg by the Rhine	501	.0475	1 .58
Antwerp to Strasburg by French Canals	504	.0693	2 .31

One begins to perceive through these figures that the relative fortunes of the two transportation agencies in the United States in the past are not without an economic explanation. The American waterway, under conditions existing here, and relying upon rate competition to maintain itself against the railroad, has not been a success. Its charge has not been enough lower to offset the advantages of speed and certainty in delivery. The Erie canal, once of great practical value as a carrier, has become of late years, as a competitor with the railroads, comparatively unimportant. In June, 1908, New York City received 1,690,075 bushels of grain by the all-rail route, 1,133,900 bushels by lake and rail and 725,400 bushels by canal. For the six months ending June 30, 1908, the all-rail route carried to New York 32,489,837 bushels of grain and flour, the lake and rail 8,069,466 bushels, and the canal but 1,469,100 bushels. Yet the rates between New York and Chicago on which east and west business has been thus divided were recently as follows:

RAIL, LAKE, AND CANAL RATES TO NEW YORK

	All-Rail	*Standard Lake and Rail*	*Canal and Lake*
First class	$ .75	$ .62	$ .42
Second class	.65	.54	.36
Third class	.50	.41	.29
Fourth class	.35	.30	.23
Fifth class	.30	.25	.21
Sixth class	.25	.21	.18

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It will be worth the reader's while to compare these rates with those just given on German railroads and waterways, reducing both to a mileage basis. He should also appreciate the concise and accurate conclusion of this phase of the subject as stated by Dr. Tunell:

"The all-rail rates are higher than the lake-and-rail and the lake-and-canal only as 40-cent coffee may be higher than 30 or 20-cent coffee, or as rates and fares over a standard rail line may be higher than those over a differential rail line. And it is equally true, historically speaking, that rail rates have been as influential in bringing down water rates as the latter have been in reducing the former."

It has been made clear that the main reason for the comparative neglect to utilize waterways in this country is the more desirable service, in kind or cost or both, rendered by the railroads. A secondary reason is the failure of cities and business associations to provide the accessories without which river transportation is commercially unavailable. There is constant demand in the United States for deeper channels, big dams, every form of improvement that, at the cost of millions paid by taxation, will help to provide water of navigable depth. But the landing-places, connections, dock facilities, and the boats in service on our streams are just about what they were fifty years ago. For stating the case in a nutshell, it would be hard to improve upon the following, printed in a Cincinnati publication, which advocated at the same time the most liberal expenditure on our waterways:

"When I asked a river man, a large shipper, in one of the towns depending wholly on the river, what he thought of the nine-foot stage, he said, 'I wish the Ohio river would dry up; then we would get the railroad in here and our troubles would be over.' This man is a large shipper of baled hay, cattle, and produce for the Cincinnati markets, just the sort of freight which ought to go by river.

"The river has 'got on his nerves.' His 'troubles' are an indictment of the river as a highway of commerce, and they sum up pretty well the whole problem from the standpoint of the river town.

"'For shipping hay, hogs, cattle, etc.,' said he, 'the railroad is better than the river. Take the shipment of a drove of hogs; we drive them down to the river from the yards to await the arrival of the boat, the drivers yelling and the hogs squealing; the bank is steep, oftentimes muddy; there are no yards or conveniences because of the rise and fall of the water; the arrival of the boat is uncertain; if it is on time it comes about dusk, and there is the trouble of getting the animals on board. Then there is the night on the boat — dock scene repeated in Cincinnati — then through the crowded streets to the city stockyards. Compare with the railroad: you order a stock-car to your yard; load at your leisure; the car is run direct to the stockyards in the city, and you have no trouble at all. The present boat line is a monopoly and charges what it pleases, so there is but little difference in the freight rate.'"

The proof that the railroad and the waterway are complementary rather than mutually destructive in every well-organized traffic movement is even more decisive when we turn from the waterways that are comparatively little used to one that is a marvelous success as a carrier. The total arrivals and clearances of ships at all ports on the Great Lakes in 1907 were 147,904 and their cargoes amounted to only a little less than 200,000,000 net tons. The volume of commerce grows steadily, when not halted by general business depression. The total freight passed through the "Soo" canals in 1907 was over 58,000,000 tons. The tonnage passing through the Suez Canal in the same year was but 14,728,434. The ore alone carried by the lake route in 1907 amounted to over 900 pounds for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Twenty years ago Duluth was a little town with only a promising local trade. To-day it is one of the great shipping ports of the world, with unlimited possibilities of expansion. The following table gives a basis of comparison of the lake traffic with that of the great ports of the world:

THE TONNAGE OF LAKE AND OCEAN PORTS

	Tonnage
New York, 1905	30,314,062
Chicago, 1906	15,638,051
Liverpool and Birkenhead, 1906	16,147,856
London, 1905	25,867,485
Duluth and Superior, 1907	34,786,705

But while the phenomenal growth of lake business and the reduction in the rate, which was 22.36 cents per bushel by lake and canal from Chicago to New York in 1867, and 6.64 cents in 1907, have taken place practically within the last twenty-five years, the railroads running west and northwest from Buffalo and Chicago have not suffered. On the contrary, traffic in this territory has increased

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with amazing rapidity; and the capacity of these railroads is taxed to handle business that cannot or will not use other routes.

The growth of traffic in the United States has exceeded the growth of facilities for carrying it. The transportation deficit will presently become so great, when business is free to grow unhindered by repressive legislation, that no amount of capital available for new construction or for extensions and improvements could make it good. It will also be shown there that one of the most serious causes of congestion — the inadequacy of terminal facilities in the large centres — cannot be removed by any expenditure. The necessary ground cannot be secured. This problem of terminals at every busy port affects the waterway as well as the railway. Ships must be loaded and unloaded promptly or paid for delay, since fixed expenses continue to accrue. The growth and the cheapness of traffic on the Great Lakes are due in no small degree to the effectiveness of terminal machinery at their head. Duluth and Superior handled more tons in 1907 than any other seaport, and it was all carried into or taken out of the port by a few railways. These cities have less than 300 miles of terminal track, as against 2,000 miles at Buffalo. But at Duluth-Superior a cargo of 12,000 tons of ore can be loaded in an hour and a half. So much better are terminal facilities at the head of the lakes than elsewhere that they handle in seven and a half months of open navigation more business than any other port in the world handles in twelve, and do it more satisfactorily.

The traffic of the country needs, whenever normal conditions prevail, all the assistance that waterways can give. Their services are immediately important in two ways: first, to afford a larger number of distributing points, so that the piling up of freight in terminals may be relieved; second, to transport the bulkier and cheaper commodities, that can as well take a slower and cheaper route, over the main trunk-lines of transportation in the country, thus lightening the burden that must, with industrial development, become too heavy for the railroads to bear unaided. How severe this pressure is may best be seen by looking quantitatively at the producing power of the Middle West—rich, busy, and so situated that both what it sells and what it buys must be carried over long distances. The twelve states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri contain more than half the farm-property value of the United States. They have about one-fourth of the total area of the country and one-third of its population. In agriculture they are as important as all the rest of the country combined. In 1908 these twelve states raised 456,521,000 bushels of wheat, or 69 per cent. of the total yield: 1,644,649,000 bushels of corn, or 61.6 per cent. of the entire crop; 608,237,000 bushels of oats, or 75.5 per cent. of the whole, and 144,289,000 bushels of rye and barley, or 72.6 per cent. of the total crop. Their production of butter, cheese, potatoes, hay, etc., is about one-half that of the whole country. They raise practically all its flax, and the aggregate of their farm products is not far from half that of the United States.

From these fertile lands comes the surplus breadstuff product that constitutes the bulk of the real wealth of the country. They are now only partially occupied and carelessly tilled. The time is coming when their product must be made twice or fourfold what it is to-day. Even omitting their mineral wealth and their manufactured product, the latter being about one-third that of the country, and not considering their domestic commerce, which alone would tax their transportation facilities, the getting of these food supplies out of the central basin and to their ultimate markets is essential to our economic welfare.

Not all the commerce of the interior seeks a Southern seaport. Half of Ohio, much of Michigan, and parts of Wisconsin and the Northwest are more directly tributary to the Great Lakes. But this subtraction will be more than made good by river business originating in states south of the twelve named. The cotton crop is to the South what the grain crop is to the North. In 1908, the states of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Missouri, Texas, and Oklahoma produced 8,016,914 bales. Oklahoma alone grew 15,625,000 bushels of wheat in 1908. Nearly all this product is exported, and this adds more tonnage to the lower basin than is diverted to the lakes in the upper.

In one respect, however, the traffic load promises to grow lighter. The great reduction in the volume of our exports of agricultural products will soon leave little of this business, to which the waterway is well adapted,

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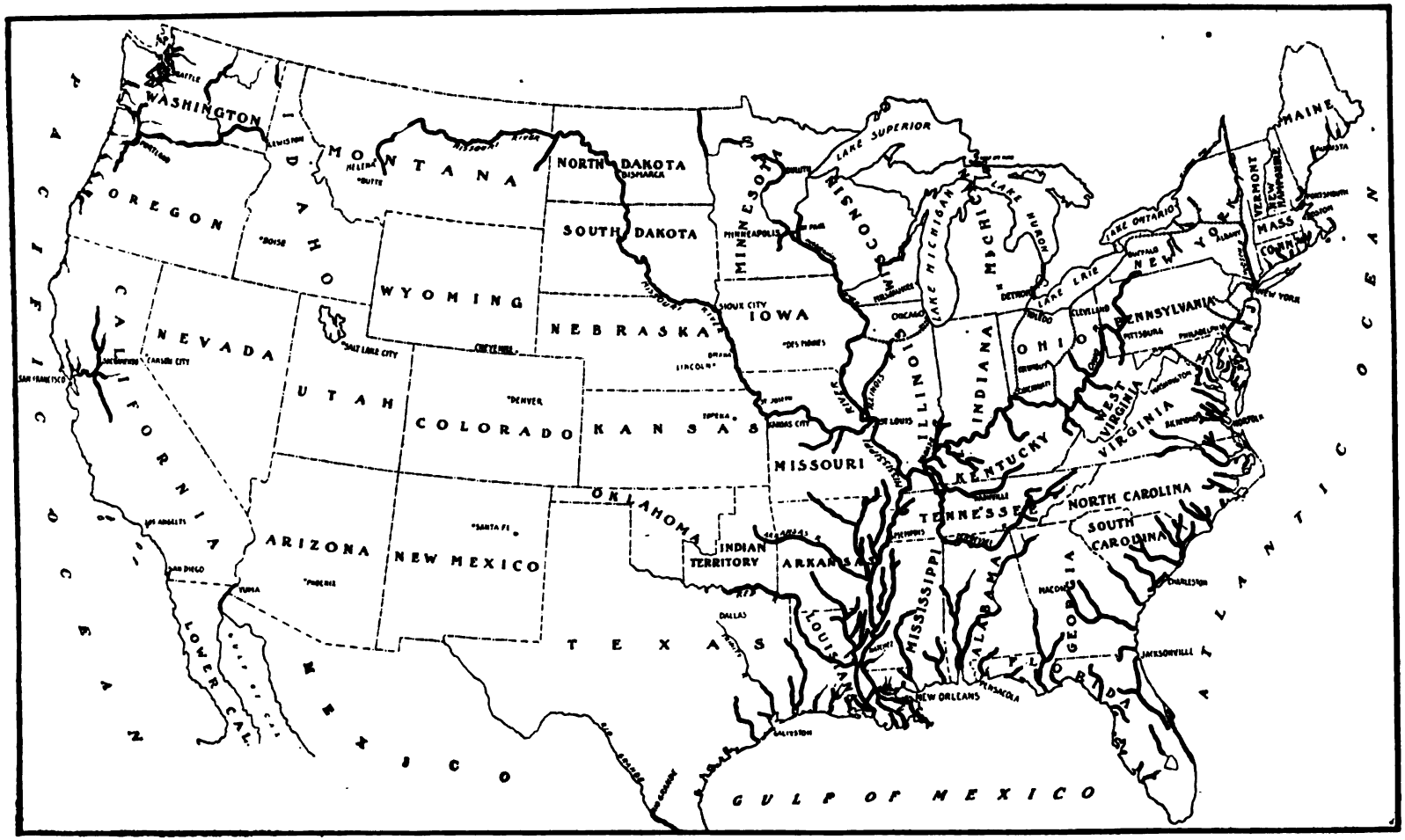

THE NAVIGABLE RIVERS AND CANALS OF THE UNITED STATES

Which, in spite of the millions appropriated for their improvement, are so inefficient, by modern standards, that they now carry but an insignificant percentage of the freight of the nation. To make them efficient a comprehensive development under a permanent commission is necessary, which will improve only such deep waterways as can be made real carriers of commerce able to aid the railroads in transporting bulky freight

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for it to carry. In New Orleans and Galveston grain elevators have been standing empty for some years because of this decline in our exports of breadstuffs. The average annual export of domestic wheat and flour for the five years 1905–1909 was 113,146,896 bushels; for the five years 1880–1884, twenty-five years earlier, it was 149,572,716 bushels. The falling off is nearly 25 per cent. Within a very few years our increase of population, with continual lowering of soil fertility, must make our entire product insufficient for home consumption and seed. This decrease, which will affect more or less seriously all the items of our present export of articles of food, both vegetable and animal, will tend to lessen somewhat the strain upon both land and water-transportation agencies.

Nature indicates that the commerce of the Middle West with the rest of the world should be carried in part by the Mississippi River. In the last forty years we have spent $250,000,000 on it and its more important tributaries without making progress toward that end. Instead, the trend of traffic is away from the river.

DECLINE IN SHIPPING AT ST. LOUIS

	1888	1907	1888	1908
	Arrivals		*Departures*	
Number	3,323	1,330	2,076	931
Tonnage	*597,955	289,575	510,815	78,500

*Exclusive of lumber and logs.

On many of the rivers and canals of the country where conditions ought to be most favorable, there is a similar steady decline of water-borne freight. And the movement to revive water traffic does not state clearly either its end or the means by which this may be reached.

That end, as we have seen, is to perform two extremely valuable transportation services: to carry heavy and bulky articles, where no haste in delivery is required, and a low rate must be made to move them; and to share with the railroads the burden of moving a volume of domestic commerce that will soon tax all resources. In the long run, transportation adopts the line of least resistance. The rivers mark the direction. Just as the drainage of the Central West is gathered into the Mississippi and passes by it to the Gulf, so that portion of its commerce which is made up of articles of large bulk and weight will move naturally in this direction when the outlet is made practically available. The congestion of a steadily increasing traffic will be relieved by turning a share of the business over to the tow-boat and the barge. Here lies the solution of an important part of the transportation problem.

Our waterways will not resume their proper place and office by following the theory that, if we only spend money enough, we can somehow obtain results. We need a systematic and scientific plan. We have spent enormous sums in the past without appreciable results, except on our ocean and lake harbors. We must work to a definite end; and our method must be prescribed by the past experience of our own and other countries.

In the first place, waterways that are to play an important part in traffic must be *deep* waterways. That point cannot be emphasized too strongly. A vessel that carries only 1,000 tons cannot compete with a box-car. With a steamer carrying 10,000 tons you have it beaten. This is the key to the only growth of water-borne traffic that has taken place in our interior commerce. Twenty years ago the largest carriers on the Lakes that could pass through the old "Soo" Canal, with its fourteen-foot locks, were of about 3,000 tons. The canal was deepened to twenty-one feet, and now an ordinary load is 10,000 to 12,000 tons. This explains the wonderful growth of lake commerce already referred to. The difference in cost between the operation of a boat of 3,000 and one of 12,000 tons is only so much as will cover the employment of two extra firemen, two more deck-hands, and the purchase of about ten tons of coal additional per day — in all, some $28. At this slight extra expense the carrying power is quadrupled. Hence the phenomenal expansion of lake commerce within the last twenty years, while this change in its carrying machinery took place. The fact establishes the sound law of all waterway development. It has been well stated by Dr. Ramsdell:

"The ocean rates to-day on the immense steamers plying at our great harbors, which have been deepened to thirty and more feet, are from one-third to one-fourth the rates of twenty-five years ago, when steamers drew only twenty-two or twenty-three feet; and this saving of 300 to 400 per cent. in transportation charges is directly due to the improvement of their harbors."

These results, however, have been obtained not by the mere spending of money, but by spending it in the right way. We must spend

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it in the right way on our navigable streams and our canals. The starting-point for a system of deep waterways in this country is a working plan. The nation has wasted its resources and obtained little return, so far as our rivers are concerned, because its methods have been aimless. The amount and the assignment of appropriations have been and still are determined too much by political influence and local greed, regardless of the merits of the work in question. Thus labor and resources are dissipated in schemes of little value, or actually thrown away. More than thirty years ago Congress adopted a plan for slack-water navigation on the Ohio River, and at the rate the work has proceeded it may be completed in 150 years. We have not a deep river channel in the United States, made such by Federal improvements, except where jetties have scoured out passes to the sea.

Waterways should be created as other great physical enterprises are. The first railroads did not begin in the heart of the country and run vaguely anywhere. They were lines between important centres and terminal points; and extensions, branches, and feeders were added as needed. Waterway improvements should be similarly planned. Locate the trunk-lines first. Open a way to the sea by the biggest, freest, most available outlet. Push the work as nature directs, from the sea-coast up the rivers. All this should be part of a general scheme of coördinated improvement and conservation of resources; including reservoirs on the headwaters of the main stream and as many of its tributaries as may be necessary to prevent floods and maintain a deep channel in the dry season, river canalization or canal construction parallel to its course, and the maintenance of a sufficient and permanent channel for boats of the largest size during the season of navigation.

The lower Mississippi, from New Orleans to St. Louis, has precedence, and a deep-water connection with the Great Lakes should come next. It is as important that the order of these improvements be not reversed as it is that you do not set the water running in your bathroom before you have provided an escape-pipe with a free outlet. As far up as Vicksburg there is now a channel equal to any demand that commerce might put upon it. The cost of dredging a canal down the Mississippi bottoms, putting in the twenty-five to thirty necessary locks and obtaining rights of way, might possibly amount to $75,000,000. If we can spend hundreds of millions on the Panama Canal, we can afford to construct one from St. Louis to the Gulf, which would be incomparably more valuable to commerce. It has been estimated that this would give a fourteen-foot channel in two or three years, and reduce the cost of maintaining unobstructed navigation in the lower river from $10,000,000 a year to less than $1,500,000. A twenty-foot channel would be worth three times as much. Just as the vessel-load increased from 3,000 to 10,000 or 12,000 tons when the "Soo" Canal was deepened, so will the carrying capacity of the river channel be multiplied by increasing the depth.

For east-and-west business we have already the Great Lakes; which must be supplemented by a true deep waterway along the line of the Erie Canal, instead of the commercially valueless ditch into which the people of New York State are now dumping another $100,000,000, principally for the benefit of politicians and contractors.

Everywhere else, in Europe, even in South America, they are building their canals and dredging their rivers for channels from twenty to thirty feet deep. Canada, always in advance of us in canal construction, has learned the lesson from her disappointment with the Welland system, although that has fourteen feet. She is now planning the Georgian Bay Canal, to be made twenty-one feet deep throughout. Should that be finished, Liverpool would be little more than a hundred miles nearer to New York than to the Canadian shore of Lake Huron. These two main water-highways, stretching toward the four points of the compass, should for a time command all the energy and all the resources we have to give to waterway improvement. Subsidiary projects should take later place according to their relative importance, unless there is enough local interest and financial support to push them without calling on the Federal government for aid.

The fatal objection to most of the waterway programmes is that they aim to cover the whole country at once; they cater to the greed of every section and every state by projecting a cobweb of nine-foot, six-foot, and even four-foot channels, whose construction is supposed to go forward simultaneously, and most of which would be valueless to commerce if they were finished and presented to the public free of cost. Instead of this, the work must be done methodi-

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cally, in the order of the value of its parts. It will not be thus systematized until it is placed in charge of a central commission, created and invested by Federal statute with authority to select, plan, contract for, and construct waterway improvements. It must be permitted to use annual appropriations according to its judgment, and transform our system into a scientific method, before we can rescue our waterway interests from the vicious circle of log-rolling appropriations.

The question how and to what extent money shall be provided touches the vital nerve-centre of any large enterprise and the danger point of this. Some enthusiasts urge that the national credit be pledged in practically unlimited amounts in order that we may try to do everything instantly, before we are actually ready to do anything. It is a reckless, foolish and criminal policy. One bill before Congress recently proposed to appropriate at once $50,000,000 for the work, and authorized the President, whenever the funds in hand fell below $20,000,000, to sell bonds enough to raise them to $50,000,000 again, and to repeat this process indefinitely. Others have proposed lump appropriations ranging from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, the money to be obtained by bond issues to that amount; claiming that the value of the work justifies borrowing and that it will repay expenditures many times over. Against such wild schemes for blood-letting of the public credit every good citizen should protest.

On the alleged saving in freight rates we have not only the ample statistics already cited, but the testimony of an official expert. Mr. Ray S. Reid, Waterways Commissioner of Wisconsin, investigated personally both the waterways and the charges of Europe as well as of this country and reported the results to the legislature of his state. He found the larger use of rivers in Europe made possible not by spending large sums upon them, but by devising craft to use them as they are. Here are his most important conclusions, stated in the words of his official report:

"If modern methods of operation were put in use on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, such rivers can be made the most economical means of

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THE RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS AT ST. PAUL

The river traffic reached its climax in 1872; the rail traffic has continued to increase. The waterways can be made to do their share of carrying again if properly developed on a comprehensive plan based on traffic conditions and carried out systematically by a permanent commission

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THE ERIE CANAL AN OBSOLETE COMMON-CARRIER

Which in the early days built up the port of New York, but which has since been superseded by the railroads

transportation, in their present condition, that can be found within the borders of the United States.

"Every railroad is entitled to a rate that will pay a reasonable profit, and every dollar of profit taken from a railroad by water transportation must necessarily be added to the tonnage actually carried by it, and it follows that every ton of freight that is carried by water transportation at a cost exceeding that of transportation by rail is a loss to the public.

"If there is a canal anywhere on which the pro rata cost per ton per mile, on all tonnage carried over it, would not be greater than the amount it would cost an American railroad to carry it, if 4 per cent. interest on the cost of construction and the cost of operating and maintaining the canal were distributed over its tonnage, I would like to know where it is, so that I could visit it and see how it is done."

In the movement for the conservation of our resources that has lately assumed such large proportions, one resource, among the mightiest, has not been included because it is not material, but intangible. I refer to the national credit; that potent force to which we must appeal in times of war or other great crises, and which should be reserved for issues of national life

A NEW YORK CENTRAL FREIGHT-TRAIN — THE CANAL BOAT'S SUCCESSOR

In the first six months of 1908 New York received 32,489,837 bushels of flour and grain by the all-rail route, 8,069,466 bushels by lake and rail, and only 1,469,100 bushels by canal

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ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT LOCKS ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

There are now few steamboats on the river above Cairo. The traffic is chiefly in logs, lumber, and cross-ties — mostly floated and rafted

and death. This should be guarded with the most jealous care: first, because of its relation to national existence and, second, because we can never know in advance where exhaustion begins. The earth and its products tell us plainly about what we may expect from them in the future; but credit is apparently unlimited at one moment and in collapse the next. The only safe rule is to place no burdens upon it that may be avoided; to save it for days of dire need.

The country is perfectly able to provide each year all the funds that can be spent wisely on its waterways in that year and bring in value received. This is its only security against the waste of public resources common to all liberal drafts upon the public credit.

The future of the waterway as a factor in transportation can be injured only by some such folly as the proposed issue of bonds for its improvement. The essentials for developing

A GOVERNMENT DREDGE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Already, under the river improvement policy which has been followed, $208,484,720 has been spent upon the rivers of the Mississippi Valley (partly dredging and partly levee work) above New Orleans — $97,685,920 for the Mississippi itself and $25,340,547 for the Ohio. Yet the traffic on the Mississippi has declined from 29,401,400 tons in 1889 to 27,856,641 tons in 1906

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DOCK FACILITIES WHICH HAVE MADE THE GREAT LAKE TRAFFIC POSSIBLE

Where a 12,000-ton cargo of ore can be loaded in an hour and a half. The amount of water traffic at Duluth and Superior is about the same as that of New York and a little more than the water traffic of London

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THE KIND OF LOADING FACILITIES WHICH DISCOURAGES RIVER TRANSPORTATION

Cumberland River steamers at the "wharves" at Nashville, Tenn. From here down, the river is navigable for six months, and for boats drawing not over three feet for eight months

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its highest possibilities are few and simple. For the sake of clearness it may be well to repeat them:

First: A permanent commission, authorized to expend appropriations in its discretion upon national waterways in the order of their importance.

Second: A comprehensive plan, including the classification of rivers and canal routes according to relative value, and also including such reservoir and slack-water work as may be required to carry each project to success. This plan in its essentials to be adopted by the commission at the outset and adhered to without interference by Congress or any department.

Third: Insistence upon the development of trunk lines first, and upon a depth that will make these real carriers of commerce, able to aid the railroads in their task by transporting bulky freight economically and with reasonable expedition.

Fourth: A liberal standing appropriation annually for the commission's work until its plans shall have been carried out over the whole country; and a refusal to pledge the nation's credit for a single dollar of this, which is properly *our* work.

To favor and to labor for such a system, even though it should demand local self-sacrifice and the postponement of local desire, is the duty of all of us as good citizens and honest business men. Railroad and waterway, needing each other and both needed by the people, may work together for the good of the people. The transportation problem, which grows and complicates with our growth and with every artificial restriction imposed upon it, may be solved by intelligent anticipation. A deep waterway movement that shall set for itself this standard will command the support of the people by commending itself to their judgment instead of their greed. It will get rid of local log-rolling and all the brood of those who are "for the old flag and an appropriation." It will complete and make adequate to future needs the whole system of transportation by land and water in the United States. It will place those who succeed in popularizing and establishing it among the most far-sighted statesmen and benefactors of their time.

THE "SOO" CANAL AND THE SHIPS THAT MAKE IT SUCCESSFUL

A 1,000-ton boat cannot compete with a box-car; a 10,000-ton ship can. The 21-foot depth of the "Soo" Canal which allows the passage of 12,000-ton ships, explains why this canal is one of the great waterways of the world

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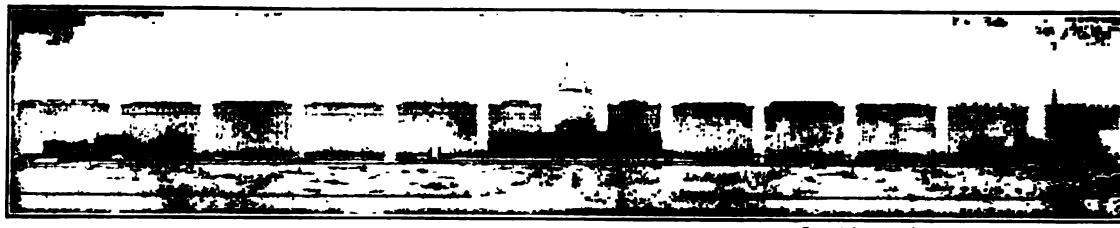
THE PROPOSED EASTERN FAÇADE OF THE CITY, ON MICHIGAN AVENUE



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CHICAGO—ITS STRUGGLE AND ITS DREAM

A STORY OF PARADOX AND CONTRAST IN A CITY'S LIFE—THE DRAMATIC STRESS OF CONFLICT BETWEEN REALITY AND VISION

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

THE richest ward in the city which expects to be the greatest in the world is still represented in the Board of Aldermen by "Hinky Dink" and "Bath-house John" — but Chicago is on the highway of reform. The Mayor, a gentleman of previous repute for easy virtue but rugged honesty, elected by a combination of bums, vice-purveyors, and conservative business men, in a wave of respectable indignation against the Socialistic tendencies of his predecessor, is being revealed as the centre of the most greedy system of graft ever organized by a mob of grab-all crooks. His appointees, inducted into office with loud heraldings of the advent of an efficient business administration, are facing jail for larceny — but Chicago is conscious of nothing more than of the strength of its civic ideals.

The streets are torn up in every direction. The crossings are like crossings of the Alps. In the heart of the city you tramp whole blocks over piles of cobble-stones and sand. The traffic regulations are primitive. The smoke nuisance, unabated after twenty years of agitation, turns an atmosphere as pure as that of Italy into one as turgid as that of London. Twenty-five hundred illegal resorts flourish unmolested; four districts glitter with red lights and resound with music — but Chicago is resolved to lead the way in municipal efficiency and righteousness, and is dreaming a great dream of a City Beautiful which St. Augustine might have preferred to his own inspired vision of the New Jerusalem. The metropolis of interior America is on the crest of an inspirational movement.

It really is. However easy it may be to make satirical epigrams on the phenomenon, the phenomenon is actual. It is a phenomenon which lends itself to satire, a phenomenon full of ironical contradictions, of amusing paradoxes, puzzling facts.

But so is life, generally. Life doesn't follow an orderly and passionless course; life seldom takes the pains to be consistent; it is too busy to be rational. Everywhere nature works through contending forces. Nothing moves unhindered in any direction. Character is a mixed thing, the resultant of opposite impulses.

If there is to-day anything living on this continent, it is Chicago. Chicago, therefore, is as full of contradictions as is life itself. Chicago doesn't lend itself to complacent description. Look at it here, and you conclude that it is wholly materialistic, vulgar, corrupt, and hopeless. Regard it there, and you are inclined to the opposite opinion. Get away and take a bird's-eye view of it, and you may be able to reconcile the contradictions in a larger estimate.

Interesting as the character of a city so alive must be at any time to the eye of the

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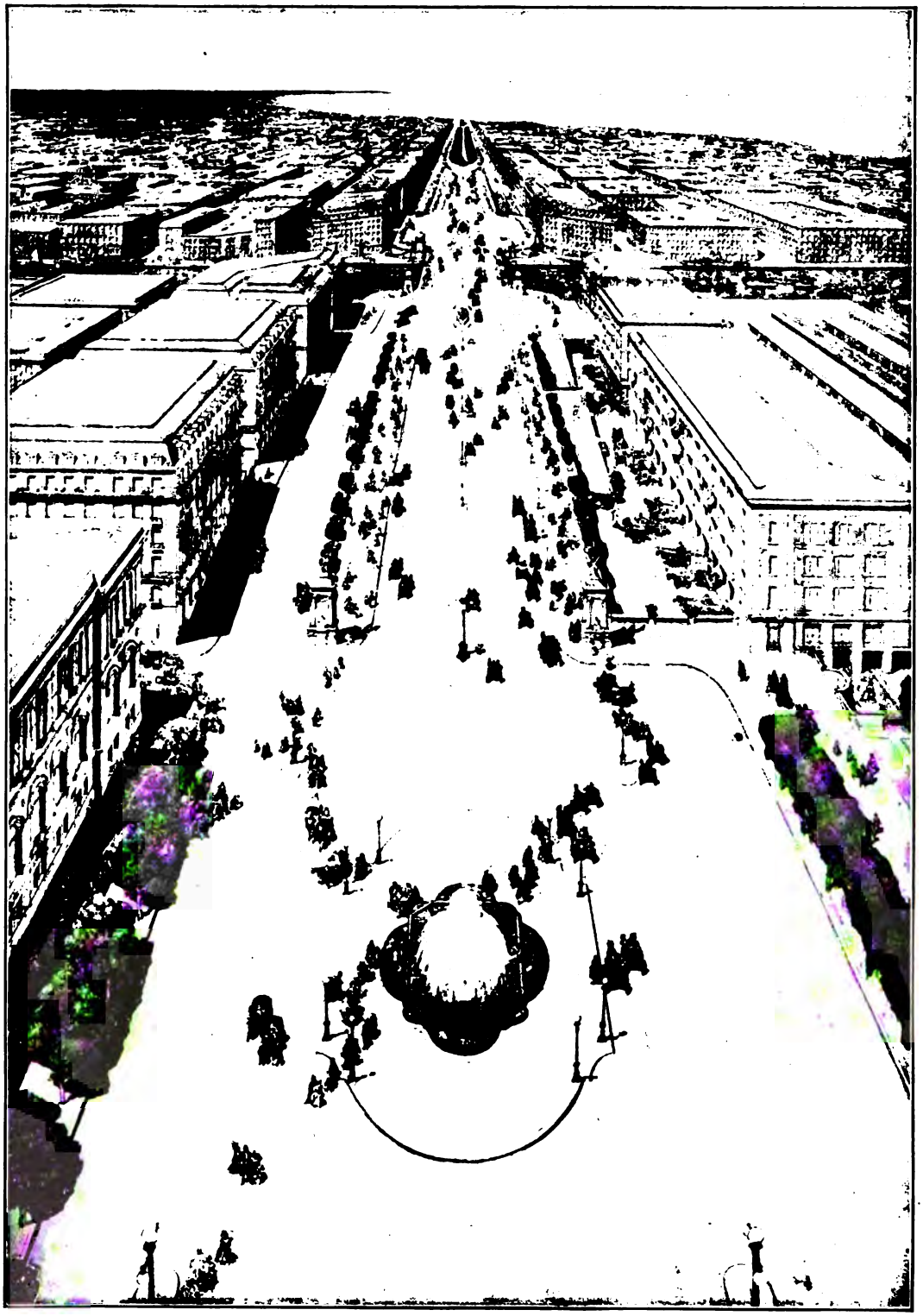

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PROPOSED BOULEVARD TO CONNECT THE NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE RIVER

View looking north from Washington Street

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observer, Chicago is at this moment particularly so.

Two contrasting facts just now stand out in striking relief: the conception of a magnificent City Plan, and the exposure of the corruption of the city administration.

It is almost a pity to mention the Plan of Chicago unless one has the opportunity to talk for hours. It is possible here only to give a hint of a scheme which glows with the ambition to transform at one stroke a sprawling, vulgar town into a more lovely Paris.

Chicago will be opened up, as Haussmann opened up Paris, with great avenues stretching diagonally across its present checkerboard plan and connecting quarter with quarter in the shortest direct lines. The freight stations and railroad yards will be banished from the centre of the city, and a great area thus be restored to business where it is most needed. Car lines will be re-arranged. Plazas and star-places will break up the monotony of rectangular streets. The ragged sky-line of individual fronts will give way to uniform blocks, lining like palaces the tree-bordered thoroughfares.

The banks of the rivers will be converted into boulevards, and the streams crossed by monumental bridges. The entire stretch of the lake-front will be appropriated for an immense park; lagoons will break into it, artificial islands shelter it and form harbors for pleasure yachts.

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

The only really fine street that Chicago now possesses, Michigan Avenue on the lake-front, will be widened and extended northward as an elevated boulevard crossing east and west streets on viaducts, leaping the river on a double-deck bridge, and forming the chief thoroughfare between the North and South Sides.

East and West Sides will be brought together by an avenue three hundred feet wide. Where this avenue, now Congress Street, starts from Michigan Avenue on the lake-front, there will rise a group of buildings devoted to the arts and sciences.

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From this Centre of Culture the eye will travel down the new Congress Avenue two miles to Halstead Street (now a slovenly shanty-town road, but destined to be a splendid boulevard) where there will lift itself to domination of the whole city and of miles of outstretching prairie the great dome and the clustering towers of a Civic Centre.

Finally, around all will stretch a forest preserve, in a green crescent of one hundred miles, its tips on the lake shore. Through this forest will break highways into the country, and in particular a speedway following the lake shore from Indiana to Wisconsin.

Not since confusion of tongues struck the toilers on the too-ambitious walls rising in the plain of Shinar have men planned a city like this. that, being a plan for their city, the citizens would like to see it. I daresay they would. The lovely pictures by Jules Guerin and Fernand Janin, reproduced in the volume, were exhibited at the Art Institute in a room arranged and lighted with much ingenuity and taste. Recently they have been exhibited in Boston, where they attracted flattering attention. But it cannot be said that one per cent. of the people of Chicago have any idea of the glorious things that have been planned for them.

However, the Mayor has appointed a Commission to take the plan under its protection. Those sincerely interested in the improvement of Chicago do not like the personnel of the Commission — there are too many politicians in it. Still less do they like

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AS IT IS TO-DAY

It is indeed a splendid plan. You may learn about it in the fine offices of Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, the architect, at the top of the Railroad Exchange Building, if you possess the influence necessary to admit you to those elevated precincts. You may read about it in a volume engraved and printed (not published) for the Commercial Club of Chicago, if you are so fortunate as to possess one of the 1,650 numbered copies distributed among the elect. It is a splendid book, which cost at least $80,000 to prepare.

Unfortunately, the people of Chicago haven't seen the splendid book. It might be supposed its Executive Committee — in which the politician element is still more disproportionately strong. Undoubtedly Bath-House John Coughlin and Johnnie Powers are distinguished citizens of Chicago, yet it would seem as if the particular abilities of these captains of barrel-house bums would add little to the development of the more beautiful Chicago of the future.

The gentlemen who so generously worked out the plan are in no way responsible for the fact that the politicians have got hold of it for their own purposes. Unfortunate as this circumstance is, it is not this alone that has prevented the popularity of the scheme.

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There can be no denying that by the masses it is regarded as a rich man's plan. It is believed to be too much concerned with boulevards for automobilists, with views and vistas, and too little with the practical and immediate amelioration of existing conditions. "I should be more interested in a plan that got the water out of my cellar and allowed my kids to get to school without having to play tag with trolley cars across two torn-up streets," was the way one critic put it to me. "Labor" means much in Chicago. It is unfortunate that "Labor" was given but one representative on the Plan Committee — John Fitzpatrick. Mr. Fitzpatrick declined to serve, for reasons substantially given above, but more picturesquely stated by Fitzpatrick.

One need not close one's eyes to the shortcomings of the plan to recognize its importance and interest.

It is especially notable in that it is the scheme, not of poets and professional builders of Utopias, but of an association of business men, and they citizens of the particular city of all the world which is regarded as most practical, hustling, utilitarian, if not utterly sordid. Merchants, bankers, railroad presidents, makers of clothing and furniture and sausages — such are the men who conceived this thing. Yet it is purely and simply a plan for a City Beautiful. The generally practical men who father it will resent the suggestion, but it is clear that æsthetic and not practical considerations determined their plan from first to last. There is some talk of utility and increased efficiency, but nothing has really held the designers' mind except possibilities of achieving beauty.

The probability is that the Plan will find its chief office in the awakening of public sentiment throughout the whole population of Chicago to the possibility of making the city orderly and beautiful. The life of the metropolis is bound to be tremendously influenced by the fact that several hundreds of its leading citizens have interested themselves long and earnestly in planning for its beautification.

Chicago is already magnificent, because its chief men have seen and planned magnificence for it.

CHICAGO'S LAKE-FRONT, AS IT IS TO-DAY

THE CITY ACTUAL

Meanwhile, what of the city as it exists to-day? Its physical features are well-enough known.

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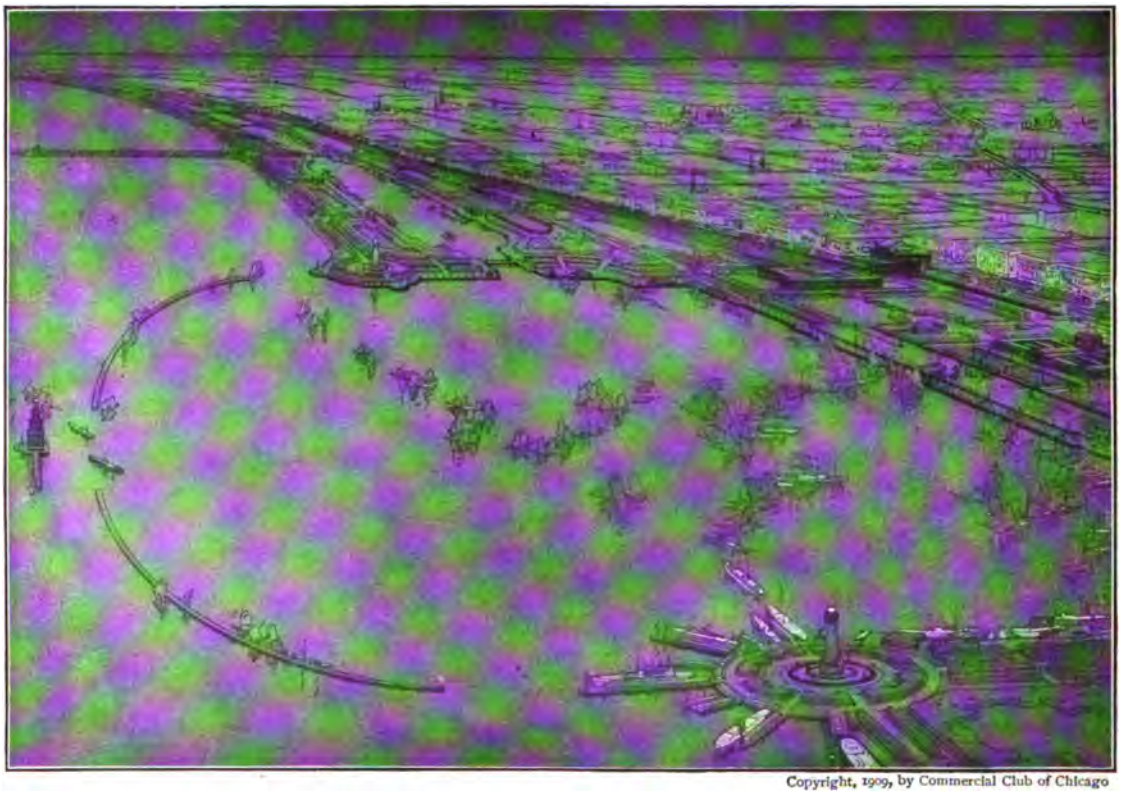
Materially, the impression it gives is that of activity and disorder, wealth and carelessness. It has its great buildings and its hovels — a square mile or so of stone blocks, massive and unornamented, mile on mile of slatternly shantied streets, and not so many miles of pretty, modest residences. An elevated railroad ruins some of its best downtown thoroughfares. It has a university admirable in location, equipment, and personnel. Grouped around a copy of Magdalen Tower, it lacks the traditions of an Oxford — and would throw them away if it were cumbered with them. No building of unimpeachable outward aspect stands in the city, but there is a club which has contrived for itself in the top of a tall building the most perfect Gothic hall in the New World, and an hotel with the most restful and satisfying reading-room a man may see in traveling in four continents. Chicago has — one might mention a hundred pleasant features, and as many of the other sort. It would be possible to write of it as a vulgar, rude, and uncultured community, and equally possible, with pains, to select characteristics going to prove it a centre of intelligence and refinement.

The actual Chicago of to-day, the Chicago which is growing up to its greater destiny, is very human in the contradictions to be found in its character.

INVESTIGATING THE MAYOR

The formal government of a city is a feature which tells much concerning its spirit.



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THE PLAN OF GRANT PARK, THE FAÇADE OF THE CITY, THE PROPOSED HARBOR, AND THE LAGOONS OF THE PROPOSED PARK ON THE SOUTH SHORE

Consider first the executive branch of Chicago's government. The present Mayor, Fred A. Busse, a Republican, was elected in 1907 over Mayor Edward F. Dunne, whose plan of municipal ownership of the street railways was unacceptable to conservative business men. Busse was a scion of the street, an habitué of liquor saloons and other not conspicuously respectable resorts. He had, nevertheless, a certain reputation for good business sense and general honesty. He was elected by an unholy combination of low interests and decent ones, and inaugurated with

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much rejoicing over the prospect of an efficient business administration.

The first two years of Mayor Busse's term passed to general satisfaction. His appointments were deemed good, and there was less complaint than formerly of laxity in the departments.

Last spring there was elected to Council from the Seventh Ward a young professor of the University of Chicago named Charles E. Merriam. As Charles E. Merriam is a man of whom the country is certain to hear much in the future, let me give him a few words of introduction, He is an Iowa man, now thirty-six years old; educated at his own State University and Columbia University, New York, with a year abroad. Since 1900 its bonded indebtedness by about $16,000,000. The new bonds could only be issued, however, as called for by a popular referendum.

Mr. Merriam saw his opportunity and offered in Council a resolution reciting that in view of the likelihood of an appeal to the citizens for a warrant to issue bonds, it was expedient to assure the citizens that the city government was making good use of its money, and that, therefore, a Commission be appointed to inquire into the municipal accounts with a view to suggesting any possible methods of economy.

To refuse, under the circumstances, to pass this resolution would have been fatal to the success of any appeal to the public for more money. The Commission was created. Mr.

THE RIVER GATEWAY TO CHICAGO, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE

he has been an associate-professor in the department of political science of the University of Chicago. He is the author of several learned works, but has graduated from abstract study of, to practical activity in politics. A year or two ago he made a study of the sources of the municipal revenue of Chicago, in preparation for the expected new City Charter. He also did valuable work as a member of the Commission appointed to study the possibilities for improving Chicago's harbor.

Mr. Merriam, when elected to Council, had an idea that the accounts of the city would bear looking into. He realized that it might not be the easiest thing in the world to get at those accounts. As events came about, it proved much easier than could have been hoped.

In 1909 the Illinois Legislature by Act empowered the city of Chicago to increase

Merriam, naturally, headed it. The Mayor did not suspect that the university professor dreamed of anything more than an academic exercise in theoretical political economy.

The Commission took possession of a room in the Municipal Building and proceeded, to the astonishment of the Mayor, to hold a public inquest into the workings of his administration.

A CORRUPT CITY HALL

Within a week, the Merriam Commission had learned, and within thirty days it had convinced the city, that the municipal government was thoroughly corrupt; that it was controlled by a gang of looters banded to enrich themselves through fraudulent contracts, false measures and weights, illegal purchases and criminal sales of city property, and a variety of other hold-up games.

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DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON, President University of Chicago

MR. EDWARD B. BUTLER

MR. FREDERICK A. DELANO, President Wabash Railroad

MR. CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON, President Corn Exchange Bank

MR. JAMES B. FORGAN, President First National Bank

MEN PROMINENT IN CHICAGO'S UPWARD MOVEMENT

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MR. WALTER L. FISHER
Examiner for the Merriam Commission

MR. CHARLES H. WACKER
Chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission

It is no part of the purpose of this article to explain these games for the instruction of already adept officials of other cities. Truth to tell, they were not especially brilliant or original games.

The first case taken up was that of Michael H. McGovern, a liberal-minded contractor who allowed the City Paymaster to hand him $45,000 more than his contract called for, on his declaration that he had encountered shale rock while excavating for a sewer in Lawrence Avenue. The shale existed only in the imagination of McGovern and his City-Hall confederates, the soil really being a fine clay, out of which McGovern planned to make brick to sell to the city.

Followed the T. A. Cummings Foundry case. Just after Mr. Busse's election to the mayoralty there was organized by Busse's personal lawyer — under the presidency of Busse's life-long friend, Thomas A. Cummings, and under the financial backing of Busse's intimate, Andrew J. Graham — a foundry company. The foundry was designed by Busse's own architect, E. M. Newman, with special reference to the manufacture of fire-plugs, manhole covers and other cast-iron articles used by the city. On Busse's accession to office this company began at once to enjoy a monopoly of the city's cast-iron business. In these cases, the statute requiring advertising for bids was obeyed, and the Cummings company's bids were lowest. But the Commins company was not held to its bid. Whereas it had offered to furnish hydrant-covers at $26.76 per ton, and valve-basin covers at $23.40, it was actually paid at a far higher rate, even at one date $100 per ton for hydrant castings — four times its bid and three times the next lowest bid. The law was deliberately evaded by the device of ordering castings in lots of slightly less than $500, though hundreds of tons were so ordered. Under this lawless system of "split bills," the company thus organized and favored was paid $120,000 out of the city treasury. It did its own weighing and fixed its own prices, which were an outrageous swindle.

The Chicago Fire Appliance Company attracted the attention of the Merriam Commission. This is an institution reorganized by Mr. Harry A. Smith with a special view to taking care of the odds and ends of municipal graft, Mr. Harry A. Smith being Mayor Busse's personal secretary (with a desk in the

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Mayor's office, his next-door neighbor) and secretary of the Busse Coal Company. The Chicago Fire Appliance Company has no factory, warehouses, nor wagons; its business investment consists of a supply of bill-heads. It does not handle nor see the goods which it "sells" to the city. When the city needs petty supplies, Business Agent Coleman telephones Smith's Company at the Mayor's office; the "Company" telephones to a manufacturer, who delivers the goods to the city, but sends the bill to Smith. Smith copies the bill on his little typewriter, in the Mayor's office, taking care to add from 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. to the figures. The Merriam Commission tested seventy samples of oil furnished the city by the Chicago Fire Appliance Company and found all but four of them below the specification.

Further investigations revealed the activities of a Coal Ring, formed to enjoy a monopoly in supplying the city, its public schools, etc., with fuel, and to secure private orders by holding over the heads of business houses threats of increased assessment for taxation and threats from the smoke-inspection department. The centre of the coal ring was the Busse Coal Company, from which Busse had ostensibly retired on becoming Mayor. The Mayor's secretary, Harry A. Smith, receives a salary of $5,000 as a salesman of the City Fuel Company, in addition to the graft which he enjoys in connection with the Fire Appliance Company.

THE MAYOR EXCUSED

These are but a few typical instances. It is declared that the investigation will show that more than $30,000,000 has been stolen from the city in Busse's time — $10,000,000 a year. This is about the rate at which the Tweed ring looted New York.

It is illustrative of the spirit of Chicago that Mayor Busse has no lack of defenders. Very few indeed of the solid men of the city allow themselves to be persuaded that the Mayor is a rogue. He is commonly looked upon as a somewhat simple man, fond of his friends and unable to distinguish between permissible kindness and criminal favoritism. Chicago, at this stage of its life, does not require its officials to make that distinction. Morality is not more refined in this young, lusty city than it is likely to be in a robust youth.

It is not even possible to say that the disclosures of the Merriam Commission have caused any particular excitement. One newspaper has for some months been devoting its front page to the story; this newspaper is controlled by United States Senator Lorrimer, to whom, now that he has formed a new alliance with Governor Deneen, the Mayor's fall would be welcome. The virtuous and outraged wrath of the Senator's newspaper is more strident than that of the average citizen. The latter is rather crest-fallen over the outcome of his expectation of a business admin-

MR. FRED A. BUSSE
Mayor of Chicago

istration — but he has never looked forward to that Utopian dawn when public office should not have one eye open for private graft.

Let no one picture Chicago in too dark colors. It would be as far amiss to judge it to be a city abandoned to corruption as it would be to imagine it a metropolis as pure of soul as the designers of the Chicago Plan hope to make it lovely of outward feature.

The city is a living, breathing personality. It is living according to the way of life — the inconsistent way of life. It is a being of mixed and contending impulses. It is conscious

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of the attraction of righteousness and beauty, but the old familiar, easy-going paths are hard to leave. Meanwhile, many and dramatic are the clashes between the city as it is content to be and its Higher Self.

THE MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LEAGUE

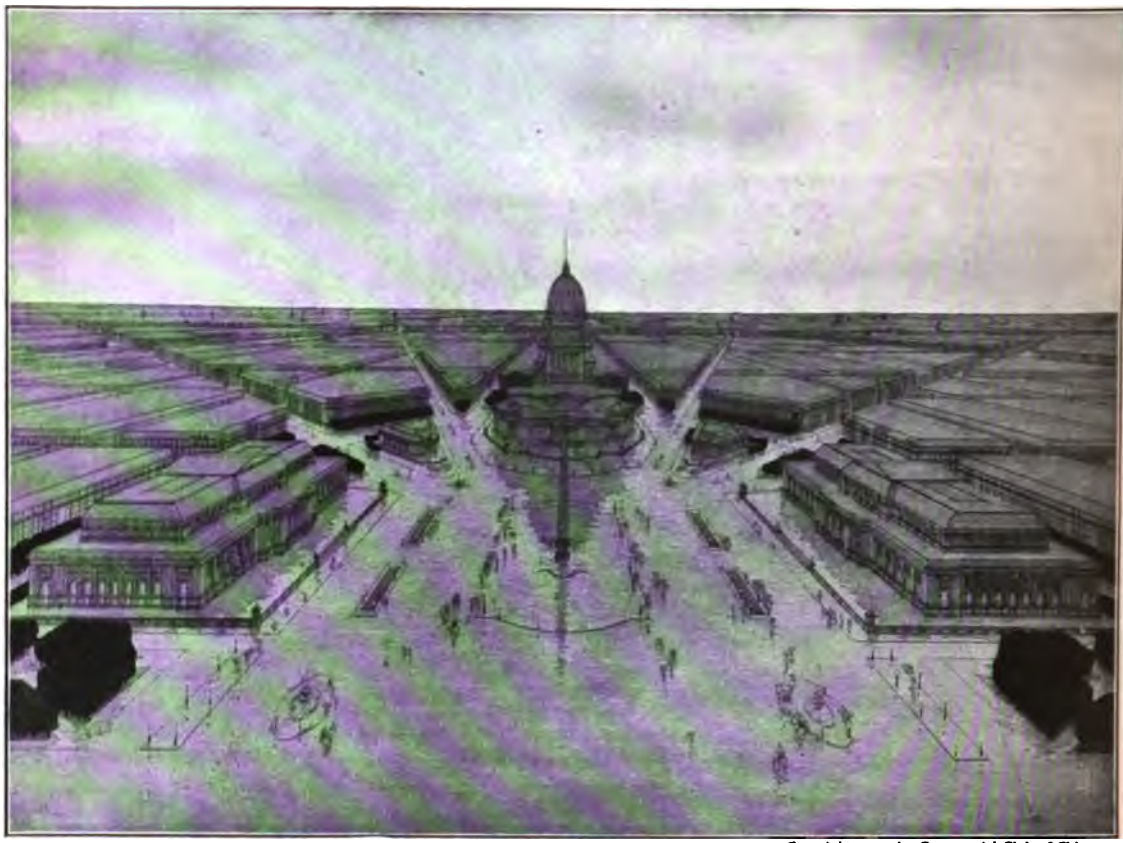
There are many agencies at work for civic morality. Chief of them is the Municipal Voters' League, which has cleared up the legislative branch of the city government pretty thoroughly.

In 1896 the Chicago City Council was mainly a body of professional thieves. Membership in it was almost conclusive evidence of a purpose to commit larceny. Of its sixty-eight members, precisely seven were honest men. The chief business of the remaining sixty-one was the open sale of legislation, the passage of blanket-franchise ordinances for themselves under bogus names, and the general sand-bagging of corporations. "Chicago Alderman" was a by-word. The band of precious boodlers then fattening on the spoils of municipal misrule has never anywhere had an equal, in the open corruptness, the merry and defiant iniquity of its operations.

To-day less than twenty Aldermen are suspected of the possession of itching palms. Probably less than that number are actually corruptible.

The change was effected thus: A meeting in 1896 of some two hundred and forty righteous men selected a Committee of One Hundred, which in turn appointed a self-perpetuating Executive Committee of Nine, authorized it to work as the Municipal Voters' League, and adjourned *sine die*.

The Committee of One Hundred has never reassembled, and the general membership of the organization has never had a meeting; but the Executive Committee, working in the name of the League, has maintained for fourteen years a permanent office and staff, and



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VIEW (LOOKING WEST) OF THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTRE PLAZA AND BUILDINGS

Showing it as the centre of the system of arteries of circulation and of the surrounding country

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fought election after election in the interest of the people.

The Municipal Voters' League conceives its work to be the investigation of the characters and qualifications of candidates for Aldermen. That is all. The first year it defeated enough boodling candidates to give the Mayor an honest one-third in the Council to support his veto of graft ordinances. Continuing steadily at work, it has become the paramount influence in every election of Aldermen, and it has now almost reversed the conditions which it found at its organization. In other cities Committees of One Hundred and the like have fought and won one election — and forgot to fight the next.

Not so in Chicago. There has been born in its soul a permanent, an abiding spirit of resistance to evil, a spirit watchful, never discouraged, willing to labor and to persist in laboring, with a determination as wakeful and constant as the influence which it opposes.

ABILITY, NOT MERE HONESTY, NOW SOUGHT

Of late the work of this noteworthy civic agency has broadened in respect of the fact that it has begun to require ability as well as honesty before it endorses a candidacy. Graft is more subtle than it used to be, and something more than mere negative incorruptibility is required to defeat it. Moreover, the city is recognized to have interests which call for the largest measure of positive and constructive skill for their protection and promotion. The League has recently sought to induce men of real ability, distinguished in the world of business, of social or political economy, to undertake aldermanic duties.

Especially is the improved character of the City Council to be rejoiced in because of the probability that this body will soon have to arrange the terms of a general merger of Chicago's street-car and elevated railway lines.

The Morgan interest has withdrawn from the streets of the city, and local capital now controls the Chicago City and connecting railways. Under the Fisher settlement the city takes 55 per cent. of the revenue of the lines, after operating expenses and fixed charges have been deducted. Immense systems to the south of the city, including the Calumet and South Chicago Railway, and the Southern Street Railway, and the Hammond, Whiting and East Chicago Electric Railway, now carrying one hundred millions of passengers annually, wail to come in. A subway for freight transportation runs under the principal down-town streets. Though the engineering problem presented by the sandy soil is difficult, the building of a passenger subway by the United Railways Company is probable. It is even possible that the near future will see a consolidation of all the public service corporations of the city. The city's interests should be cared for by aldermen not only of probity but of acumen.

The Municipal Voters' League is not alone in its work for civic righteousness. The City Club is another powerful guardian of the public interests. The Citizens' Association is an old organization still active in the unearthing of fraud against the municipality. Perhaps no more practical good is being done than by the Juvenile Protective Association, and the League for the Protection of Immigrants. There are half a million Germans in Chicago, 200,000 Irish, 130,000 Poles and 110,000 Scandinavians.

WAR AGAINST THE "WHITE SLAVES"

In one respect Chicago continues to be morally behind any other American city, with the possible exception of New Orleans. "Vice" flourishes here with a spectacular openness inconceivable to one who knows only New York, Paris, London, or Berlin. There are four well-defined districts, the two chief ones being respectively in the South and West Sides. The former, a block of some twenty city squares, lined with brilliantly lighted resorts, is the location of the more pretentious places; the latter, more extensive but less ornate, is inhabited chiefly by Jews.

In these two districts there are together about seven hundred illegal houses; in the whole city about twenty-five hundred. These figures are given me by an ex-assistant state attorney for a number of years specially concerned with the investigation of "white slave" cases, Mr. Clifford G. Roe. Mr. Roe has continued the prosecution of dealers in women since his retirement from office.

He has prosecuted over three hundred men and women for "procuring," and he has secured convictions in every case. Among well-known gentry of this ilk now languishing in prison through his agency are Mike and Molly Hart, Maurice and Madame von Bever, Monkey-faced Charley, Dick Tyler and Paul Auer, Abe Weinstein and Dave Garfinkel.

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The last named is the latest important conviction, a member of the "bottom" gang of St. Louis, and the chief agent of the trade between that city and Chicago. His victims were usually American girls from the restaurants and department stores of St. Louis. Weinstein is a "driver" who operated in Chicago exclusively. He had a regular staff of young men and abandoned women, to whom he furnished money to haunt the parks and cheap resorts and lure girls.

The trade came to Chicago with the World's Fair in 1893. Before that date the business was, so to speak, desultory and unorganized. Since the World's Fair it has been chiefly in the hands of Jews. The French flourished here for a few years, but have now practically abandoned the city. Some of the most desperate "drivers" are Italians. The majority of women are American-born. Mr. Roe, out of ample observation, believes that a majority are where they are through the work of procurers. He holds that the natural gravitation toward the life would be so small that the business would dwindle if the supply were not constantly maintained and renewed by dealers.

Meanwhile, the myriads of lights glitter in the windows and in the half-open doorways of hundreds of illegal resorts — and, except a handful of philanthropic Jews, nobody in Chicago seems to care.

POLICE CORRUPTION DOOMED

There is, however, a growing interest in the relations of the police and the politicians with "vice." The system of graft is, of course, that practised everywhere — payments to the police, and the purchase of liquors, dresses, and other supplies at excessive rates from politicians. Each of the inspectors of police has a "man Friday," whose business is reputed to be the collection of protection money. One inspector only was generally believed innocent — McCann, but he was easily convicted last summer by the new State's Attorney, John E. W. Wayman. The new chief of police, Mr. Steward, is a man with a good Civil Service record, but of no pronounced force of character.

It is a pleasure to report the prospect that a final end will be put to police knavery in Chicago through an institution which the city has lately created, and with which it is now gradually becoming acquainted. The Municipal Court of Chicago was the subject of a special article in THE WORLD'S WORK last month. This Court is Chicago's chief contribution to the cause of righteous city government, as it is also one of the most important departures in the administration of justice of modern times.

When Chicago's Municipal Court, having established itself beyond opposition, stretches out its arm in the full strength conferred upon it by law, there will be an end of corruption in the police force.

This is the most gratifying prospect, the most definite promise, in the whole Chicago situation.

THE CITY SAVED

Somewhat such, then, is Chicago. It does not present, at every point, an agreeable picture. It is not, in every feature, a delight to contemplate.

But it is far more interesting than if it were.

It is a living city, and its life is like all life — a conflict of many influences. In some respects it is the most interesting community in the land. It is one of the least sophisticated. Chicago's emotions are sincere. It makes few pretenses. Physically, it is still in the early stage of development — but it promises to surpass the whole world in realized magnificence, as it has already excelled it in the audacity of its vision of the City Beautiful. Morally, it is still in the stage of somewhat irresponsible youth, but the soberness of manhood is coming to it.

The spirit of youthfulness, indeed, its carelessness, confidence, and buoyancy, inhabits it. Chicago still has citizens who want to keep it "wide open," because a "liberal" policy puts money in circulation. The growing majority of its population, however, have come to see that order, decency, well-kept streets, beautiful parks, splendid museums, will do more to draw desirable inhabitants and visitors than disorder, dissoluteness, and dirt.

Chicago has, it must be remembered, this peculiarity: Planted in the very heart of the nation, it is an American city one in four of whose population is American. Yet the city is thoroughly American. Part of its energy, it is true, is spent in keeping itself so. It has, however, energy enough left to furnish the country with one of its most characteristic and inspiring spectacles — that of a great city,

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swiftly risen from the wilderness soil, emerging through much travail, through many bitter and dramatic conflicts, to noble and beautiful things.

There is a good deal of the old Adam in Chicago, but the city is working out its salvation, and not in fear and trembling. Salvation is a process. Chicago is saved, in spite of its corrupt government, its wretched streets, its filthy air, its stretching miles of hovels; saved by its dream — by the faith in its heart and on its jocund face.

THE SPEAKER OR THE PEOPLE?

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SYSTEM UNDER WHICH THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES HAS ABDICATED

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

"FOR what purpose does the gentleman rise?"

The gentleman has been chosen by 200,000 American citizens to represent them in the Congress of the United States.

He states the purpose for which he rises. He desires to move the passage of a bill.

"The gentleman is not recognized for that purpose."

There is no other bill in debate, no resolution under discussion. There is no order of the day demanding precedence. The previous question has not been moved. The gentleman's purpose is not opposed to recognized public policy; it is not subversive of orderly procedure of the House; it is not idiotic nor frivolous nor indecent. There is no reason why the gentleman should not be recognized — except that back of the marble pulpit stands another gentleman with white chin-whiskers, a white waistcoat, and a carnation in his buttonhole, who doesn't favor the passage of the bill, and who doesn't propose to permit Congress to pass it.

There are in the room some three hundred other gentlemen sitting at circling lines of desks, on whose mahogany tops the yellow light beats down from a grilled ceiling. These gentlemen are supposed to be engaged in making laws for the good of the country. The supposition is held only by the constituents at home — the gentlemen themselves are under no delusion as to their position. They are humble petitioners at the foot of the throne occupied by the tall figure in a white waistcoat, with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, a white whisker under his chin, and a gavel in his left hand.

The three-hundred-odd others know full well that they can pass no measure, debate no measure, amend no measure, without the consent of the tall man. They understand that the fate of their desires is in his hands. They are aware that their own personal careers may be made or ruined by his humor or his whim. They know that, except as a group of petitioners whose constant importunities secure small favors, they would as well be at home, leaving Joseph G. Cannon alone with the clerks and the business of Congress. They know it, because it is their own doing. Nobody has wrested their power from them. They have abdicated. They themselves passed the rules which authorize Mr. Cannon, among other things, to refuse them recognition.

The people of the United States have heard a great deal about Cannonism. They know that Congress has at last risen against it. The people know what Cannonism is, but perhaps they are not quite clear as to *why* Cannonism is, or how it works. Few outside Washington have any clear idea of what the conditions in Congress are. The people ought to hear the story, if for no other reason than that it is such an amazing one — so amazing that it might seem to be not the sober truth, but some grotesque and gigantic joke. But it is a story which should be told, besides, because the telling should warn the nation to insist on a thorough revolution in Congressional methods. The fall of Mr. Cannon will not, in itself, mean the

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destruction of the tyrannical system by which Mr. Cannon rules. It is, after all, the system, not the man, that has reduced the popular branch of the national legislature to impotence abject and complete.

The system, in outline, is not difficult to understand. In practice, it grows complicated — and funnier — or uglier. But the prime facts are these:

THE SOURCES OF THE SPEAKER'S POWER

One fact. The gentlemen of Congress ask the Speaker to name the standing committees and their chairmen. The real work of Congress, as everybody knows, is done by its standing committees. Some of these are more important than others; appointment to the important ones is much desired. A Congressman's career depends on his membership in good committees. A Congressman secures and retains such membership solely and alone by the Speaker's favor. By tradition, new members are entitled to expect assignments only to poor committees, and old members to better ones. Chairmanships are expected to fall to "ranking" members of the committees. Joseph G. Cannon pays little attention to these expectations. His own will, his own personal likes and dislikes, his own plans and purposes, determine absolutely the position of every member of the House.

We have, then, this farcical situation: Congressmen come to the House by virtue of election by the people. But they can do nothing in the House except through the House's committees. They go to committees by virtue of Joseph G. Cannon's appointment. Their principal obligation, then, is to him — and never for a moment are they permitted to forget this.

The other fact. Before he has named the committees, oh, yes! decidedly, before he has named the committees, the Speaker asks the House to adopt the rules of the preceding Congress. Under the Speakership of Joseph G. Cannon, to vote against the rules means to forfeit all chances of appointment to good committees.

They are excellent rules. They do what they intend to do with a thoroughness beautiful to reflect upon. They leave the members of Congress nothing. They confer all power upon the Speaker. Since they cannot foresee the details of every parliamentary situation and necessity, they create a permanent Committee on Rules to carry out the Speaker's further will. He is its chairman. Should any Congressman at any time presume to offer any amendment to the rules, it is (beautiful thought!) *by the rules themselves referred to the Committee on Rules*. They are excellent rules, "bull-proof and sky-high," according to the Western members. They are renewed at the beginning of each session. The humor of Congress is perennial.

Last spring there was a contest against the rules. Thirty-one insurgents, led by Mr. Norris of Nebraska, Mr. Murdock of Kansas, and Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin — gentlemen without a sense of humor — raised their voices for a change. They would have got the change but for the kindly assistance which twenty-three Democratic Congressmen hastened to extend to the Republican Speaker. A Mr. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, led his brethren to the defense of Mr. Cannon's endangered throne. The night before the opening of the session, March 15, 1909, the Tammany Congressmen each received a telegram, "Vote for Fitzgerald amendment." Ever mindful of the downtrodden, and grateful to his friends, Mr. Cannon is understood, shortly after, to have extended his hand to Albany and prevented the Republican legislature of New York from passing certain anti-Tammany legislation. Certainly he selected Mr. Fitzgerald, the opponent of the Democratic leader of the House, for one of the two Democratic members of the Committee on Rules. By virtue of the appointment, this man becomes Democratic leader in Mr. Clark's absence from the floor. He was, in fact, in charge of the East Side of the House when the fateful Norris amendment, taking away from the Speaker the right to appoint the House quota of the Ballinger Investigation Committee, came up. Certainly Mr. Cannon promoted the Democrats who came to his assistance, and demoted the Republican insurgents. He removed Mr. Norris from the important Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds and interred him in a dead Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures. He deposed Mr. Cooper, who had been Chairman of the Committee on Insular Affairs ever since its formation, and removed him from the committee altogether. He deposed and separated from the Committee on Expenditures in the Interior Department Mr.

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Haugen, who had been its chairman for two Congresses. And so on.

THE BULL-PROOF RULES

The rules of the Sixty-first Congress deserve better of literature than their practical character is likely to vouchsafe them. They deserve the study and admiration of all who would understand the art of saying much in little — or rather of doing much in saying little. For instance, when they mean that no member may speak without Mr. Cannon's permission, they merely say that a member may, "on being recognized," proceed. But you will search the rules in vain for any clause or phrase which puts the Speaker under any obligation to recognize a member. The Speaker has, however, under arrangement previously made, recognized members who were not present. Why do not gentlemen who can't get recognition at the hands of the Speaker appeal from the Speaker? Because they have to be recognized before they can appeal.

Excellent as the rules are, however, they would be inadequate without the constant watchfulness of the Committee on Rules.

The designation of this admirable body gives little or no notion of its function. The "rules" with which it is occupied are the special methods of procedure by which legislation is accelerated or stopped — special steps for particular bills.

Thus the Committee (that is, Mr. Cannon in the form of the Committee) will bring in a "rule" that a certain measure is to be debated not more than one hour. It will go further: it will supply a "rule" that no amendment may be offered to a certain measure. Or it will even provide a "rule" that only one specified amendment may be offered. It will give the very language of the amendment which may be offered.

This is the sort of a rule under which the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was passed, and here, as well as anywhere, a few remarks may be made on that amazing performance.

HOW CONGRESSMEN MAKE A TARIFF

There are a great many items in a tariff bill; the Payne-Aldrich schedule had 4,000 items. Most of them nobody in Congress wanted to debate; but there were some which Congressmen did most emphatically want to debate — woolens, yarn, worsteds, cotton. With woolen manufacturing companies declaring dividends of from 15 per cent. to 57 per cent., there is no doubt in the world that lower rates would have been secured for these necessities — had Congress been allowed to get at them. Congressmen would have liked to get at the tariff on petroleum, which was coming in with a countervailing duty.

They were not permitted to do so. When the Tariff Bill came finally before the House it was under the "rule" (April 3, 1909), which provided that no amendment should be in order except as regards barley, barley-malt, hides, and lumber, and that there should "be in order a single amendment in regard to petroleum, such amendment being, in words and figures, as follows: 'crude petroleum, and its products, 25 per cent ad valorem.'"

That is to say, the 391 members of Congress sent to Washington by the people of the United States, for the purpose of legislating for them, were to be allowed to pass a tariff bill thoughtfully prepared for them by "the leaders"; they were to be allowed to express any dissatisfaction they might feel with this tariff bill to this extent, namely: they might offer amendments affecting the price of barley, leather, and lumber, and they were also further graciously allowed to say that they preferred a 25 per cent. ad valorem duty on oil to a countervailing duty on that necessity.

That represents the full extent to which the representatives of the people of the United States were, as Representatives, on the floor of the House, allowed to participate in the framing of the Tariff Act under which we are now living.

The "rule" was made by Speaker Cannon, through his Committee on Rules.

THE FINE ITALIAN HAND AT WORK

Back of the date of the reporting of the Payne bill to the House, there is a little history in which the power of the Speaker comes out.

It was freely expected by both parties that the Ways and Means Committee's bill would put petroleum on the free list, Mr. Payne and every other Republican member of the Committee being opposed to the countervailing duty. It was at the personal command of the Speaker, Mr. Cannon, and because of obligations owed and favors expected, that these members repudiated their own convictions and turned their backs on the interest of the people. The row was tremendous. Several members contemplated resigning their seats, feeling that

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they could never go back to their districts with the stigma upon them of having voted to put a duty on kerosene. But the Speaker's word was law. The Committee put the duty on petroleum into the bill.

Outside of Congress itself, it is difficult to appreciate the moral strength which has lain behind the Speaker's command. The Republican who disobeyed it became a political outcast. His career was closed. His constituents were, in some mysterious way, given to understand that their member had no influence and could do nothing for them. The very doorkeepers refused to speak in public to the "insurgent" leaders. Their wives were socially ostracized. It is not to be wondered at that the members of Mr. Cannon's best committee came to see eye to eye with him on the subject of petroleum.

We might stop here a moment to consider tariff reform in its progress through Congress. We observe that:

The Tariff Bill was framed initially by a Committee of Mr. Cannon's appointment;

In the progress of its work, Mr. Cannon personally imposed his will upon its members;

When it emerged from this one of his committees, another of his committees by "rule" forbade amendment by Congressmen except on a few specified subjects, on one of which the very language of the only permitted amendment was furnished.

Mr. Cannon in his own person, or in that of one of his lieutenants, presided over Congress when it "deliberated," under the "rule" of his committee, on the bill framed by his committee, under his imposed influence.

Mr. Cannon made the committee which framed the original bill; Mr. Cannon entered that committee when it was about to express an opinion of its own and bent it to his will; Mr. Cannon refused to allow Congress to alter the bill he submitted save in four of its 4,000 particulars, and dictated the language of the only allowable alternative in one of these four cases; Mr. Cannon controlled the parliamentary procedure of the House when, under these conditions, it was permitted the formality of passing the bill.

Finally, Mr. Cannon appointed the Conferees who "represented" the House in the discussion of "its" differences with the Senate. In doing this, Mr. Cannon passed over Mr. Hill of Connecticut, whose rank on the Committee of Ways and Means entitled him to a place on the Conference Committee, and Mr. Needham of California, both fair men who would have faithfully represented the House Bill, and put in their places Mr. Calderhead and Mr. Fordney, men whose aim in life is to keep the tariff up. The House had voted a duty of $1 per thousand on rough lumber; the Senate, a duty of $1.50. Mr. Fordney is a lumber dealer. He had voted in the Committee for a $2 duty. He had said on the floor of the House, "I sweat blood every time they reduce a schedule." Mr. Cannon could have had but one purpose in appointing these men to the Conference Committee, namely, not to represent the will of the House, but to defeat it.

This is a just and even moderate account of the facts. Does it constitute an account of anything recognizable as Republican government — or is it the most complete caricature, the most entertaining travesty, the most uproarious farce, the hugest joke, of which Republican government has ever been the subject?

UNPREMEDITATED INCIDENTAL COMEDY

The best farces are sometimes made more laughable by fortuitous circumstances. Powerful as the Speaker is, he is not infallible. Occasionally, sharp practice is too sharp. History supplies us here with a touch of unpremeditated comedy.

To the amendment — the only one on which Congress was to be allowed to vote — to the amendment "crude petroleum, and its products, 25 per cent. ad valorem," Mr. Norris of Nebraska, not having the fear of the Lord before his eyes, astounded the whole House by offering an amendment to strike out the figures "25" and substitute therefor the figure "1." This was in Committee of the Whole, and the Speaker had put Mr. Olmsted into the Chair. He ruled it out of order to offer an amendment to this amendment. But the House saw its opportunity. Voices cried out, appealing from a ruling so glaringly wrong, and a rousing majority sustained the appeal. Mr. Norris's amendment was therefore in order. Mr. Cannon, his plan upset and his reign temporarily suspended, was compelled to take the floor like an ordinary member. He ranted, raved, besought and vituperated — for once in vain. On roll-call, the House, for a moment released and jubilant, voted 322 to 47, *seven to one*, for free oil.

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It was due solely to an accidental miscarriage of the Speakership programme that Congress got what 85 per cent. of its members wanted. Except for an accident, the country would have been saddled with a 25 per cent. duty on oil, to which a seven-to-one majority of the people's Representatives in Congress was opposed.

HOW CONGRESS VOTED AN EMERGENCY BILL

Let not this little misadventure of the Speaker divert attention from the method by which generally he has saved Congress the labor of thinking out its legislation for itself. The chief elements of the method are the Speaker's power of appointment and his Committee on Rules. He has influenced the fate of proposed legislation through the power of assignment to what committee he chose; he has controlled every committee to the extent of having created its membership and its chairman; he has influenced the opinions and votes of Congressmen through all-powerful favors, threats and promises; he has shut off debate and estopped amendments through his "rules"; he has presided over the "deliberations" which his "rules" allow; he has recognized or refused to recognize according as the purpose of the Congressman who presumes to speak was or was not agreeable to him.

There was the case of the Currency Bill of two years ago. An emergency existed in the country; money was direly needed and demanded. A bill was proposed in the Senate, providing for the issue of an emergency currency based on railroad and other securities. It was soon seen to be altogether unacceptable to the House. The Speaker appointed a special committee, which in due course brought in what was known as the Vreeland Bill. This was fairly agreeable to the sentiments of Congressmen. It was referred to a Conference Committee appointed by Mr. Cannon. This Committee reported back to the House on the eve of adjournment, in the midst of general confusion and anxiety. In such haste was its report prepared that the printed copies laid on members' desks were full of misprints. Pages were not even numbered. It was found that the bill now recommended was the original House Bill *with the Senate Bill tacked on to it.* This came up under a suspension of the rules.

What could be done? Nothing could be done except to pass the bill, or pass no bill. The Speaker had so arranged that Congress could give the country such relief as could be given under the measure which Congress didn't want — or leave it without relief. The American people are a practical people. They ask for results, not reasons. A Representative who went home and explained that he had voted against the only currency bill it was possible to pass, because he didn't like half of its provisions, would never have gone to Washington again. The House swallowed the Senate Bill.

THE TRICK RIDER

The Speaker constantly has recourse to the amusing trick of defeating the will of the House by having its committees tack objectionable provisions on to bills otherwise acceptable. He did this, in a curiously sapient way, with the bill compelling publication of campaign expenses. Mr. Cannon has gone up and down the country declaring that the Democrats defeated this measure, wretches that they are, incapable of understanding the beauties and glories of a pure election. So, indeed, did the dastardly Democrats. But this is why:

Mr. McCall of Massachusetts originally introduced the bill in question (H. of R. 20112) in the first session of the Sixtieth Congress. It was referred to the Committee on the Election of the President, Vice-President, and Members of Congress. Here it received the warm championship of Mr. Norris of Nebraska. The chairman of the Committee, Mr. Gaines, had his doubts about the bill, but only one member, Mr. Burke of Pennsylvania, was against it. Mr. Norris secured the approval of Mr. Dalzel and Mr. Payne, who attended a committee meeting and advised that it would be good Republican politics to report favorably. This was now unanimously resolved on, and Judge Norris was unanimously asked to take charge of the bill on the floor. It was reported back April 20th.

Mr. Norris found that he could get no recognition for the purpose of putting the bill on its passage. He made his call on the Speaker and was flatly told that the bill was nonsense and no chance would be given it. Mr. Cannon's characterization of the folly of such sentimental twaddle was eloquent and clear. Nothing would move him to recognize the representative of the Committee with his motion to pass the bill.

On May 12th, however, Mr. Crumpacker

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of Indiana was recognized with a publicity bill which bore the same number as the committee bill and consisted of it, *with the addition of four new sections.* These had no reference to publicity for contributions, but were regulations against election frauds drawn from Federal statutes of reconstruction days directed at the South. *They had been tacked on to the publicity bill with the deliberate purpose of solidifying the Southern vote against the measure.* In this loaded form, the bill was rushed through the House, but, as was expected and intended, the Southern Senators secured its defeat in the Senate.

Was it the wicked Democrats or the Speaker who defeated the campaign-expenses publication bill?

THE PRIVILEGE OF TALKING

The degree to which the Speaker controls the time in Congress has been another source of his autocracy.

One thing that the public does not understand is that the House of Representatives is in session for only a very few minutes of the day — for a minute or two after twelve o'clock, and for five or six minutes just before five o'clock in the afternoon. There are hundreds of members who never made a speech and scores who never made a motion in the House — not because they are lazy, but because they are not allowed to speak or make a motion in the House.

When the Speaker's gavel falls after the chaplain's "Amen," any member has the theoretical right to rise and make a motion. As a matter of fact, and as a rule, only those who have beforehand obtained permission of the Speaker will be recognized. Usually only one member is recognized, and his motion is that the House now go into Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, for a particular purpose, which the motion specifies.

The House then goes into Committee of the Whole. There is no physical change save that the silver mace is taken down from the marble column on which it has stood for three minutes, and the Speaker leaves the Chair, calling one of his lieutenants to the easier task of keeping control of the Committee.

For, be it known, the Speaker and the organization remain in control even when the House is sitting as the comparatively harmless Committee of the Whole. The Chairman immediately recognizes, not the first gentleman who rises, but the chairman of the Committee in charge of the bill. He, now in possession of the floor, yields his time piecemeal for five, ten, or twenty minutes, to members who desire to speak. For so long a member may speak; with unanimous consent, he may speak even longer; at all events, he will be given unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the *Record* to any length — for most of this speaking is for home consumption.

Only, be it remembered, the privilege of talking does not necessarily imply the right of doing anything else. The Committee of the Whole is in session for a specified purpose, and any motion aside from that purpose is out of order.

Not that the speeches made in Committee of the Whole need confine themselves to the bill which is supposed to be under consideration. Frequently the "leaders" desire to drag out general discussion for days, so that there will be no time for the House to take up certain legislation which they don't want considered. On the other hand, when it is desired to shorten the debate, debate can easily be limited or instantly cut off. It is true that under the "five-minute rule," when the bill in Committee of the Whole is read by paragraphs, any member has a right to offer an amendment and to speak on it, if he desires, for five minutes. But this practice may be, and is, when the organization desires it, suspended.

WORKING UNDER "SUSPENSION"

It is under "suspension of the rules" that many of the Speaker's little practical jokes are performed. Here is a true and entertaining narrative:

A bill containing an appropriation of $423,000 for the purchase of a parcel of 400 acres of land in the District of Columbia to add to Rock Creek Park was referred by Mr. Cannon to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. A sub-committee viewed the land and concluded that it was not worth the price, nor anything like the price, and, on this opinion, the Committee reported adversely as to this item.

A little later, nevertheless, a separate bill containing this one appropriation alone was introduced into the Senate. It passed the Senate. When this bill came to the House, the Speaker this time referred it, not to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds,

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which was informed upon the subject and which had once reported against it as a graft, but to the Committee on Appropriations. This Committee reported it back with a favorable recommendation. Mr. Tawney of Minnesota — a particular Cannon devotee — was recognized by the Speaker and moved the passage of the bill. A spirited fight followed. The truth was told, and the House, unwilling to vote an appropriation which had in its hearing been denounced as this one had been, defeated the bill on roll-call by a vote of 57 yeas to 164 nays. This may be found in the *Record* of the first session of the Sixtieth Congress, pages 6998–7003. The date was May 26, 1908.

This ought to have ended the matter. It did not. On the evening of March 3, 1909, in the same Congress, a few hours before its expiration, when all was haste, confusion, and noise, a member who had served on the sub-committee which had reported against the purchase happened to pass by the clerk's desk. His ear was struck by the words "zoölogical park," and he stopped and listened to the bill which the clerk was reading. He recognized the identical old bill which the House had voted down. Without any further consideration by a committee, without any further report, and yet without change of a word, a syllable, a letter, or a punctuation mark, here it was again on its passage in an hour of uproar and confusion, when no one on the floor was likely to note it. A motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill had been made by Mr. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia. The sub-committee member demanded a second and then communicated his misgivings to Mr. Davis of Minnesota, who volunteered to sound Mr. Smith. The conversation ran something like this:

"Smith, what is this bill?"

"Why, it's a bill to add 400 acres to the Zoölogical Park."

"Well, what about it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose we ought to do all we can for parks and all that sort of thing. I really don't know much about it. The Speaker asked me to see it through."

A few words of explanation — that is to say, a few words calling public attention to what otherwise would have been done in secret — doomed the bill. It was defeated, 31 yeas to 192 nays — which may be found in the *Record* of the second session of the Sixtieth Congress, pages 3787, 3788, and 3792–4.

DID THE CONSTITUTION MEAN THIS?

It must by now be fairly clear how the Speaker may dictate, and has all but absolutely dictated, the action of the House, by controlling its time and its parliamentary procedure, after having constituted its working committees and made himself a perennial fount of special "rules." The system is well-nigh perfect, the abdication of the power of Representatives is as nearly complete as anything can be in this imperfect world.

The Speaker may bury any bill privately; he may determine the shape in which it shall come out of Committee if he allows it to come out at all. He may dictate whether or not a bill, after having been reported, shall be put on its passage; whether or not members may speak on it or offer to amend it. He may, and on important measures does, prevent members doing more than voting Aye or Nay on a particular and fully formulated bill. They may have debated and passed the tellers on a hundred amendments dealing with the minutiae of a bill, only to find that on the final vote for passage they have to accept or reject a totally different bill — or one which utterly ignores all their debates and votes — find that they have, after all, only the alternative of accepting a measure with provisions which they have stricken out or without provisions which they have put in, or go without any legislation. Congress still has a veto on the Speaker, but that is about all it has.

The advantages of the condition to which Congress has been reduced are many. For one thing, members have been saved from the necessity of studying public questions; after their first term, few members have even pretended to study them. For another thing, progressive legislation has been discouraged. It is hard and practically impossible to get any measure of social or political progress past the Speaker. Just as Mr. Cannon stood against a downward revision of the tariff and a scientific currency bill and postal reform, and immigration restriction, so he stands against railway rate regulation, a parcels-post, a postal-saving system, direct election of Senators, an income-tax bill, pure-food legislation, waterways improvements, and the conservation of forest and coal lands and water-

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power. Under him, the House has become the chief bulwark of conservatism.

Congress has another privilege — it may petition the Speaker. Petition him a member must if he wants a chance to speak or make a motion in the House.

Mr. Heflin, member of the Committee on Agriculture, asked unanimous consent to call up a bill, already unanimously recommended by the Committee, making it unlawful for Government employees to divulge Government cotton statistics prior to publication. Mr. Payne objected. A hundred members then signed a petition requesting the Speaker to recognize Mr. Heflin for this purpose. He arose again, and was again refused recognition. When he expostulated, the Speaker said "The Chair had reason to suppose there would be objection." There had been no objection. There would have been none, for Mr. Heflin had observed Mr. Payne's absence. Mr. Heflin went up to the Speaker's stand and privately besought recognition, but Mr. Cannon told him that he had agreed with Mr. Payne not to allow the bill to be called up in the latter's absence. The Speaker had promised one member to deprive another member of his rights, to spurn the prayer of a quarter of the House, and to defeat a meritorious measure. Page 1507 of the *Record* (Friday, February 4, 1910) will confirm this incident.

If this is what the Constitution meant by making the House of Representatives its first-named and chief creation, if this is what the national legislature is maintained for, then all is well — except that the elaborate election machinery and the considerable expense involved in returning 391 Congressmen might be spared. A one-man Congress might be more economically maintained than it is under the present system.

The Constitution apparently erred in supposing that the people desired direct representation at the Capitol. By a curious irony, the Senate, the aristocratic body, has become more truly representative of the people than the popular branch of Congress. While in England the House of Commons is asserting and extending its power, in America the people's Representatives have surrendered their authority.

How did this come about? By the appearance, at the proper historic moment, of the figure whose talents this article celebrates. Mr. Cannon was not a commanding influence when he was on the floor of the House. Strict party regularity gained him good committee appointments, but it was charged against him then that prominent among his traits of character were Narrow-mindedness, Cunning, and Vanity. Lifted to power, these traits become Conservatism, Sagacity, and Administrative Force.

The Speakership System existed for years without developing its beneficent possibilities. The rules are essentially what they were in the day of Reed, Crisp, and Henderson. It required the combination of the system and the personality, characterize it how one may, of Joseph G. Cannon.

It required more: it required the incentive furnished in the social-political crisis which the country is to-day facing. Compared with the conflict now opening between Wealth and Manhood, Privilege and Equal Opportunity, the political struggles of the past have been sport. Privileged Wealth realized the seriousness of the coming fight before the people realized it. Wealth entrenched itself in Congress. Recognizing the possibilities in the Speakership, it built up its organization around that office. Mr. Cannon, a man who belongs to another age of public morality, a statesman into whose brain no glimmer of the social truths which inspire the progressive public men of the day could possibly penetrate, became its capable instrument. When we speak of Mr. Cannon, then, we mean the Machine, the Organization, on which the preservation of the privileges of Wealth depend.

Mr. Cannon's efficiency is indisputable. Unfortunately, it became so complete that it has overreached itself.

Mr. Cannon will not remain in the Speakership longer than the close of the present Congress. Perhaps not till then. How his final overthrow will be accomplished may not be predicted, but, since the vote of January 7th, it is certain. The "insurgents" of yesterday will be the heroes of a successful revolution to-morrow.

But what will it avail, now that the possibilities of the system have been developed, what will it avail to depose a particular tyrant, and clothe another man with the power which he possessed? If the people's Representatives at the Capitol are to resume their constitutional rights and duties, the elimination of Cannon must be followed by a repudiation of the rules which made Cannonism possible.

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HOW IMMIGRANTS SOLVE THE COST OF LIVING

LITTLE STORIES OF EUROPEAN MILL-HANDS WHO HAVE PUT MONEY IN THE NEW ENGLAND BANKS WHILE THEIR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS MADE ONLY A SCANT LIVING

BY

LEWIS E. MacBRAYNE

JOHN NIMKA and William Bochenko came to the United States on the steerage deck of an immigrant steamship. They belonged to that class vaguely known as "Polanders," and they had almost no knowledge of the English tongue, barely enough money to gain admission into the country, and no definite plans for the future, other than that they intended to work. They were the typical average men of their class, unimaginative, poorly dressed, and generally unprepossessing in appearance.

They landed in New York, but their destination was New England, where the trail of those who had gone before already led to every cotton and woolen mill in the six states; and in one of these factories each found employment at $5 a week. For nine years their highest wage was $7.50, though in the tenth year of their stay they were able to make $9 in another department. And in that year they gave notice to their overseer one day that they were going to quit work and go back to their own country; and their joint savings, when they drew them from the banks where they had been earning interest, amounted to $3,500.

In the manufacturing town where these men had gained what was to them a fortune, there lived a Yankee in the house where his father and grandfather had been born. The Native Born had an income of $15 a week when Nimka and Bochenko arrived in town in search of employment, and at the end of the ten years it had increased to $16. Yet, aside from a small insurance policy that he kept paid up, the Yankee had not a cent to show for his labors when the Polanders drew their money from the savings banks; and he had worked industriously all the time, and had practised frugality with his small family.

It was the Native Born who told me about Nimka and his companion's savings, and I put the question to him: "How did they do it?"

He replied ruefully: "They didn't live."

But didn't they? Living in expectation while the Native Born lived in the knowledge of an unsatisfactory condition, who is to say that they had not a mental as well as a financial balance in their favor?

Nimka and Bochenko, in their own land, had been burdened with a peasant's poverty and lack of resources. The Native Born, several thousand miles away, found himself in as discouraging a predicament, though his environment was upon a higher plane of living. Nimka and his friend, finally spurred on by an ambition that God gives his people as an antidote to their poverty, finally set sail for a new land, and in due time settled within sight of the Native Born's homestead. It mattered not to them that he had a problem as acute as their own. They were seeking opportunity, and were intent upon finding it; and for the next ten years they lived upon the social frontier, denying themselves luxuries and often ordinary comforts, that when they returned to their home-land it might be with full purses and the knowledge of complete success.

But let us pass to the citation of other human documents. There is Annie Anastriga, a Polish girl, still a new-comer. She found employment in a woolen-mill at an average pay of $6.20 a week. At the end of fourteen months she had a bank-book showing $150 to her credit, and was well-dressed on Sundays and holidays.

But this is another example of an unmarried worker, you argue. We will pass, then, to Joseph Mardust, who came over from the

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North of Europe twelve years ago, and began work in a factory at $6 a week, which was the highest wage he received for eight years. He was raised to $9 when good times came, and upon this he soon married a girl of his own nationality. It was necessary now for him to engage a whole tenement; and though both he and his wife had saved a considerable sum of money, their household equipment when they started consisted of one bed, two chairs, a table, a stove, and a few dishes and cooking utensils. They decided to rent two of their rooms; and they secured seven boarders — four for one room, and three for the other. What these boarders really engaged was a fourth or a third of an empty room, and into this each one moved a bed — bought second-hand in the majority of cases — and prepared to board himself, or herself. Mrs. Mardust did the actual cooking upon her stove, at a charge of a few cents a week. It was understood that the boarders should do their washing at the common tub, or pay for having it done.

On Sunday all the inmates of the tenement were able to present a respectable appearance; and, being Catholics, they were in due time gathered into the flock of an Irish priest, who was shepherd over no less than five nationalities. The Mardusts had no difficulty in collecting the weekly money due them, and they were enabled to occupy their dwelling virtually rent-free. On the first of last May Mardust, with his little family, closed out their venture in America, and with a draft for $2,000 on a foreign bank sailed for "home," intending to purchase a farm and lead a country gentleman's life.

I might tell you of a score of similar cases among the "Polanders." There was John Pulaski, for one, who came over as an immigrant ten years ago and fell into the common error of trying to conceal his nationality by changing his name to John "Smith." Six years ago he married the sister of one of his friends, and two remarkable children have been born to them. The oldest, a boy of five, is fluent in four languages — Polish, Italian, French, and English. The "Smiths" decided to take boarders after their first child was born; but they had begun to rise in the social scale, and found that there were others of their class now willing to pay for something better than the part occupancy of a sleeping room. So they announced that they would take boarders "American way"; and they charged from $3 to $4 a week for room and board — and they got it. More than one of their countrymen had decided to remain in the United States, and consequently relaxed the rigid economy for saving. But the "Smiths" put a small fortune aside, and have gone back to their own land, carrying with them American children, and American ideas.

Five years ago Zydor Banas came to the United States from the Polish province of Galicia in Austria. He was twenty years old, spoke only a few words of English, and landed without an extra dollar. He found employment in a factory until he could learn the language and save a little money. Now, at the end of the five years, he owns a successful bakery, and is worth $5,000. Three years ago his brother Emil came over under similar circumstances. He, too, went into the mills, studied the language and the customs of the people about him, and is already in business for himself as a photographer, having bought out an established studio. These young men are good types of the ambitious immigrants who remain in the mills only long enough to get out of them, and who have all the instincts that lead to good citizenship.

During the depression of 1908, Greek adults worked in New England mills for fifty cents a day, and were glad to find employment even at that wage. To-day, they are receiving the regular schedule, and are again saving money, though the American is still crying out against the high cost of living and the decreasing purchasing power of his dollar. How do they do it?

Let us take the case of Paraskaves Stephanakos, who came here from the province of Macedonia. He landed in Boston with just enough money to get by the inspectors, and the first thing that he did after his admission was to purchase an inexpensive suit of American clothes. He did this upon the advice of a countryman who had met him, and who was to take him to one of the manufacturing cities inland.

Stephanakos's friend took not only him, but ten of his fellow immigrants on the following day, and organized them into a "chamber." A tenement was secured for $12 a month, and the dozen men set up communistic housekeeping. Each was to have an equal share in the "chamber," with the right to sell his

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interest if he desired to withdraw at any time. Such furniture as was purchased was in greater part second-hand. An account was opened at a Greek baker's, and another at a Greek butcher's. . On Saturday the per capita cost of the club's living expenses was figured out, and the accounts were paid.

Stephanakos was not successful in obtaining work during the first week, nor were all of his associates; but the club carried them until they had found a place in the mills, when they paid up their indebtedness. The average cost of living for a week came to about $1.50 for each man, to which twenty-five cents might be added for his share of the rent. Even on a $5 wage this afforded a good margin for saving, when a man was fairly started.

Although these men had not been accustomed to much of a meat diet at home, they found that the hard work required it here, and that in the end it was the cheapest kind of food for the principal meal of the day. So, after a day in the shops, with bread and perhaps a piece of cheese for lunch, they would cook a bit of meat with a vegetable at night, and enjoy it from their common hoard. On Saturday half-holidays, and on Sundays, they often had something of a feast.

At the end of a year Stephanakos changed his name to Peter Brown, and began to make plans for the future, when he should have enough capital to warrant leaving the mills. He saw about him men who within a few years had made enough to buy real estate, to open stores in business streets beyond the Greek quarter, to patronize American tailors, and to fraternize with Americans. The more prosperous among them were driving automobiles; several had married American girls; instead of dodging the poll-tax assessed against them, they were becoming naturalized.

At the end of the second year, Peter Brown left the "chamber" and joined a smaller club, taking his meals at one of the Greek restaurants. This cost him $2 for his food, and there was plenty of it: stews, roasts, potatoes, tomatoes, and an abundance of bread.

Just what Peter will make of himself I do not know. Very likely he will marry and remain here, for he is a likely fellow, of a good family, and will not be content to stay long in the mill. The family unit is very strong among the Greeks, and any man whose sister desires to marry a respectable fellow of her own nationality will do his best to give her a good dowry.

I have heard about it in the Greek coffee houses at night: "So-and-so is to be married next week, and her brother is giving her a $500 dowry." Such a marriage occurred in Manchester, N. H., recently, in which the bride brought $1,100 to her husband; and every cent of it had been earned in the cotton mills, the girl herself contributing to the sum.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN PAINTER

Last article

PARIS AND ROME

BY

ELIHU VEDDER

I SIMPLY left New York as a bird flies away on finding the door of its cage open. And yet I looked back on friends and kindnesses received and loves left behind with sadness. These, as I left, stood out with more clearness, as the towers and spires of the town stood out above the dim mass of buildings below, seen in the distance. Soon all was lost in the mist of the approaching night, as the good ship *Lafayette* bore me into an equally misty future. The New York I left had no statue of Liberty then, but had plenty of license instead; and baby skyscrapers were just beginning to rear their heads, with high flagstaffs and eagles screaming against the blue sky they were soon to

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block from the view of the busy ants running about in the streets far below.

The first fact I met with in Paris was that I was very lonesome and wretched. The first days are to me as a gloomy blank. I then sought a studio and was considered lucky in getting one in the Avenue Frochet — leading out of the Rue Pigalle. It was a little place with trees and an iron gateway, and was considered quite the proper thing. A son of the great Isabey, the marine painter, had a studio there, as did also a very friendly portrait painter; but the spell of my French bohemian days was broken beyond repair, and I never took kindly to the dark and stuffy studios and the gloom of Parisian winters. The house was a rabbit-warren and I burrowed in it, with the vision of Italy ever before my eyes. And then the French were not as they had been before the war, and their "Pardon, Monsieur" was now equivalent to our "you be damned!" Then again, these French artists could see nothing in my work, for it did not resemble that of anyone they knew, and so they could not classify me. The French have little respect for anything they cannot classify — which explains their slow recognition of Corot and of Millet.

Having arranged my few belongings so as to give a semblance of comfort to the studio and the little bedroom above, I determined to go to my friend Green in England, and see what I could do to help cheer him up. I had written to him that I would share my windfall with him — that the half of it was his, for so I understood friendship in those days. Would I do it now? Not much. It would diminish the widow's third. But there was no question of a widow then, for there was no wife. But what am I saying — no question of a widow? Did I not see with my own eyes, in tea leaves in the bottom of the cup of a wise lady, that I was to marry a rich widow — a Spanish widow? Not only that — but was I not at that very time circling like a moth about a very beautful and rich widow? Do not long rides in the twilight in the Bois de Boulogne — winter twilights, and in a luxurious carriage — predispose the mind to languishing thoughts? It do! It do! But it was not to be, from the simple fact that there was another who was to be.

And so I went way down to some beautiful county in England and found the poor friend of my Florentine days. The struggle had been too hard for him; I pass over the family tragedy, for there was one. This bright boy, whose drawings were as spirited as those of Couture himself — had given up his dreams and was painting little story pictures in the vein of Edouard Frère, and as the dealers bought them readily, he was not in want, for he painted up to the day of his death. I comforted him and, like a good surgeon, removed the fear of hell which the kind and good family he lived with was pumping into him, and I believe I left him prepared and strengthened for the change which was soon to come. And so back to Paris again, mighty sad.

After getting back to my studio in Paris, I met Hunt and Coleman and some others of the old students of Couture. Coleman had just arrived from New York and was expecting his mother and, particularly, some nice girls whom he had met on the steamer. In the meanwhile we made a trip into Brittany, stopping first at Dinan and then at Vitré on our way back to Paris, where we found his mother and the girls duly installed.

Hunt and his family having gone to Dinan, Charley Coleman and I joined him. We found or made a large studio on the ground-floor of an old house. It was literally the ground floor, for the floor was the ground, and Hunt delighted in it. You could make holes and pour in your dirty turpentine and fill them up again, and generally throw things on the floor; and Hunt used to clean his brushes by rubbing them in the dirt and dust. I remember his once saying: "Wouldn't you like to take that mud in the road and make a picture with it?" The simplicity of Millet was strong upon him in those days and affected his art the rest of his life. Painted with mud — why not? It would go well with other novelties. It reminds me of a painter I once knew who, when painting a hillside from Nature — of a rather peculiar color — went to the hill, got a lot of the earth, had it ground up, and used it on his picture.

But soon there arose a strong wind that was to bear me southward, as poorly provisioned as before, but with the feeling that once back in Italy I should be more at home, and that things would come out right in the end. At that time there was a man in Paris who contemplated tampering with pictures. He had formed a firm, and the firm bought from me a little picture, "Girl with a Lute," painted because I had bought a lute and wished to

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justify my extravagance. I got for it $200, but it was sold afterward in Boston for $750; thus all were made happy. Also they bought "Coast on a Windy Day," $150, and agreed to take at $200 apiece the nine small pictures forming the series of the "Miller and his Son."

This, however, never happened, for the firm dissolved soon after; but the hopes did just as well as the money would have done, for with them and $300 from a sale in America I found myself in possession of $650, plus hopes. Would you believe it? On this hint I spoke and was accepted. And so with a light heart and a lighter purse, in company with C. C. C. and his good mother and the dear Girl, I went toward the promising — if not the promised — land.

I find it somewhat difficult to tell how I came to stay so long in Italy. It can be truly called staying, for I never contemplated settling here. The staying began in those days when people traveled with their couriers or passed the whole winter here, and also bought pictures; and we were all young, and life was pleasant, and I made a living. Then the children were born and I could not afford to break up here and go home to begin all over again. I had only my father living, and he lived in an impossible place, while my brother was in Japan and contemplated joining me here.

For years I had furniture fastened only with screws so that it could be taken apart when the time came for going home, but I finally had to glue it together, and it must have been then that I began to stick more closely to Rome. There is no end to the things that I could have done, and it makes what I have done seem a small matter. Had there been two of me made exactly alike, I most certainly would have had one go home while I waited to see how he turned out. As it is, I am still sitting on the fence, and from that vantage can see how much there is to be said in favor of both sides. And now it does not so much matter. I am amply provided with burial lots, having five — three in America and two here, one of which is an ancient one; and yet I am sitting on the fence, hoping that it may turn out that I am fundamentally right.

On my arrival in Rome I at once hunted up Rinehart. He received me with open arms; and, being in the same building with his friend Rogers, introduced me. Rogers said at once: "Come and dine with us to-night and I will have some of the boys in to meet you." Of course I accepted with pleasure, as well as an invitation to breakfast with Rinehart at Nazzari's next morning. And then I did what I seem fated to do at least once on arriving at any town — committed the great social sin of forgetting an engagement. It was thus: the hotel air did not agree with my modest purse and I set to work at once hunting up a room and a studio. Finally, tired out and hungry, I went to the Lepri, had a good dinner, went to bed, and slept like a top until late next morning.

The first one I met in the morning was Rinehart. "What kept you from coming to the dinner last night? We were all there and waited an hour for you." What could I say? "And how about that breakfast at Nazzari's with me?" Again — what could be said? However, I explained, and Rinehart forgave, and turned the breakfast into a lunch; after which I went to Rogers and made a clean breast of it. He sort of forgave me — but there was Mrs. R. Well, it took the greater part of a year to live it down, but peace was finally established, and they became and remained my good friends for ever after.

Everything has been told about Rome that can be told. Of course, socially, there were those at the top, and those climbing, and those content to be where they were; there were those who rode in their own carriages, and their inseparable companions — those who always rode in the carriages of others. And so forth, and so forth; but the distinction was not so marked then as now, and I dare say that all who wish to remember will confess that we were all much happier then than now. But then again, all were younger and all were alive — which I am sorry to say is not the case at present.

As for Society — no man can do a thing well unless he likes it. Had I tried to cultivate Society I should have failed. I never go out into Society but sooner or later something disagreeable takes place. In fact, I am happy out of it and wretched in it, and so am the last person to write about it. This will be a disappointment to my unknown friends, but will not surprise those who know me. And so I have settled that question. Thackeray wrote well about snobs because he liked them. All people in Society are not snobs by any means, but there is where you will be most liable to be taken unawares, so I keep out.

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To me they are not amusing — therefore like Job I will hold my peace — only, were I like him, I should say it over and over again, varying the wording.

Some men commencing life in poverty become parsimonious when they finally become successful; others become extravagant. Rinehart was inclined to be the latter. He had that bad habit of under-rating himself: he was afraid to seem afraid of alluding to the hardships of his early years, and therefore spoke too often of them. I took occasion to give him a bit of good advice once, and think that he acted on it. I said, "Rinie, you have nothing to be ashamed of. It is true that you worked in a stone-cutter's yard with very low companions — especially humiliating in the South — but you did not naturally belong in that condition. No one wants to hear about that. It only pains them, and can't be agreeable to you, so drop it once for all. We like you for what you are." I think it affected him — at least I didn't hear much about his early days after that.

Rinehart was very generous. He was deeply impressed with the kindness of people to him, and was never tired of showing his gratitude. He also never went back on a friend. He was always, whenever you saw him, wildly exuberant; yet he was very serious and painstaking in his Art when alone, and sufficiently canny in his money affairs to lay aside his earnings, and especially wise in putting them into such good hands as those of his friend Walters, where they prospered until the Rinehart Fund is the result. I do not believe Rinehart ever needed to call on Walters for one cent, but he had the assurance of a staunch and reliable friend back of him, and it made all the difference in the world. It gave him that peace of mind which is in itself such a help to good work.

He went back on his friends in one particular, however. He was fond of expatiating to them on his intention of being buried in Rome, and how he was going to leave a fund that would enable them yearly to pour champagne on his grave — yet he was persuaded to have his body taken home. He seemed always to feel that he would die young. He had a habit when dining, no matter where, of throwing out his hands; then, of course, all the glasses in his vicinity went by the board. This habit gave his dearest lady friend, Mrs. H., an opportunity for showing her magnanimity. She was seated next to him, wearing a new Worth dress; he indulged in one of his displays and completely deluged the dress with red wine. He was in despair, but she comforted him by saying it was an old thing that she was trying to wear out, and that she was glad it happened, as it gave her a good excuse for getting rid of it.

And that was it. He was always breaking things and always asking pardon. And this was his way until the very last. When he was dying, surrounded by his grief-stricken friends, his very last act was to throw out his arms in the old way, sweep a glass off the night-stand, and say, as he heard it break, "I beg your pardon." He had always been pardoned in this world, and I daresay that it was not denied him in the next. I will take my chances with Rinie.

My *caffe greco* days were the three years spent in working and waiting for the event of my marriage. When that took place, of course, the *caffe* was changed for the hospitable houses of our friends — some older, some younger. We belonged to the young set, but the sets dovetailed together very harmoniously. I knew very little, for instance, of the Gibson period — although I knew all that I wanted to of his fair pupil. I saw the ascetic Overbeck — walking about in the scene of his former glory — and old Mr. Severn, and have since regretted that I did not realize how much of interest I might have collected from him of the days of Shelley, Keats, and Byron. By the way, my friends George Simmonds and Charley Coleman installed themselves in the Keats apartment and we revelled, I fear, somewhat regardless of the poet — for we were desperately enamoured of our own lively lives just then. After this time came the period of the young married couples — and dancing and picnics, and struggles and sorrows which came to us all, but which only served to draw us closer together.

As these digressions are intended to give an imperfect account of a somewhat imperfect life, I must give some account of the when and the where and the why and the how I made my drawings for the Omar Khayyam. As I spell the Kyyam always differently, I shall hereafter simply call him Omar. It is so the fashion nowadays, in writing a man's life, to give so much importance to his surroundings that the man himself becomes like the slender wick of a large wax-candle — "consumed with that which it was nourished

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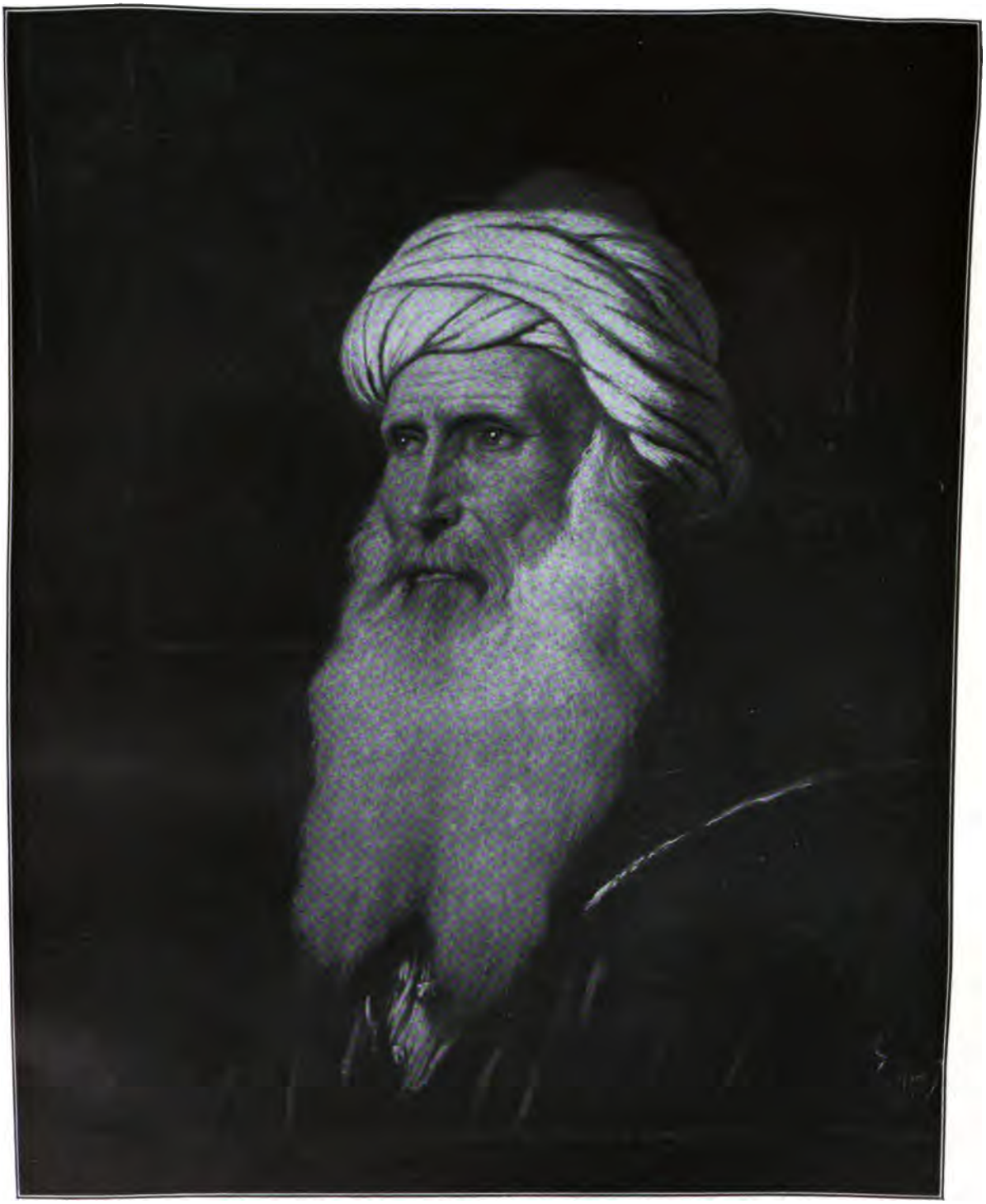

"HEAD OF A MAN," BY MR. VEDDER

by." This is reasonable, but it involves a certain waste of paper.

We were living in Perugia when my friend Ellis brought me Omar and introduced him as only Ellis could. Ellis was a man who could not only so read Chaucer that you understood him, but he converted him into a musical flow of melody. He was a man who, once reading

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Co yright, 1898, by Curtis & Cameron

"THE SOUL BETWEEN DOUBT AND FAITH," BY MR. VEDDER

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MR. ELIHU VEDDER

A bronze bust by Charles Keck, which is now on exhibition in the National Arts' Club, New York City

a long poem, could recite it, and copy it out for you if you desired. Now this was so far back that it was in the time when Omar, or Fitzgerald, was known only to Tennyson and his friends as "old Fitz," and to few besides. In the little Villa Uffreduzzi, late in the afternoon, when the sun had gone off the house, in the grateful shade, out of an old Etruscan cup, many were the libations of good wine poured on the thirsty earth, to go below and quench the fire of anguish in old Omar's eyes. Thus was the seed of Omar planted in a soil peculiarly adapted to its growth, and it grew and took to itself all of sorrow and of mirth that it could assimilate, and blossomed out in the drawings.

To round out the candle — from the Villa we saw the level plain of the Tiber stretching to stormy Assisi, always involved in clouds and strange effects and atmospheric troubles, such as followed in the moral world the advent of its great Saint. We, however, sat in the peaceful twilight and drank to Omar. I had my little boy with me, slowly twining himself about my heart with tendrils never more to be relaxed. His mother, proud of her two boys, had gone home and returned with but one. In Rome a little daughter came, and she was brought to the Villa Ansidei, to which we had removed in the meantime. It had the same great view, and the same cloud effects over the plain and on the great hill of Assisi are shown in many a sketch made at that time.

At the Villa Uffreduzzi all was pleasure — and so it was down at the other villa for a time. In those days I painted dances and picnics — and girls weaving golden nets — until the day came when my little boy had to depart. Then followed the various attempts to banish even the memory of him, for the sake

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"THE CUP OF DEATH," BY MR. VEDDER

"So when that Angel of the Darker Drink
At last shall meet you by the River's brink
And, offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—thou shalt not shrink."

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"THE YOUNG MARSYAS," BY MR. VEDDER

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of others. He was placed in a cell in the wall of the cemetery of Perugia, in full view of the house — so that he was never out of sight as well as never out of heart — and then I had designs for pictures, but I have never heard how they turned out. We drifted apart.

On one of my trips home, seeing that other people were making books I thought — Why

"THE CRUCIFIXION," BY MR. VEDDER

painted a sketch that I never show. And then we gave up the villa and passed the summers elsewhere.

Once knowing Omar, I always intended to paint something in his vein. Ellis also not make one myself? And of course, Omar came into my mind; and the more I thought of it, the more the idea pleased me. So I mentioned it to the art editor of one of the principal magazines in New York; he said:

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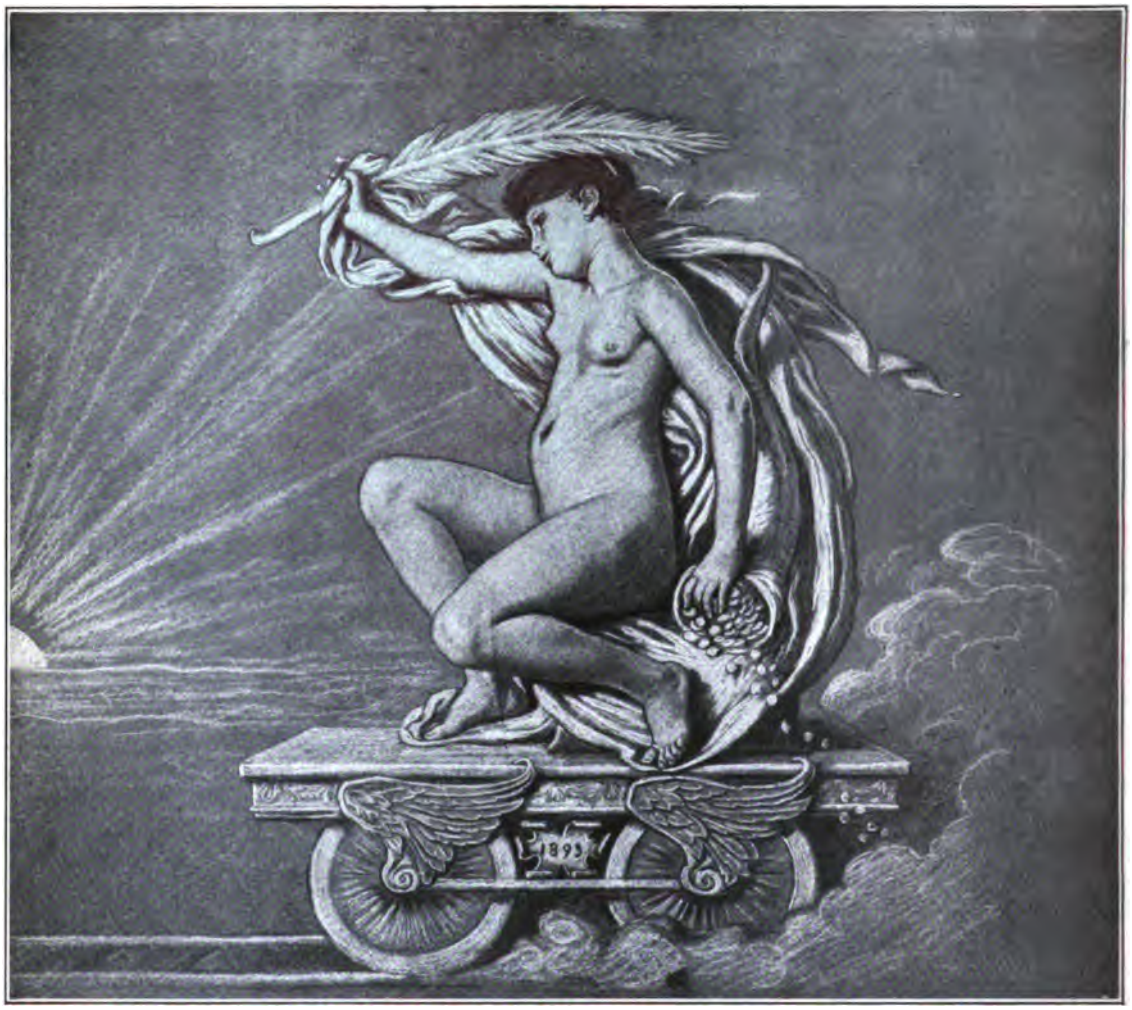

"THE STAR OF FORTUNE," BY MR. VEDDER

From a medal made for the architects and artists who designed the buildings and decorations for the Chicago Exposition

"Yes, yes: take something popular and it might do very well!" I stared at him — and that magazine did not get the Omar drawings.

In Boston, Mr. Houghton listened to my scheme and asked: "But who and where is this Omar?" I said that was natural; he was too near; he only published the poem. To make a long story short, he agreed to bring out the book, and on the way back to Rome I thought it all out. In three weeks I had divided the verses into groups and settled on the subjects of the drawings, and commenced making them. I was somewhat wise also; I did not begin at the beginning and go through, but dipped in here and there throughout the book, so that they should not begin well and "peter out," or begin ill and improve, but were kept as even as moods and circumstances would permit; but they boiled out, and I kept the fire hot, and they were (as is stated at the end of the book) "Commenced May, 1883; Finished March, 1884."

It may be interesting to know that all the money which enabled me to make the drawings was borrowed from an ever-kind American banker in Rome at 12 per cent. You see, he cast up his accounts every three months, and compounded things. On my wife expostulating he said: "If I couldn't make 24 per cent. I had better shut up shop."

To those who object to the work — and there are those who do — I will only say that it is selling yet — a poor argument, but it must suffice.

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THE NEGRO AT THE NORTH POLE

THE STORY OF THE LAST DASH, TOLD BY COMMANDER PEARY'S ONLY AMERICAN COMPANION AT THE TOP OF THE EARTH

BY

MATTHEW A. HENSON

(WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR)

"Matthew A. Henson, my Negro assistant, has been with me in one capacity or another since my second trip to Nicaragua, 1887. I have taken him with me on each and all of my northern expeditions, except the first, in 1886, and also, without exception, on each of my "farthest" sledge-trips. This position I have given him, primarily because of his adaptability and fitness for the work; secondly, on account of his loyalty. He has shared all the physical hardships of my Arctic work. He is now about forty years old, and can handle a sledge better, and is probably a better dog-driver than any other man living except some of the best of the Eskimo hunters themselves."—Commander Peary in *Hampton's Magazine*, January, 1910.

THE last supporting party, Captain Bartlett's, turned back at 87 degrees 48 minutes north latitude — 132 miles from the Pole. It was not the tearful parting that some of the newspapers have represented it to be. A temperature of 50 degrees below zero is pretty close to the freezing point of sentiment, and the only outburst of feeling on Captain Bartlett's part that I can remember was his remark that he would be "damn glad" when his five days were up.

It is true that we gave him a farewell dinner, but that came about in a very matter-of-fact way. From noon until three o'clock I had been occupied with the task of selecting five teams of the best dogs from our entire collection. I found one dog that was practically useless, and him we killed. We then made

THE ESKIMO WALRUS-HUNTERS AT ETAH

The native village is on the edge of the bay near the centre of the shore-line

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THE NEGRO WHO REACHED THE POLE

"Probably a better dog-driver than any other man living, except some of the best Eskimo hunters themselves"

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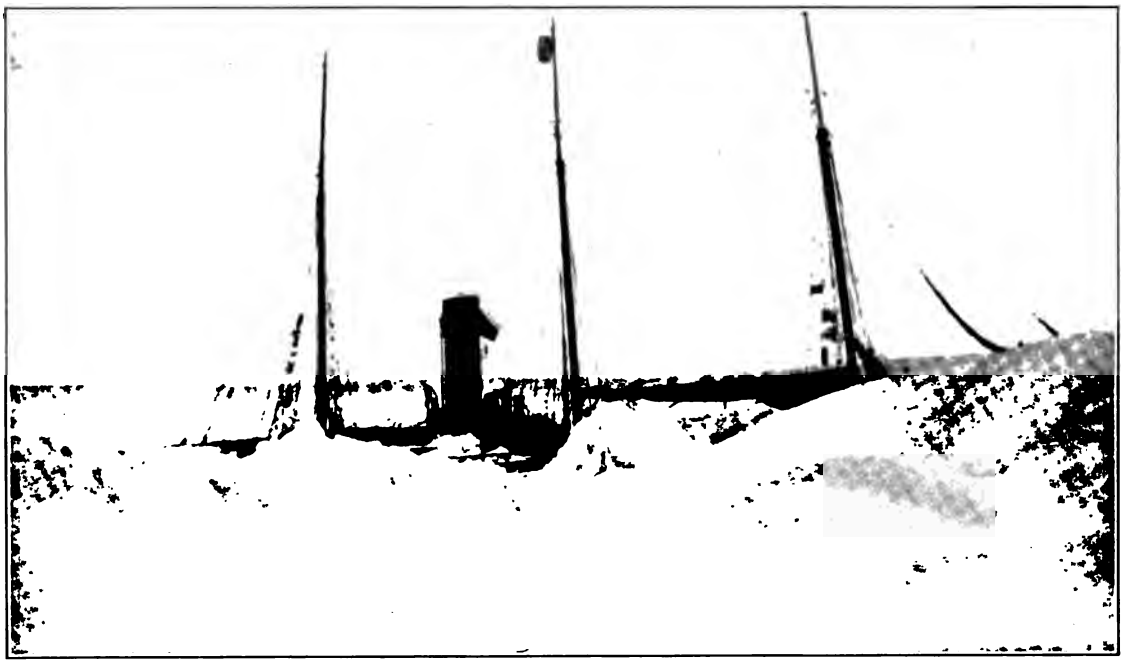
a fire with the fragments of one of the sledges and stewed the dog in melted snow, using a half of a biscuit-tin as a pot. That was the farewell feast. We called it "musk-ox," and it tasted about as good as an Arctic hare.

We then shook hands with Captain Bartlett and his boys, and they started back on the southward trail to the *Roosevelt*. That left six of us — the Commander and myself and four Eskimos, to make the final effort. It was All Fools' Day, but the coincidence did not worry us any.

The four Eskimo boys were the best in the tribe and every one of them knew his particular job. All but the youngest, O-kee-ah, had been with us on previous expeditions, and what they do not know about handling dogs isn't worth finding out. O-tah and E-ging-wah are brothers, and live at Etah; See-gloo comes from a village called Koo-kan, and O-kee-ah is from E-tee-bloo.

See-gloo and E-ging-wah were detailed to accompany the Commander. See-gloo is the best all-round boy that we had. He can always be relied upon and he has a good disposition. Just how good his disposition really is was once shown by his willingness to oblige his friend We-ah-kuf-she. See-gloo was then married and living peaceably with the wife of his youth, but We-ah-kuf-she's igloo was a regular storm-centre. See-gloo stilled the storm by placidly swapping wives with We-ah-kuf-she, and both families have lived happily ever afterward. The two boys trade back once in a while, however.

O-kee-ah, one of my boys, has a wife, but her father would not let him take her north on the *Roosevelt*. O-tah, my other boy, had a wife and two fat babies at Etah, but he took the whole family on the ship. He is a stubborn fellow and hard to get along with, but I never have any trouble with the Eskimo boys. When we came to the big "lead" of



THE "ROOSEVELT" FROZEN IN AT CAPE SHERIDAN FOR THE WINTER

open water that held us up for nearly a week, O-tah was one of three who wanted to turn back, fearing to put such a large stretch of water between themselves and land. By promising O-tah nearly everything that was on the ship, we coaxed him to go on; but the others played sick and cried all night, so we let them return.

To make the dash of 132 miles we had five sledges, each drawn by eight dogs hitched abreast, the traces (ordinary window-cord) being about fifteen feet long. Each of the boys drove a team and I took the fifth. This was an easy job, for the dogs were thoroughly trained by this time. (I once had to take

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THE ESKIMO WOMEN WHO ACCOMPANIED THEIR HUSBANDS NORTHWARD IN THE "ROOSEVELT"

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charge of three large teams that had become unmanageable. I put the second sledge on top of the first, with all the dogs hitched abreast and spread out like a fan, and tied the third sledge behind as a trailer. If anybody thinks that it is fun to drive thirty-eight wild Eskimo dogs, the rival teams fighting half of the time, let him try it.)

The five sledges were the best of the lot with which we had started northward. All of them had been made by me, with ordinary carpenter's tools — and it is no easy task to make a curved runner with a straight plane.

All our clothing was made by the Eskimo women on the ship, and it was of the kind that twenty-odd years of Arctic experience had proved to be best adapted to low temperatures. This is the list of everything that we had on:

(1) A sleeveless shirt of thin red flannel, reaching to the waist. This was worn next to the skin.

(2) A shirt made out of a blanket.

(3) A *koolitah*, or coat, of reindeer skin with the hair on the outside, and with a hood attached. This was not lined.

(4) The hands were protected by sealskin mitts with the hair on the outside; another pair of blanket mitts was worn inside.

(5) Only one garment was worn on the legs — bear-skin trousers lined with thin red flannel.

(6) The feet, like the hands, were protected by a double covering. Next to the skin was a stocking of Arctic hare, with the fur on the inside. Over this was worn a *kammack* of sealskin tanned without the hair. The sole of the *kammack* was made from the square-flipper seal.

But the best Arctic clothing that has yet been devised cannot keep parts of the body from freezing at times. The warmest weather that we experienced during this dash was 15 degrees F. below zero (a snow-storm), and the coldest was 59 degrees F. below. In 1906, however, it went down to 65 degrees F. There is always more or less wind, usually from the west, and this drives the granulated snow into the face and fur-clothing. During the earlier part of our trip several members of the party had to turn back with frozen heels; and during the last stage each of my boys froze a toe, but I came through all right.

When one of my boys found that his foot was freezing, we stopped to thaw it out. His *kammack* was stripped off, the stocking with it, and I pulled up the lower part of my *koolitah* and placed the freezing foot against my bare

AN EASY STRETCH ON OLD-FLOE ICE

The sledge with the coil of rope (useful in ferrying across leads) is Mr. Henson's

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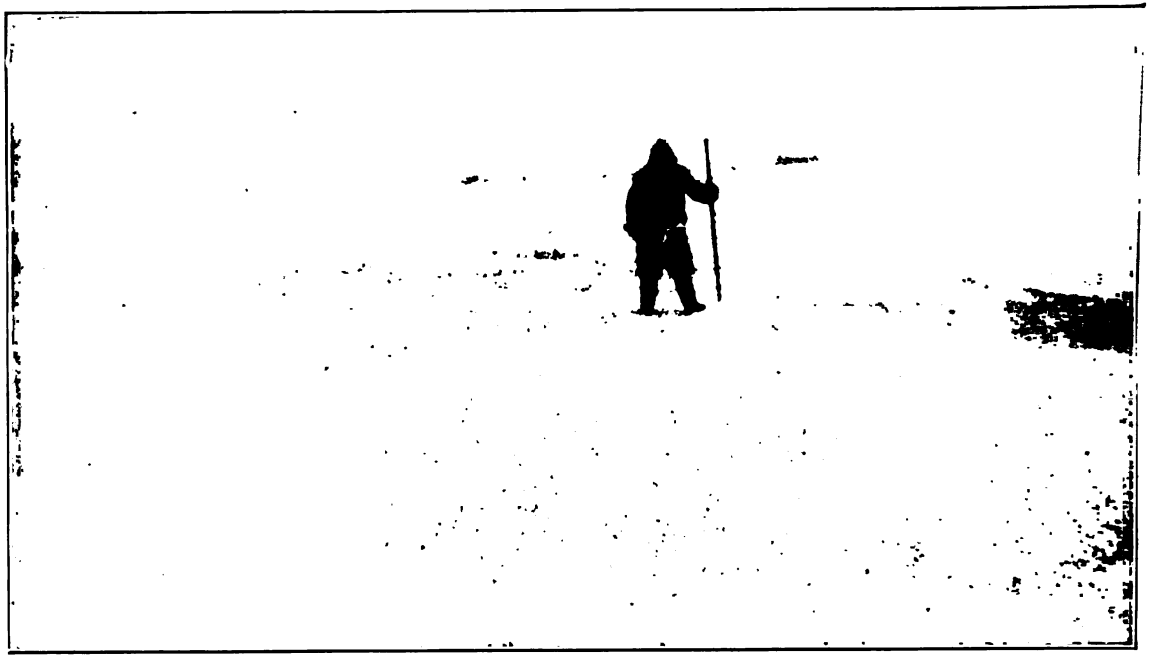
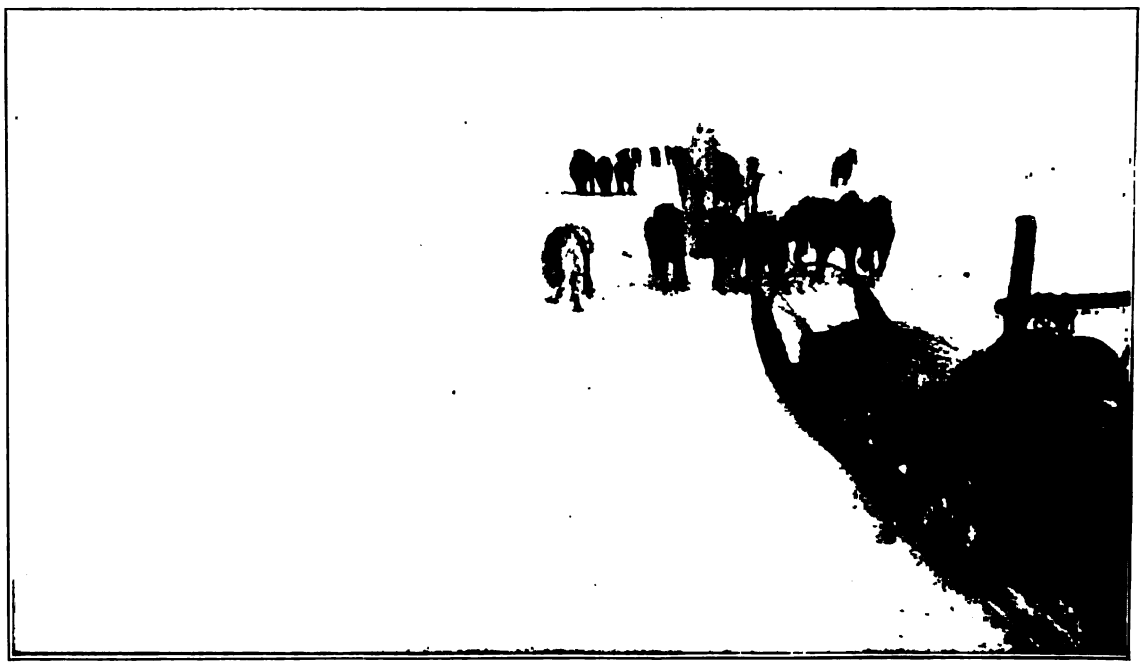


A "LEAD," OR STRETCH OF OPEN WATER

These Arctic rivers and lakes are the nightmare of explorers

stomach. It was like putting a piece of ice there, but there was no other way to save the foot.

But it is the face that suffers most, for that cannot be wholly covered. Freezing of the nose and the whole front part of the face is an ordinary occurrence. The skin keeps peeling off and freezing again until that part of the face is like raw beef, and it leaves spots on the face like smallpox We once devised a fur



CROSSING THIN ICE ON THE FINAL DASH

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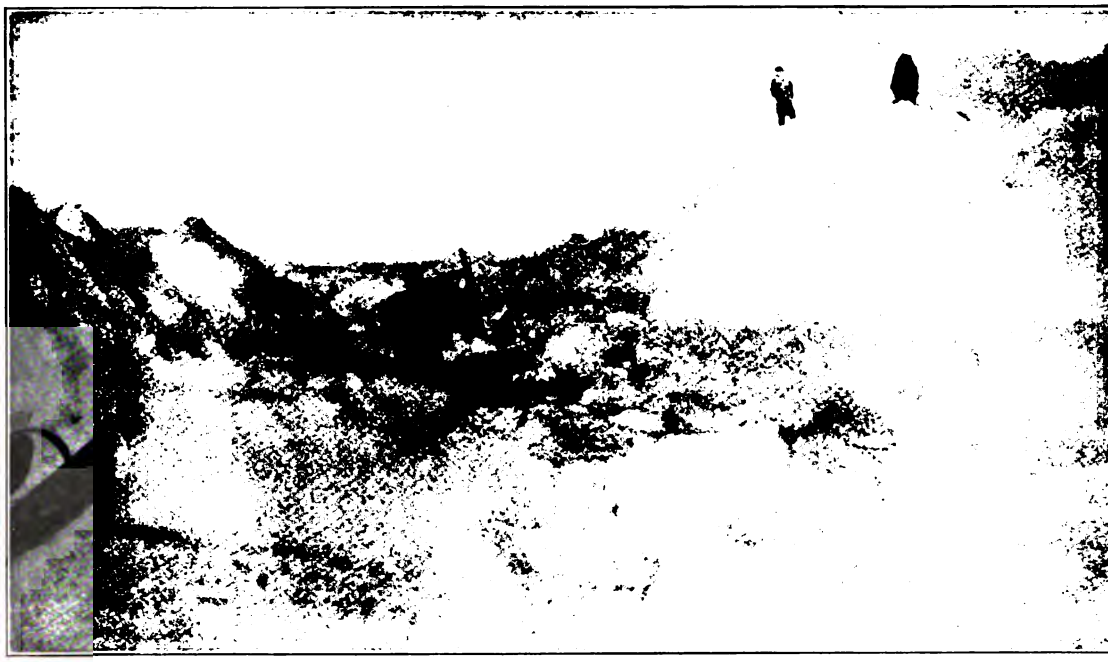

PICKING A WAY THROUGH THE ROUGH ICE OF A PRESSURE-RIDGE

protector to go over the exposed part of the face, with little openings for the eyes and nostrils. This looked like a good thing until we tried it. Then we found that the moisture from the breath that came up under the protector caused the fur to freeze to the face — and when we pulled the protector off, the skin came with it. When a strong cold wind drives the snow against the raw flesh, it is torturing. A man often puts his hand to his face to thaw it out, and finds blood on his hand when he takes it off. The bleeding surfaces are covered over with vaseline at night. A tube of vaseline, a roller-bandage, and some absorbent

IT TAKES "PUSH" AS WELL AS "PULL" TO CROSS THE RIDGE

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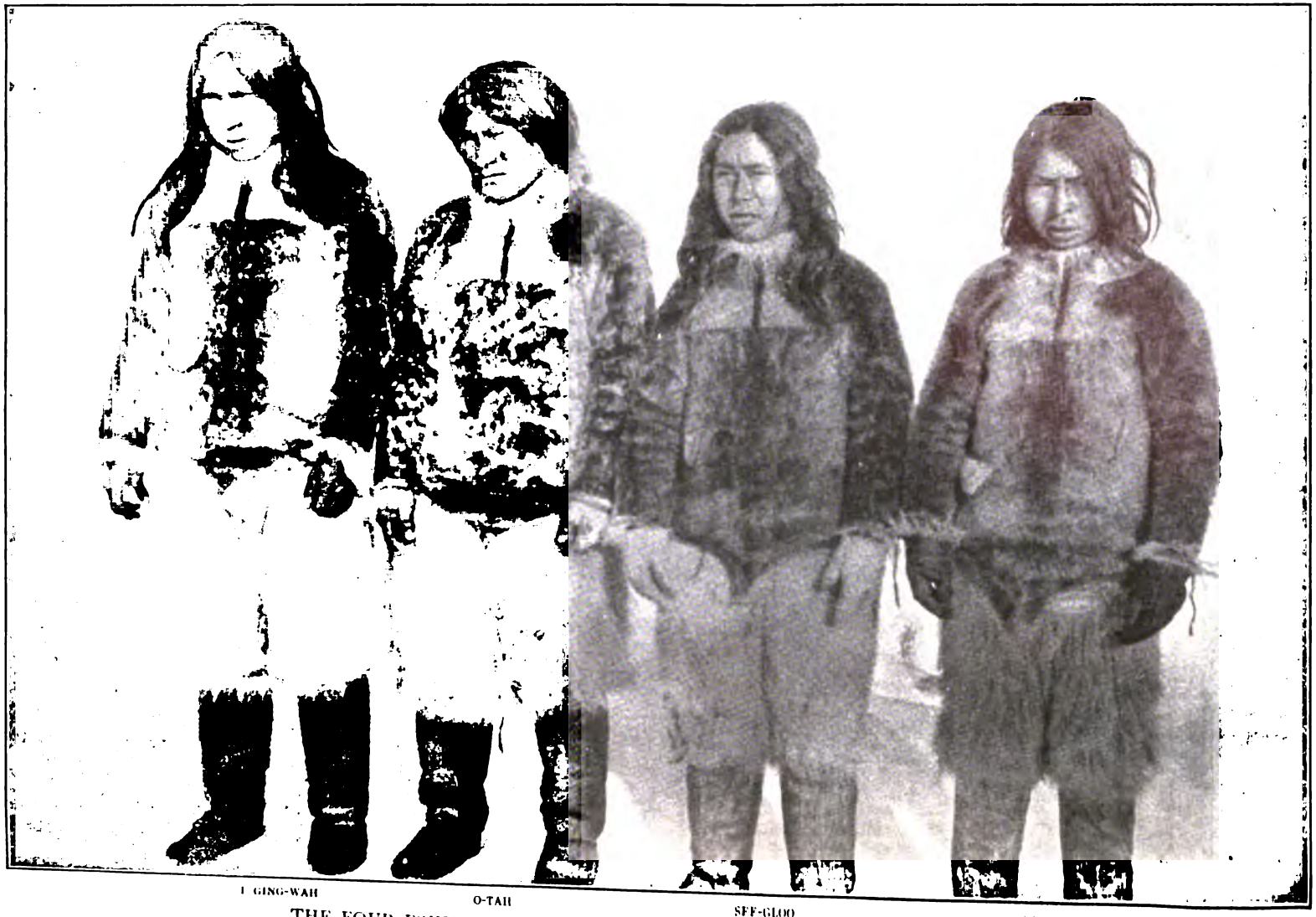

I GING-WAH O-TAH SEE-GLOO O-KEE-AH

THE FOUR ESKIMO SLEDGE-DRIVERS WHO REACHED THE NORTH POLE

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THE HALT FOR LUNCH, FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE POLE
The man seated by the stove is Commander Peary

PACKING THE SLEDGES FOR THE LAST NORTHWARD MARCH

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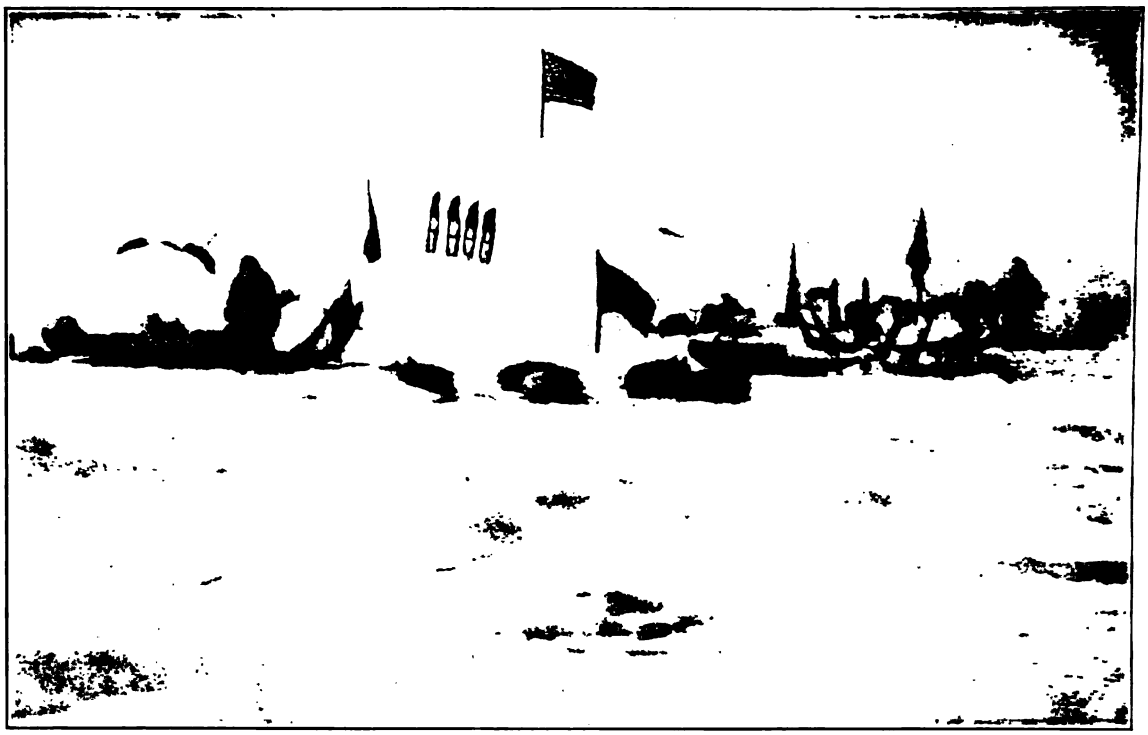

THE GOAL OF THE CENTURIES

By a curious coincidence, the negative from which this picture was made was at the end of the roll of film and the word "STOP" is plainly stamped upon the gelatine

cotton made up the emergency outfit that I carried with me.

FIVE MARCHES TO THE POLE

We were five days on the way to the Pole. Bright and early on the "morning" of April 2nd, the Commander left the igloo at 87 degrees 48 minutes to set the pace. He was usually the first to leave the camp, for he had no sledge to drive; I was the last, in order to be sure that nothing was left behind. The Commander's trail was easy to follow, and I usually caught up with him in an hour or two, and then generally went ahead.

My own start was most unpropitious, for I had not been half an hour on the trail when I had a mishap that almost cost me my life. I had crossed some "rafters" or small "pressure ridges," and reached the bottom of the slope where a "lead" had started to open. Since

INDIAN HARBOR, LABRADOR, AND THE WIRELESS STATION FROM WHICH THE NEWS WAS FLASHED TO THE WORLD

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these terms occur frequently, perhaps I had better stop long enough to explain what they mean.

A "lead" is a lake or a river of open water, always extending east and west. It is caused by large cracks in the ice of the Polar Sea, the open space widening as the ice-floes drift apart. When the leads are just forming, we can jump across or use a sledge as a bridge. Sometimes we can make a detour to the right or left and go around them. If the lead is full of floating ice, we can use a large cake as a ferryboat and paddle across with our snow-shoes. A line (which I always carried on the back of my sledge) is then made fast to the ice on the opposite bank and one boy paddles back, fastening the line on this side. The rest of the party can then be ferried over easily. If the lead is large and there is no floating ice, we have to wait until it freezes over and forms "young ice."

By and by the two edges of the lead are brought together again with great force. (Once, when I had fallen into the water as a lead was closing, I had the toe of my *kammack* cut off as with a pair of shears as I scrambled out.) The coming together of these edges forces the young ice upward and forms ridges which are called "rafters"; sometimes these are from twenty-five to seventy-five feet high, and then they are called "pressure-ridges."

To return to the story, my dogs were going fast as we reached the foot of the ridge, and I noticed that my sledge sagged as it was going over the slush. The dogs stopped and I walked around the sledge to see what was the trouble. As I took hold of the sledge and began to lift, I suddenly began to sink, and in a moment was up to my hips in icy water. It had been fully three months since the date of my last bath, but I frankly admit that I was not yet ready for another. Grasping an ice-floe which was drifting by me, and crawling up on my stomach, I struggled vigorously and got out. My trousers, of course, froze instantly, and were as stiff as a board. I was also wet around the knees. The Eskimos helped me beat the ice out of my clothing with their *kidlootoos*, but the chill of the plunge was upon me for a long time. I had almost the same thing happen to me on the way back, and in almost the same place.

No further events of importance happened on the first day. After a march of eighteen hours, we camped for the "night."

It should be understood that when I speak of "day" and "night" I refer to the division of time as marked by our watches. As a matter of fact, during all of this time there was no night. It was one continuous period of daylight, and there was never a time when the sun was not above the horizon. We could see it at any hour of the "day" or "night" unless it happened to be obscured by light clouds.

Perhaps I ought to add that the sun in that latitude does not cross the sky by traveling overhead. It goes around the horizon in a circle, starting low down and gradually rising for a little distance, and then sinking back toward the horizon, but never reaching it. You can look directly at it without hurting the eyes, and there is no warmth in its rays at all.

HOW AN IGLOO IS MADE

The first thing to be done on stopping at "night" was to make two igloos, one for the Commander and his two boys, the other for my party. The igloo, well made, is a work of art. We first scrape away the snow, and cut blocks of ice about eighteen or twenty inches long and about fifteen inches wide. It takes forty or fifty of these blocks to make an igloo. We then lay the ground layer of blocks in a circle whose diameter is a little longer than a man. Each succeeding layer is curved inward so that when the fourth layer is in place the whole structure has been arched overhead, and is ready for the keystone. The blocks are so shaped that they dovetail into each other and make a solid, permanent hut. We then go on the outside and stop up all of the "chinks" with snow. It took three of us about an hour to make an igloo.

The floor of the hut is, of course, solid ice covered with snow. A place is cut out just inside the door, and this leaves the floor as a sort of platform, so that a man may sit on it and have room to kick his feet together to keep them from freezing.

The dogs are left hitched to the sledges until the igloo is finished. They are then fastened by hitching them with a line to the ice in such a way that with one blow of an ice-knife the whole team can be instantly released and started off. This is sometimes necessary because of the sudden breaking-up of the ice. After the igloo has been finished the dogs are fed, one pound of pemmican to each dog — in other words, a man's ration. It is not necessary to water them, because they eat the snow. The next thing is to unpack the

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sledges and put the alcohol in the igloo. Then we beat the snow and ice out of our clothes, crawl into the igloo, and make tea.

A SUPPER IN THE ARCTIC

The making of tea in an Arctic temperature is a very simple matter — after you learn how. Each party was equipped with a "cooker" (an alcohol stove made in two sections, which fitted into each other). The first thing is to get the "water" for the tea. The snow is scraped off to a depth of from twelve to eighteen inches, and a chunk of ice cut out and put into the top section, called the "cooler." Its bottom is perforated so that the water will trickle down as the ice melts. We do not use the granulated snow, because the ice melts more quickly. The water is not salty for the simple reason that the surface ice is formed of snow which has melted and then frozen again.

The boy puts six ounces of alcohol in the little stove and places it under the teapot. A piece of tissue-paper is twisted up into the form of a small wick and inserted into the alcohol. This is necessary because alcohol will not vaporize there in the usual way. After the fire is started and the alcohol begins to vaporize, the paper wick is taken out.

A can of frozen condensed milk is chopped into two pieces and one half is placed in the teapot, and on top of it is put one and a half tablets of compressed tea. It takes about ten minutes for the ice to melt, and the tea is then soon made.

As soon as the tea is ready, half a pound of pemmican and eight hard ship's-biscuits are given to each man. There is no variation in the bill of fare — pemmican and biscuits and tea make up a menu as unvarying as that of a boarding-house.

But what is "pemmican?" It is the *pièce de résistance* of the Arctic — dried beef ground up fine, mixed with sugar, currants and raisins, and suet. After being well mixed, it is poured into tins, compressed, and sealed. It is very dry and hard to chew. The daily ration for a man is one pound of pemmican, one pound of ship's-biscuits, and a quart of liquid tea. The Eskimo boys receive the same.

Making down our beds is next in order. My "bed" was a piece of deer-skin about four feet long and two feet wide. The Commander used two skins, and each of the boys had a skin of the musk-ox. Every one had two tins of pemmican for a pillow.

After tea we lost no time in going to sleep while our bodies were warm. There was no sitting up around a campfire, for there is nothing to make a fire with; alcohol is too precious to use for any purpose except making tea. After two or three hours of sleep, a man usually wakes up cold, and he must then get up and beat his feet together and slap himself to start the circulation. Then he goes to sleep again. Sometimes he wakes up and finds a hard lump on his face — a frozen spot. The thing then to do is to take a hand out from under the *koolitah* (we sleep with both hands inside) and thaw out the frozen spot with the palm of the hand.

One curious thing is that the breath of the sleeping men rises to the roof, freezes, and drops back into our faces in the form of a light snow. Sometimes we all have to get up to keep from freezing. There is no making of tea during the "night"; it is made only at regular intervals.

We got up usually about six o'clock in the "morning," and O-tah, who was my tea-boy, at once started the fire in the alcohol stove. After breakfast we usually marched from eight to ten hours, and then stopped about twenty-five minutes for lunch. Lunch consisted of tea and three ship's-biscuits — no pemmican. The ordinary day's march on the way north was fourteen or fifteen hours.

THE MONOTONOUS TRAIL TO THE POLE

April 3rd was another glorious day, with a slight easterly wind. The ice was so rough and jagged that we had to use our pickaxes constantly to cut a trail. A great many leads were encountered, but we had no difficulty in crossing them. Once the runner of E-ging-wah's sledge cut through the "young ice," but the two Eskimos acted quickly and saved the sledge and dogs from being submerged. This averted a very serious accident, for that particular sledge contained the Commander's sextant and other instruments very necessary to the success of the expedition.

On April 4th and 5th, the monotony of the trail was unbroken by any incident of importance. There was the same laborious struggle over pressure-ridges, the same detour to the east or west to avoid crossing a lead, or the same skilful manipulation of the sledges in going directly across the running water. It should be remembered that this part of the earth's surface has no visible life of any kind.

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There is nothing on the landscape except snow and ice. There are no birds in the air and no living thing in the sea, so far as we could tell. We were the only creatures on the landscape.

On April 6th we crawled out of our igloos and found a dense mist hanging over everything. Only at intervals, when the sun's rays managed to penetrate the mist, could we catch even a glimpse of the sky. Estimating the distance that we had come during the last four days, we figured that, unless something unusual happened to us during the course of this day, we should be at the Pole before its close.

We noticed that conditions were much better. We were no longer compelled to use our pickaxes to hack the trail through the ragged ice, nor did we have to bodily lift the loaded sledges over the rough ridges. Before us stretched large, heavy floes, thirty feet and more in height. Rough ice appeared at the intersection of each floe, but the crossing was easy. The trail was so easy that we made much more rapid progress than on any previous day. About 10:30 we saw that we were coming into a ridge forty or fifty feet long. I was driving ahead, and was swinging around to the right to go over it. The Commander, who was about fifty yards behind, called out to me, and said that we would go into camp. We were in good spirits, and none of us were cold, so we went to work and promptly built our igloos, fed our dogs, and had dinner. The sun being obscured by the mist, it was impossible to make observations and tell whether or not we had actually reached the Pole, so the only thing we could do was to crawl into our igloos and go to sleep

The Arctic sun was shining brightly on the morning of April 7th, when we crawled out of our igloos. The temperature was 33 degrees F. below. Expectation was written on every face, the boys included, for we knew that observations could be taken at noon, and we should at last know whether we had reached the goal.

The Eskimos and I had plenty of work to do in repairing the sledges, which had suffered from our rapid marches over untried roads.

The Commander waited with impatience for the hour of noon to arrive, and then began to make his observations. These were made at three different points, and while he was at work on his calculations, we were detailed to reconnoitre in different directions for the purpose of ascertaining if any land could be seen.

The results of the first observations showed that we had figured out the distance very accurately, for when the Flag was hoisted over the geographical centre of the earth, it was located just behind our igloos. Observations taken later in the day showed that the Flag should be placed about 150 yards to the westward of the first position — on account of the continual eastward movement of the ice.

We had brought with us a reel of 1,500 fathoms of steel piano-wire with which to take soundings. We could not do this exactly at the Pole, for the reason that there were no leads, so we sounded the lead a little this side of the Pole. The 1,500 fathoms ran out and there was no bottom. We then started to pull the wire up, but the ice cut it in two after we had drawn up about seventy-five fathoms.

The flag which the Commander hoisted was the same which we had carried throughout all the expeditions. A piece had been cut out each time that "Farthest North" was reached — at Mt. Morris Jesup, at Cape Thomas Hubbard, at Cape Columbia, and at 87 degrees 6 seconds. Pieces of white cloth had been sewn in to take the place of the fragments cut out. At the Pole the Commander cut out a narrow strip running diagonally across the flag; this strip was placed in a little tin box that had contained a spool of kodak film, and was left at the Pole.

The hoisting of the Flag was not the occasion of any riotous outburst of feeling. The Commander merely said in English: "We will plant the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole" — and the Stars and Stripes were planted. Speaking in the Eskimo language, I then proposed three cheers, which were heartily given.

The Eskimos showed their delight by jumping around and exclaiming: "*Ting neigh tima kelisher!*" which means, "We have reached here at last!"

I suppose, if the truth were known, their rejoicing was not because we had reached the North Pole, but because we had arrived at the place from which we would start back for home.

As I stood there at the top of the world and thought of the hundreds of men who had lost their lives in the effort to reach it, I felt profoundly grateful that I, as the personal attendant of the Commander, had the honor of representing my race in the historic achievement.

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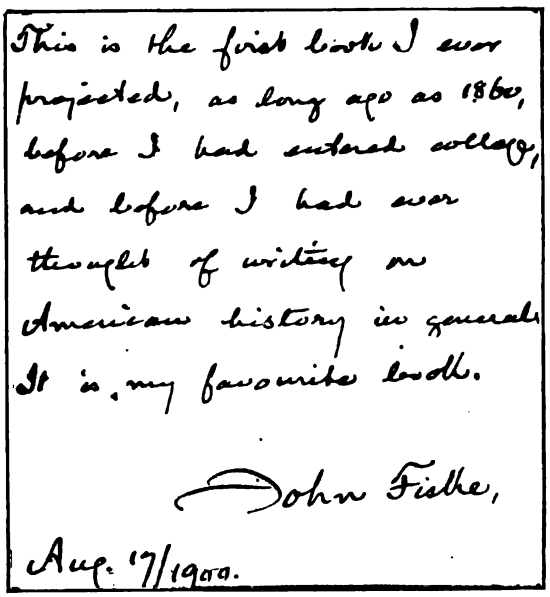
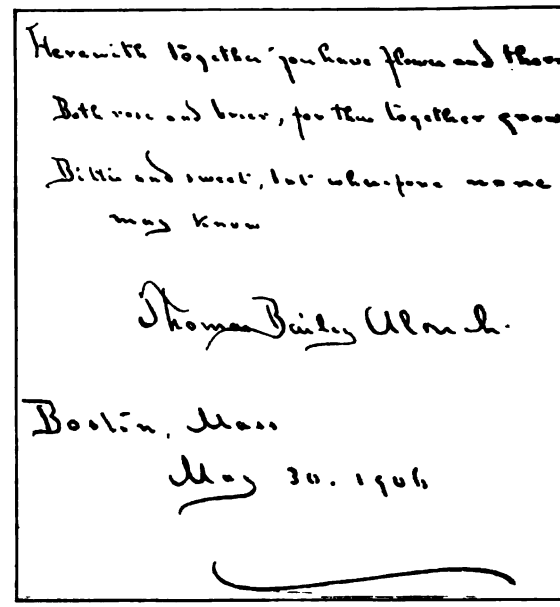
JOHN FISKE IN "THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA"


This is the first book I ever projected, as long ago as 1860, before I had entered college, and before I had ever thought of writing on American history in general. It is my favourite book.

John Fiske,

Aug. 17/1900.

WHAT MR. ALDRICH WROTE IN "SONGS AND SONNETS"


Herewith together you have flowers and thorns
Both rose and brier, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefore none
may know

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Boston, Mass
May 30. 1906

A LIBRARY OF AUTOGRAPHED BOOKS

THE UNIQUE COLLECTION OF MANY THOUSAND VOLUMES GATHERED BY MR. JAMES CARLETON YOUNG

BY

HERBERT RANDOLPH GALT

ON A June day in Athens thirty years ago, a young Iowan, James Carleton Young, sat on the steps of the Parthenon and wondered why no one had yet gathered under one roof a library composed exclusively of the world's best literature. He was young and by no means wealthy; but he resolved on that historic spot to undertake the prodigious work — a pretty big task when he had first to make the fortune required for its fulfilment.

"The months I had spent in the palaces and galleries of the Old World," he said, "had permitted me to become somewhat acquainted with their treasures, and I recalled that in every collection Art was represented by its masterpieces. The single idea had been only to preserve *the best* in Art. Visits to the great libraries of the world, moreover, had convinced me that comparatively little attention had been paid to the collection of the best literature; the measure of excellence was chiefly ascertained by the number of volumes that the library contained.

"My conception of an ideal library would be one that embraced all the best literature of the world for all time, each volume selected for its literary merit. Such an undertaking, however, could not be accomplished within the lifetime of an individual. As I was desirous of undertaking a work that could be, in a great measure at least, completed in my lifetime, I conceived the plan of bringing together under one roof the best literature of my time, in the original editions when possible, each volume to be characteristically inscribed by the author. For only by means of an inscription does the volume become absolutely unique, and have always attached to it something of the intimate personality of the writer."

Ten years passed. During this period Mr. Young gave most of his attention to the farm-land business which eventually made him at one time among the largest individual owners of arable lands in America. But the idea of the library was ever before him, and shortly after his removal to Minneapolis in 1891 he found himself in a position to begin the work to which he had dedicated his life and his fortune.

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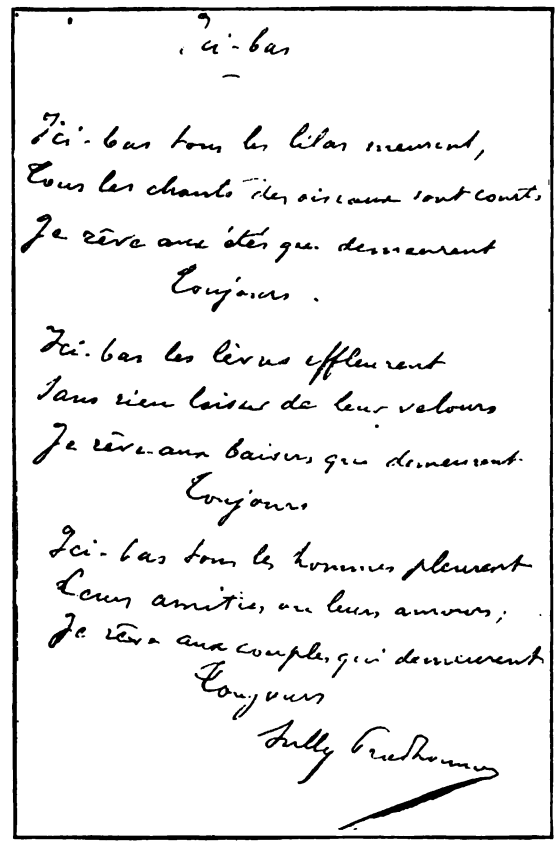
Its beginnings were small. The first authors approached regarded him as an autograph nuisance, and declined his requests for inscriptions — some politely, some very impolitely. But Young's heart and soul were in his purpose. He knew what he wanted, and it was something more than an autograph. With infinite patience and tact he explained his idea. Presently a few authors were won over.

Their books formed the nucleus. To follow the evolution of the library; to relate the literary conquests of America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Latin-America, Italy, Scandinavia, even Japan and China and such slightly-known countries as Iceland, Persia, and Australia — all this is material for a volume, which, by the way, Mr. Young is writing. It is sufficient for these purposes to say that he now has stored at his former Minneapolis residence, now used as an office and storehouse for the books, and in fire-proof vaults in various capitals of Europe, a very large percentage of the best contemporary literature of the entire world, each volume inscribed by the author. To such proportions have the affairs of the library grown that to-day they require the undivided attention of a librarian and eight assistants (as clerks, cataloguers, stenographers, and translators), besides special agents in nearly every country under the sun; he is also assisted by critics, university professors, and even some authors who have become fired with the enthusiasm of the collector and are working ardently in his cause.

Every man who has understood his purpose has become his aide. William E. Norris, the British novelist, after a visit to Mr. Young and a partial inspection of his already remarkable library, interested his brother-in-law, the late Sir Arthur Havelock, who happened to be Governor-General of Tasmania; the result was that Mr. Young was able to obtain the best books of that distant confederation, still scarcely familiar to the literary world. John Barrett, Director-General of the Bureau of American Republics, also became interested after a visit to Mr. Young, and lent his aid in securing the coöperation of the Latin-American ambassadors, publishers, and writers. This resulted in the gathering of what will doubtless be the finest collection of South American literature extant. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known to Literature as "Carmen Sylva," has been one of Mr. Young's warmest admirers and most tireless allies in Europe. Mme. Ragozin, the Russian historian, published in the *Novye Vremya* an appeal to the patriotism of literary Russia, and herself urged Count Leo Tolstoy to inscribe his books. Mathilde Serao, the gifted Italian woman, and Don Armando Palacio Valdes, the Spanish writer, did likewise. Mlle. Heléne Vacaresco, the Balkan poetess and a laureate of the French Academy, for many years maid-of-honor to Queen Elizabeth, spent months in the capitals of Europe, obtaining books



"ICI-BAS," BY SULLY PRUDHOMME

A poem written on the fly-leaf of the first volume of a rare set of his books. The translation, by Prof. Le Roux, of the University of Minnesota, is as follows:

HERE BELOW

Here below are all the lilacs dying,
Short are the songs of the birds;—
I dream of summers lasting
Always.

Here below are the lips meeting
Without any traces leaving;—
I dream of kisses lasting
Always.

Here below are men weeping,
Their friendships or loves lost;—
I dream of lovers living
Always.

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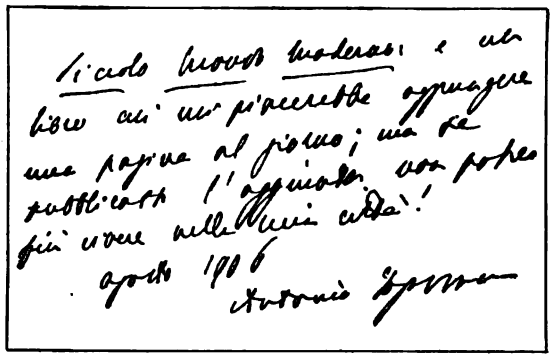


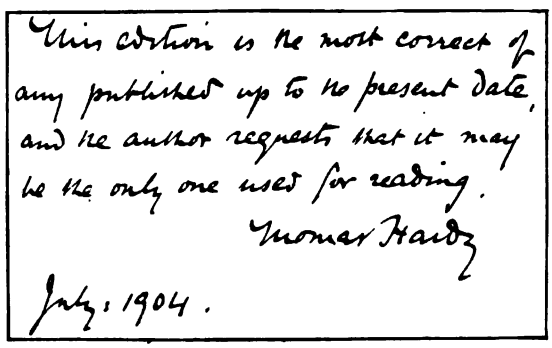
FROM AN ITALIAN NOVELIST

This inscription in Italian is from the pen of Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated, it is as follows: "I was pleased to add a page of the present day to 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno,' but after publishing the addition I was not able to live in my city!
"August, 1906."

and inscriptions of those authors who could only be won over by a personal appeal. In 1902 the Paris *Figaro* declared Mr. Young "Le Roi des Livres," a title which has since stuck to him in Europe — where, curiously enough, more is known about him and his work than in this country.

With the assistance and encouragement of such people as these; by the aid of our consuls and ambassadors abroad; and as the result of many expeditions to Europe to search the bookstalls for rare editions, and to call in person on the authors, Mr. Young has finally obtained, besides the books themselves, an extraordinary bibliography, and a list of names and addresses of authors which fills half a dozen thick typewritten volumes. This list alone furnishes some idea of the magnitude of the work. As each author changes his residence the list is corrected, thus being always up to date. It must be the most astonishing list in existence. It is the result of eighteen years of effort.

When an author is approached for the first time, a circular stating the object of the library is sent to him, together with a personal letter requesting the inscription. (Both circular and letter are in the writer's own language.) Upon receiving his consent, and a list of his published works and the dates of publication, the books are bought and sent to him — transportation prepaid both ways, and in a series of wrappers which reduces the writer's trouble to a minimum. As each new book thereafter is issued by this writer, it is purchased, sent to him, inscribed, and returned. A perfectly organized system of filing and indexing, operating almost automatically, sees to that. Indeed this library has become a great, methodical, well-ordered business, world-wide in scope. The correspondence alone reaches each year a total of about 5,000 letters. Mr. Young tried to answer them all personally, and suffered an attack of neuritis. Now his secretaries, under his personal supervision, are charged with this labor. Most of the letters come from authors, and a selection of perhaps 10,000 of them forms an interesting addition to the collection itself. There is also a large collection of autograph manuscripts, many of them now beyond price, and hundreds of autographed photographs which have been sent to Mr. Young by various celebrities. Many of these are hung about his home library. Eventually they will form a part of the collection.



ON THE FLY-LEAF OF THOMAS HARDY'S "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"

Nobody, not even their owner, knows how many volumes are in the library; the cataloguing is still far from complete. But there are tens of thousands of them. Ask him what it all is worth in money and he will make you the same answer he made recently to the agent of a wealthy collector who approached him with a proposition to purchase. It was: "They are priceless."

When the collection is complete, or as nearly complete as possible, Mr. Young intends to present it either to some American university or to the nation. He has not yet decided upon its final disposition, but his friends are urging him to bestow it on the Congressional Library at Washington, where it would be accessible to the general public under reasonable restrictions, and to biographers who will naturally find in it much valuable material. He is considering this, among other suggestions that have been made.

There are so many and such fascinating literary secrets in these unique books that there

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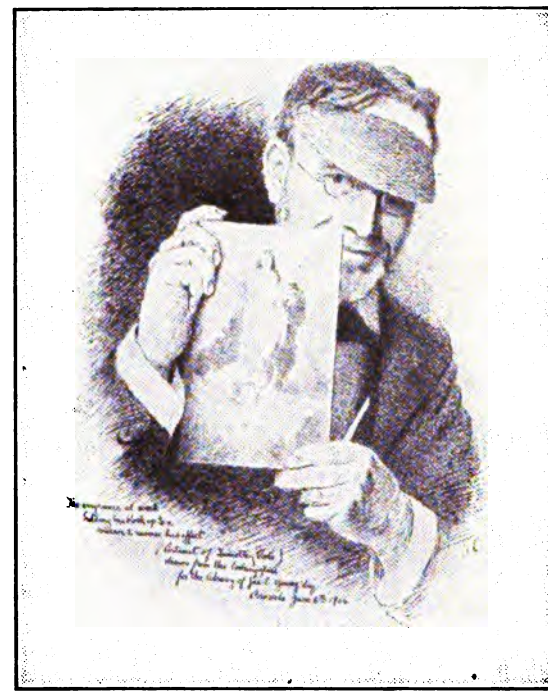
is sure to be a world-wide craning of necks when their pages are finally opened. Mr. Young has discouraged all publicity on account of his personal disinclination, and because he preferred to finish his work before talking about it, so that very few Americans know anything about it, and, save a few personal friends, none has inspected it. This adds piquancy, for example, to the fact that, on the three blank pages in the front of his history of a great European Power, one of the most distinguished of historians has declared that it would fall within twenty-five years, giving his reasons for the opinion. This historian asked that the book be kept sealed until his death, and the request is being granted. But what an interesting prediction to be either verified or laughed at hereafter!

Then, too, on the fly-leaf of a popular novel its author announces that the chief character, a libertine and a drunkard, was drawn from the life of a celebrated poet. Another novelist has written a terribly pointed commentary on American and English critics, declaring that it remained for those in Germany and France, even with indifferent translations, to discover the point of his work. These are only a few of the things that will make the opening of the library an event of importance. But they are all held in strictest confidence now — these and the idiosyncrasies of the writers which an acquaintance of nearly twenty years has revealed to Mr. Young.

He will not tell you, for example, which novelist it was who refused his request for an inscription because the novelist hated the United States; which one refused because he "made it a point never to oblige anybody"; which essayist wrote a three-page letter explaining that he was too busy to write a ten-line inscription; or what poet, upon being informed that this library was to contain the works of all the greatest poets of the age, replied: "Do you not know that only six great poets have lived since Shakespeare, and that I am one of them?" Nor will he disclose the name of the author who refused because Mr. Young, in addressing him, had inadvertently omitted the title "Sir" (the novelist having recently been knighted). One man sent him an original manuscript to be published at his expense, and another offered to dedicate a book to him for the sum of $2,000, but only Mr. Young knows who they were and he will not tell.

There was one writer, however, at whose expense Mr. Young could not but enjoy a quiet laugh. This man had refused to inscribe, saying that he did so only for his dearest friends. A year or so later, in a London bookstall, Mr. Young found a copy of one of this author's books, nicely inscribed to one of the "dearest friends," and bought it. Afterward he wrote to the author and mentioned the circumstance. "At least trust me to value your book as highly as this 'dearest friend' did," he said. The author admitted that the laugh was on him, and inscribed his books.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ETCHING OF HIMSELF

Made especially for Mr. Young's copy of "Old English Masters." The inscription reads: "The engraver at work, holding his block up to a mirror to reverse his effect. . . Drawn from the looking-glass for the Library of Jas. C. Young, Esq., Brussels, June 6th. 1904."

But these few experiences have, according to the collector, proved the exception rather than the rule. "My relations with the writers," he said, "have been most cordial and pleasant, and most of them have done more for me than I have had any right to expect; they have a thousand times gone far out of their way to oblige and assist me. The greatest always turned out to be the simplest and the most unaffected."

This is real praise from a man whose personal acquaintance with literary people probably exceeds that of any person living. Scores of them have stopped at his residence in Minneapolis

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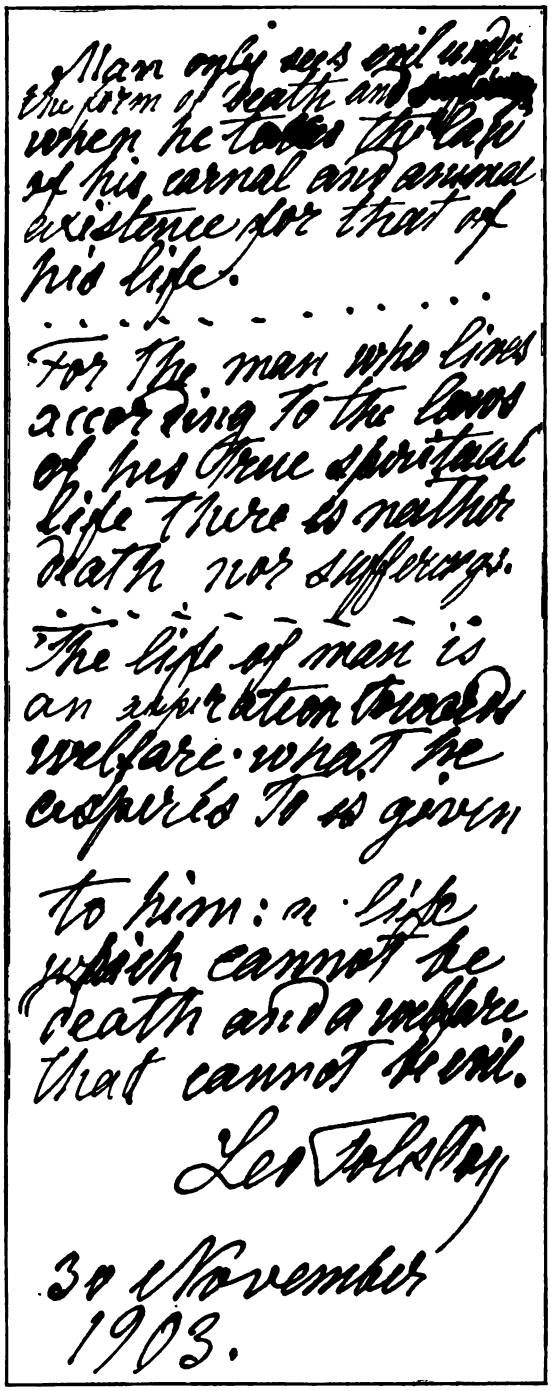
Man only sees evil under the form of death and suffering when he takes the law of his carnal and animal existence for that of his life.

. . . . . .

For the man who lives according to the laws of his true spiritual life there is neither death nor sufferings.

. . . . . .

The life of man is an aspiration towards welfare: what he aspires to is given to him: a life which cannot be death and a welfare that cannot be evil.

Lev Tolstoy

30 November 1903.

TOLSTOY'S PHILOSOPHY AS EXPRESSED ON THE FLY-LEAF OF "ANNA KARÉNINA."

It reads as follows: "Man only sees evil under the form of death and suffering when he takes the law of his carnal and animal existence for that of his life.

"For the man who lives according to the laws of his true spiritual life, there is neither death nor suffering.

"The life of man is an aspiration towards welfare. What he aspires to is given to him; a life which cannot be death and a welfare that cannot be evil."

to spend a few days among his books, and in the pleasant atmosphere of his home; and many of these have left behind them scraps of verses and photographs to enrich his collection. On his various journeys to Europe he has been a guest under many a famous literary roof-tree, and this interesting personal relation between artist and bibliophile has in many cases grown so intimate as to result in the dedication to him of books, and the exchange, as gifts, of rare volumes and manuscripts. One author sent him his book in all its stages — rough drafts, manuscript, proof-sheets, plates, and finally the volume itself.

Of tragedies in this quest there have been several. On Ibsen's desk the day he died lay first editions of all the great Norwegian's books, some of which had been obtained with the greatest difficulty and expense, awaiting the inscriptions that he had promised to write. Cesare Lombroso, Italy's celebrated criminologist, who had inscribed all his other books, died on the day that a copy of his latest work, "After Death — What?" was sent him. One of the last acts of Jules Breton, the French painter-poet, was to write a message to posterity on the fly-leaf of his last volume. George Meredith inscribed even in his last days when his wife was obliged to steady his hand.

Pleasant and fascinating incidents are associated with other volumes. Timothy Cole, the great etcher, sent Mr. Young a specially bound copy of his "Old English Masters," with an etching of himself on the fly-leaf. It is shown in the accompanying illustration. On the page opposite the etching Mr. Cole has written a delightful account of his work.

James McNeill Whistler decorated his title-pages with characteristic butterflies, and equally characteristic epigrams. Edmond Rostand, in addition to his jesting inscriptions, drew on the title-page of "Cyrano De Bergerac" a comical illustration of his long-nosed hero, which proves that M. Rostand is a much better poet than pen-and-ink artist. In "Presidential Problems," the late ex-President Cleveland wrote a brief but stirring tribute to the "finest, best, and most generous people on earth." Another ex-President, Theodore Roosevelt, said on the fly-leaf of "The Wilderness Hunters" that he considers it his best book. In the front of "American Ideals," another of Mr. Roosevelt's books, the distinguished author declares that in his public life he has tried to "practise what he

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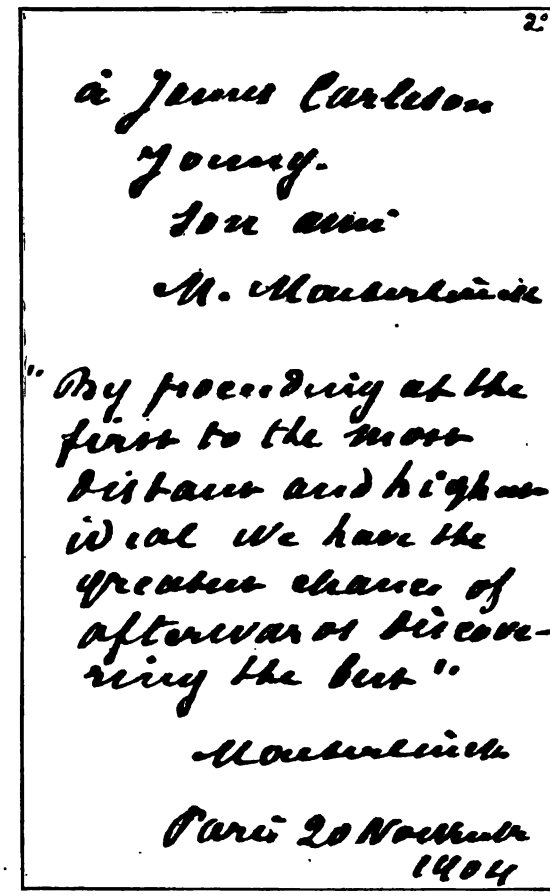
preached" in those essays. Intimate bits of personal history are revealed by other writers. In "Fidele," for example, Antonio Fogazzaro, Italy's famous novelist, writes: "This book, written by me, is full of true and dear memories which are carefully veiled"; and in "Piccolo Mondo Antico" he says rather pathetically: "I wrote 'Piccolo Mondo Antico' with a sad heart because I worked in the remembrance of my dear ones who are dead."

Whimsical comment, playful verses, serious reflection, and delightful reminiscences could be quoted almost indefinitely from the books of Holger Drachmann, Count Tolstoy, Catulle Mendes, Emile Zola, Paul Heyse, Ernest Haeckel, Camille Flammarion, Edmondo de Amicis, Björnstjerne Björnson, Maarten Maartens, José Echegaray, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Fiske, Paul Bourget, Maxim Gorky, Jane Barlow, Carducci, Emilia Pardo-Bazan, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rudyard Kipling, John Morley, Algernon C. Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, William Watson, W. E. Henley, James Bryce, Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, W. E. Lecky, Mrs. Humphry Ward, William Butler Yeats, Sir Edwin Arnold, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Brandes, W. D. Howells, Henry Van Dyke, Richard Henry Stoddard, Frank L. Stockton — indeed, practically every famous writer in the world, and some whom Americans know hardly at all.

Why first editions? You can provoke a discussion among bibliophiles almost any day with that question, and it is therefore interesting to know what perhaps the greatest bibliophile of them all thinks about it.

"My idea," he said, "was to have uniformity, and to that end I selected, as far as possible, original editions. When these were printed in different series, such as limited editions on vellum or large paper, I obtained, whenever I could, the rarest copy. There are arguments, of course, on both sides of the question whether the first or the latest revised edition is the more desirable. There is a strong sentiment among bibliophiles in favor of the firsts; they are certainly the product of the author's first thought on his subject, and if I had waited for revised editions it might have been impossible, for obvious reasons, to secure the inscriptions. I appreciate the fact that there are many sound reasons for the revised works, and in some instances I selected them. For example, I had nearly all the books in first editions of Mr. Thomas Hardy, each of which he had inscribed. When the revised edition of his works was published, he wrote me that he thought I had made a mistake; that he considered the revised works of an author, which gave the results of his mature thought, much more valuable; and that, so far as he was concerned, he would much prefer to have his revised editions in



MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S ENGLISH INSCRIPTION IN "THE DOUBLE GARDEN"

my library. He offered to re-inscribe them all, which he did when I sent them to him."

In gathering this library together, the wisest discrimination has been necessary, of course. Mr. Young's aim has been to select only the best in the literature of each country. In the cases of authors who have apparently attained a firm place in literary history, all their books have been included; but, where an author has written but one book with any claim upon immortality, that book has been admitted, and his other books excluded. There are,

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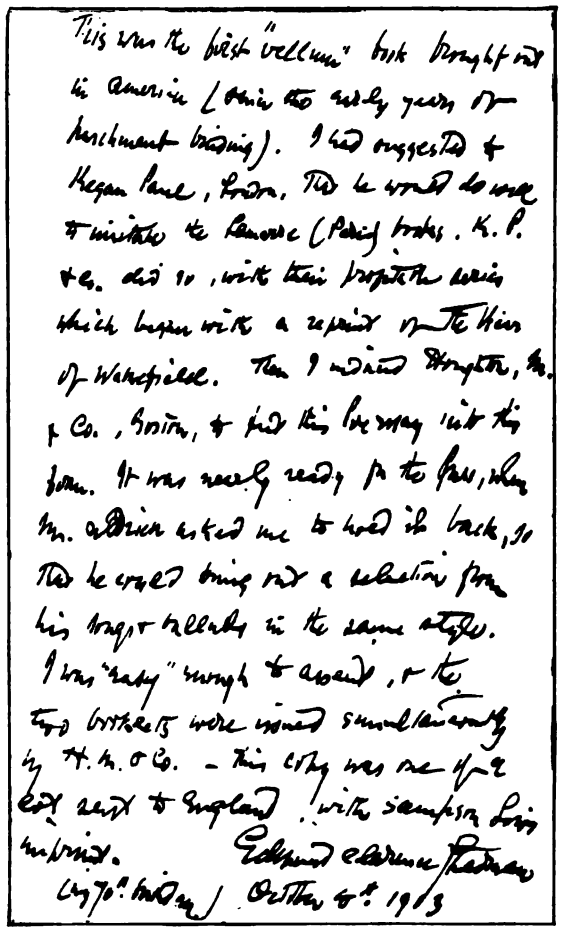
too, books which critics might deny a place in a library devoted strictly to the best literature — for example, the works of some travelers, explorers, scientists, and the like. But where these men have really contributed something to the knowledge and progress of the world — such men as Sven Hedin, Commander Peary, and Henry M. Stanley — their books have been chosen. To dramatic literature the acid



MR. STEDMAN'S INSCRIPTION IN HIS ESSAY ON EDGAR ALLAN POE — "THE FIRST 'VELLUM' BOOK BROUGHT OUT IN AMERICA."

test of literary merit has been applied; no merely "popular" play has been included.

For all these things, however, Mr. Young has depended on the best advice he could obtain — the critics and universities of the nations. "It would have been rank presumption," said he, "for me to have undertaken to say what is, and what is not, Literature." But he will, if you are fortunate, select you a poem with excellent discrimination, and read it to you with fine appreciation, despite this modest disclaimer.

Any account of this remarkable library which did not take into consideration the manuscripts and memorabilia would be incomplete. After Zola's death Mr. Young came into possession of his library of 847 inscribed volumes, and over 100 of his autographed letters, many of them relating to his unfulfilled desire to enter the French Academy. These and a number of manuscripts which had been presented to him led eventually to the collection of MSS. as a feature of the library. Here, for instance, is the finished draft of one of Paul Heyse's dramas; G. C. Eggleston's "Master of Warlock"; several exquisitely bound volumes of Eugene Field's poems in manuscript, each poem with the familiar guideline "lead Sharps and Flats to-day"; and a copy of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," illustrated with original sketches and notes by Charles Dana Gibson, F. Hopkinson Smith, and more than thirty other celebrated artists and writers who were Mr. Field's personal friends. There are also many other manuscripts, constituting the best collection of Fieldiana extant.

There is also a large and most interesting collection of manuscripts presented by Carmen Sylva, and many of her autographed photographs; original and unpublished poems by many of the best poets of the age, and autographed manuscripts of the published works of Oscar II., late King of Sweden, Lamartine, François Coppée, Jules Lemaître, Jean Richepin, André Theuriet, the two Dumas, Pierre Loti, Count Tolstoy, G. Hanotaux, Sully Prudhomme, Stephen Phillips, George Sand, Paul Verlaine, and Prince Mirza Riza Khan, the Persian poet who wrote the famous "Echos of the Conference of the Hague," which has been translated into every modern language, and for which he received in addition to his royal title that of the "Prince of Peace." He shares with Omar and Hafiz the glory of Persian literature. There are hundreds of others, about one-third being manuscripts of American writers.

The story of this man's business life is scarcely less interesting than that of his library. He was born at Marion, Ia., in 1856, the son of well-to-do but not wealthy parents. His grandfather was a Methodist circuit minister, one of the Iowa pioneers. He graduated with the degree of M. A. from Cornell College,

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Iowa, in 1876, and a few months later went into the real-estate business on a capital of $10. For two years this sum did not materially increase. Then he had an Idea.

"God wasn't going to make another acre of land," he told me, "but He was making babies all the time."

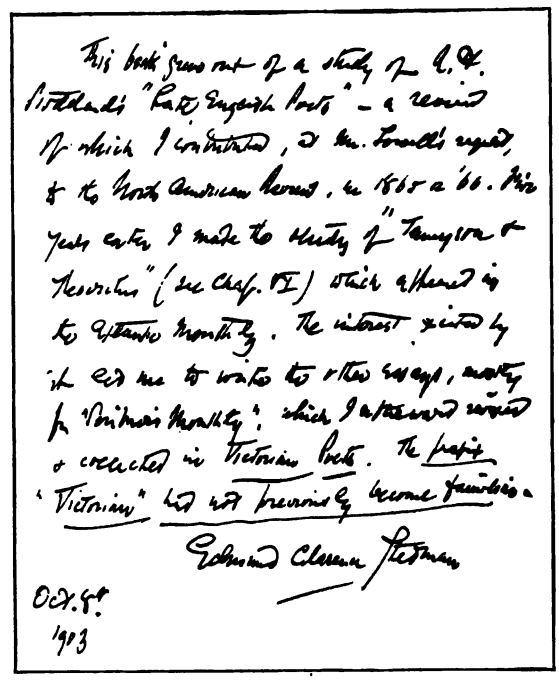
Mr. Young found a rich banker friend who had faith enough in his idea, his ability, and his integrity to lend the money that he needed. So he proceeded to buy farm lands in the Northwest against the time when the babies should be men. Instinctively he chose land lying along the great railroad systems which eventually spread a network of steel over Minnesota, Iowa, and the Dakotas. He bought all the land that he could get. He invested all the money that he could beg or borrow. He went in on joint accounts with wealthy men, among them Jay Cooke, whose Western representative he was for many years. He bought 55,000 acres of cut-over timber land in Minnesota at twenty-five cents an acre. He bought thousands of acres in the Dakotas and Iowa at prices ranging from $1 to $2 an acre. God made no more land, but the babies kept right on growing up, and followed Horace Greeley's advice to "go West." They had to have land, and James Carleton Young was able to accommodate them.

That 55,000 acres in Minnesota is to-day about the finest potato land in the country. It is worth two hundred times what he paid for it. So with the other farm land. Some of it brought as high as $1,500 an acre as town-sites. Rich coal veins and iron ores underlaid other property. The gods of fortune were preparing the way for this library.

There were reverses, of course. One of the periodic panics put him $500,000 in debt, but he paid 100 cents on the dollar, and made another fortune. To-day, despite it all, he looks like a man of forty years, instead of fifty-four. Several years ago, Mr. Young began to gradually withdraw from active business. He still maintains an office to look after his large interests, but his one business now is his library.

Mr. Young has been honored abroad by unanimous election to the *Société Des Amis Des Livres* of Paris, perhaps the most exclusive book club in the world. He is one of three foreign members. Carmen Sylva is another. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and a member of practically all the book clubs of importance in this country — such as the Grolier, the Caxton, and the Rowfant. Last year his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature, the first degree of the kind ever presented by that college.

Since his library crowded him out of his Minneapolis residence, Mr. Young and his wife and daughter make the Plaza Hotel, Loring Park, Minneapolis, their winter home; and in summer he divides his time between his country house on the banks of the Mississippi,


This book grew out of a study of A. C. Swinburne's "Late English Poets" — a review of which I contributed, in Mr. Howells's regime, to the North American Review, in 1865 & '66. Five years later I made the study of "Tennyson & Recreation" (see Chap. VI) which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. The interest excited by it led me to write the other essays, mostly for Scribner's Monthly, which I afterward revised & collected in Victorian Poets. The phrase "Victorian" had not previously become familiar.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

Oct. 8th 1903

MR. STEDMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE EVOLUTION OF "VICTORIAN POETS"

near the St. Paul Town and Country Club, and another estate, Brook Lodge, near Lake Pepin, Minnesota, where he has three or four cottages and a five-mile trout stream to whip. Occasionally he wanders over to Europe to search a few bookstalls and renew acquaintances with his literary friends, but he doesn't like to remain too long away from that library. It has been his life for eighteen years.

This great collection has been from its inception a serious enterprise, seriously carried forward. "I resolved that I would devote my life to the formation of a library of literary masterpieces," he said, "believing that it would be the most adequate tribute that I could pay to the art of literature."

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"TRADING IN THE HOLY SPIRIT"

THE HEALING POWER OF GOD BARTERED LIKE A PATENT MEDICINE—THE GATEWAY TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN SENTINELED BY THE DOLLAR-MARK

BY

CLIFFORD HOWARD

WHEN Phineas P. Quimby, the New England clockmaker, unknowingly laid hold upon the transcendental thought of the ages and turned it to material account for the benefit of suffering humanity, he little recked of the consequences that would spring from it. That God is all there is — the one Reality, in Whom we live and move and have our being — is a creed that man has been reciting since the dawn of consciousness, but it remained for "Dr." Quimby (and later for Mr. Dresser and Mrs. Eddy and other expositors) to discover in it a therapeutic agency.

That which Peter and Stephen and Paul gave their lives to preach, a thousand latter-day apostles are appraising by troy weight and doling out at so much per scholium.

He who is awake to the activities of the world needs no statistics to convince him of the present wide-spread hold of this new gospel, under such denominations as New Thought, Christian Science, Spiritual Healing, Divine Science, Practical Christianity, Raja Yoga, the Emmanuel Movement, and the like. Every town has its healers and its teachers, and every corner of the land has its men and women who have been restored to health and happiness through "the Spirit." The physician is joining hands with the pastor in the practice of psychotherapy; the stage is preaching the New Thought; the daily press is giving space to its doctrines; orthodox churches are holding spiritual clinics; and, in response to a demand which a dozen or more special publishing concerns (born of the new movement) are unable to satisfy, the regular publishing-houses are issuing Christian Science novels and New Thought text-books.

This article is not concerned with the new "gospel" from the standpoint of either theology or medicine. It wishes only to call attention to a condition which has grown up around this evangel, namely, the extent of *the new business of trading in the Holy Spirit*. The opportunities for money-making offered by the present popular enthusiasm have opened the way to many practices and ventures which, shorn of their pious and evangelical embroidery, are nothing more nor less than business enterprises for marketing the power of God.

Whatever may be the differences that distinguish the many cults at present in the field, their teachings all come to a common focus in the declaration that it is God, or the Spirit within us, that heals; or, as we find it stated in "Science and Health": "Truth does the work; it is the spiritual idea, the Holy Ghost or Christ," the so-called "healer" being but the humble instrument through which the divine power is made manifest. Yet wherever we turn in search for the Truth, whether it be to this school or to that school, we find the gateway to the Kingdom of Heaven sentineled by the dollar-mark.

When the first interested witnesses of Mrs. Eddy's work offered her money, saying, "Give us also of this power, that on whomsoever we lay our hands he may receive the Spirit and be made whole," the founder of Christian Science, lending a gracious ear to opportunity, willingly agreed to impart the gift of God for a cash consideration. The price she asked was $300 for each pupil.

With this as a precedent, all the various cults that have sprung up in the wake of Christian Science are to-day offering like opportunities for searchers after Truth to obtain the gift of God. Individuals and organizations alike are vigorously advertising the merits of their respective systems. Many of these systems, like hair-dressing or the collection business, are taught by mail; many are imparted personally; others, again, are contained in books and sold by their authors;

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still others are to be obtained from regularly established schools and institutes.

A New York advertiser, for example, offers to give you a complete course in the "Science of Life" for $10. "Cosmic Consciousness is Power! Full and complete instructions for normal psychological development of conscious and subconscious powers."

A Massachusetts apostle advertises to give you lessons in mental healing, "enabling you to get and keep the health which is your God-given right. Terms moderate."

A Chicago teacher will impart to you, by mail, "The Sacred Science of Regeneration" for $10, with privilege of correspondence.

Another, for fifty cents, will send you a letter from "the Silence," bringing comfort to those in sorrow.

And another asks, in a display advertisement, "Is your Soul starving?" If it is, "seek the words which will give life to your soul and health to your flesh." (He will sell you the necessary words for twenty-five cents, postpaid).

The publisher of a New Thought magazine offers to give you four lessons on the "Realization of Health and Success" if you will respond at once with $3; for this sum, in addition to these lessons (which, according to published testimonials, have cured rheumatism and wrinkles), you will also receive $3.50 worth of books, besides motto-cards, a Madonna picture, and a half-tone of "Margareta, the beautiful little girl from South America who is being raised on the no-meat plan."

Another publisher will send you "*free*, a valuable *self-healing* lesson now selling at twenty-five cents. Enclose a two-cent stamp for postage." And still another publisher of a magazine devoted to the dissemination of spiritual Truth will send you for twelve cents, if you order *now*, a series of his own healing lessons "telling how to heal the sick by the power of prayer, Divine Science, laying-on of hands, etc."

A Michigan advertiser will send by express twenty-five pages of personal, typewritten instructions to prospective mothers, teaching them how, through Divine Will, they may produce any desired type of genius — "musician, inventor, etc." Price, $3.

A California teacher of Practical Metaphysics will give you fourteen lectures on the "Philosophy of Living" for $35.

A Boston teacher asks $60 for his "System of Philosophy concerning Divinity;" but if you will enroll as a student in his correspondence course within the next ten days, you may have the entire course for $15 cash.

A Kentucky author hopes you will send for her "remarkable book. It explains the simple law of Life, and its truths are Marvelous. Price, $1."

A Chicago feminine scribe announces in big type that "Jesus Has Come to the World," and through her has written a book giving a history of His moral and spiritual life up to the present time. You may have a copy of the book for twenty-five cents, postpaid.

The foregoing are typical examples of the individual advertiser, chosen at random from a multitudinous list. The schools, leagues, institutes, and "universities" that have sprung up like toadstools throughout the length and breadth of the land for dispensing the gift of God are proportionally no less numerous. Their prices, however, are generally higher and their advertising methods more business-like. Each claims to give you the most for your money and teach the only genuine Truth.

For instance, a Los Angeles school of Metaphysics advertises that its curriculum includes the practical truths of all other mind-healing methods. The tuition for the complete course, consisting of two sets of lectures, is only $10.

A New York League of Right Thinking has also two courses of instruction for sale. They are given by mail. The price of course No. 1, twelve lessons on the attainment of mental and physical health and the inter-relation of mind and body, is $3.25. Course No. 2 is $18, and consists of twelve text-books on psychotherapy. The league also publishes a monthly magazine, at $1 a year, and will give prompt and full reply to letters on personal and private matters. Price of each reply, $1.

A California Soul-Culture institute offers complete mail-courses of instruction in Suggestion, Art of Living, Self-Healing, Inspiration, Concentration, and Psychic Development. The price of each course is $10. The catalogue of the institute says: "In offering these courses to the public we feel confident that nothing approaching them in value have ever been produced in the correspondence line. . . . If you are searching for a clear exposition of what is known as the New Thought, you will find this to be the fountain where you may drink and be satisfied." The course in Suggestion "is for progressive people, those who want something *good* and are willing to pay a legitimate price for the same. . . . The knowledge gained from these lessons saves one doctor-bills, failure, and discontent, and insures health, success, and happiness." The course in the Art of Living is defined as "the key to Healing and Self-Development in all Spiritual gifts." The institute advertises that it also conducts a summer-school of New Thought. This school, it is stated, is conducted by a teacher who has no superior in the nation. Tuition, $10. As an incidental attraction, the president of the institute gives absent treatments for all manner of ills — $10 for three months — and will also read your character

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and give you advice on matters of Life. "He has had thirty years' experience and rarely fails to read correctly." His charge in each case is one dollar.

A Boston school of Unfoldment announces that "A New Heaven and New Earth" is realizable by means of its lessons, which are furnished by mail at $1 each. It will also sell you a course in divine healing for $5, payable in advance.

A New York school of New Thought sells various courses of lessons. The course on Cosmic Consciousness is $25. The New Thought Healing course is also $25. Grapho-Psychology — the Science of Success — is $10. Psychology of the Breath is $5. This includes a lesson on "Two Atmospheres and Pranic Union." Six lessons on Secrets of Abundance cost $25. These include "Divine Opulence," "Abundance of Supply," "Conscious Ideation," "Divine Transference," etc. The price of the complete course, consisting in all of forty lessons, is $100.

A Colorado school of Divine Science offers a teachers' and practitioners' course and a ministerial course. Price for the two courses, $125. Graduates receive diplomas.

A Washington Metaphysical "university" also prepares students to teach and heal. The course is completed in one month and the price is $100.

But would you have the only true knowledge in these matters divine — would you possess the *ne plus ultra* of spiritual instructions and revelation — there is seemingly but one path open to you: a correspondence course in a certain New York school of Metaphysics. At all events, read what the president of the school himself says in his 78-page descriptive catalogue:

"If you want the *real thing* in healing knowledge you *must* have these Courses, for nothing eles equally efficient in Ideas, System, or Power has ever been produced anywhere. . . The strength and beauty of this system have not been surpassed by any philosophy in modern thought. Thinkers have declared that it contains the foundation of the religion of the future. . . We feel that the world should have the true statement about this, but we find it impossible to state half of the actual truth about it without endangering our reputation for veracity, as the statements seem impossible. . . Course VI is a Book handsomely bound in full Morocco, gold edge, and furnished with a substantial lock, as the contents are important and private, being issued to Graduating Pupils *only*. No such book as this exists anywhere else in the world. The real value of its contents is inestimable. . . Those who patiently follow out the System, as planned, will gain a knowledge that cannot otherwise be obtained, and gain a power unknown to the world at large."

This inestimable knowledge, including a supplemental normal course, may be had for $500. Should any doubting Thomas question the value of so large an investment, he will meet his just rebuke in the twelve pages of enthusiastic testimonials that adorn the school catalogue.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Eddy, with her Massachusetts Metaphysical College, was the only teacher of the kind in the United States. Yet even then there was no lack of students. As Mrs. Eddy herself states in the preface to her "Science and Health," "during seven years over four thousand students were taught by the author in this College." Having at that time no competitors in the field, she had no difficulty in fixing and maintaining the price for the sale of the Holy Spirit; but so many rival schools have since arisen that the price of Truth has very materially declined. A full course of instructions in Christian Science, consisting of twelve lessons, may now be had for $50.

Great numbers are daily coming into health and peace through Christian Science and other theopathic teachings. And let it be borne in mind that the very great majority of these converts to the Truth are sincere and deeply earnest; that many of them have come into the fold, because, like the poor woman of Galilee, they previously had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all they had and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse; that many of them, too, have come from the churches — unsatisfied and anxious souls in eager search for the light.

It is worthy of note that there are many teachers of the new "gospel" who would no more think of regarding their work as a business enterprise than would the Apostles themselves have so treated their mission. There are, in fact, not a few — particularly among a certain sect of the New Thought school — who put no price whatever on their work, but depend wholly upon the free-will offerings of their disciples and patients.

Indeed, of the many thousands who have so far taken up the work of spiritual healing as a profession, there are comparatively few who have been drawn to it primarily through selfish motives and who are not sincerely earnest in their beliefs and practice. If, then, it be asked why these practitioners accept money for their services, seeing that it is not they but God who heals, the question is rightly

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met by the quotation from Jesus, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Their lives are dedicated to the work. They give abundantly of their time and their energies and they ask no more in return than what is deemed necessary to sustain them — $1 a treatment, or $5 a week, being the commonly adopted schedule of fees.

If the matter rested here there could be no just cause for criticism. But it does not end here. There are certain healers who, for one reason or another, regard themselves as better able to dispense the Spirit, and they think it proper to charge accordingly. Hence, there are those who do not hesitate to charge $100 a month, or $5 and $10 a treatment, whether absent or present. Here, for example, is the card of a healer of this class:

Special Interview	$3
Present Attention	2
Absent Attention	2
Continuous, per hour	10
Special Letters	$2 to 5
Letters of Instruction	10
Instruction in Class	100
Instruction by Correspondence	50

It is healers of this kind who indulge freely in advertising. Adorning a display card with a picture of his benevolent face, a typical healer makes the following offer to the public through the medium of a New Thought magazine:

"*One case free!* I will heal *one case* in each neighborhood, no matter what the disease or how serious, free of charge. A healed case is my best advertisement."

Others distribute circulars, setting forth their merits as divine healers and backing up their conceits with enthusiastic testimonials. All the persuasive arts of the patent-medicine man are called into play. The Holy Spirit shares with somebody's sarsaparilla and some other's whiskey the attractive charm of being a sure cure for whatever ails you. One practitioner of this kind, tagging himself "D. D. H." (Doctor of Divine Healing), announces in a four-page circular, with several testimonials and press-notices and a large portrait of himself labeled "Founder of Divine Healing," that he has never seen a disease that he could not cure.

"Many cases of blindness, deafness, and deformities have disappeared under the magic touch of his fingers. He cures as the Master did. If sick, why not try the Divine way? Back to the Divine Way!"

Publishing a magazine in conjunction with the business of absent healing is a method of advertising adopted by several of the more prominent and aggressive "metaphysicians." They themselves contribute the larger part of all the reading matter, while the advertising section is monopolized by their own announcements.

Here, for example, is the back-page advertisement appearing in a magazine of this sort:

"I give treatments for Health, Happiness, and Prosperity. The universe is in you, else you could not be in the universe. Treatments are given to this paper and also to the pink paper and envelopes used in our correspondence. I call your name in the Silence and send you vibrations by transference of thought. This is mental fellowship. There is also financial fellowship, for you want what you want when you want it. Send me one dollar a month for one treatment each day and enrollment in the Fellowship. Five dollars a month will give you treatments several times a day. Correspondence confidential and sacred to myself and wife, with no third party handling your letters. You can open your souls to us. We love you."

The practice of "treating" magazines and letters, referred to by this healer, is not uncommon. It is extended also to other inanimate objects — handkerchiefs, mottos, and so on — and not only may health be thus vicariously acquired through such spiritualized talismans, but financial prosperity as well. A certain New Thought society has recently adopted the practice of sending a blessed dollar-bill to any one asking for it. Each one of these dollars is specially "treated" for good luck and prosperity, and is warranted, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, to bring success to the one who receives and uses it.

This novel venture was primarily undertaken for the purpose of raising funds for the society, and the method by which the Spirit was to be employed in the matter is thus outlined in a November issue of the society's magazine:

"We will send you a one-dollar bill, which has received a blessing, with a daily prosperity statement attached, which you are to use every day until December 20th, when it is to be returned to us, with the increase which has come as the result of the treatments. We are so sure that the law will work for the faithful, that we are willing to send out thousands of dollars on trust. All we ask is faithfulness in believing in God, our supply, and in making daily the statements for prosperity which accompany the dollar."

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The recipient of the consecrated dollar signed the following acknowledgment:

"I acknowledge the trust imposed in me by the Holy Spirit in the deposit of a Prosperity Dollar, which symbol of the One Power I shall daily recognize in thought and word," etc.

And here is the statement he was to make each day after receiving the sacred dollar:

"Thou, O God, art my Mighty Resource and I trust and believe in Thy Unfailing Bounty, constantly increasing and multiplying in my mind and affairs, through the consciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

And did the plan succeed? Is there profit in capitalizing Divinity? Read the society's own published announcement following the returns of the first allotment of anointed dollars:

"At this writing the returns are not all in, but a rough estimate may be made. We sent out $2,300, ninety per cent. of which has been returned to us with an increase of 150 per cent."

This means, that in return for $2,070 the society received back $5,175, and this within a period of less than two months.

How these dollars, through the working of the Holy Spirit, prosper the recipients and at the same time earn so large a profit for the donor, is illustrated in the following two testimonials, chosen as typical examples from the large number of letters received and published by the society.

"I enclose my Prosperity Dollar with increase amounting to $5 — $4 increase — the result of eight days holding the thought and five days' practical work investing the dollar in material sandwiches and selling the same."

"I have enjoyed the Prosperity Dollar and watched results closely, and I have thus far realized $1.25. First I was on the trolley car, and a lady who had owed me 25 cents for so long that I had forgotten it, called out to me and came and put the 25 cents into my hand. I am still faithfully holding the Word."

The curing of financial ills as well as physical troubles, is a phase of the new spiritual thought that is being rapidly developed. The term "Practitioner" or "Metaphysician" is supplanting that of "Healer" as being less restrictive in its significance. Those versed in "Truth" do not now confine themselves to bodily ailments and mental afflictions. They will give you treatments for poverty or loss of position, or lack of success.

One woman, for example, advertises that she will reveal to you for the small sum of one dollar how to obtain *our invisible supply*. "We cannot conceive," she says in her modest advertisement, "how any one can remain in poverty or misfortune after reading this book." A brother philanthropist, a professional dispenser of *arcana celestia*, will for the same price sell you "The Path to Power." Concerning this, the advertisement says, "You can double your earning power with no increase of work." Another teacher will show you for fifty cents "How to Grow Success," and still another will point out to you the "New Road to Opulence" if you will send him a dime; while a Boston practitioner — typical of a large class — advertises that for $5 a month she will help you to demonstrate "that the Infinite is an ever-present help."

All these teachings and practices rest upon the declaration that God is our supply; as one prominent New Thought writer and preacher expresses it:

"When I want anything I always go to the place where I can get everything I want without being turned down. . . I go to God Almighty. If I want money I ask Him for it. I want money and I want plenty of it and I don't want it pinched."

And another pastor, speaking to the same text, assures the faithful that "Almighty Dollar is but a symbol of Almighty God. Therefore, when the voice of the Eternal Word says in you '*I am money*,' you can safely get out your bank book!"

The foregoing is but a brief presentment of certain present-day facts, naked of adornment beyond that of their own furnishing. Whether the religio-psychopathic movement to which they relate is to be catalogued among the many popular delusions that have led the world awry, or whether it marks the restless morning of a new dispensation, who shall at this moment declare?

But, whichever it be, the commercial aspects of the subject here revealed are not without their serious meaning. Their present disclosure, however, implies no desire to impugn the motives of many men and women who are engaged in the spread of the new gospel. "It is self-evident," says Mrs. Eddy, "that the discoverer of an eternal truth cannot be a temporal fraud." Let us, therefore, extend the mantle of this logic to all other teachers of the Truth and grant at once their honesty of purpose.

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